

Engraved by G B Ellis

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROGERS, CAMPBELL, J. MONTGOMERY, LAMB, AND KIRKE WHITE.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

Philadelphia:

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Memoir of Samuel Rogers.

THERE seems to be something so repugnant to the pursuits of literature in habits of trade and commerce, that the instances have been very rare in which they have been combined in one individual. The historian of the Medici, and ROGERS the Poet, are almost solitary instances of literary taste and talent being united harmoniously with traffic. Samuel Rogers is a banker in London, and has been for many years at the head of a most respectable firm. His father followed the same business before him, and amassed considerable wealth, both which became the heritage of the Poet, who was born about the year 1762, in London; but little or nothing is known of the way in which he passed his early years. His education was liberal, no cost having been spared to render him an accomplished scholar. That he improved by thought and reflection upon the lessons of his youth, there can be no doubt; and, it is to be presumed, he lost no opportunity of reaping profit from the extraordinary advantages which his station obtained for him. He always kept the best society, both as respected rank and talent, the circle of which in the metropolis of England in his younger days was more than commonly brilliant. His political ideas are what are styled liberal, and no one has ever been able to reproach him with the abandonment of a single principle with which he originally set out in life. Over most of his early friends and companions the grave has now closed, and they included among them many great names.

With a strong attachment for the Muses, after the excellent education Rogers received, it is not surprising that he ventured before the public. His first work was an "Ode to Superstition, and other Poems," which appeared in 1786. This was followed by a second publication, "The Pleasures of Memory," when he had passed the greenness of youth, having attained his thirtieth year. In 1792 this poem was received by the public with universal applause. The subject was happily chosen, coming home to the business and bosoms of all; it was executed with great care, and various passages display uncommon felicity. As a whole, perhaps its chief defect is that it wants vigor, but the deficiency in this quality is made up in correctness and harmony. Rogers is one of the most scrupulous of the sons of the lyre in his metre, and he too often sacrifices that harshness which sets off the smoother passages of a writer's works, and prevents sameness and monotony, to mere cold purity of style. Perhaps no poem of equal size ever cost its author so many hours to produce. Not satisfied with his own corrections, he repeatedly consulted the taste of some of his friends; one of the most devoted of whom, Richard Sharpe, then a wholesale hatter, and since Member of Parliament,[1] has said that, before the publication of this poem, and while preparing the successive editions for press, they had read it together several hundred times, at home as well as on the Continent, and in every temper of mind that varied company and varied scenery could produce.

In the year 1798, Rogers published "An Epistle to a Friend, with other Poems," and in 1812 "The Voyage of Columbus." Two years afterwards, in conjunction with Lord Byron, or rather printed in the same volume with Byron's Lara, appeared his tale of "Jacqueline;" a poem which displays a strange contrast to the fire and energy of the author of Manfred. Sweet and pleasing rather than striking, "Jacqueline," though well received, contributed little to increase its author's reputation. "Human Life," next to the Pleasures of Memory, is the most finished production of Rogers. The subject was a good one, for it was drawn from universal nature, and connected with all those rich associations which increase in attraction as we journey onwards in the path of life. It is

1 This gentleman has carried the *art* of brilliant and interesting conversation to an unprecedented degree of perfection, having in fact reduced it to a matter of mere business, as systematic as Book-Keeping. He keeps an index to his multitudinous commonplace books; and has a debtor and creditor account with his different circles of the jokes let off or the set speeches made.

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an epitome of man from the cradle to the grave, and is executed throughout with the poet's wonted care.

The friendship of Rogers with Sheridan and with Byron is well known. When the great wit, dramatist, and orator, was near the close of his career, neglected by those who were foremost in the circle of friends when he enjoyed health and prosperity, the individual who relieved the wants of the dying man was Rogers; whose opulence of purse enabled him to do that act of benevolence to his friend, which must ever be one of his most gratifying reminiscences. It is seldom poets are so well enabled to meet the aspirations of their hearts towards others. A dispute, on the appearance of Moore's "Life of Sheridan," was very warmly kept up connected with this circumstance. It was said that a friend of Sheridan, of no less rank than the present King of England himself, had been among those who, in his last moments, were regardless of the pecuniary necessities of the dying man; that at last, when no longer necessary, a sum of money was sent by the royal order, which Sheridan returned, saying that it came too late, a friend having furnished him with all he should require while life remained. Loyalty never lacks defenders, or perhaps the Prince of Wales was not to blame, as tales of distress are always slow in reaching the ears of individuals in august stations. However the matter might have been, the affair was warmly disputed in respect to the implied royal neglect, and remains still in as much uncertainty as ever; but Rogers gloriously carried off the palm of friendship and feeling on the occasion, let the truth lie which side it may, in respect of the tender from a higher quarter. Byron and Rogers were on terms of great intimacy, both in England and during the poet's residence in Italy. In that medley of truth and falsehood, the "Recollections of Byron" by Medwin, the noble poet is described as alluding to a singular talent for epigram, which Rogers is made to possess. This talent, however, has been very sparingly employed. Certain buffoons and scribblers in Sunday newspapers, who have been opposed from political principles, or rather whose pay at the moment was on the opposite side to that taken by the venerable poet, impudently ascribed a thousand bons-mots and repartees to Rogers, whom they never saw in their lives, and which they manufactured themselves. His skill in writing epigram, however, is acknowledged; but what he has produced is the work of the scholar and the gentleman; for there is not an individual in existence less likely to trespass on the rules prescribed for the conduct of either, by the regulations of social intercourse.

Our poet has travelled much out of his own country, and he is not less a master of manners in the better classes of society abroad than at home. His "Sketches in Italy," prove that he was no unobservant sojourner abroad; and as his opportunities for observation were great, he did not fail to profit by them proportionately.—This may be noticed in his conversation, which is always amusing and instructive; and, more particularly, when, visiting the circles of his fashionable or learned friends, he becomes the spokesman on some topic which interests him, and which he sees affording gratification to others.

Rogers never entered upon the stormy ocean of politics. This is singular, from the number of his political friends, and the example set him by his father. The elder Rogers was renowned in the annals of parliamentary elections for a severe contest with Colonel Holroyd, subsequently Lord Sheffield, in dividing the suffrages of the city of Coventry, when the obstinacy of the combat attracted much attention. He has wisely preferred the gratification of a pure taste, and the interchanges of urbanity, to the stirring hazards of political ambition: notwithstanding which he is a warm partisan of the principles he has chosen, and understands well how to maintain them. What he has done every way proves that he is conscious of his own powers, but careless of indulging them, though much in this respect may no doubt be attributed to his unceasing attention to the calls of business, from which he never allows himself to be diverted.

Rogers is now in the "sere and yellow leaf" of human vegetation. He is the kind, agreeable, affable old man; but there is nothing beyond the good and amiable in character depicted upon a countenance by no means the best formed and most impressive of the species, if the features are separately considered. His habits are remarkably regular, and his conduct governed by that urbanty and breeding which show he has been accustomed to mingle most in the best society.—He takes a great interest in all that promotes the improvement of the state and contributes to the comfort and happiness of his fellow-men. In short, Rogers, like all men of genius, if possessing certain eccentricities, is gifted with the impress of high intellect which belongs to that character, and which makes it so distinguished above the herd of mankind. There is about Rogers, however, a sort of *otium cum dignitate* which seems to repress his energies, and to keep inactive a spirit which, had it been less indebted to good fortune and flung more upon

its own resources, would have performed greater things.

Among the friends of Rogers were Fox, Sheridan, Windham, and a galaxy of distinguished names, when they were in the zenith of their glory. To the illustrious nephew of Fox, the well-known Lord Holland, and to his friends of the same political party, Rogers still adheres. He is accounted one of the literary *coterie* at Holland House, the hospitable receptacle of men of talent from all countries and of all creeds. He is introduced in the Novel of "Glenarvon" at the court of the Princess of Madagascar (a character intended for Lady Holland); and perhaps the name of no individual is more on the lips of a certain fashionable order of persons who are attached to literary pursuits, than that of Rogers. His opinion is looked up to, and justly, as one of great weight; and though not devoid of a certain irritability of temper, his general good-nature and kindness,—for he shows no tincture of envy in his character,—contribute largely to increase the influence and impression made by his judgment.

Such is the sum of all which is known of Samuel Rogers,—a poet who never rises to the height of Byron or Campbell, but who is of the same school. He is remarkable principally for the elegance and grace of his compositions, which he polishes up and smooths off as if he valued only their brilliancy and finish, and forgot that strength and force are essential to poetic harmony and the perfection of metrical style. Notwithstanding this defect, Rogers will be read and admired while the English language continues to be used or spoken in his native islands.



THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL ROGERS.

The Pleasures of Memory.

IN TWO PARTS.

————Hoc est
Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.—*Mart.*

Oh could my mind, unfolded in my page,
Enlighten climes and mould a future age;
There as it glow'd, with noblest frenzy fraught,
Dispense the treasures of exalted thought;
To Virtue wake the pulses of the heart,
And bid the tear of emulation start!
Oh could it still, through each succeeding year,
My life, my manners, and my name endear;
And, when the poet sleeps in silent dust,
Still hold communion with the wise and just!—
Yet should this Verse, my leisure's best resource,
When through the world it steals its secret course,
Revive but once a generous wish supprest,
Chase but a sigh, or charm a care to rest;
In one good deed a fleeting hour employ,
Or flush one faded cheek with honest joy;
Blest were my lines, though limited their sphere,
Though short their date, as his who traced them here.
1793.

PART I.

Dolce sentier,————
Colle, che mi piacesti,——
Ov' ancor per usanza Amor mi mena,
Ben riconosco in voi l' usate forme,
Non, lasso, in me.
Petrarch.

ANALYSIS.

The Poem begins with the description of an obscure village, and of the pleasing melancholy which it excites on being revisited after a long absence. This mixed sensation is an effect of the memory. From an effect we naturally ascend to the cause; and the subject proposed is then unfolded, with an investigation of the nature and leading principles of this faculty.

It is evident that our ideas flow in continual succession, and introduce each other with a certain degree of regularity. They are sometimes excited by sensible objects, and sometimes by an internal operation of the mind. Of the former species is most probably the memory of brutes; and its many sources of pleasure to them, as well as to us, are considered in the first part. The latter is the most perfect degree of memory, and forms the subject of the second.

When ideas have any relation whatever, they are attractive of each other in the mind; and the perception of any object naturally leads to the idea of another, which was connected with it either in time or place, or which can be compared or contrasted with it. Hence arises our attachment to inanimate objects; hence also, in some degree, the love of our country, and the emotion with which we contemplate the celebrated scenes of antiquity. Hence a picture directs our thoughts to the original: and, as cold and darkness suggest forcibly the ideas of heat and light, he, who feels the infirmities of age, dwells most on whatever reminds him of the vigor and vivacity of his youth.

The associating principle, as here employed, is no less conducive to virtue than to happiness; and, as such, it frequently discovers itself in the most tumultuous scenes of life. It addresses our finer feelings, and gives exercise to every mild and generous propensity.

Not confined to man, it extends through all animated nature; and its effects are peculiarly striking in the domestic tribes.

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village-green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene:
Still'd is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flock'd to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasured tales, and legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.

All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear?
Mark yon old Mansion, frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turret wooes the whistling breeze.
That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven convey'd.
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport,
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.
See, through the fractured pediment reveal'd,
Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptured shield,
The martin's old hereditary nest:
Long may the ruin spare its hallow'd guest!
As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall!
That hall, where once, in antiquated state,
The chair of justice held the grave debate.
Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
When round yon ample board, in due degree,
We sweeten'd every meal with social glee
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest;
And all was sunshine in each little breast.
'Twas here we chased the slipper by the sound;
And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.
'Twas here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring;
And fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.
Giants and genii chain'd each wondering ear;
And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,
Or view'd the forest-feats of Robin Hood:
Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With startling step we scaled the lonely tower;
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murder'd by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.
Ye Household Deities! whose guardian eye
Mark'd each pure thought, ere register'd on high;
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.
As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the wilder'd sight;
And still, with Heraldry's rich hues imprest,
On the dim window glows the pictured crest.
The screen unfolds its many-color'd chart;
The clock still points its moral to the heart;
That faithful monitor 't was heaven to hear,
When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near:
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time?
That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive thought;
Those muskets, cased with venerable rust;
Those once-loved forms, still breathing thro' their dust,
Still, from the frame in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the Past!
As through the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove!
How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,
We watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest;
Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing,
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!
How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive rhyme,
The bark now silver'd by the touch of Time;
Soar'd in the swing, half pleased and half afraid,
Through sister elms that waved their summer shade,
Or strew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
To lure the red-breast from his lone retreat!
Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green!
Indulgent MEMORY wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than Light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm;
Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.
What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
Thy temper'd gleams of happiness resign'd
Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind.
The School's lone porch, with reverend mosses grey,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn:
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear, (1)
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here,
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions, and romantic dreams!
Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
The Gipsey's fagot—there we stood and gazed;
Gazed on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
Whose dark eyes flash'd through locks of blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd:—
And heroes fled the Sibyl's mutter'd call,
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard-wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,
How throbb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the color of my future years!
Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast;
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way,
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-grey)
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sigh'd to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer, "Long may such goodness live!"
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.
But hark! through those old firs, with sullen swell,
The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes, farewell!
It calls me hence, beneath their shade, to trace
The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.
On yon grey stone, that fronts the chancel-door,
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring,
When the heart danced, and life was in its spring,
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
That faintly echo'd to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her emerald light to shed,
Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.
Oft, as he turn'd the greensward with his spade,
He lectured every youth that round him play'd;
And, calmly pointing where our fathers lay,
Roused us to rival each, the hero of his day.
Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush! while here alone
I search the records of each mouldering stone.
Guides of my life! instructors of my youth!
Who first unveil'd the hallow'd form of Truth;
Whose every word enlighten'd and endear'd;
In age beloved, in poverty revered;
In Friendship's silent register ye live,
Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give.
—But when the sons of peace, of pleasure sleep,
When only Sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,
What spells entrance my visionary mind
With sighs so sweet, with transports so refined!
Ethereal Power! who at the noon of night
Recall'st the far-fled spirit of delight;
From whom that musing, melancholy mood
Which charms the wise, and elevates the good;
Blest MEMORY, hail! Oh grant the grateful Muse,
Her pencil dipt in Nature's living hues,
To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,
And trace its airy precincts in the soul.
Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise! (2)
Each stamps its image as the other flies!
Each, as the various avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.
As studious PROSPERO's mysterious spell
Drew every subject-spirit to his cell;
Each, at thy call, advances or retires,
As judgment dictates, or the scene inspires.
Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,
And through the frame invisibly convey
The subtle, quick vibrations as they play.
Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore;
From Reason's faintest ray to NEWTON soar.
What different spheres to human bliss assign'd!
What slow gradations in the scale of mind!
Yet mark in each these mystic wonders wrought;
Oh mark the sleepless energies of thought!
The adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighboring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
The village-common spotted white with sheep,
The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep; (3)
All rouse Reflection's sadly-pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.
So, when the mild Tupia dared explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the sons of Science, wooed the gale
That, rising, swell'd their strange expanse of sail;
So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu, (4)
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,
And all his soul best loved—such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled.
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watch'd the streaming signal from the mast;
Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,
And fairy-forests fringed the evening sky.
So Scotia's Queen, (5) as slowly dawn'd the day,
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.
Her eyes had bless'd the beacon's glimmering height
That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light;
But now the morn with orient hues portray'd
Each castled cliff, and brown monastic shade:
All touch'd the talisman's resistless spring,
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!
Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire, (6)
As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence home-felt pleasure (7) prompts the Patriot's sigh;
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.
For this young Foscari, (8) whose hapless fate
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,
For this he roused her sanguinary laws;
Glad to return, though Hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hail'd him to the shore.
And hence the charm historic scenes impart: (9)
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
Aërial forms in Tempe's classic vale
Glance through the gloom, and whisper in the gale;
In wild Vaucluse with love and Laura dwell,
And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell. (10)
'T was ever thus. As now at Virgil's tomb (11)
We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom:
So Tully paused, amid the wrecks of Time, (12)
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime;
When at his feet, in honor'd dust disclosed,
The immortal Sage of Syracuse reposed.
And as he long in sweet delusion hung,
Where once a Plato taught, a Pindar sung;
Who now but meets him musing, when he roves
His ruin'd Tusculan's romantic groves?
In Rome's great forum, who but hears him roll
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul?
And hence that calm delight the portrait gives:
We gaze on every feature till it lives!
Still the fond lover sees the absent maid;
And the lost friend still lingers in his shade!
Say why the pensive widow loves to weep, (13)
When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep:
Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace
The father's features in his infant face.
The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,
Won by the raptures of a game at play;
He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,
Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.
What though the iron school of War erase
Each milder virtue, and each softer grace;
What though the fiend's torpedo-touch arrest
Each gentler, finer impulse of the breast;
Still shall this active principle preside,
And wake the tear to Pity's self denied.
The intrepid Swiss, who guards a foreign shore,
Condemn'd to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,
If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild (14)
Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguiled,

Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.
  Ask not if courts or camps dissolve the charm:
Say why Vespasian loved his Sabine farm; (15)
Why great Navarre, (16) when France and freedom bled,
Sought the lone limits of a forest-shed.
When Diocletian's self-corrected mind (17)
The imperial fasces of a world resign'd,
Say why we trace the labors of his spade,
In calm Salona's philosophic shade.
Say, when contentious Charles renounced a throne, (18)
To muse with monks unletter'd and unknown,
What from his soul the parting tribute drew?
What claim'd the sorrows of a last adieu?
The still retreats that soothed his tranquil breast
Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppress'd.
  Undamp'd by time, the generous Instinct glows
Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows;
Glows in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,
On every form of varied life imprest.
The social tribes its choicest influence hail:—
And when the drum beats briskly in the gale,
The war-worn courser charges at the sound,
And with young vigor wheels the pasture round.
  Oft has the aged tenant of the vale
Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale;
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breathed,
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeath'd.
When o'er the blasted heath the day declined,
And on the scathed oak warr'd the winter-wind;
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way;
When not a sheep-bell soothed his listening ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near;
Then did his horse the homeward track descry, (19)
The track that shunn'd his sad, inquiring eye;
And win each wavering purpose to relent,
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,
That his charm'd hand the careless rein resign'd,
And doubts and terrors vanish'd from his mind.
  Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm:
And who will first his fond impatience meet?
His faithful dog 's already at his feet!
Yes, though the porter spurn him from the door,
Though all, that knew him, know his face no more,
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.—
And see, the master but returns to die!
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of earth,
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth,
These, when to guard Misfortune's sacred grave,
Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.
  Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?
Say, through the clouds what compass points her flight?
Monarchs have gazed, and nations bless'd the sight.
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies:—
'T is vain! through Ether's pathless wilds she goes,
And lights at last where all her cares repose.
  Sweet bird! thy truth shall Haarlem's walls attest, (20)
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.
When, with the silent energy of grief,
With looks that ask'd, yet dared not hope relief,
Want with her babes round generous Valor clung,
To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
'T was thine to animate her closing eye;
Alas! 't was thine perchance the first to die,
Crush'd by her meagre hand, when welcomed from the sky.
  Hark! the bee (21) winds her small but mellow horn,
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
And many a stream allures her to its source.
'T is noon, 't is night. That eye so finely wrought,
Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;
Its orb so full, its vision so confined!
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
Of varied scents, that charm'd her as she flew?
Hail, MEMORY, hail! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

PART II.

Delle cose custode, e dispensiera.
Tasso.

ANALYSIS.

THE Memory has hitherto acted only in subservience to the senses, and so far man is not eminently distinguished from other animals: but, with respect to man, she has a higher province; and is often busily employed, when excited by no external cause whatever. She preserves, for his use, the treasures of art and science, history and philosophy. She colors all the prospects of life: for "we can only anticipate the future, by concluding what is possible from what is past." On her agency depends every effusion of the Fancy, who with the boldest effort can only compound or transpose, augment or diminish, the materials which she has collected.

When the first emotions of despair have subsided, and sorrow has softened into melancholy, she amuses with a retrospect of innocent pleasures, and inspires that noble confidence which results from the consciousness of having acted well. When sleep has suspended the organs of sense from their office, she not only supplies the mind with images, but assists in their combination. And even in madness itself, when the soul is resigned over to the tyranny of a distempered imagination, she revives past perceptions, and awakens that train of thought which was formerly most familiar.

Nor are we pleased only with a review of the brighter passages of life. Events, the most distressing in their immediate consequences, are often cherished in remembrance with a degree of enthusiasm.

But the world and its occupations give a mechanical impulse to the passions, which is not very favorable to the indulgence of this feeling. It is in a calm and well-regulated mind that the Memory is most perfect; and solitude is her best sphere of action. With this sentiment is introduced a Tale illustrative of her influence in solitude, sickness, and sorrow. And the subject having now been considered, so far as it relates to man and the animal world, the Poem concludes with

a conjecture that superior beings are blest with nobler exercise of this faculty.

SWEET MEMORY, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to Thee impart
What charms in Genius, and refines in Art;
Thee, in whose hand the keys of Science dwell,
The pensive portress of her holy cell;
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
Oblivion steals upon her vestal-lamp.

The friends of Reason, and the guides of Youth,
Whose language breathed the eloquence of Truth;
Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought;
These still exist, (22) by Thee to Fame consign'd,
Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

From Thee sweet Hope her airy coloring draws;
And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.
From Thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.

When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening-ray,
And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
Still through the gloom thy star serenely glows:
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light.

The beauteous maid, who bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace
Some social scene, some dear, familiar face:
And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper-bell
Bursts through the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
To love and joy still tremblingly alive;
The whisper'd vow, the chaste caress prolong,
Weave the light dance and swell the choral song;
With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,
And, as it melts along the moonlight-glade,
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

But not till Time has calm'd the ruffled breast,
Are these fond dreams of happiness confest.
Not till the rushing winds forget to rave,
Is Heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave.

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there;
Mark the fix'd gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,
The racks of thought, and freezings of despair!
But pause not then—beyond the western wave,
Go, view the captive barter'd as a slave!
Crush'd till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,
And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, even here, with pleasures long resign'd,
Lo! MEMORY bursts the twilight of the mind.
Her dear delusions soothe his sinking soul,
When the rude scourge assumes its base control;
And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuse
The full reflection of her vivid hues.
'T is but to die, and then, to weep no more,
Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore;
Beneath his plantain's ancient shade, renew
The simple transports that with freedom flew;
Catch the cool breeze that musky evening blows,
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows;
The oral tale of elder time rehearse,
And chant the rude, traditionary verse
With those, the loved companions of his youth,
When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

Ah! why should Virtue fear the frowns of Fate?
Hers what no wealth can buy, no power create!
A little world of clear and cloudless day,
Nor wreck'd by storms, nor moulder'd by decay;
A world, with Memory's ceaseless sunshine blest,
The home of Happiness, an honest breast.

But most we mark the wonders of her reign,
When Sleep has lock'd the senses in her chain.
When sober Judgment has his throne resign'd
She smiles away the chaos of the mind;
And, as warm Fancy's bright Elysium glows,
From Her each image springs, each color flows.
She is the sacred guest! the immortal friend!
Oft seen o'er sleeping Innocence to bend,
In that dead hour of night to Silence given,
Whispering seraphic visions of her heaven.

When the blithe son of Savoy, journeying round
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
From his green vale and shelter'd cabin hies,
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies;
Though far below the forked lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away,
Oft, in the saddle rudely rock'd to sleep,
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,
With Memory's aid, he sits at home, and sees
His children sport beneath their native trees,
And bends to hear their cherub-voices call,
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell?
Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell?
Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing restrain,
And mould the coinage of the fever'd brain?

Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,
There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!
He, whose arresting hand divinely wrought
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;
And round, in colors of the rainbow, threw
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!
But, as he fondly snatch'd the wreath of Fame,
The spectre Poverty unnerved his frame.
Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore,
And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.
Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art! (23)
From the rude wall what bright ideas start!
Even now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!
And whence these scenes, these images, declare:
Whence but from Her who triumphs o'er despair?

Awake, arise! with grateful fervor fraught,
Go, spring the mine of elevating thought.
He, who, through Nature's various walk, surveys
The good and fair her faultless line portrays;
Whose mind, profaned by no unhallow'd guest,
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,
Or, musing, mount where Science sits sublime,
Or wake the Spirit of departed Time.

Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral Muse,
A blooming Eden in his life reviews!
So rich the culture, though so small the space,
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace.
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh! (24)
The weary waste, that lengthen'd as he ran,
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!

Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumined, and by taste refined?
When age has quench'd the eye, and closed the ear,
Still nerved for action in her native sphere,
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
Some long-loved image vanish'd from her view;
Dart through the deep recesses of the past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;
With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.
So through the grove the impatient mother flies,
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries;
Till the thin leaves the truant boy disclose,
Long on the wood-moss stretch'd in sweet repose.

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confined
The silent feasts of the reflecting mind;
Danger and death a dread delight inspire,
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,
When, richly bronzed by many a summer-sun,
He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done.

Go, with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile;
And ask the shatter'd hero, whence his smile?
Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich—go,
And own what raptures from Reflection flow.

Hail, noblest structures imaged in the wave!
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave!
Hail, blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail!
That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail.
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
The battle's havoc, and the tempest's rage;
Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm close of Valor's various day.

Time's sombrous touches soon correct the piece,
Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease:
A softer tone of light pervades the whole,
And steals a pensive languor o'er the soul.

Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued (25)
Each mountain scene, majestically rude;
To note the sweet simplicity of life,
Far from the din of Folly's idle strife;
Nor there awhile, with lifted eye, revered
That modest stone which pious Pembroke rear'd;
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour;
Still to the musing pilgrim points the place,
Her sainted spirit most delights to trace?

Thus, with the manly glow of honest pride,
O'er his dead son the gallant Ormond sigh'd. (26)
Thus, through the gloom of Shenstone's fairy-grove,
Maria's urn still breathes the voice of love.

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes us less deeply in its morning-hour,
Than when the shades of Time serenely fall
On every broken arch and ivied wall;
The tender images we love to trace,
Steal from each year a melancholy grace!
And as the sparks of social love expand,
As the heart opens in a foreign land;
And, with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,
The stranger greets each native of his isle;
So scenes of life, when present and confest,
Stamp but their bolder features on the breast;
Yet not an image, when remotely view'd,
However trivial, and however rude,
But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh,
With every claim of close affinity!

But these pure joys the world can never know;
In gentler climes their silver currents flow.
Oft at the silent, shadowy close of day,
When the hush'd grove has sung his parting lay;
When pensive Twilight, in her dusky car,
Comes slowly on to meet the evening-star;
Above, below, aërial murmurs swell,
From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell!
A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,
Stealing soft music on the ear of night.
So oft the finer movements of the soul,
That shun the sphere of Pleasure's gay control,
In the still shades of calm Seclusion rise,
And breathe their sweet, seraphic harmonies!

Once, and domestic annals tell the time,
(Preserved in Cumbria's rude, romantic clime)
When Nature smiled, and o'er the landscape threw
Her richest fragrance, and her brightest hue,
A blithe and blooming Forester explored
Those loftier scenes Salvator's soul adored;
The rocky pass half-hung with shaggy wood,
And the cleft oak flung boldly o'er the flood;
Nor shunn'd the track, unknown to human tread,
That downward to the night of caverns led;
Some ancient cataract's deserted bed.

High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose (27)
And blew his shrill blast o'er perennial snows;
Ere the rapt youth, recoiling from the roar,
Gazed on the tumbling tide of dread Lodoar;
And through the rifted cliffs, that scaled the sky,
Derwent's clear mirror (28) charm'd his dazzled eye.
Each osier isle, inverted on the wave,
Through morn's grey mist its melting colors gave;
And o'er the cygnet's haunt, the mantling grove
Its emerald arch with wild luxuriance wove.

Light as the breeze that brush'd the orient dew,
From rock to rock the young Adventurer flew;
And day's last sunshine slept along the shore,
When lo, a path the smile of welcome wore.
Imbowering shrubs with verdure veil'd the sky,
And on the musk-rose shed a deeper dye;
Save when a bright and momentary gleam
Glanced from the white foam of some shelter'd stream

O'er the still lake the bell of evening toll'd,
And on the moor the shepherd penn'd his fold;
And on the green hill's side the meteor play'd,
When, hark! a voice sung sweetly through the shade
It ceased—yet still in Florio's fancy sung,
Still on each note his captive spirit hung;
Till o'er the mead a cool, sequester'd grot
From its rich roof a sparry lustre shot.
A crystal water cross'd the pebbled floor,
And on the front these simple lines it bore:

Hence away, nor dare intrude!
In this secret, shadowy cell
Musing MEMORY loves to dwell,
With her sister Solitude.

Far from the busy world she flies,
To taste that peace the world denies.
Entranced she sits; from youth to age,
Reviewing Life's eventful page;
And noting, ere they fade away,
The little lines of yesterday.

Florio had gain'd a rude and rocky seat,
When lo, the Genius of this still retreat!
Fair was her form—but who can hope to trace
The pensive softness of her angel-face?
Can Virgil's verse, can Raphael's touch, impart
Those finer features of the feeling heart,
Those tend'rer tints that shun the careless eye,
And in the world's contagious climate die?
She left the cave, nor mark'd the stranger there;
Her pastoral beauty, and her artless air
Had breathed a soft enchantment o'er his soul!
In every nerve he felt her blest control!
What pure and white-wing'd agents of the sky,
Who rule the springs of sacred sympathy,
Inform congenial spirits when they meet?
Sweet is their office, as their natures sweet!
Florio, with fearful joy, pursued the maid,
Till through a vista's moonlight-chequer'd shade,
Where the bat circled, and the rooks reposed,
(Their wars suspended, and their councils closed)
An antique mansion burst in awful state,
A rich vine clustering round the Gothic gate.
Nor paused he there. The master of the scene
Saw his light step imprint the dewy green;
And, slow advancing, hail'd him as his guest,
Won by the honest warmth his looks express'd.
He wore the rustic manners of a 'Squire;
Age had not quench'd one spark of manly fire;
But giant Gout had bound him in her chain,
And his heart panted for the chase in vain.
Yet here Remembrance, sweetly-soothing Power!
Wing'd with delight Confinement's lingering hour.
The fox's brush still emulous to wear,
He scour'd the county in his elbow-chair;
And, with view-halloo, roused the dreaming hound,
That rung, by starts, his deep-toned music round.
Long by the paddock's humble pale confined,
His aged hunters coursed the viewless wind:
And each, with glowing energy portray'd,
The far-famed triumphs of the field display'd;
Usurp'd the canvas of the crowded hall,
And chased a line of heroes from the wall.
There slept the horn each jocund echo knew,
And many a smile and many a story drew!
High o'er the hearth his forest-trophies hung,
And their fantastic branches wildly flung.
How would he dwell on the vast antlers there!
These dash'd the wave, those fann'd the mountain-air.
All, as they frown'd, unwritten records bore
Of gallant feats and festivals of yore.
But why the tale prolong?—His only child,
His darling Julia on the stranger smil'd.
Her little arts a fretful sire to please,
Her gentle gaiety, and native ease
Had won his soul; and rapturous Fancy shed
Her golden lights, and tints of rosy red.
But ah! few days had pass'd, ere the bright vision fled!
When evening tinged the lake's ethereal blue,
And her deep shades irregularly threw;
Their shifting sail dropt gently from the cove,
Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove; (29)
Whence erst the chanted hymn, the taper'd rite
Amused the fisher's solitary night:
And still the mitred window, richly wreathed,
A sacred calm through the brown foliage breathed.
The wild deer, starting through the silent glade,
With fearful gaze their various course survey'd.
High hung in air the hoary goat reclined,
His streaming beard the sport of every wind;
And, while the coot her jet-wing loved to lave,
Rock'd on the bosom of the sleepless wave;
The eagle rush'd from Skiddaw's purple crest,
A cloud still brooding o'er her giant-nest.
And now the moon had dimm'd with dewy ray
The few fine flushes of departing day.
O'er the wide water's deep serene she hung,
And her broad lights on every mountain flung;
When lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew, (30)
And to the surge consign'd the little crew.
All, all escaped—but ere the lover bore
His faint and faded Julia to the shore,
Her sense had fled!—Exhausted by the storm,
A fatal trance hung o'er her pallid form;
Her closing eye a trembling lustre fired;
'T was life's last spark—it flutter'd and expired!
The father strew'd his white hairs in the wind,
Call'd on his child—nor linger'd long behind:
And Florio lived to see the willow wave,
With many an evening-whisper, o'er their grave.
Yes, Florio lived—and, still of each possess'd,
The father cherish'd, and the maid caress'd!
For ever would the fond enthusiast rove,
With Julia's spirit, through the shadowy grove;
Gaze with delight on every scene she plann'd,
Kiss every flow'ret planted by her hand.
Ah! still he traced her steps along the glade,
When hazy hues and glimmering lights betray'd
Half-viewless forms; still listen'd as the breeze
Heaved its deep sobs among the aged trees;
And at each pause her melting accents caught,
In sweet delirium of romantic thought!
Dear was the grot that shunn'd the blaze of day;
She gave its spars to shoot a trembling ray.
The spring, that bubbled from its inmost cell,
Murmur'd of Julia's virtues as it fell;
And o'er the dripping moss, the fretted stone,
In Florio's ear breathed language not its own,
Her charm around the enchantress MEMORY threw
A charm that soothes the mind, and sweetens too!
But is Her magic only felt below?
Say, through what brighter realms she bids it flow
To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere, (31)
She yields delight but faintly imaged here:
All that till now their rapt researches knew;
Not call'd in slow succession to review,
But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,
At once presented to their glad survey!
Each scene of bliss reveal'd, since chaos fled,
And dawning light its dazzling glories spread;
Each chain of wonders that sublimely glow'd,
Since first Creation's choral anthem flow'd;
Each ready flight, at Mercy's call divine,
To distant worlds that undiscover'd shine;
Full on her tablet flings its living rays,
And all, combined, with blest effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal Friendship, soar;
No more to part, to mingle tears no more!
And, as the softening hand of Time endears
The joys and sorrows of our infant-years,
So there the soul, released from human strife,
Smiles at the little cares and ills of life;
Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers;
As at a dream that charm'd her vacant hours!
Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening-walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature open'd to their view!
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please;
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well!
Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to share
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;
With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happiness below;
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resign'd;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present,
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God express'd;
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The sweet Remembrance of unblemish'd youth,
The still inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!
Hail, MEMORY, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

NOTES.

Note 1, page 2, col. 2.

Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear.

I came to the place of my birth and cried, "The friends of my youth, where are they?"—And an echo answered "Where are they?"—From an Arabic MS.

Note 2, page 3, col. 1.

Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!

When a traveller, who was surveying the ruins of Rome, expressed a desire to possess some relic of its ancient grandeur, Poussin, who attended him, stooped down, and gathering up a handful of earth shining with small grains of porphyry, "Take this home," said he, "for your cabinet; and say boldly, *Questa è Roma Antica.*"

Note 3, page 3, col. 1.

The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep.

Every man, like Gulliver in Lilliput, is fastened to some spot of earth, by the thousand small threads which habit and association are continually stealing over him. Of these, perhaps, one of the strongest is here alluded to.

When the Canadian Indians were once solicited to emigrate, "What!" they replied, "shall we say to the bones of our fathers, Arise, and go with us into a foreign land?"

Note 4, page 3, col. 1.

So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu.

See *Cook's* first voyage, book i, chap. 16.

Another very affecting instance of local attachment is related of his fellow-countryman Potaveri, who came to Europe with M. de Bougainville.—See *les Jardins*, chant ii.

Note 5, page 3, col. 2.

So Scotia's Queen, etc.

Elle se leve sur son lit, et se met à contempler la France encore, et tant qu'elle peut.—BRANTÔME.

Note 6, page 3, col. 2.

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire.

To an accidental association may be ascribed some of the noblest efforts of human genius. The Historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire first conceived his design among the ruins of the Capitol; and to the tones of a Welsh harp are we indebted for the Bard of Gray.

Note 7, page 3, col. 2.

Hence home-felt pleasure, etc

Who can sufficiently admire the affectionate attachment of Plutarch, who thus concludes his enumeration of the advantages of a great city to men of letters? "As to myself, I live in a little town; and I choose to live there, lest it should become still less." *Vit. Dem.*

Note 8, page 3, col. 2.

For this young Foscari, etc.

He was suspected of murder, and at Venice suspicion is good evidence. Neither the interest of the Doge, his father, nor the intrepidity of conscious innocence, which he exhibited in the dungeon and on the rack, could procure his acquittal. He was banished to the island of Candia for life.

But here his resolution failed him. At such a distance from home he could not live; and, as it was a criminal offence to solicit the intercession of a foreign prince, in a fit of despair he addressed a letter to the Duke of Milan, and intrusted it to a wretch whose perfidy, he knew, would occasion his being remanded a prisoner to Venice.

Note 9, page 3, col. 2.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart:

Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and far from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.—JOHNSON.

Note 10, page 3, col. 2.

And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.

The Paraclete, founded by Abelard, in Champagne.

Note 11, page 3, col. 2.

'T was ever thus. As now at Virgil's tomb.

Vows and pilgrimages are not peculiar to the religious enthusiast. Silius Italicus performed annual ceremonies on the mountain of Posilipo; and it was there that Boccaccio, *quasi da un divino estro inspirato*, resolved to dedicate his life to the Muses.

Note 12, page 3, col. 2.

So Tully paused amid the wrecks of Time.

When Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, he discovered the tomb of Archimedes by its mathematical inscription.—Tusc. Quæst. v. 3.

Note 13, page 3, col. 2.

Say why the pensive widow loves to weep.

The influence of the associating principle is finely exemplified in the faithful Penelope, when she sheds tears over the bow of Ulysses.—Od. xxi, 55.

Note 14, page 3, col. 2.

If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild.

The celebrated Ranz des Vaches; "cet air si chéri des Suisses qu'il fut défendu sous peine de mort de le jouer dans leurs troupes, parce qu'il faisoit fondre en larmes, déserter ou mourir ceux qui l'entendoient, tant il excitoit en eux l'ardent désir de revoir leur patrie."—ROUSSEAU.

The *maladie de pays* is as old as the human heart. JUVENAL's little cup-bearer

Suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem,
Et casulam, et notos tristis desiderat hœdos.

And the Argive, in the heat of battle,

Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

Note 15, page 4, col. 2.

Say why Vespasian loved his Sabine farm.

This emperor, according to Suetonius, constantly passed the summer in a small villa near Reate, where he was born, and to which he would never add any embellishment, *ne quid scilicet oculorum consuetudini deperiret*.—SUET. in Vit. Vesp. cap. ii.

A similar instance occurs in the life of the venerable Pertinax, as related by J. Capitolinus. Posteaquam in Liguriam venit, multis agris coemptis, tabernam paternam, *manente formâ priore*, infinitis ædificiis circumdedit.—*Hist. August.* 54.

And it is said of Cardinal Richelieu, that, when he built his magnificent palace on the site of the old family chateau at Richelieu, he sacrificed its symmetry to preserve the room in which he was born.—*Mém. de Mlle de Montpensier*, i, 27.

An attachment of this nature is generally the characteristic of a benevolent mind; and a long acquaintance with the world cannot always extinguish it.

"To a friend," says John, Duke of Buckingham, "I will expose my weakness: I am oftener missing a pretty gallery in the old house I pulled down, than pleased with a saloon which I built in its stead, though a thousand times better in all respects."—See his *Letter to the D. of Sh.*

This is the language of the heart; and will remind the reader of that good-humored remark in one of Pope's letters — "I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child."

Nor did the Poet feel the charm more forcibly than his Editor. See HURD's Life of Warburton, 51, 99.

The Author of Telemachus has illustrated this subject, with equal fancy and feeling, in the story of Alibée, Persan.

Note 16, page 4, col. 1.

Why great Navarre, etc.

That amiable and accomplished monarch, Henry the Fourth of France, made an excursion from his camp, during the long siege of Laon, to dine at a house in the forest of Folambray; where he had often been regaled, when a boy, with fruit, milk, and new cheese; and in revisiting which he promised himself great pleasure.—*Mém. de Sully.*

Note 17, page 4, col. 1.

When Diocletian's self-corrected mind.

Diocletian retired into his native province, and there amused himself with building, planting, and gardening. His answer to Maximian is deservedly celebrated. He was solicited by that restless old man to reassume the reins of government, and the Imperial purple. He rejected the temptation with a smile of pity, calmly observing, "that if he could show Maximian the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power."—GIBBON.

Note 18, page 4, col. 1.

Say, when contentious Charles renounced a throne.

When the emperor Charles V. had executed his memorable resolution, and had set out for the monastery of St. Justus, he stopped a few days at Ghent, says his historian, to indulge that tender and pleasant melancholy, which arises in the mind of every man in the decline of life, on visiting the place of his nativity, and viewing the scenes and objects familiar to him in his early youth.—ROBERTSON.

Note 19, page 4, col. 1.

Then did his horse the homeward track descry.

The memory of the horse forms the groundwork of a pleasing little romance of the twelfth century entitled, "Lai du Palefroy vair."—See *Fabliaux du XII. siècle.*

Ariosto likewise introduces it in a passage full of truth and nature. When Bayardo meets Angelica in the forest,

——— Va mansueto alla Donzella,
* * * * * * *
Che in Albracca il servia già di sua mano.
Orlando Furioso, canto i. 75

Note 20, page 4, col. 1.

Sweet bird! thy truth shall Haarlem's walls attest.

During the siege of Haarlem, when that city was reduced to the last extremity, and on the point of opening its gates to a base and barbarous enemy, a design was formed to relieve it; and the intelligence was conveyed to the citizens by a letter which was tied under the wing of a pigeon.—THUANUS, lib. lv. c. 5.

The same messenger was employed at the siege of Mutina, as we are informed by the elder Pliny.—*Hist. Nat.* x. 37

Note 21, page 4, col. 2.

Hark! the bee, etc.

This little animal, from the extreme convexity of her eye, cannot see many inches before her.

Note 22, page 5, col. 1.

These still exist, etc.

There is a future Existence even in this world, an Existence in the hearts and minds of those who shall live after us. It is in reserve for every man, however obscure; and his portion, if he be diligent, must be equal to his desires For in whose remembrance can we wish to hold a place, but such as know, and are known by us? These are within the sphere of our influence, and among these and their descendants we may live evermore.

It is a state of rewards and punishments; and, like that revealed to us in the Gospel, has the happiest influence on our lives. The latter excites us to gain the favor of GOD, the former to gain the love and esteem of wise and good men; and both lead to the same end; for, in framing our conceptions of the Deity, we only ascribe to Him exalted degrees of Wisdom and Goodness.

Note 23, page 5, col. 2.

Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!

The astronomer chalking his figures on the wall, in Hogarth's view of Bedlam, is an admirable exemplification of this idea.—See the *Rake's Progress*, plate 8.

Note 24, page 6, col. 1.

Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!

The following stanzas are said to have been written on a blank leaf of this Poem. They present so affecting a reverse of the picture, that I cannot resist the opportunity of introducing them here.

Pleasures of Memory!—oh! supremely blest,
And justly proud beyond a Poet's praise:
If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast
Contain, indeed, the subject of thy lays!
By me how envied!—for to me,
The herald still of misery,
Memory makes her influence known
By sighs, and tears, and grief alone:
I greet her as the fiend, to whom belong
The vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song.

She tells of time misspent, of comfort lost,
Of fair occasions gone for ever by;
Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely cross'd,
Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die;
For what, except th' instinctive fear
Lest she survive, detains me here,
When "all the life of life" is fled?—
What, but the deep inherent dread,
Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign,
And realize the hell that priests and beldams feign?

Note 25, page 6, col. 1.

Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued.

On the road-side, between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a small pillar with this inscription:

"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann Countess-Dowager of Pembroke, etc. for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess-Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone-table placed hard by. Laus Deo!"

The Eden is the principal river of Cumberland, and rises in the wildest part of Westmoreland.

Note 26, page 6, col. 1.

O'er his dead son the gallant Ormond sigh'd.

Ormond bore the loss with patience and dignity: though he ever retained a pleasing, however melancholy, sense of the signal merit of Ossory. "I would not exchange my dead son," said he, "for any living son in Christendom."—HUME.

The same sentiment is inscribed on Miss Dolman's urn at the Leasowes. "Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!"

Note 27, page 6, col. 2.

High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose.

This bird is remarkable for his exultation during the spring.

Note 28, page 6, col. 2.

Derwent's clear mirror.

Keswick-Lake in Cumberland.

Note 29, page 7, col. 2.

Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove.

A small island covered with trees, among which were formerly the ruins of a religious house.

Note 30, page 7, col. 2.

When lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew.

In a lake surrounded with mountains, the agitations are often violent and momentary. The winds blow in gusts and eddies; and the water no sooner swells, than it subsides.—See BOURN'S *Hist. of Westmoreland.*

Note 31, page 7, col. 2.

To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere.

The several degrees of angels may probably have larger views, and some of them be endowed with capacities able to retain together, and constantly set before them, as in one picture, all their past knowledge at once.—LOCKE.

Human Life.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction—Ringing of bells in a neighboring Village on the birth of an heir—General Reflections on Human Life—The Subject proposed—Childhood—Youth—Manhood—Love—Marriage—Domestic Happiness and Affliction—War—Peace—Civil Dissension—Retirement from active Life—Old Age and its Enjoyments—Conclusion.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky:
The bees have humm'd their noon-tide lullaby.
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound:
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.
A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, now brew'd, in floods of amber shine:
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
"'T was on these knees he sate so oft and smiled."
And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scatter'd round; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.
And once, alas, nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weepings heard where only joy has been;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.
And such is Human Life; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretch'd in the desert round their evening-fire;
As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour!
Born in a trance, we wake, observe, inquire;
And the green earth, the azure sky admire.
Of Elfin-size—for ever as we run,
We cast a longer shadow in the sun!
And now a charm, and now a grace is won!
We grow in wisdom, and in stature too!
And, as new scenes, new objects rise to view,
Think nothing done while aught remains to do.
Yet, all forgot, how oft the eye-lids close,
And from the slack hand drops the gather'd rose!
How oft, as dead, on the warm turf we lie,
While many an emmet comes with curious eye;
And on her nest the watchful wren sits by!
Nor do we speak or move, or hear or see;
So like what once we were, and once again shall be!
And say, how soon, where, blithe as innocent,
The boy at sun-rise whistled as he went,
An aged pilgrim on his staff shall lean,
Tracing in vain the footsteps o'er the green;
The man himself how alter'd, not the scene!
Now journeying home with nothing but the name;
Wayworn and spent, another and the same!
No eye observes the growth or the decay:
To-day we look as we did yesterday;
And we shall look to-morrow as to-day:
Yet while the loveliest smiles, her locks grow grey!
And in her glass could she but see the face
She 'll see so soon amidst another race,
How would she shrink!—Returning from afar,
After some years of travel, some of war,
Within his gate Ulysses stood unknown
Before a wife, a father, and a son!
And such is Human Life, the general theme.
Ah, what at best, what but a longer dream?
Though with such wild romantic wanderings fraught,
Such forms in Fancy's richest coloring wrought,
That, like the visions of a love-sick brain,
Who would not sleep and dream them o'er again?
Our pathway leads but to a precipice; (1)
And all must follow, fearful as it is!
From the first step 'tis known; but—No delay!
On, 'tis decreed. We tremble and obey.
A thousand ills beset us as we go.
—"Still, could I shun the fatal gulf"—Ah, no,
'Tis all in vain—the inexorable law!
Nearer and nearer to the brink we draw.
Verdure springs up; and fruits and flowers invite,
And groves and fountains—all things that delight.
"Oh I would stop, and linger if I might!"—
We fly; no resting for the foot we find; (2)
And dark before, all desolate behind!
At length the brink appears—but one step more!
We faint—On, on!—we falter—and 'tis o'er!
Yet here high passions, high desires unfold,
Prompting to noblest deeds; here links of gold
Bind soul to soul; and thoughts divine inspire
A thirst unquenchable, a holy fire
That will not, cannot but with life expire!
Now, seraph-wing'd, among the stars we soar,
Now distant ages, like a day, explore,
And judge the act, the actor now no more;
Or, in a thankless hour condemn'd to live,
From others claim what these refuse to give,
And dart, like Milton, an unerring eye
Through the dim curtains of Futurity. (3)
Wealth, Pleasure, Ease, all thought of self resign'd,
What will not Man encounter for Mankind?

Behold him now unbar the prison-door,
And, lifting Guilt, Contagion from the floor,
To Peace and Health, and Light and Life restore;
Now in Thermopylæ remain to share
Death—nor look back, nor turn a footstep there,
Leaving his story to the birds of air;
And now like Pylades (in Heaven they write
Names such as his in characters of light)
Long with his friend in generous enmity,
Pleading, insisting in his place to die!

Do what he will, he cannot realize
Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies.
Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
The truth, the beauty pictured in his mind.
But if by chance an object strike the sense,
The faintest shadow of that Excellence,
Passions, that slept, are stirring in his frame;
Thoughts undefined, feelings without a name!
And some, not here call'd forth, may slumber on
Till this vain pageant of a world is gone;
Lying too deep for things that perish here,
Waiting for life—but in a nobler sphere!

Look where he comes! Rejoicing in his birth,
Awhile he moves as in a heaven on earth!
Sun, moon, and stars—the land, the sea, the sky
To him shine out as 'twere a galaxy!
But soon 'tis past—the light has died away!
With him it came (it was not of the day)
And he himself diffused it, like the stone
That sheds awhile a lustre all its own, (4)
Making night beautiful. 'Tis past, 'tis gone,
And in his darkness as he journeys on,
Nothing revives him but the blessed ray
That now breaks in, nor ever knows decay,
Sent from a better world to light him on his way.

How great the Mystery! Let others sing
The circling Year, the promise of the Spring,
The Summer's glory, and the rich repose
Of Autumn, and the Winter's silvery snows.
Man through the changing scene let me pursue,
Himself how wondrous in his changes too!
Not Man the sullen savage in his den;
But Man call'd forth in fellowship with men;
School'd and train'd up to Wisdom from his birth; (5)
God's noblest work—His image upon earth!

The hour arrives, the moment wish'd and fear'd; (6)
The child is born, by many a pang endear'd.
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry;
Oh grant the cherub to her asking eye!
He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom press'd,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.

Her by her smile how soon the Stranger knows;
How soon by his the glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Lock'd in her arms, his arms across her flung,
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue)
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

But soon a nobler task demands her care.
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
Telling of Him who sees in secret there!—
And now the volume on her knee has caught
His wandering eye—now many a written thought
Never to die, with many a lisping sweet
His moving, murmuring lips endeavor to repeat.

Released, he chases the bright butterfly;
Oh he would follow—follow through the sky!
Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,
And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane;
Then runs, and, kneeling by the fountain-side,
Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,
A dangerous voyage; or, if now he can,
If now he wears the habit of a man,
Flings off the coat so long his pride and pleasure,
And, like a miser digging for his treasure,
His tiny spade in his own garden plies,
And in green letters sees his name arise!
Where'er he goes, for ever in her sight,
She looks, and looks, and still with new delight!

Ah who, when fading of itself away,
Would cloud the sunshine of his little day!
Now is the May of Life. Careering round,
Joy wings his feet, Joy lifts him from the ground!
Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
When the rich casket shone in bright array,
"These are MY Jewels!" (7) Well of such as he,
When Jesus spake, well might his language be,
"Suffer these little ones to come to me!" (8)

Thoughtful by fits, he scans and he reveres
The brow engraven with the Thoughts of Years; (9)
Close by her side his silent homage given
As to some pure Intelligence from Heaven;
His eyes cast downward with ingenuous shame,
His conscious cheeks, conscious of praise or blame,
At once lit up as with a holy flame!
He thirsts for knowledge, speaks but to inquire;
And soon with tears relinquish'd to the Sire,
Soon in his hand to Wisdom's temple led,
Holds secret converse with the Mighty Dead;
Trembles and thrills and weeps as they inspire,
Burns as they burn, and with congenial fire!
Like Her most gentle, most unfortunate, (10)
Crown'd but to die—who in her chamber sate
Musing with Plato, though the horn was blown,
And every ear and every heart was won,
And all in green array were chasing down the sun!

Then is the Age of Admiration (11)—Then
Gods walk the earth, or beings more than men,
Who breathe the soul of Inspiration round,
Whose very shadows consecrate the ground!
Ah, then comes thronging many a wild desire,
And high imagining and thought of fire!
Then from within a voice exclaims "Aspire!"
Phantoms, that upward point, before him pass,
As in the Cave athwart the Wizard's glass;
They, that on Youth a grace, a lustre shed,
Of every age—the living and the dead!
Thou, all-accomplish'd Surrey, thou art known;
The flower of Knighthood, nipt as soon as blown!
Melting all hearts but Geraldine's alone!
And, with his beaver up, discovering there
One who lov'd less to conquer than to spare,

Lo the Black Warrior, he, who, battle-spent,
Bare-headed served the Captive in his tent!
Young B—— in the groves of Academe,
Or where Ilyssus winds his whispering stream;
Or where the wild bees swarm with ceaseless hum,
Dreaming old dreams—a joy for years to come;
Or on the Rock within the sacred Fane;—
Scenes such as Milton sought, but sought in vain: (12)
And Milton's self (13) (at that thrice-honored name
Well may we glow—as men, we share his fame)—
And Milton's self, apart with beaming eye,
Planning he knows not what—that shall not die!

Oh in thy truth secure, thy virtue bold,
Beware the poison in the cup of gold,
The asp among the flowers. Thy heart beats high,
As bright and brighter breaks the distant sky!
But every step is on enchanted ground;
Danger thou lovest, and Danger haunts thee round.

Who spurs his horse against the mountain-side;
Then, plunging, slakes his fury in the tide?
Draws, and cries ho; and, where the sun-beams fall,
At his own shadow thrusts along the wall?
Who dances without music; and anon
Sings like the lark—then sighs as woe-begone,
And folds his arms, and, where the willows wave,
Glides in the moon-shine by a maiden's grave?
Come hither, boy, and clear thy open brow:
Yon summer-clouds, now like the Alps, and now
A ship, a whale, change not so fast as thou.

He hears me not—Those sighs were from the heart;
Too, too well taught, he plays the lover's part.
He who at masques, nor feigning nor sincere,
With sweet discourse would win a lady's ear,
Lie at her feet, and on her slipper swear
That none were half so faultless, half so fair,
Now through the forest hies, a stricken deer,
A banish'd man, flying when none are near;
And writes on every tree, and lingers long
Where most the nightingale repeats her song;
Where most the nymph, that haunts the silent grove,
Delights to syllable the names we love.

Two on his steps attend, in motley clad;
One woeful-wan, one merrier yet as mad;
Called Hope and Fear. Hope shakes his cap and bells,
And flowers spring up among the woodland dells.
To Hope he listens, wandering without measure
Through sun and shade, lost in a trance of pleasure;
And, if to Fear but for a weary mile,
Hope follows fast and wins him with a smile.

At length he goes—a Pilgrim to the Shrine,
And for a relic would a world resign!
A glove, a shoe-tie, or a flower let fall—
What though the least, Love consecrates them all!
And now he breathes in many a plaintive verse;
Now wins the dull ear of the wily nurse
At early matins ('t was at matin-time (14)
That first he saw and sicken'd in his prime),
And soon the Sibyl, in her thirst for gold,
Plays with young hearts that will not be controll'd.

"Absence from Thee—as self from self it seems!"
Scaled is the garden-wall! and lo, her beams
Silvering the east, the moon comes up, revealing
His well-known form along the terrace stealing.
—Oh, ere in sight he came, 't was his to thrill
A heart that loved him though in secret still.
"Am I awake? or is it—can it be
An idle dream? Nightly it visits me!
—That strain," she cries, "as from the water rose
Now near and nearer through the shade it flows!—
Now sinks departing—sweetest in its close!"
No casement gleams; no Juliet, like the day,
Comes forth and speaks and bids her lover stay.
Still, like aërial music heard from far,
Nightly it rises with the evening-star.

—"She loves another! Love was in that sigh!"
On the cold ground he throws himself to die.
Fond Youth, beware. Thy heart is most deceiving.
Who wish are fearful; who suspect, believing.
—And soon her looks the rapturous truth avow
Lovely before, oh, say how lovely now! (15)
She flies not, frowns not, though he pleads his cause;
Nor yet—nor yet her hand from his withdraws,
But by some secret Power surprised, subdued
(Ah how resist? Nor would she if she could),
Falls on his neck as half unconscious where,
Glad to conceal her tears, her blushes there.

Then come those full confidings of the past;
All sunshine now where all was overcast.
Then do they wander till the day is gone,
Lost in each other; and when Night steals on,
Covering them round, how sweet her accents are!
Oh when she turns and speaks, her voice is far,
Far above singing!—But soon nothing stirs
To break the silence—Joy like his, like hers,
Deals not in words: and now the shadows close,
Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly! As departs the day
All that was mortal seems to melt away,
Till, like a gift resumed as soon as given,
She fades at last into a Spirit from Heaven!

Then are they blest indeed; and swift the hours
Till her young Sisters wreathe her hair in flowers,
Kindling her beauty—while, unseen, the least
Twitches her robe, then runs behind the rest,
Known by her laugh that will not be suppress'd.
Then before All they stand—the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kiss'd off as soon as shed,
His house she enters—there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing,
Winning him back, when mingling in the throng,
Back from a world we love, alas, too long,
To fire-side happiness, to hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before! (16)

Nor many moons o'er hill and valley rise
Ere to the gate with nymph-like step she flies,
And their first-born holds forth, their darling boy,
With smiles how sweet, how full of love and joy,
To meet him coming; theirs through every year
Pure transports, such as each to each endear!

And laughing eyes and laughing voices fill
Their halls with gladness. She, when all are still,
Comes and undraws the curtain as they lie,
In sleep how beautiful! He, when the sky
Gleams, and the wood sends up its harmony,
When, gathering round his bed, they climb to share
His kisses, and with gentle violence there
Break in upon a dream not half so fair,
Up to the hill-top leads their little feet;
Or by the forest-lodge, perchance to meet
The stag-herd on its march, perchance to hear,
The otter rustling in the sedgy mere;
Or to the echo near the Abbot's tree,
That gave him back his words of pleasantry—
When the House stood, no merrier man than he!
And, as they wander with a keen delight,
If but a leveret catch their quicker sight
Down a green alley, or a squirrel then
Climb the gnarl'd oak, and look and climb again,
If but a moth flit by, an acorn fall,
He turns their thoughts to Him who made them all;
These with unequal footsteps following fast,
These clinging by his cloak, unwilling to be last.

The shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow,
And the swart sea-man, sailing far below,
Not undelighted watch the morning ray
Purpling the orient—till it breaks away,
And burns and blazes into glorious day!
But happier still is he who bends to trace
That sun, the soul, just dawning in the face;
The burst, the glow, the animating strife,
The thoughts and passions stirring into life;
The forming utterance, the inquiring glance,
The giant waking from his ten-fold trance,
Till up he starts as conscious whence he came,
And all is light within the trembling frame!

What then a Father's feelings? Joy and Fear
Prevail in turn, Joy most; and through the year
Tempering the ardent, urging night and day
Him who shrinks back or wanders from the way,
Praising each highly—from a wish to raise
Their merits to the level of his Praise.
Onward in their observing sight he moves,
Fearful of wrong, in awe of whom he loves!
Their sacred presence who shall dare profane?
Who, when He slumbers, hope to fix a stain?
He lives a model in his life to show,
That, when he dies and through the world they go,
Some men may pause and say, when some admire,
"They are his sons, and worthy of their sire!"

But Man is born to suffer. On the door
Sickness has set her mark; and now no more
Laughter within we hear, or wood-notes wild
As of a mother singing to her child.
All now in anguish from that room retire,
Where a young cheek glows with consuming fire,
And Innocence breathes contagion—all but one,
But she who gave it birth—from her alone
The medicine-cup is taken. Through the night,
And through the day, that with its dreary light
Comes unregarded, she sits silent by,
Watching the changes with her anxious eye:
While they without, listening below, above,
(Who but in sorrow know how much they love?)
From every little noise catch hope and fear,
Exchanging still, still as they turn to hear,
Whispers and sighs, and smiles all tenderness
That would in vain the starting tear repress.

Such grief was ours—it seems but yesterday—
When in thy prime, wishing so much to stay,
'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh
At midnight in a Sister's arms to die!
Oh thou wert lovely—lovely was thy frame,
And pure thy spirit as from Heaven it came!
And, when recall'd to join the blest above,
Thou diedst a victim to exceeding love,
Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,
When idle Fancy wove luxuriant flowers,
Once in thy mirth thou bad'st me write on thee;
And now I write—what thou shalt never see!

At length the Father, vain his power to save,
Follows his child in silence to the grave,
(That child how cherish'd, whom he would not give,
Sleeping the sleep of death, for all that live!)
Takes a last look, when, not unheard, the spade
Scatters the earth as "dust to dust" is said,
Takes a last look and goes; his best relief
Consoling others in that hour of grief,
And with sweet tears and gentle words infusing
The holy calm that leads to heavenly musing.

—But hark, the din of arms! no time for sorrow
To horse, to horse! A day of blood to-morrow!
One parting pang, and then—and then I fly,
Fly to the field, to triumph—or to die!—
He goes, and Night comes as it never came! (17)
With shrieks of horror!—and a vault of flame!
And lo! when morning mocks the desolate,
Red runs the river by; and at the gate
Breathless a horse without his rider stands!
But hush!—a shout from the victorious bands!
And oh the smiles and tears, a sire restored!
One wears his helm, one buckles on his sword;
One hangs the wall with laurel-leaves, and all
Spring to prepare the soldier's festival;
While She best-loved, till then forsaken never,
Clings round his neck as she would cling for ever!

Such golden deeds lead on to golden days,
Days of domestic peace—by him who plays
On the great stage how uneventful thought;
Yet with a thousand busy projects fraught,
A thousand incidents that stir the mind
To pleasure, such as leaves no sting behind!
Such as the heart delights in—and records
Within how silently—in more than words!
A Holiday—the frugal banquet spread
On the fresh herbage near the fountain-head
With quips and cranks—what time the wood-lark there
Scatters her loose notes on the sultry air,
What time the king-fisher sits perch'd below,
Where, silver-bright, the water-lilies blow:—
A Wake—the booths whitening the village-green,
Where Punch and Scaramouch aloft are seen;
Sign beyond sign in close array unfurl'd,
Picturing at large the wonders of the world;
And far and wide, over the vicar's pale,
Black hoods and scarlet crossing hill and dale,
All, all abroad, and music in the gale:—
A Wedding-dance—a dance into the night
On the barn-floor, when maiden-feet are light;
When the young bride receives the promised dower,
And flowers are flung, herself a fairer flower:—

A morning-visit to the poor man's shed,
(Who would be rich while One was wanting bread?)
When all are emulous to bring relief,
And tears are falling fast—but not for grief:—
A Walk in Spring—Grattan, like those with thee,
By the heath-side (who had not envied me?)
When the sweet limes, so full of bees in June,
Led us to meet beneath their boughs at noon;
And thou didst say which of the Great and Wise,
Could they but hear and at thy bidding rise,
Thou wouldst call up and question.
Graver things
Come in their turn. Morning, and Evening, brings
Its holy office; and the sabbath-bell,
That over wood and wild and mountain-dell
Wanders so far, chasing all thoughts unholy
With sounds most musical, most melancholy,
Not on his ear is lost. Then he pursues
The pathway leading through the aged yews,
Nor unattended; and, when all are there,
Pours out his spirit in the House of Prayer,
That House with many a funeral-garland hung (18)
Of virgin-white—memorials of the young,
The last yet fresh when marriage-chimes were ringing,
And hope and joy in other hearts were springing;
That House, where Age led in by Filial Love,
Their looks composed, their thoughts on things above,
The world forgot, or all its wrongs forgiven—
Who would not say they trod the path to Heaven?
Nor at the fragrant hour—at early dawn—
Under the elm-tree on his level lawn,
Or in his porch is he less duly found,
When they that cry for Justice gather round,
And in that cry her sacred voice is drown'd;
His then to hear and weigh and arbitrate,
Like Alfred judging at his palace-gate.
Heal'd at his touch, the wounds of discord close;
And they return as friends, that came as foes.
Thus, while the world but claims its proper part,
Oft in the head but never in the heart,
His life steals on; within his quiet dwelling
That home-felt joy all other joys excelling.
Sick of the crowd, when enters he—nor then
Forgets the cold indifference of men?
—Soon through the gadding vine (19) the sun looks in,
And gentle hands the breakfast-rite begin.
Then the bright kettle sings its matin-song,
Then fragrant clouds of Mocha and Souchong
Blend as they rise; and (while without are seen,
Sure of their meal, the small birds on the green;
And in from far a school-boy's letter flies,
Flushing the sister's cheek with glad surprise)
That sheet unfolds (who reads, that reads it not?)
Born with the day and with the day forgot;
Its ample page various as human life,
The pomp, the woe, the bustle and the strife!
But nothing lasts. In Autumn at his plow
Met and solicited, behold him now
Leaving that humbler sphere his fathers knew,
The sphere that Wisdom loves—and Virtue too,
She who subsists not on the vain applause
Misjudging man now gives and now withdraws.
'T was morn—the sky-lark o'er the furrow sung
As from his lips the slow consent was wrung;
As from the glebe his fathers till'd of old,
The plow they guided in an age of gold,
Down by the beech-wood side he turn'd away:—
And now behold him in an evil day
Serving the State again—not as before,
Not foot to foot, the war-whoop at his door,—
But in the Senate: and (though round him fly
The jest, the sneer, the subtle sophistry,
With honest dignity, with manly sense,
And every charm of natural eloquence,
Like Hampden struggling in his Country's cause, (20)
The first, the foremost to obey the laws,
The last to brook oppression. On he moves,
Careless of blame while his own heart approves,
Careless of ruin—("For the general good
'T is not the first time I shall shed my blood.")
On through that gate misnamed, (21) through which before
Went Sidney, Russel, Raleigh, Cranmer, More,
On into twilight within walls of stone,
Then to the place of trial; (22) and alone, (23)
Alone before his judges in array
Stands for his life: there, on that awful day,
Counsel of friends—all human help denied—
All but from her who sits the pen to guide,
Like that sweet Saint who sate by Russel's side
Under the Judgment-seat, (24)—But guilty men
Triumph not always. To his hearth again,
Again with honor to his hearth restored,
Lo, in the accustom'd chair and at the board,
Thrice greeting those who most withdraw their claim,
(The lowliest servant calling by his name)
He reads thanksgiving in the eyes of all,
All met as at a holy festival!
—On the day destined for his funeral!
Lo, there the Friend, who entering where he lay,
Breathed in his drowsy ear, "Away, away!
Take thou my cloak—Nay, start not, but obey—
Take it and leave me.'" And the blushing Maid,
Who through the streets as through a desert stray'd;
And, when her dear, dear Father pass'd along,
Would not be held—but, bursting through the throng,
Halberd and battle-axe—kiss'd him o'er and o'er;
Then turn'd and went—then sought him as before,
Believing she should see his face no more!
And oh, how changed at once—no heroine here,
But a weak woman worn with grief and fear,
Her darling Mother! 'T was but now she smiled,
And now she weeps upon her weeping child!
—But who sits by, her only wish below
At length fulfill'd—and now prepared to go?
His hands on hers—as through the mists of night,
She gazes on him with imperfect sight;
Her glory now, as ever her delight! (25)
To her, methinks, a second Youth is given;
The light upon her face a light from Heaven!
An hour like this is worth a thousand pass'd
In pomp or ease—'T is present to the last!
Years glide away untold—'T is still the same!
As fresh, as fair as on the day it came!
And now once more where most he loved to be,
In his own fields—breathing tranquillity—
We hail him—not less happy, Fox, than thee!
Thee at St. Anne's so soon of care beguiled,
Playful, sincere, and artless as a child!
Thee, who wouldst watch a bird's-nest on the spray
Through the green leaves exploring, day by day.

How oft from grove to grove, from seat to seat,
With thee conversing in thy loved retreat,
I saw the sun go down!—Ah, then 't was thine
Ne'er to forget some volume half divine,
Shakspeare's or Dryden's—through the chequer'd shade
Borne in thy hand behind thee as we stray'd;
And where we sate (and many a halt we made)
To read there with a fervor all thy own,
And in thy grand and melancholy tone,
Some splendid passage not to thee unknown,
Fit theme for long discourse—Thy bell has toll'd!
—But in thy place among us we behold
One who resembles thee.
'T is the sixth hour.
The village-clock strikes from the distant tower.
The plowman leaves the field; the traveller hears,
And to the inn spurs forward. Nature wears
Her sweetest smile; the day-star in the west
Yet hovering, and the thistle's down at rest.

And such, his labor done, the calm He knows,
Whose footsteps we have follow'd. Round him glows
An atmosphere that brightens to the last;
The light, that shines, reflected from the Past,
—And from the Future too! Active in Thought
Among old books, old friends; and not unsought
By the wise stranger—in his morning-hours,
When gentle airs stir the fresh-blowing flowers,
He muses, turning up the idle weed;
Or prunes or grafts, or in the yellow mead
Watches his bees at hiving-time; and now,
The ladder resting on the orchard-bough,
Culls the delicious fruit that hangs in air,
The purple plum, green fig, or golden pear,
'Mid sparkling eyes, and hands uplifted there.

At night, when all, assembling round the fire,
Closer and closer draw till they retire,
A tale is told of India or Japan,
Of merchants from Golcond or Astracan,
What time wild Nature revell'd unrestrain'd,
And Sinbad voyaged and the Caliphs reign'd:—
Of some Norwegian, while the icy gale
Rings in her shrouds and beats her iron-sail,
Among the snowy Alps of Polar seas
Immovable—for ever there to freeze!
Or some great caravan, from well to well
Winding as darkness on the desert fell,
In their long march, such as the Prophet bids,
To Mecca from the land of Pyramids,
And in an instant lost—a hollow wave
Of burning sand their everlasting grave!—
Now the scene shifts to Venice—to a square
Glittering with light, all nations masking there,
With light reflected on the tremulous tide,
Where gondolas in gay confusion glide,
Answering the jest, the song on every side;
To Naples next—and at the crowded gate,
Where Grief and Fear and wild Amazement wait,
Lo, on his back a Son brings in his Sire, (26)
Vesuvius blazing like a World on fire!—
Then, at a sign that never was forgot,
A strain breaks forth (who hears and loves it not?)
From lute or organ! 'T is at parting given,
That in their slumbers they may dream of Heaven;
Young voices mingling, as it floats along,
In Tuscan air or Handel's sacred song!

And She inspires, whose beauty shines in all;
So soon to weave a daughter's coronal,
And at the nuptial rite smile through her tears;—
So soon to hover round her full of fears,
And with assurance sweet her soul revive
In child-birth—when a mother's love is most alive.

No, 't is not here that Solitude is known.
Through the wide world he only is alone
Who lives not for another. Come what will,
The generous man has his companion still;
The cricket on his hearth; the buzzing fly
That skims his roof, or, be his roof the sky,
Still with its note of gladness passes by:
And, in an iron cage condemn'd to dwell,
The cage that stands within the dungeon-cell,
He feeds his spider—happier at the worst
Than he at large who in himself is curst.

O thou all-eloquent, whose mighty mind (27)
Streams from the depth of ages on mankind,
Streams like the day—who, angel-like, hast shed
Thy full effulgence on the hoary head,
Speaking in Cato's venerable voice,
"Look up, and faint not—faint not, but rejoice!"
From thy Elysium guide him. Age has now
Stamp'd with its signet that ingenuous brow;
And, 'mid his old hereditary trees,
Trees he has climb'd so oft, he sits and sees
His children's children playing round his knees:
Then happiest, youngest, when the quoit is flung,
When side by side the archer's bows are strung;
His to prescribe the place, adjudge the prize,
Envying no more the young their energies
Than they an old man when his words are wise;
His a delight how pure—without alloy;
Strong in their strength, rejoicing in their joy!

Now in their turn assisting, they repay
The anxious cares of many and many a day;
And now by those he loves relieved, restored,
His very wants and weaknesses afford
A feeling of enjoyment. In his walks,
Leaning on them, how oft he stops and talks,
While they look up! Their questions, their replies,
Fresh as the welling waters, round him rise,
Gladdening his spirit: and, his theme the past,
How eloquent he is! His thoughts flow fast,
And, while his heart (oh can the heart grow old?
False are the tales that in the World are told!)
Swells in his voice, he knows not where to end;
Like one discoursing of an absent friend.

But there are moments which he calls his own.
Then, never less alone than when alone,
Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves—not dead—but gone before,
He gathers round him; and revives at will
Scenes in his life—that breathe enchantment still—
That come not now at dreary intervals—
But where a light as from the Blessed falls,
A light such guests bring ever—pure and holy—
Lapping the soul in sweetest melancholy.
—Ah then less willing (nor the choice condemn)
To live with others than to think on them!

And now behold him up the hill ascending,
Memory and Hope like evening-stars attending;
Sustain'd, excited, till his course is run,
By deeds of virtue done or to be done.

When on his couch he sinks at length to rest,
Those by his counsel saved, his power redress'd,
Those by the World shunn'd ever as unblest,
At whom the rich man's dog growls from the gate,
But whom he sought out, sitting desolate,
Come and stand round—the widow with her child,
As when she first forgot her tears and smiled!
They, who watch by him, see not; but he sees,
Sees and exults—Were ever dreams like these?
They, who watch by him, hear not; but he hears,
And Earth recedes, and Heaven itself appears!

'Tis past! That hand we grasp'd, alas, in vain!
Nor shall we look upon his face again!
But to his closing eyes, for all were there,
Nothing was wanting; and, through many a year,
We shall remember with a fond delight
The words so precious which we heard to-night;
His parting, though awhile our sorrow flows,
Like setting suns or music at the close!

Then was the drama ended. Not till then,
So full of chance and change the lives of men,
Could we pronounce him happy. Then secure
From pain, from grief, and all that we endure,
He slept in peace—say rather soar'd to Heaven,
Upborne from Earth by Him to whom 'tis given
In his right hand to hold the golden key
That opes the portals of Eternity.
—When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone;
Like those of old, on that thrice-hallow'd night,
Who sate and watch'd in raiment heavenly-bright;
And, with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
Says, pointing upward, that he is not here,
That he is risen!
But the day is spent;
And stars are kindling in the firmament,
To us how silent—though like ours perchance
Busy and full of life and circumstance;
Where some the paths of Wealth and Power pursue,
Of Pleasure some, of Happiness a few;
And, as the sun goes round—a sun not ours—
While from her lap another Nature showers
Gifts of her own, some from the crowd retire,
Think on themselves, within, without inquire;
At distance dwell on all that passes there,
All that their world reveals of good and fair;
And, as they wander, picturing things, like me,
Not as they are, but as they ought to be,
Trace out the Journey through their little Day,
And fondly dream an idle hour away.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 11, col. 2.

Our pathway leads but to a precipice.

See Bossuet, *Sermon sur la Résurrection.*

Note 2, page 11, col. 2.

We fly; no resting for the foot we find.

"I have considered," says Solomon, "all the works that are under the sun; and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." But who believes it, till Death tells it us? It is Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent, that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant. He takes the account of the rich man, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity; and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world have flattered, thou only hast cast out and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet.*

RALEIGH.

Note 3, page 11, col. 2.

Through the dim curtains of Futurity.

Fancy can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked his reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting, without impatience, the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation.—JOHNSON.

After line 57, col. 2, in the MS.

O'er place and time we triumph; on we go,
Ranging in thought the realms above, below;
Yet, ah, how little of ourselves we know!
And why the heart beats on, or how the brain
Says to the foot, 'Now move, now rest again,'
From age to age we search, and search in vain.

Note 4, page 12, col. 1.

———like the stone
That sheds awhile a lustre all its own.

See "Observations on a diamond that shines in the dark."—BOYLE's *Works*, i, 789.

Note 5, page 12, col. 1.

Schooled and trained up to Wisdom from his birth.

Cicero, in his Essay *De Senectute*, has drawn his images from the better walks of life; and Shakspeare, in his Seven Ages, has done so too. But Shakspeare treats his subject satirically; Cicero as a Philosopher. In the venerable portrait of Cato we discover no traces of "the lean and slippered pantaloon."

Every object has a bright and a dark side; and I have endeavored to look at things as Cicero has done. By some however I may be thought to have followed too much my own dream of happiness; and in such a dream indeed I have often passed a solitary hour. It was castle-building once; now it is no longer so. But whoever would try to realize it, would not perhaps repent of his endeavor.

Note 6, page 12, col. 1.

The hour arrives, the moment wished and feared.

A Persian Poet has left us a beautiful thought on this subject, which the reader, if he has not met with it, will be glad to know, and, if he has, to remember.

Thee on thy mother's knees, a new-born child,
In tears we saw, when all around thee smiled.
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Smiles may be thine, when all around thee weep.

For my version I am in a great measure indebted to Sir William Jones.

Note 7, page 12, col. 2.

"These are my Jewels!"

The anecdote here alluded to, is related by Valerius Maximus, lib. iv, c. 4.

Note 8, page 12, col. 2.

"Suffer these little ones to come to me!"

In our early Youth, while yet we live only among those we love, we love without restraint, and our hearts overflow in every look, word, and action. But when we enter the world and are repulsed by strangers, forgotten by friends, we grow more and more timid in our approaches even to those we love best.

How delightful to us then are the little caresses of children! All sincerity, all affection, they fly into our arms; and then, and then only, we feel our first confidence, our first pleasure.

Note 9, page 12, col. 2.

—he reveres
The brow engraven with the Thoughts of Years.

This is a law of Nature. Age was anciently synonymous with power; and we may always observe that the old are held in more or less honor as men are more or less virtuous. "Shame," says Homer, "bids the youth beware how he accosts the man of many years." "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of an old man."—*Leviticus*

Among us, says a philosophical historian, and wherever birth and possessions give rank and authority, the young and the profligate are seen continually above the old and the worthy: there Age can never find its due respect. But among many of the ancient nations it was otherwise; and they reaped the benefit of it. "Rien ne maintient plus les mœurs qu'une extrême subordination des jeunes gens envers les vieillards. Les uns et les autres seront contenus, ceux-là par le respect qu'ils auront pour les vieillards, et ceux-ci par le respect qu'ils auront pour eux-mêmes."
MONTESQUIEU.

Note 10, page 12, col. 2.

Like Her most gentle, most unfortunate.

Before I went into Germany, I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the Household, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading Phædo Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight as some Gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me, "I wist, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato."—ROGER ASCHAM.

Note 11, page 12, col. 2.

Then is the Age of Admiration.—

Dante in his old age was pointed out to Petrarch when a boy; and Dryden to Pope.

Who does not wish that Dante and Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid them, and foreseen the greatness of their young admirers?

Note 12, page 13, col. 1.

Scenes such as Milton sought, but sought in vain.

He had arrived at Naples; and was preparing to visit Sicily and Greece, when hearing of the troubles in England, he thought it proper to hasten home.

Note 13, page 13, col. 1.

And Milton's self.

I began thus far to assent . . . to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labor and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something, so written, to after times, as they should not willingly let it die.—MILTON

Note 14, page 13, col. 1.

———'t was at matin-time.

Love and devotion are said to be nearly allied. Boccaccio fell in love at Naples in the church of St. Lorenzo; as Petrarch had done at Avignon in the church of St. Clair.

Note 15, page 13, col. 2.

Lovely before, oh, say how lovely now!

Is it not true, that the young not only appear to be but really are, most beautiful in the presence of those they love? It calls forth all their beauty.

Note 16, page 13, col. 2.

And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

Xenophon has left us a delightful instance of conjugal affection.

The king of Armenia not fulfilling his engagement, Cyrus entered the country, and, having taken him and all his family prisoners, ordered them instantly before him. Armenian, said he, you are free; for you are now sensible of your error. And what will you give me, if I restore your wife to you?—All that I am able. What, if I restore your children?—All that I am able. And you, Tigranes, said he, turning to the son, What would *you* do, to save your wife from servitude? Now Tigranes was but lately married, and had a great love for his wife. Cyrus, he replied, to save her from servitude, I would willingly lay down my life.

Let each have his own again, said Cyrus; and when he was departed, one spoke of his clemency; and another of his valor; and another of his beauty, and the graces of his person. Upon which, Tigranes asked his wife, if she thought him handsome. Really, said she, I did not look at him.—At whom then did you look?—At him who said he would lay down his life for me.—*Cyropædia*, l. iii.

Note 17, page 14, col. 2.

He goes, and Night comes as it never came!

These circumstances, as well as some others that follow, are happily, as far as they regard England, of an ancient date. To us the miseries inflicted by a foreign invader are now known only by description. Many generations have passed away since our countrywomen saw the smoke of an enemy's camp.

But the same passions are always at work everywhere, and their effects are always nearly the same; though the circumstances that attend them are infinitely various.

Note 18, page 15, col. 1.

That House with many a funeral-garland hung.

A custom in some of our country-churches.

Note 19, page 15, col. 1.

Soon through the gadding vine, etc.

An English breakfast; which may well excite in others what in Rousseau continued through life, *un goût vif pour les déjeûnés. C'est le tems de la journée où nous sommes les plus tranquilles, où nous causons le plus à notre aise.*

The luxuries here mentioned, familiar to us as they now are, were almost unknown before the Revolution.

Note 20, page 15, col. 2.

Like Hampden struggling in his Country's cause.

Zeuxis is said to have drawn his Helen from an assemblage of the most beautiful women; and many a writer of fiction, in forming a life to his mind, has recourse to the brightest moments in the lives of others.

I may be suspected of having done so here, and of having designed, as it were, from living models; but by making an allusion now and then to those who have really lived, I thought I should give something of interest to the picture, as well as better illustrate my meaning.

Note 21, page 15, col. 2.

On through that gate misnamed.

Traitor's gate, the water-gate in the Tower of London.

Note 22, page 15, col. 2.

Then to the place of trial.

This very slight sketch of Civil Dissension is taken from our own annals; but, for an obvious reason, not from those of our own Age.

The persons here immediately alluded to lived more than a hundred years ago, in a reign which Blackstone has justly represented as wicked, sanguinary, and turbulent; but such times have always afforded the most signal instances of heroic courage and ardent affection.

Great reverses, like theirs, lay open the human heart. They occur indeed but seldom; yet all men are liable to them; all, when they occur to others, make them more or less their own; and, were we to describe our condition to an inhabitant of some other planet, could we omit what forms so striking a circumstance in human life?

Note 23, page 15, col. 2.

——— and alone.

In the reign of William the Third, the law was altered. A prisoner, prosecuted for high treason, may now make his full defence by counsel.

Note 24, page 15, col. 2.

Like that sweet Saint who sate by Russel's side
Under the Judgment-seat.

Lord Russel. May I have somebody to write, to assist my memory?

Mr. Attorney-General. Yes, a Servant.

Lord Chief Justice. Any of your Servants shall assist you in writing anything you please for you.

Lord Russel. My Wife is here, my Lord, to do it.—*State Trials*, ii.

Note 25, page 15, col. 2.

Her glory now, as ever her delight.

Epaminondas, after his victory at Leuctra, rejoiced most of all at the pleasure which it would give his father and mother; and who would not have envied them their feelings?

Cornelia was called at Rome the Mother-in-law of Scipio. "When," said she to her sons, "shall I be called the mother of the Gracchi?"

Note 26, page 16, col. 1.

Lo, on his back a Son brings in his Sire.

An act of filial piety represented on the coins of Catana, a Greek city, some remains of which are still to be seen at the foot of mount Ætna. The story is told of two brothers, who in this manner saved both their parents. The place from which they escaped was long called the field of the pious; and public games were annually held there to commemorate the event.

Note 27, page 16, col. 2.

Oh thou, all-eloquent, whose mighty mind.

Cicero. It is remarkable that, among the comforts of Old Age, he has not mentioned those arising from the society of women and children. Perhaps the husband of Terentia and "the father of Marcus felt something on the subject, of which he was willing to spare himself the recollection."

Before I conclude, I would say something in favor of the old-fashioned triplet, which I have here ventured to use so often. Dryden seems to have delighted in it, and in many of his most admired poems has used it much oftener than I have done, as for instance in the Hind and Panther,[1] and in Theodore and Honoria, where he introduces it three, four, and even five times in succession.

If I have erred anywhere in the structure of my verse from a desire to follow yet earlier and higher examples, I rely on the forgiveness of those *in whose ear the music of our old versification is still sounding.*

1 Pope used to mention this poem as the most correct specimen of Dryden's versification. It was indeed written when he had completely formed his manner, and may be supposed to exhibit, negligence excepted, his deliberate and ultimate scheme of metre.—*Johnson.*

An Epistle to a Friend.

Villula,— ———et pauper agelle,
Me tibi, et hos unà mecum, et quos semper amavi,
Commendo.

PREFACE.

Every reader turns with pleasure to those passages of Horace, and Pope, and Boileau, which describe how they lived and where they dwelt; and which, being interspersed among their satirical writings, derive a secret and irresistible grace from the contrast, and are admirable examples of what in Painting is termed repose.

We have admittance to Horace at all hours. We enjoy the company and conversation at his table; and his suppers, like Plato's, "non solum in præsentia, sed etiam postero die jucundæ sunt." But when we look round as we sit there, we find ourselves in a Sabine farm, and not in a Roman villa. His windows have every charm of prospect; but his furniture might have descended from Cincinnatus; and gems, and pictures, and old marbles, are mentioned by him more than once with a seeming indifference.

His English Imitator thought and felt, perhaps, more correctly on the subject; and embellished his garden and grotto with great industry and success. But to these alone he solicits our notice. On the ornaments of his house he is silent; and he appears to have reserved all the minuter touches of his pencil for the library, the chapel, and the banqueting-room of Timon. "Le savoir de notre siècle," says Rousseau, "tend beaucoup plus à détruire qu'à édifier. On censure d'un ton de maitre; pour proposer, il en faut prendre un autre."

It is the design of this Epistle to illustrate the virtue of True Taste; and to show how little she requires to secure, not only the comforts, but even the elegancies of life. True Taste is an excellent Economist. She confines her choice to few objects, and delights in producing great effects by small means: while False Taste is for ever sighing after the new and the rare; and reminds us, in her works, of the Scholar of Apelles, who, not being able to paint his Helen beautiful, determined to make her fine.

ARGUMENT.

An invitation—The approach to a Villa described—Its situation—Its few apartments—furnished with casts from the Antique, etc.—The dining-room—The library—A cold-bath—A winter-walk—A summer-walk—The invitation renewed—Conclusion.

When, with a Reaumur's skill, thy curious mind
Has class'd the insect-tribes of human kind,
Each with its busy hum, or gilded wing,
Its subtle web-work, or its venom'd sting;
Let me, to claim a few unvalued hours,
Point out the green lane rough with fern and flowers;
The shelter'd gate that opens to my field,
And the white front through mingling elms reveal'd
  In vain, alas, a village-friend invites
To simple comforts, and domestic rites,
When the gay months of Carnival resume
Their annual round of glitter and perfume;
When London hails thee to its splendid mart,
Its hives of sweets, and cabinets of art;
And, lo, majestic as thy manly song,
Flows the full tide of human life along.
  Still must my partial pencil love to dwell
On the home-prospects of my hermit-cell;
The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-green,
Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen;
And the brown pathway, that, with careless flow,
Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.
Still must it trace (the flattering tints forgive)
Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.
Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass (1)
Browsing the hedge by fits the pannier'd ass;
The idling shepherd-boy, with rude delight,
Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's flight;
And in her kerchief blue the cottage-maid,
With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade.
Far to the south a mountain-vale retires,
Rich in its groves, and glens, and village-spires:
Its upland-lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung,
Its wizard-stream, nor nameless nor unsung:
And through the various year, the various day, (2)
What scenes of glory burst, and melt away!
  When April-verdure springs in Grosvenor-square
And the furr'd Beauty comes to winter there,
She bids old Nature mar the plan no more;
Yet still the seasons circle as before.
Ah, still as soon the young Aurora plays,
Though moons and flambeaux trail their broadest blaze;
As soon the sky-lark pours his matin-song,
Though evening lingers at the mask so long.
  There let her strike with momentary ray,
As tapers shine their little lives away;
There let her practise from herself to steal,
And look the happiness she does not feel;
The ready smile and bidden blush employ
At Faro-routs that dazzle to destroy;
Fan with affected ease the essenced air,
And lisp of fashions with unmeaning stare.
Be thine to meditate a humbler flight,
When morning fills the fields with rosy light;
Be thine to blend, nor thine a vulgar aim,
Repose with dignity, with quiet fame.
  Here no state-chambers in long line unfold,
Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted gold;
Yet modest ornament, with use combined,
Attracts the eye to exercise the mind.

Small change of scene, small space his home requires, (3)
Who leads a life of satisfied desires.

What though no marble breathes, no canvas glows,
From every point a ray of genius flows! (4)
Be mine to bless the more mechanic skill,
That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will;
And cheaply circulates, through distant climes,
The fairest relics of the purest times.
Here from the mould to conscious being start
Those finer forms, the miracles of art;
Here chosen gems, imprest on sulphur, shine,
That slept for ages in a second mine;
And here the faithful graver dares to trace
A Michael's grandeur, and a Raphael's grace!
Thy Gallery, Florence, gilds my humble walls,
And my low roof the Vatican recalls!

Soon as the morning-dream my pillow flies,
To waking sense what brighter visions rise!
O mark! again the courses of the Sun,
At Guido's call, (5) their round of glory run!
Again the rosy Hours resume their flight,
Obscured and lost in floods of golden light!

But could thine erring friend so long forget
(Sweet source of pensive joy and fond regret)
That here its warmest hues the pencil flings?
Lo! here the lost restores, the absent brings;
And still the Few best loved and most revered (6)
Rise round the board their social smile endear'd?

Selected shelves shall claim thy studious hours;
There shall thy ranging mind be fed on flowers![1]
There, while the shaded lamp's mild lustre streams,
Read ancient books, or dream inspiring dreams; (7)
And, when a sage's bust arrests thee there, (8)
Pause, and his features with his thoughts compare.
—Ah, most that Art my grateful rapture calls,
Which breathes a soul into the silent walls;[2]
Which gathers round the Wise of every Tongue, (9)
All on whose words departed nations hung;
Still prompt to charm with many a converse sweet;
Guides in the world, companions in retreat!

Though my thatch'd bath no rich Mosaic knows,
A limpid spring with unfelt current flows.
Emblem of Life! which, still as we survey,
Seems motionless, yet ever glides away!
The shadowy walls record, with Attic art,
The strength and beauty that its waves impart.
Here Thetis, bending, with a mother's fears
Dips her dear boy, whose pride restrains his tears.
There, Venus, rising, shrinks with sweet surprise,
As her fair self reflected seems to rise!

Far from the joyless glare, the maddening strife,
And all the dull impertinence of life,
These eye-lids open to the rising ray,
And close, when nature bids, at close of day.
Here, at the dawn, the kindling landscape glows;
There noon-day levees call from faint repose.
Here the flush'd wave flings back the parting light;
There glimmering lamps anticipate the night.

1 ——apis Matinæ
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma—— *Hor.*

2 Postea verò quàm Tyrannio mihi libros disposuit, mens addita videtur meis ædibus.—*Cic.*

When from his classic dreams the student steals,[1]
Amid the buzz of crowds, the whirl of wheels,
To muse unnoticed—while around him press
The meteor-forms of equipage and dress;
Alone, in wonder lost, he seems to stand
A very stranger in his native land!
And (though perchance of current coin possest,
And modern phrase by living lips exprest)
Like those blest Youths, (10) forgive the fabling page,
Whose blameless lives deceived a twilight age,
Spent in sweet slumbers; till the miner's spade
Unclosed the cavern, and the morning play'd.
Ah! what their strange surprise, their wild delight!
New arts of life, new manners meet their sight!
In a new world they wake, as from the dead;
Yet doubt the trance dissolved, the vision fled!

O come, and, rich in intellectual wealth,
Blend thought with exercise, with knowledge health!
Long, in this shelter'd scene of letter'd talk,
With sober step repeat the pensive walk;
Nor scorn, when graver triflings fail to please,
The cheap amusements of a mind at ease;
Here every care in sweet oblivion cast,
And many an idle hour—not idly pass'd.

No tuneful echoes, ambush'd at my gate,
Catch the blest accents of the wise and great. (11)
Vain of its various page, no Album breathes
The sigh that Friendship or the Muse bequeaths.
Yet some good Genii o'er my hearth preside,
Oft the far friend, with secret spell, to guide;
And there I trace, when the grey evening lours,
A silent chronicle of happier hours!

When Christmas revels in a world of snow,
And bids her berries blush, her carols flow;
His spangling shower when Frost the wizard flings
Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless wings,
O'er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves,
And gems with icicles the sheltering eves;
—Thy muffled friend his nectarine-wall pursues,
What time the sun the yellow crocus wooes,
Screened from the arrowy North; and duly hies[2]
To meet the morning-rumor as it flies;
To range the murmuring market-place, and view
The motley groups that faithful Teniers drew.

When Spring bursts forth in blossoms through the vale,
And her wild music triumphs on the gale,
Oft with my book I muse from stile to stile;[3]
Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile,
Framing loose numbers, till declining day
Through the green trellis shoots a crimson ray;
Till the West-wind leads on the twilight hours,
And shakes the fragrant bells of closing flowers.

Nor boast, O Choisy! seat of soft delight,
The secret charm of thy voluptuous night.
Vain is the blaze of wealth, the pomp of power!
Lo, here, attendant on the shadowy hour,
Thy closet-supper, served by hands unseen,
Sheds, like an evening-star, its ray serene, (12)

1 Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumsit Athenas,
Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque
Libris et curis, statuâ taciturnius exit
Plerumque—— *Hor.*

2 Fallacem circum, vespertinumque pererro
Sæpe forum. *Hor.*

3 Tantôt un livre en main, errant dans les prairies——
Boileau.

To hail our coming. Not a step profane
Dares, with rude sound, the cheerful rite restrain;
And, while the frugal banquet glows reveal'd,
Pure and unbought,[1]—the natives of my field;
While blushing fruits through scatter'd leaves invite,
Still clad in bloom, and veil'd in azure light!
With wine, as rich in years as HORACE sings,
With water, clear as his own fountain flings,
The shifting side-board plays its humbler part,
Beyond the triumphs of a Loriot's art. (13)

Thus, in this calm recess, so richly fraught
With mental light, and luxury of thought,
My life steals on; (O could it blend with thine!)
Careless my course, yet not without design.
So through the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide, (14)
The light raft dropping with the silent tide;
So, till the laughing scenes are lost in night,
The busy people wing their various flight,
Culling unnumber'd sweets from nameless flowers,
That scent the vineyard in its purple hours.

Rise, ere the watch-relieving clarions play,
Caught through St. James's groves a blush of day; (15)
Ere its full voice the choral anthem flings
Through trophied tombs of heroes and of kings.
Haste to the tranquil shade of learned ease,[2]
Though skill'd alike to dazzle and to please;
Though each gay scene be search'd with anxious eye,
Nor thy shut door be pass'd without a sigh.

If, when this roof shall know thy friend no more,
Some, form'd like thee, should once, like thee, explore;
Invoke the lares of this loved retreat,
And his lone walks imprint with pilgrim-feet;
Then be it said, (as, vain of better days,
Some grey domestic prompts the partial praise)
"Unknown he lived, unenvied, not unblest;
Reason his guide, and Happiness his guest.
In the clear mirror of his moral page,
We trace the manners of a purer age.
His soul, with thirst of genuine glory fraught,
Scorn'd the false lustre of licentious thought.
—One fair asylum from the world he knew,
One chosen seat, that charms with various view!
Who boasts of more (believe the serious strain)
Sighs for a home, and sighs, alas! in vain.
Through each he roves, the tenant of a day,
And, with the swallow, wings the year away!" (16)

NOTES.

Note 1, page 20, col. 2.

Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass.

Cosmo of Medicis took most pleasure in his Apennine villa, because all that he commanded from its windows was exclusively his own. How unlike the wise Athenian, who, when he had a farm to sell, directed the crier to proclaim, as its best recommendation, that it had a good neighborhood.—PLUT. *in Vit. Themist.*

Note 2, page 20, col. 2.

And through the various year, the various day.

Horace commends the house, "longos quæ prospicit agros." Distant views contain the greatest variety both in themselves and in their accidental variations.

Note 3, page 21, col. 1.

Small change of scene, small space his home requires.

Many a great man, in passing through the apartments of his palace, has made the melancholy reflection of the venerable Cosmo: "Questa è troppo gran casa à si poco famiglia."—MACH. *Ist. Fior.* lib. vii.

"Parva, sed apta mihi," was Ariosto's inscription over his door in Ferrara; and who can wish to say more? "I confess," says Cowley, "I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast."—*Essay* vi.

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, "Small as it is," he replied, "I wish I could fill it with friends."—PHÆDRUS, l. iii, 9.

These indeed are all that a wise man would desire to assemble; "for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love."

Note 4, page 21, col. 1.

From every point a ray of genius flows!

By this means, when all nature wears a louring countenance, I withdraw myself into the visionary worlds of art; where I meet with shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay ideas, etc. ADDISON.

It is remarkable that Antony, in his adversity, passed some time in a small but splendid retreat, which he called his Timonium, and from which might originate the idea of the Parisian Boudoir, that favorite apartment, *où l'on se retire pour être seul, mais où l'on ne boude point.*—STRABO, l. xvii. PLUT. *in Vit. Anton.*

Note 5, page 21, col. 1.

At Guido's call, etc.

Alluding to his celebrated fresco in the Rospigliosi Palace at Rome.

Note 6, page 21, col. 1.

And still the Few best loved and most revered.

The dining-room is dedicated to Conviviality; or, as Cicero somewhere expresses it, Communitati vitæ atque victûs." There we wish most for the society of our friends; and, perhaps, in their absence, most require their portraits.

The moral advantages of this furniture may be illustrated by the pretty story of an Athenian courtesan, "who, in the midst of a riotous banquet with her lovers, accidentally cast her eye on the portrait of a philosopher, that hung opposite to her seat: the happy character of temperance and virtue struck her with so lively an image of her own unworthiness, that she instantly quitted the room; and, retiring home, became ever after an example of temperance, as she had been before of debauchery."

Note 7, page 21, col. 1.

Read ancient books, or dream inspiring dreams.

The reader will here remember that passage of Horace, *Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, etc.* which was inscribed by Lord Chesterfield on the frieze of his library.

Note 8, page 21, col. 1.

And, when a sage's bust arrests thee there.

Siquidem non solum ex auro argentove, aut certe ex

[1] —dapes inemptas.—*Hor.*

[2] Innocuas amo delicias doctamque quietem.

ære in bibliothecis dicantur illi, quorum immortales animæ in iisdem locis ibi loquuntur: quinimo etiam quæ non sunt, finguntur, pariuntque desideria non traditi vultus, sicut in Homero evenit. Quo majus (ut equidem arbitror) nullum est felicitatis specimen, quam semper omnes scire cupere, qualis fuerit aliquis.—PLIN. *Nat. Hist.*

Cicero speaks with pleasure of a little seat under Aristotle in the library of Atticus. "Literis sustentor et recreor; maloque in illa tua sedecula, quam habes sub imagine Aristotelis, sedere quàm in istorum sella curuli!"—*Ep. ad Att.* iv, 10.

Nor should we forget that Dryden drew inspiration from the "majestic face" of Shakspeare; and that a portrait of Newton was the only ornament of the closet of Buffon.—*Ep. to Kneller. Voyage à Montbart.*

In the chamber of a man of genius we

> Write all down:
> Such and such pictures;—there the window
> ——————the arras, figures,
> Why, such and such.

Note 9, page 21, col. 1.

Which gathers round the Wise of every Tongue.

Quis tantis non gaudeat et glorietur hospitibus, exclaims Petrarch.—Spectare, etsi nihil aliud, certè juvat.—Homerus apud me mutus, imò verò ego apud illum surdus sum. Gaudeo tamen vel aspectû solo, et sæpe illum amplexus ac suspirens dico: O magne vir, etc.—*Epist. Var.* lib. 20.

Note 10, page 21, col. 2.

Like those blest Youths.

See the Legend of the Seven Sleepers.—GIBBON, c. 33.

Note 11, page 21, col. 2.

Catch the blest accents of the wise and great.

Mr. Pope delights in enumerating his illustrious guests. Nor is this an exclusive privilege of the poet. The Medici Palace at Florence exhibits a long and imposing catalogue. "Semper hi parietes columnæque eruditis vocibus resonuerunt."

Another is also preserved at Chanteloup, the seat of the Duke of Choiseul.

Note 12, page 21, col. 2.

Sheds, like an evening-star, its ray serene.

At a Roman supper, statues were sometimes employed to hold the lamps.

> —Aurea sunt juvenum simulacra per ædeis,
> Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris.
> *Lucr.* ii, 24.

A fashion as old as Homer!—*Odyss.* vii, 100.

On the proper degree and distribution of light, we may consult a great master of effect. Il lume grande, ed alto, e non troppo potente, sarà quello, che renderà le particole de' corpi molto grate.—*Tratt. della Pittura di* LIONARDO DI VINCI, c. xli.

Hence every artist requires a broad and high light. Hence also, in a banquet-scene, the most picturesque of all poets has thrown his light from the ceiling.—*Æn.* i, 726.

And hence the "starry lamps" of Milton, that

> ————from the arched roof
> Pendent by subtle magic,————
> ——————yielded light
> As from a sky.

Note 13, page 22, col. 1.

Beyond the triumphs of a Loriot's art.

At the *petits soupers* of Choisy were first introduced those admirable pieces of mechanism, afterwards carried to perfection by Loriot, the Confidente and the Servante; a table and a side-board, which descended and rose again covered with viands and wines. And thus the most luxurious Court in Europe, after all its boasted refinements, was glad to return at last, by this singular contrivance, to the quiet and privacy of humble life.—*Vie privée de Louis XV*, tom. ii, p. 43.

Between l. 10, and l. 11, col. 1, were these lines, since omitted:

> Hail, sweet Society! in crowds unknown,
> Though the vain world would claim thee for its own.
> Still where thy small and cheerful converse flows,
> Be mine to enter, ere the circle close.
> When in retreat Fox lays his thunder by,
> And Wit and Taste their mingled charms supply;
> When Siddons, born to melt and freeze the heart,
> Performs at home her more endearing part;
> When he, who best interprets to mankind
> The winged messengers from mind to mind,
> Leans on his spade, and, playful as profound,
> His genius sheds its evening-sunshine round,
> Be mine to listen; pleased yet not elate,
> Ever too modest or too proud to rate
> Myself by my companions, self-compell'd
> To earn the station that in life I hold.

They were written in 1796.

Note 14, page 22, col. 1.

So through the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide.

An allusion to the floating bee-house, or barge laden with bee-hives, which is seen in some parts of France and Piedmont.

Note 15, page 22, col. 1.

Caught through St. James's groves at blush of day.

After this line in the MS.

> Groves that Belinda's star illumines still,
> And ancient Courts and faded splendors fill.

Note 16, page 22, col. 1.

And, with the swallow, wings the year away!

It was the boast of Lucullus that he changed his climate with the birds of passage.—PLUT. *in Vit Lucull.*

How often must he have felt the truth here inculcated, that the master of many houses has no home!

Jacqueline.

I.

'T was Autumn; through Provence had ceased
The vintage, and the vintage-feast.
The sun had set behind the hill,
The moon was up, and all was still,
And from the convent's neighboring tower
The clock had toll'd the midnight-hour,
When Jacqueline came forth alone,
Her kerchief o'er her tresses thrown;
A guilty thing and full of fears,
Yet ah, how lovely in her tears!
She starts, and what has caught her eye?
What—but her shadow gliding by?
She stops, she pants; with lips apart
She listens—to her beating heart!
Then, through the scanty orchard stealing,
The clustering boughs her track concealing,
She flies, nor casts a thought behind,
But gives her terrors to the wind;
Flies from her home, the humble sphere
Of all her joys and sorrows here,
Her father's house of mountain-stone,
And by a mountain-vine o'ergrown.
At such an hour in such a night,
So calm, so clear, so heavenly bright,
Who would have seen, and not confess'd
It looked as all within were blest?
What will not woman, when she loves?
Yet lost, alas, who can restore her?—
She lifts the latch, the wicket moves;
And now the world is all before her.

Up rose St. Pierre, when morning shone;
And Jacqueline, his child, was gone!
Oh what the madd'ning thought that came?
Dishonor coupled with his name!
By Condé at Rocroy he stood;
By Turenne, when the Rhine ran blood;
Two banners of Castile he gave
Aloft in Notre Dame to wave;
Nor did thy Cross, St. Louis, rest
Upon a purer, nobler breast.
He slung his old sword by his side,
And snatch'd his staff and rush'd to save;
Then sunk—and on his threshold cried,
"Oh lay me in my grave!
—Constance! Claudine! where were ye then?
But stand not there. Away! away!
Thou, Frederic, by thy father stay.
Though old, and now forgot of men,
Both must not leave him in a day."
Then, and he shook his hoary head,
"Unhappy in thy youth!" he said.
"Call as thou wilt, thou call'st in vain;
No voice sends back thy name again.
To mourn is all thou hast to do;
Thy play-mate lost, and teacher too."

And who but she could soothe the boy,
Or turn his tears to tears of joy?
Long had she kiss'd him as he slept,
Long o'er his pillow hung and wept;
And, as she pass'd her father's door,
She stood as she would stir no more.
But she is gone, and gone for ever!
No, never shall they clasp her—never!
They sit and listen to their fears;
And he, who through the breach had led
Over the dying and the dead,
Shakes if a cricket's cry he hears!

Oh! she was good as she was fair;
None—none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her.
When little, and her eyes, her voice,
Her every gesture said "rejoice,"
Her coming was a gladness;
And, as she grew, her modest grace,
Her down-cast look 't was heaven to trace,
When, shading with her hand her face,
She half inclined to sadness.
Her voice, whate'er she said, enchanted;
Like music to the heart it went.
And her dark eyes—how eloquent!
Ask what they would, 't was granted.
Her father loved her as his fame;
—And Bayard's self had done the same!

Soon as the sun the glittering pane
On the red floor in diamonds threw,
His songs she sung and sung again,
Till the last light withdrew.
Every day, and all day long,
He mused or slumber'd to a song,
But she is dead to him, to all!
Her lute hangs silent on the wall;
And on the stairs, and at the door
Her fairy-step is heard no more!
At every meal an empty chair
Tells him that she is not there;
She, who would lead him where he went,
Charm with her converse while he leant;
Or, hovering, every wish prevent;
At eve light up the chimney-nook,
Lay there his glass within his book;
And that small chest of curious mould,
(Queen Mab's, perchance, in days of old,)
Tusk of elephant and gold;
Which, when a tale is long, dispenses
Its fragrant dust to drowsy senses.
In her who mourn'd not, when they miss'd her
The old a child, the young a sister?
No more the orphan runs to take
From her loved hand the barley-cake.
No more the matron in the school
Expects her in the hour of rule,
To sit amid the elfin brood,
Praising the busy and the good.
The widow trims her hearth in vain,
She comes not—nor will come again!
Not now, his little lesson done,
With Frederic blowing bubbles in the sun;

Nor spinning by the fountain-side,
(Some story of the days of old,
Barbe Bleue or Chaperon Rouge half-told
To him who would not be denied;)
Not now, to while an hour away,
Gone to the falls in Valombrè,
Where 't is night at noon of day;
Nor wandering up and down the wood,
To all but her a solitude,
Where once a wild deer, wild no more,
Her chaplet on his antlers wore,
And at her bidding stood.

II.

The day was in the golden west;
And, curtain'd close by leaf and flower,
The doves had cooed themselves to rest
In Jacqueline's deserted bower;
The doves—that still would at her casement peck,
And in her walks had ever flutter'd round
With purple feet and shining neck,
True as the echo to the sound.
That casement, underneath the trees,
Half open to the western breeze,
Look'd down, enchanting Garonnelle,
Thy wild and mulberry-shaded dell,
Round which the Alps of Piedmont rose,
The blush of sunset on their snows:
While, blithe as lark on summer-morn,
When green and yellow waves the corn,
When harebells blow in every grove,
And thrushes sing "I love! I love!"[1]
Within (so soon the early rain
Scatters, and 't is fair again;
Though many a drop may yet be seen
To tell us where a cloud has been)
Within lay Frederic, o'er and o'er
Building castles on the floor,
And feigning, as they grew in size,
Now troubles and new dangers;
With dimpled cheeks and laughing eyes,
As he and Fear were strangers.
St. Pierre sat by, nor saw nor smiled.
His eyes were on his loved Montaigne;
But every leaf was turn'd in vain.
Then in that hour remorse he felt,
And his heart told him he had dealt
Unkindly with his child.
A father may awhile refuse;
But who can for another choose?
When her young blushes had reveal'd
The secret from herself conceal'd,
Why promise what her tears denied,
That she should be De Courcy's bride?
—Wouldst thou, presumptuous as thou art,
O'er Nature play the tyrant's part,
And with the hand compel the heart?
Oh rather, rather hope to bind
The ocean-wave, the mountain-wind;
Or fix thy foot upon the ground
To stop the planet rolling round.
The light was on his face; and there
You might have seen the passions driven—
Resentment, Pity, Hope, Despair—
Like clouds across the face of Heaven.
Now he sigh'd heavily; and now,
His hand withdrawing from his brow,
He shut the volume with a frown,
To walk his troubled spirit down:
—When (faithful as that dog of yore[1]
Who wagg'd his tail and could no more)
Manchon, who long had snuff'd the ground,
And sought and sought, but never found,
Leapt up and to the casement flew,
And look'd and bark'd and vanish'd through.
"'T is Jacqueline! 'T is Jacqueline!"
Her little brother laughing cried.
"I know her by her kirtle green,
She comes along the mountain-side;
Now turning by the traveller's seat,—
Now resting in the hermit's cave,—
Now kneeling, where the pathways meet,
To the cross on the stranger's grave.
And, by the soldier's cloak, I know
(There, there along the ridge they go)
D'Arcy, so gentle and so brave!
Look up—why will you not?" he cries
His rosy hands before his eyes;
For on that incense-breathing eve
The sun shone out, as loth to leave.
"See to the rugged rock she clings!
She calls, she faints, and D'Arcy springs
D'Arcy so dear to us, to all;
Who, for you told me on your knee,
When in the fight he saw you fall,
Saved you for Jacqueline and me!"
And true it was! And true the tale!
When did she sue and not prevail?
Five years before—it was the night
That on the village-green they parted,
The lilied banners streaming bright
O'er maids and mothers broken-hearted;
The drum—it drown'd the last adieu,
When D'Arcy from the crowd she drew.
"One charge I have, and one alone,
Nor that refuse to take,
My father—if not for his own,
Oh for his daughter's sake!"
Inly he vow'd—"'t was all he could!"
And went and seal'd it with his blood.
Nor can ye wonder. When a child,
And in her playfulness she smiled,
Up many a ladder-path[2] he guided
Where meteor-like the chamois glided,
Through many a misty grove.
They loved—but under Friendship's name
And Reason, Virtue fann'd the flame;
Till in their houses Discord came,
And 't was a crime to love.
Then what was Jacqueline to do?
Her father's angry hours she knew,
And when to soothe, and when persuade;
But now her path De Courcy cross'd,
Led by his falcon through the glade—
He turn'd, beheld, admired the maid;
And all her little arts were lost!
De Courcy, lord of Argentiere!
Thy poverty, thy pride, St. Pierre,
Thy thirst for vengeance sought the snare.

1 Cantando "Io amo! Io amo!"—*Tasso.*

1 Argus.

2 Called in the language of the country *pas de l'Echelle.*

The day was named, the guests invited;
The bridegroom, at the gate, alighted;
When up the windings of the dell
A pastoral pipe was heard to swell,
And lo, an humble Piedmontese,
Whose music might a lady please,
This message through the lattice bore,
(She listen'd, and her trembling frame
Told her at once from whom it came)
"Oh let us fly—to part no more!"

III.

That morn ('t was in Ste Julienne's cell,
As at Ste Julienne's sacred well
Their dream of love began),
That morn, ere many a star was set,
Their hands had on the altar met
Before the holy man.
—And now the village gleams at last;
The woods, the golden meadows pass'd,
Where, when Toulouse, thy splendor shone
The Troubadour would journey on
Transported—or, from grove to grove,
Framing some roundelay of love,
Wander till the day was gone.
"All will be well, my Jacqueline!
Oh tremble not—but trust in me.
The good are better made by ill,
As odors crush'd are sweeter still;
And gloomy as thy past has been,
Bright shall thy future be!"
So saying, through the fragrant shade
Gently along he led the maid,
While Manchon round and round her play'd:
And, as that silent glen they leave,
Where by the spring the pitchers stand,
Where glow-worms light their lamps at eve,
And fairies dance—in fairy-land,
(When Lubin calls, and Blanche steals round,
Her finger on her lip, to see;
And many an acorn-cup is found
Under the greenwood tree)
From every cot above, below,
They gather as they go—
Sabot, and coif, and collerette,
The housewife's prayer, the grandam's blessing!
Girls that adjust their locks of jet,
And look and look and linger yet,
The lovely bride caressing;
Babes that had learnt to lisp her name,
And heroes he had led to fame.

But what felt D'Arcy, when at length
Her father's gate was open flung?
Ah, then he found a giant's strength;
For round him, as for life, she clung!
And when, her fit of weeping o'er,
Onward they moved a little space,
And saw an old man sitting at the door,
Saw his wan cheek, and sunken eye
That seem'd to gaze on vacancy,
Then, at the sight of that beloved face,
At once to fall upon his neck she flew;
But—not encouraged—back she drew,
And trembling stood in dread suspense,
Her tears her only eloquence!
All, all—the while—an awful distance keeping;
Save D'Arcy, who nor speaks nor stirs;
And one, his little hand in hers,
Who weeps to see his sister weeping.
Then Jacqueline the silence broke.
She clasp'd her father's knees and spoke,
Her brother kneeling too;
While D'Arcy as before look'd on,
Though from his manly cheek was gone
Its natural hue.
"His praises from your lips I heard,
Till my fond heart was won;
And, if in aught his Sire has err'd,
Oh turn not from the Son!—
She, whom in joy, in grief you nursed;
Who climb'd and call'd you father first,
By that dear name conjures—
On her you thought—but to be kind!
When look'd you up, but you inclined?
These things, for ever in her mind,
Oh are they gone from yours?
Two kneeling at your feet behold;
One—one how young;—nor yet the other old.
Oh spurn them not—nor look so cold—
If Jacqueline be cast away,
Her bridal be her dying day.
Well, well might she believe in you!—
She listen'd, and she found it true."
He shook his aged locks of snow;
And twice he turn'd, and rose to go.
She hung; and was St. Pierre to blame,
If tears and smiles together came?
"Oh no—begone! I'll hear no more."
But as he spoke, his voice relented.
"That very look thy mother wore
When she implored, and old Le Roc consented.
True, I have done as well as suffer'd wrong,
Yet once I loved him as my own!
—Nor can'st thou, D'Arcy, feel resentment long;
For she herself shall plead, and I atone.
Henceforth," he paused awhile, unmann'd,
For D'Arcy's tears bedew'd his hand;
"Let each meet each as friend to friend,
All things by all forgot, forgiven.
And that dear Saint—may she once more descend
To make our home a heaven!—
But now, in my hands, your's with her's unite.
A father's blessing on your heads alight!
———Nor let the least be sent away.
All hearts shall sing 'Adieu to sorrow!'
St. Pierre has found his child to-day;
And old and young shall dance to-morrow."

Had Louis[1] then before the gate dismounted,
Lost in the chase at set of sun;
Like Henry, when he heard recounted[2]
The generous deeds himself had done,
(That night the miller's maid Colette
Sung, while he supp'd, her chansonnette)
Then—when St. Pierre address'd his village-train,
Then had the monarch with a sigh confess'd
A joy by him unsought and unpossess'd,
—Without it what are all the rest?—
To love and to be loved again.

---

1 Louis the Fourteenth.

2 Alluding to a popular story related of Henry the Fourth of France; similar to ours of "The King and Miller of Mansfield."

The Voyage of Columbus.

Chi se' tu, che vieni?—
Da me stesso non vegno.

Dante.

I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A tale———

Shakspeare.

PREFACE.

The following Poem (or to speak more properly, what remains of it [1]) has here and there a lyrical turn of thought and expression. It is sudden in its transitions, and full of historical allusions; leaving much to be imagined by the reader.

The subject is a voyage the most memorable in the annals of mankind. Columbus was a person of extraordinary virtue and piety, acting under the sense of a divine impulse; and his achievement the discovery of a New World, the inhabitants of which were shut out from the light of Revelation, and given up, as they believed, to the dominion of malignant spirits.

Many of the incidents will now be thought extravagant; yet they were once perhaps received with something more than indulgence. It was an age of miracles; and who can say that among the venerable legends in the library of the Escurial, or the more authentic records which fill the great chamber in the *Archivo* of Simancas, and which relate entirely to the deep tragedy of America, there are no volumes that mention the marvellous things here described? Indeed the story, as already told throughout Europe, admits of no heightening. Such was the religious enthusiasm of the early writers, that the Author had only to transfuse it into his verse; and he appears to have done little more; though some of the circumstances which he alludes to as well known, have long ceased to be so. By using the language of that day, he has called up Columbus "in his habit as he lived;" and the authorities, such as exist, are carefully given by the Translator.

INSCRIBED ON THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

Unclasp me, Stranger; and unfold,
With trembling care, my leaves of gold
Rich in Gothic portraiture—
If yet, alas, a leaf endure,
In Rabida's monastic fane,
I cannot ask, and ask in vain.
The language of Castile I speak;
'Mid many an Arab, many a Greek,
Old in the days of Charlemain;
When minstrel-music wander'd round,
And Science, waking, bless'd the sound.
No earthly thought has here a place,
The cowl let down on every face;
Yet here, in consecrated dust,
Here would I sleep, if sleep I must.
From Genoa when Columbus came,
(At once her glory and her shame)
'T was here he caught the holy flame.
'T was here the generous vow he made;
His banners on the altar laid.—
One hallow'd morn, methought, I felt
As if a soul within me dwelt!
But who arose and gave to me
The sacred trust I keep for thee,
And in his cell at even-tide
Knelt before the cross and died—
Inquire not now. His name no more
Glimmers on the chancel-floor,
Near the lights that ever shine
Before St. Mary's blessed shrine.
To me one little hour devote,
And lay thy staff and scrip beside thee;
Read in the temper that he wrote,
And may his gentle spirit guide thee!
My leaves forsake me, one by one;
The book-worm through and through has gone,
Oh haste—unclasp me, and unfold;
The tale within was never told!

[1] The Original, in the Castilian language, according to the Inscription that follows, was found among other MSS. in an old religious house near Palos, situated on an island formed by the river Tinto, and dedicated to our Lady of Rábida. The writer describes himself as having sailed with Columbus; but his style and manner are evidently of an after-time.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

There is a spirit in the old Spanish Chroniclers of the sixteenth century that may be compared to the freshness of water at the fountain-head. Their simplicity, their sensibility to the strange and the wonderful, their very weaknesses, give an infinite value, by giving a life and a character to every thing they touch; and their religion, which bursts out everywhere, addresses itself to the imagination in the highest degree. If they err, their errors are not their own. They think and feel after the fashion of the time; and their narratives are so many moving pictures of the actions, manners, and thoughts of their contemporaries.

What they had to communicate, might well make them eloquent; but, inasmuch as relates to Columbus, the inspiration went no farther. No National Poem appeared on the subject; no Camoëns did honor to his Genius and his Virtues. Yet the materials, that have descended to us, are surely not unpoetical; and a desire to avail myself of them, to convey in some instances as far as I could, in others as far as I dared, their warmth of coloring and wildness of imagery, led me to conceive the idea of a Poem written not long after his death, when the great consequences of the Discovery were beginning

to unfold themselves, but while the minds of men were still clinging to the superstitions of their fathers.

The Event here described may be thought too recent for the Machinery; but I found them together.[1] A belief in the agency of Evil Spirits prevailed over both hemispheres; and even yet seems almost necessary to enable us to clear up the Darkness, and, in this instance at least,

To justify the ways of God to Men.

THE ARGUMENT.

Columbus, having wandered from kingdom to kingdom, at length obtains three ships and sets sail on the Atlantic. The compass alters from its ancient direction; the wind becomes constant and unremitting; night and day he advances, till he is suddenly stopped in his course by a mass of vegetation, extending as far as the eye can reach, and assuming the appearance of a country overwhelmed by the sea. Alarm and despondence on board. He resigns himself to the care of Heaven, and proceeds on his voyage; while columns of water move along in his path before him.

Meanwhile the deities of America assemble in council; and one of the Zemi, the gods of the islanders, announces his approach. "In vain," says he, "have we guarded the Atlantic for ages. A mortal has baffled our power; nor will our votaries arm against him. Yours are a sterner race. Hence; and, while we have recourse to stratagem, do you array the nations round your altars, and prepare for an exterminating war." They disperse while he is yet speaking; and, in the shape of a condor, he directs his flight to the fleet. His journey described. He arrives there. A panic. A mutiny. Columbus restores order; continues on his voyage; and lands in a New World. Ceremonies of the first interview. Rites of hospitality. The ghost of Cazziva.

Two months pass away, and an Angel, appearing in a dream to Columbus, thus addresses him; "Return to Europe; though your Adversaries, such is the will of Heaven, shall let loose the hurricane against you. A little while shall they triumph; insinuating themselves into the hearts of your followers, and making the World, which you came to bless, a scene of blood and slaughter. Yet is there cause for rejoicing. Your work is done. The cross of Christ is planted here; and, in due time, all things shall be made perfect!"

CANTO I.

Night—Columbus on the Atlantic—the Variation of the Compass, etc.

Who the great Secret of the Deep possess'd
And, issuing through the portals of the West,
Fearless, resolved, with every sail unfurl'd
Planted his standard on the Unknown World?

1 Perhaps even a contemporary subject should not be rejected as such, however wild and extravagant it may be, if the manners be foreign and the place distant—major è longinquo reverentia. "L'éloignement des pays," says Racine, "répare en quelque sorte la trop grande proximité des temps; car le peuple ne met guère de différence entre ce qui est, si j'ose ainsi parler, à mille ans de lui, et ce qui en est à mille lieues."

Him, by the Paynim bard descried of yore, (1
And ere his coming sung on either shore,
Him could not I exalt—by Heaven design'd
To lift the veil that cover'd half mankind!
Yet, ere I die, I would fulfil my vow;
Praise cannot wound his generous spirit now.

* * * * *

'Twas night. The Moon, o'er the wide wave, disclosed
Her awful face; and Nature's self reposed;
When, slowly rising in the azure sky,
Three white sails shone—but to no mortal eye,
Entering a boundless sea. In slumber cast,
The very ship-boy, on the dizzy mast,
Half breathed his orisons! Alone unchanged,
Calmly, beneath, the great Commander (2) ranged
Thoughtful, not sad; and, as the planet grew,
His noble form, wrapt in his mantle blue,
Athwart the deck a deepening shadow threw.
"Thee hath it pleased—Thy will be done!" he said, (3
Then sought his cabin; and, their capas'[1] spread,
Around him lay the sleeping as the dead,
When, by his lamp, to that mysterious Guide,
On whose still counsels all his hopes relied,
That Oracle to man in mercy given,
Whose voice is truth, whose wisdom is from heaven, (4
Who over sands and seas directs the stray,
And, as with God's own finger, points the way,
He turn'd; but what strange thoughts perplex'd his soul,
When, lo, no more attracted to the Pole,
The Compass, faithless as the circling vane,
Flutter'd and fix'd, flutter'd and fix'd again!
At length, as by some unseen hand imprest,
It sought with trembling energy the West![2]
"Ah no," he cried, and calm'd his anxious brow,
"Ill, nor the signs of ill, 'tis thine to show,
Thine but to lead me where I wish'd to go!"
Columbus err'd not. (5) In that awful hour,
Sent forth to save, and girt with godlike power,
And glorious as the regent of the Sun,
An Angel came! He spoke, and it was done!
He spoke, and, at his call, a mighty Wind, (6)
Not like the fitful blast, with fury blind,
But deep, majestic, in its destined course,
Sprung with unerring, unrelenting force,
From the bright East. Tides duly ebb'd and flow'd,
Stars rose and set; and new horizons glow'd;
Yet still it blew! As with primeval sway
Still did its ample spirit, night and day,
Move on the waters!—All, resign'd to Fate,
Folded their arms and sat; (7) and seem'd to wait
Some sudden change; and sought, in chill suspense,
New spheres of being, and new modes of sense;
As men departing, though not doom'd to die,
And midway on their passage to eternity.

CANTO II.

The Voyage continued.

"What vast foundations in the Abyss are there, (8)
As of a former world? Is it not where
Atlantic kings their barbarous pomp display'd; (9)
Sunk into darkness with the realms they sway'd,

1 The capa is the Spanish cloak.
2 Herrera, dec. 1, lib. i, c. 9.

When towers and temples, through the closing wave,
A glimmering ray of ancient splendor gave—
And we shall rest with them.—Or are we thrown"
(Each gazed on each, and all exclaim'd as one)
"Where things familiar cease and strange begin,
All progress barr'd to those without, within?
—Soon is the doubt resolved. Arise, behold—
We stop to stir no more—nor will the tale be told."

The pilot smote his breast; the watchman cried
"Land!" and his voice in faltering accents died. (10)
At once the fury of the prow was quell'd;
And (whence or why from many an age withheld) (11)
Shrieks, not of men, were mingling in the blast;
And armed shapes of godlike stature pass'd!
Slowly along the evening-sky they went,
As on the edge of some vast battlement;
Helmet and shield, and spear and gonfalon
Streaming a baleful light that was not of the sun!

Long from the stern the great adventurer gazed
With awe not fear; then high his hands he raised.
"Thou All-supreme—in goodness as in power,
Who, from his birth to this eventful hour,
Hast led thy servant (12) over land and sea,
Confessing Thee in all, and all in Thee,
Oh still"—He spoke, and lo, the charm accurst
Fled whence it came, and the broad barrier burst!
A vain illusion! (such as mocks the eyes
Of fearful men, when mountains round them rise
From less than nothing) nothing now beheld,
But scatter'd sedge—repelling, and repell'd!

And once again that valiant company
Right onward came, plowing the Unknown Sea.
Already borne beyond the range of thought,
With Light divine, with Truth immortal fraught,
From world to world their steady course they keep, (13)
Swift as the winds along the waters sweep,
'Mid the mute nations of the purple deep.
—And now the sound of harpy-wings they hear;
Now less and less, as vanishing in fear!
And, see, the heavens bow down, the waters rise,
And, rising, shoot in columns to the skies, (14)
That stand—and still, when they proceed, retire,
As in the desert burn'd the sacred fire;
Moving in silent majesty, till Night
Descends, and shuts the vision from their sight.

CANTO III.

An Assembly of Evil Spirits.

THOUGH changed my cloth of gold for amice grey—(15)
In my spring-time, when every month was May,
With hawk and hound I coursed away the hour,
Or sung my roundelay in lady's bower.
And though my world be now a narrow cell,
(Renounced for ever all I loved so well)
Though now my head be bald, my feet be bare,
And scarce my knees sustain my book of prayer,
Oh I was there, one of that gallant crew,
And saw—and wonder'd whence his Power He drew,
Yet little thought, though by his side I stood,
Of his great Foes in earth and air and flood,
Then uninstructed.—But my sand is run,
And the Night coming—and my Task not done!—

'T was in the deep immeasurable cave
Of Andes, (16) echoing to the Southern wave,
'Mid pillars of Basalt, the work of fire,
That, giant-like, to upper day aspire;
'T was there that now, as wont in heaven to shine,
Forms of angelic mould, and grace divine,
Assembled. All, exiled the realms of rest,
In vain the sadness of their souls suppress'd;
Yet of their glory many a scatter'd ray
Shot through the gathering shadows of decay.
Each moved a God; and all, as Gods possess'd
One half the globe; from pole to pole confess'd! (17)

Oh could I now—but how in mortal verse—
Their numbers, their heroic deeds rehearse!
These in dim shrines and barbarous symbols reign,
Where Plata and Maragnon meet the main. (18)
Those the wild hunter worships as he roves,
In the green shade of Chili's fragrant groves;
Or warrior-tribes with rites of blood implore,
Whose night-fires gleam along the sullen shore
Of Huron or Ontario, inland seas, (19)
What time the song of death is in the breeze!

'T was now in dismal pomp and order due,
While the vast concave flash'd with lightnings blue,
On shining pavements of metallic ore,
That many an age the fusing sulphur bore,
They held high council. All was silence round,
When, with a voice most sweet yet most profound,
A sovereign Spirit burst the gates of night,
And from his wings of gold shook drops of liquid light!
Merion, commission'd with his host to sweep
From age to age the melancholy deep!
Chief of the Zemi, whom the isles obey'd,
By Ocean sever'd from a world of shade. (20)

I.

"Prepare, again prepare,"
Thus o'er the soul the thrilling accents came,
"Thrones to resign for lakes of living flame,
And triumph for despair.
He, on whose call afflicting thunders wait,
Has will'd it; and his will is fate!
In vain the legions, emulous to save,
Hung in the tempest o'er the troubled main; (21)
Turn'd each presumptuous prow that broke the wave
And dash'd it on its shores again.
All is fulfill'd! Behold, in close array,
What mighty banners stream in the bright track of day!

II.

No voice, as erst, shall in the desert rise; (22)
Nor ancient, dread solemnities
With scorn of death the trembling tribes inspire.
Wreaths for the Conqueror's brow the victims bind!
Yet, though we fled yon firmament of fire,
Still shall we fly, all hope of rule resign'd?"

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

He spoke; and all was silence, all was night! (23)
Each had already wing'd his formidable flight.

CANTO IV.

The Voyage continued.

"AH, why look back, though all is left behind!
No sounds of life are stirring in the wind.—

And you, ye birds, winging your passage home,
How blest ye are!—We know not where we roam.
We go," they cried, "go to return no more!
Nor ours, alas, the transport to explore
A human footstep on a desert shore!"

—Still, as beyond this mortal life impell'd
By some mysterious energy, He held
His everlasting course. Still self-possess'd,
High on the deck He stood, disdaining rest;
(His amber chain the only badge he bore,[1]
His mantle blue such as his fathers wore)
Fathom'd, with searching hand, the dark profound,
And scatter'd hope and glad assurance round;
Though, like some strange portentous dream, the past
Still hover'd, and the cloudless sky o'ercast.

At day-break might the Caravels[2] be seen,
Chasing their shadows o'er the deep serene;
Their burnish'd prows lash'd by the sparkling tide,
Their green-cross standards[3] waving far and wide.
And now once more to better thoughts inclined,
The seaman, mounting, clamor'd in the wind.
The soldier (24) told his tales of love and war;
The courtier sung—sung to his gay guitar.
Round, at Primero, sate a whisker'd band;
So Fortune smiled, careless of sea or land! (25)
Leon, Montalvan (serving side by side;
Two with one soul—and, as they lived, they died),
Vasco the brave, thrice found among the slain,
Thrice, and how soon, up and in arms again,
As soon to wish he had been sought in vain,
Chain'd down in Fez, beneath the bitter thong,
To the hard bench and heavy oar so long!
Albert of Florence, who, at twilight-time,
In my rapt ear pour'd Dante's tragic rhyme,
Screen'd by the sail as near the mast we lay,
Our nights illumined by the ocean-spray;
And Manfred, who espoused with jewell'd ring
Young Isabel, then left her sorrowing:
Lerma "the generous," Avila "the proud;"[4]
Velasquez, Garcia, through the echoing crowd
Traced by their mirth—from Ebro's classic shore,
From golden Tajo, to return no more!

CANTO V.

The Voyage continued.

Yet who but He undaunted could explore (26)
A world of waves, a sea without a shore,
Trackless and vast and wild as that reveal'd
When round the Ark the birds of tempest wheel'd;
When all was still in the destroying hour—
No sign of man! no vestige of his power!
One at the stern before the hour-glass stood,
As 't were to count the sands; one o'er the flood
Gazed for St. Elmo;[5] while another cried
"Once more good-morrow!" and sate down and sigh'd.
Day, when it came, came only with its light;
Though long invoked, 't was sadder than the night!
Look where He would, for ever as He turn'd,
He met the eye of one that inly mourn'd.

Then sunk his generous spirit, and he wept.
The friend, the father rose; the hero slept.
Palos, thy port, with many a pang resign'd,
Fill'd with its busy scenes his lonely mind;
The solemn march, the vows in concert given, (27)
The bended knees and lifted hands to heaven,
The incensed rites, and choral harmonies,
The Guardian's blessings mingling with his sighs;
While his dear boys—ah, on his neck they hung, (28)
And long at parting to his garments clung.

Oft in the silent night-watch doubt and fear
Broke in uncertain murmurs on his ear.
Oft the stern Catalan, at noon of day,
Mutter'd dark threats, and linger'd to obey;
Though that brave Youth—he, whom his courser bore
Right through the midst, when, fetlock-deep in gore,
The great Gonzalo (29) battled with the Moor
(What time the Alhambra shook—soon to unfold
Its sacred courts, and fountains yet untold,
Its holy texts and arabesques of gold),
Though Roldan, (30) sleep and death to him alike,
Grasp'd his good sword and half unsheathed to strike
"Oh born to wander with your flocks," he cried,
"And bask and dream along the mountain-side;
To urge your mules, tinkling from hill to hill;
Or at the vintage-feast to drink your fill,
And strike your castanets, with gipsy-maid
Dancing Fandangos in the chesnut shade—
Come on," he cried, and threw his glove in scorn,
"Not this your wonted pledge, the brimming horn,
Valiant in peace! adventurous at home!
Oh, had ye vow'd with pilgrim-staff to roam;
Or with banditti sought the sheltering wood,
Where mouldering crosses mark the scene of blood!—'
He said, he drew; then, at his Master's frown,
Sullenly sheathed, plunging the weapon down.

CANTO VI.

The flight of an Angel of Darkness.

War with the Great in War let others sing,
Havoc and spoil, and tears and triumphing,
The morning-march that flashes to the sun,
The feast of vultures when the day is done;
And the strange tale of many slain for one!
I sing a Man, amidst his sufferings here,
Who watch'd and served in humbleness and fear;
Gentle to others, to himself severe.

Still unsubdued by Danger's varying form,
Still, as unconscious of the coming storm,
He look'd elate; and, with his wonted smile,
On the great Ordnance leaning, would beguile
The hour with talk. His beard, his mien sublime,
Shadow'd by Age—by Age before the time,[1]
From many a sorrow borne in many a clime,
Moved every heart. And now in opener skies
Stars yet unnamed of purer radiance rise!
Stars, milder suns, that love a shade to cast,
And on the bright wave fling the trembling mast!
Another firmament! the orbs that roll,
Singly or clustering, round the Southern pole!
Nor yet the four that glorify the Night—

1 F. Columbus, c. 32.
2 Light vessels, formerly used by the Spaniards and Portuguese.
3 F. Columbus, c. 23.
4 Many such appellations occur in Bernal Diaz. c. 204.
5 A luminous appearance of good omen.

1 F. Col. c. 3.

Ah, how forget when to my ravish'd sight
The Cross shone forth in everlasting light! (31)
'T was the mid hour, when He, whose accents dread,
Still wander'd through the regions of the dead,
(Merion, commission'd with his host to sweep
From age to age the melancholy deep)
To elude the seraph-guard that watch'd for man,
And mar, as erst, the Eternal's perfect plan,
Rose like the Condor, and, at towering height,
In pomp of plumage sail'd, deep'ning the shades of night.
Roc of the West! to him all empire given! (32)
Who bears Axalhua's dragon-folds to heaven; (33)
His flight a whirlwind, and, when heard afar,
Like thunder, or the distant din of war!
Mountains and seas fled backward as he pass'd
O'er the great globe, by not a cloud o'ercast
From the Antarctic, from the Land of Fire[1]
To where Alaska's wintry wilds retire; (34)
From mines of gold, (35) and giant-sons of earth,
To grots of ice, and tribes of pigmy birth
Who freeze alive, nor, dead, in dust repose,
High-hung in forests to the casing snows. (36)
Now 'mid angelic multitudes he flies,
That hourly come with blessings from the skies;
Wings the blue element, and, borne sublime,
Eyes the set sun, gilding each distant clime;
Then, like a meteor, shooting to the main,
Melts into pure intelligence again.

CANTO VII.

A mutiny excited.

What though Despondence reign'd, and wild Affright—
Stretch'd in the midst, and, through that dismal night, (37)
By his white plume reveal'd and buskins white, (38)
Slept Roldan. When he closed his gay career,
Hope fled for ever, and with Hope fled Fear.
Blest with each gift indulgent Fortune sends,
Birth and its rights, wealth and its train of friends,
Star-like he shone! Now beggar'd and alone,
Danger he woo'd, and claim'd her for his own.
O'er him a Vampire his dark wings display'd. (39)
'T was Merion's self, covering with dreadful shade: (40)
He came, and, couch'd on Roldan's ample breast,
Each secret pore of breathing life possess'd,
Fanning the sleep that seem'd his final rest;
Then, inly gliding (41) like a subtle flame,
Subdued the man, and from his thrilling frame
Sent forth the voice! "We live, we breathe no more!
The fatal wind blows on the dreary shore!
On yonder cliffs beckoning their fellow-prey,
The spectres stalk, and murmur at delay!
—Yet if thou canst (not for myself I plead!
Mine but to follow where 't is thine to lead)
Oh turn and save! To thee, with streaming eyes,
To thee each widow kneels, each orphan cries!
Who now, condemn'd the lingering hours to tell,
Think and but think of those they loved so well!"
All melt in tears! but what can tears avail?
These climb the mast, and shift the swelling sail.
Those snatch the helm; and round me now I hear
Smiting of hands, outcries of grief and fear,
(That in the aisles at midnight haunt me still,
Turning my lonely thoughts from good to ill)
"Were there no graves—none in our land," they cry
"That thou hast brought us on the deep to die?"
Silent with sorrow, long within his cloak
His face he muffled—then the Hero spoke.
"Generous and brave! when God himself is here,
Why shake at shadows in your mid career?
He can suspend the laws himself design'd,
He walks the waters, and the winged wind;
Himself your guide! and yours the high behest,
To lift your voice, and bid a world be blest!
And can you shrink? (42) to you, to you consign'd
The glorious privilege to serve mankind!
Oh had I perish'd, when my failing frame (43)
Clung to the shatter'd oar 'mid wrecks of flame!
—Was it for this I linger'd life away,
The scorn of Folly, and of Fraud the prey; (44)
Bow'd down my mind, the gift His bounty gave,
At courts a suitor, and to slaves a slave?
—Yet in His name whom only we should fear,
('T is all, all I shall ask, or you shall hear),
Grant but three days."—He spoke not uninspired; (45)
And each in silence to his watch retired.
At length among us came an unknown Voice!
"Go, if ye will; and, if ye can, rejoice.
Go, with unbidden guests the banquet share;
In his own shape shall Death receive you there." (46)

CANTO VIII.

Land discovered.

Twice in the zenith blazed the orb of light;
No shade, all sun, insufferably bright!
Then the long line found rest—in coral groves
Silent and dark, where the sea-lion roves:—
And all on deck, kindling to life again,
Sent forth their anxious spirits o'er the main.
"Oh whence, as wafted from Elysium, whence
These perfumes, strangers to the raptured sense?
These boughs of gold, and fruits of heavenly hue,
Tinging with vermeil light the billows blue?
And (thrice, thrice blessed is the eye that spied,
The hand that snatch'd it sparkling in the tide)
Whose cunning carved this vegetable bowl,[1]
Symbol of social rites, and intercourse of soul?"
Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs,
Who course the ostrich, as away she wings;
Sons of the desert! who delight to dwell
'Mid kneeling camels round the sacred well;
Who, ere the terrors of his pomp be past,
Fall to the demon in the redd'ning blast.[2]
The sails were furl'd: with many a melting close,
Solemn and slow the evening-anthem rose,
Rose to the Virgin. (47) 'T was the hour of day,
When setting suns o'er summer-seas display
A path of glory, opening in the west
To golden climes, and islands of the blest;
And human voices, on the silent air,
Went o'er the waves in songs of gladness there!
Chosen of Men! (48) 't was thine, at noon of night,
First from the prow to hail the glimmering light; (49)

1 Tierra del Fuego.

1 Ex ligno lucido confectum, et arte mirâ laboratum. P. Martyr, dec. i, 5.
2 The Simoom.

(Emblem of Truth divine, whose secret ray
Enters the soul, and makes the darkness day!)
"Pedro! Rodrigo! (50) there, methought it shone!
There—in the west! and now, alas, 'tis gone!—
'T was all a dream! we gaze and gaze in vain!
—But mark, and speak not, there it comes again!
It moves!—what form unseen, what being there
With torch-like lustre fires the murky air?
His instincts, passions, say how like our own!
Oh! when will day reveal a world unknown?"

CANTO IX.

The New World.

Long on the wave the morning mists reposed,
Then broke—and, melting into light, disclosed
Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods:
And say, when all, to holy transport given,
Embraced and wept as at the gates of Heaven,
When one and all of us, repentant, ran,
And, on our faces, bless'd the wondrous Man;
Say, was I then deceived, or from the skies
Burst on my ear seraphic harmonies?
"Glory to God!" unnumber'd voices sung,
"Glory to God!" the vales and mountains rung,
Voices that hail'd Creation's primal morn,
And to the Shepherds sung a Savior born.

Slowly, bare-headed, through the surf we bore
The sacred cross, (51) and, kneeling, kiss'd the shore.
But what a scene was there! (52) Nymphs of romance, (53)
Youths graceful as the Faun, with eager glance,
Spring from the glades, and down the alleys peep,
Then headlong rush, bounding from steep to steep,
And clap their hands, exclaiming as they run,
"Come and behold the Children of the Sun!"
When hark, a signal-shot! The voice, it came
Over the sea in darkness and in flame!
They saw, they heard; and up the highest hill,
As in a picture, all at once were still!
Creatures so fair, in garments strangely wrought,
From citadels, with Heaven's own thunder fraught,
Check'd their light footsteps—statue-like, they stood,
As worshipp'd forms, the Genii of the Wood!

At length the spell dissolves! The warrior's lance
Rings on the tortoise with wild dissonance!
And see, the regal plumes, the couch of state! (54)
Still, where it moves, the wise in council wait!
See now borne forth the monstrous mask of gold,[1]
And ebon chair [1] of many a serpent-fold;
These now exchanged for gifts that thrice surpass
The wondrous ring, and lamp, and horse of brass. (55)
What long-drawn tube (56) transports the gazer home,
Kindling with stars at noon the ethereal dome?
'T is here: and here circles of solid light [2]
Charm with another self the cheated sight;
As man to man another self disclose,
That now with terror starts, with triumph glows!

1 F. Columbus, c. 28 and 34. 2 F. Columbus, c. 60.

CANTO X.

Cora—luxuriant Vegetation—the Humming-bird—the Fountain of Youth.

* * * * * * *

Then Cora came, the youngest of her race,
And in her hands she hid her lovely face;
Yet oft by stealth a timid glance she cast,
And now with playful step the Mirror pass'd,
Each bright reflection brighter than the last!
And oft behind it flew, and oft before;
The more she search'd, pleased and perplex'd the more!
And look'd and laugh'd, and blush'd with quick surprise;
Her lips all mirth, all ecstasy her eyes!

But soon the telescope attracts her view;
And lo, her lover in his light canoe
Rocking, at noon-tide, on the silent sea,
Before her lies! It cannot, cannot be.
Late as he left the shore, she linger'd there,
Till, less and less, he melted into air!—
Sigh after sigh steals from her gentle frame,
And said—that murmur—was it not his name?
She turns, and thinks; and, lost in wild amaze,
Gazes again, and could for ever gaze!

Nor can thy flute, Alonso, now excite,
As in Valencia, when, with fond delight,
Francisca, waking, to the lattice flew,
So soon to love and to be wretched too!
Hers through a convent-grate to send her last adieu.
—Yet who now comes uncall'd; and round and round,
And near and nearer flutters to its sound;
Then stirs not, breathes not—on enchanted ground?
Who now lets fall the flowers she cull'd to wear
When he, who promised, should at eve be there;
And faintly smiles, and hangs her head aside
The tear that glistens on her cheek to hide!
Ah, who but Cora?—till inspired, possess'd,
At once she springs and clasps it to her breast!

Soon from the bay the mingling crowd ascends,
Kindred first met! by sacred instinct Friends!
Through citron-groves, and fields of yellow maize, (57)
Through plantain-walks where not a sun-beam plays,
Here blue savannas fade into the sky,
There forests frown in midnight majesty;
Ceiba, (58) and Indian fig, and plane sublime,
Nature's first-born, and reverenced by Time!
There sits the bird that speaks! (59) there, quivering rise
Wings that reflect the glow of evening skies!
Half bird, half fly, (60) the fairy king of flowers (61)
Reigns there, and revels (62) thro' the fragrant hours;
Gem full of life, and joy, and song divine,
Soon in the virgin's graceful ear to shine. (63)

'T was he that sung, if ancient Fame speaks truth,
"Come! follow, follow to the Fount of Youth!
I quaff the ambrosial mists that round it rise,
Dissolved and lost in dreams of Paradise!"
For there call'd forth, to bless a happier hour,
It met the sun in many a rainbow-shower!
Murmuring delight, its living waters roll'd
'Mid branching palms and amaranths of gold! (64)

CANTO XI.

Evening—a banquet—the ghost of Cazziva.

THE tamarind closed her leaves; the marmoset
Dream'd on his bough, and play'd the mimic yet.
Fresh from the lake the breeze of twilight blew,
And vast and deep the mountain-shadows grew;
When many a fire-fly, shooting through the glade,
Spangled the locks of many a lovely maid,
Who now danced forth to strew our path with flowers,
And hymn our welcome to celestial bowers.[1]

There odorous lamps adorn'd the festal rite,
And guavas blush'd as in the vales of light. (65)
There silent sat many an unbidden Guest, (66)
Whose stedfast looks a secret dread impress'd:
Not there forgot the sacred fruit that fed
At nightly feasts the Spirits of the Dead,
Mingling in scenes that mirth to mortals give,
But by their sadness known from those that live.

There met, as erst, within the wonted grove,
Unmarried girls and youths that died for love!
Sons now beheld their ancient sires again,
And sires, alas, their sons in battle slain! (67)

But whence that sigh? 'T was from a heart that broke!
And whence that voice? As from the grave it spoke!
And who, as unresolved the feast to share,
Sits half-withdrawn in faded splendor there?
'T is he of yore, the warrior and the sage,
Whose lips have moved in prayer from age to age;
Whose eyes, that wander'd as in search before,
Now on Columbus fix'd—to search no more!
Cazziva, (68) gifted in his day to know
The gathering signs of a long night of woe;
Gifted by those who give but to enslave;
No rest in death! no refuge in the grave!
—With sudden spring as at the shout of war,
He flies! and, turning in his flight, from far
Glares through the gloom like some portentous star!
Unseen, unheard!—Hence, Minister of Ill! (69)
Hence, 't is not yet the hour! though come it will!
They that foretold—too soon shall they fulfil; (70)
When forth they rush as with the torrent's sweep, (71)
And deeds are done that make the Angels weep!

Hark, o'er the busy mead the shell[2] proclaims
Triumphs, and masques, and high heroic games.
And now the old sit round; and now the young
Climb the green boughs, the murmuring doves among
Who claims the prize, when winged feet contend;
When twanging bows the flaming arrows[3] send?
Who stands self-centred in the field of fame,
And, grappling, flings to earth a giant's frame?
Whilst all, with anxious hearts and eager eyes,
Bend as he bends, and, as he rises, rise!
And Cora's self, in pride of beauty here,
Trembles with grief and joy, and hope and fear!
(She who, the fairest, ever flew the first,
With cup of balm to quench his burning thirst;
Knelt at his head, her fan-leaf in her hand,
And humm'd the air that pleased him, while she fann'd)
How blest his lot!—though, by the muse unsung,
His name shall perish, when his knell is rung.

1 P. Martyr, dec. i, 5. 2 P. Martyr, dec. iii, c. 7.
3 Rochefort, c. xx.

That night, transported, with a sigh I said,
"'T is all a dream!"—Now, like a dream, 't is fled;
And many and many a year has pass'd away,
And I alone remain to watch and pray!
Yet oft in darkness, on my bed of straw,
Oft I awake and think on what I saw!
The groves, the birds, the youths, the nymphs recall,
And Cora, loveliest, sweetest of them all.

CANTO XII.

A Vision.

STILL would I speak of Him before I went,
Who among us a life of sorrow spent, (72)
And, dying, left a world his monument;
Still, if the time allow'd! My hour draws near;
But He will prompt me when I faint with fear.
—Alas, He hears me not! He cannot hear!

* * * * * *

Twice the moon fill'd her silver urn with light,
Then from the Throne an Angel wing'd his flight
He, who unfix'd the compass, and assign'd
O'er the wild waves a pathway to the wind;
Who, while approach'd by none but Spirits pure,
Wrought, in his progress through the dread obscure,
Signs like the ethereal bow—that shall endure! (73)

As he descended through the upper air,
Day broke on day as God himself were there!
Before the great Discoverer, laid to rest,
He stood, and thus his secret soul address'd: (74)

"The wind recalls thee; its still voice obey,
Millions await thy coming; hence, away!
To thee blest tidings of great joy consign'd,
Another Nature, and a new Mankind!
The vain to dream, the wise to doubt shall cease;
Young men be glad, and old depart in peace![1]
Hence! though assembling in the fields of air,
Now, in a night of clouds, thy Foes prepare
To rock the globe with elemental wars,
And dash the floods of ocean to the stars; (75)
To bid the meek repine, the valiant weep,
And Thee restore thy Secret to the Deep! (76)

"Not then to leave Thee! to their vengeance cast,
Thy heart their aliment, their dire repast![2]

* * * * * *

To other eyes shall Mexico unfold
Her feather'd tapestries, and roofs of gold.
To other eyes, from distant cliff descried, (77)
Shall the Pacific roll his ample tide;
There destined soon rich argosies to ride.
Chains thy reward! beyond the Atlantic wave
Hung in thy chamber, buried in thy grave! (78)
Thy reverend form, (79) to time and grief a prey,
A phantom wandering in the light of day!

"What though thy grey hairs to the dust descend,
Their scent shall track thee, track thee to the end:
Thy sons reproach'd with their great father's fame,
And on his world inscribed another's name!
That world a prison-house, full of sights of woe,
Where groans burst forth, and tears in torrents flow

1 P. Martyr, Epist. 133, 152.
2 See the Eumenides of Æschylus, v. 305, etc.
3 Clavigero, VII. 52.
4 See the Eumenides, v. 246.

These gardens of the sun, sacred to song,
By dogs of carnage, (80) howling loud and long,
Swept—till the voyager, in the desert air, (81)
Starts back to hear his alter'd accents there! (82)

"Not thine the olive, but the sword to bring,
Not peace, but war! Yet from these shores shall spring
Peace without end;[1] from these, with blood defiled,
Spread the pure spirit of thy Master mild!
Here, in His train, shall arts and arms attend, (83)
Arts to adorn, and arms but to defend.
Assembling here, (84) all nations shall be blest;
The sad be comforted, the weary rest:
Untouch'd shall drop the fetters from the slave; (85)
And He shall rule the world he died to save!

"Hence, and rejoice. The glorious work is done.
A spark is thrown that shall eclipse the sun!
And though bad men shall long thy course pursue,
As erst the ravening brood o'er chaos flew,[2]
He, whom I serve, shall vindicate his reign;
The spoiler spoil'd of all; (86) the slayer slain; (87)
The tyrant's self, oppressing and opprest,
'Mid gems and gold unenvied and unblest: (88)
While to the starry sphere thy name shall rise,
(Not there unsung thy generous enterprise!)
Thine in all hearts to dwell—by Fame enshrined,
With those the Few, that live but for Mankind:
Thine evermore, transcendant happiness!
World beyond world to visit and to bless."

On the two last leaves, and written in another hand, are some stanzas in the romance or ballad measure of the Spaniards. The subject is an adventure soon related.

Thy lonely watch-tower, Larenille,
Had lost the western sun;
And loud and long from hill to hill
Echoed the evening-gun,
When Hernan, rising on his oar,
Shot like an arrow from the shore.
—"Those lights are on St. Mary's Isle;
They glimmer from the sacred pile."[3]
The waves were rough; the hour was late,
But soon across the Tinto borne,
Thrice he blew the signal-horn,
He blew and would not wait.
Home by his dangerous path he went;
Leaving, in rich habiliment,
Two Strangers at the Convent-gate.

They ascended by steps hewn out in the rock; and, having asked for admittance, were lodged there.

Brothers in arms the Guests appear'd;
The Youngest with a Princely grace!
Short and sable was his beard,
Thoughtful and wan his face.
His velvet cap a medal bore.
And ermine fringed his broider'd vest;
And, ever sparkling on his breast,
An image of St. John he wore.[4]

The eldest had a rougher aspect, and there was craft in his eye. He stood a little behind in a long black mantle, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword; and his white hat and white shoes glittered in the moonshine.[5]

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1 See Washington's farewell-address to his fellow-citizens.
2 See *Paradise Lost*, X.
3 *The Convent of Rábida.*
4 *See Bernal Diaz, c. 203: and also a well-known portrait of Cortes, ascribed to Titian. Cortes was now in the 43d, Pizarro in the 60th year of his age*
5 Augustin, Zaratè, lib. iv, c. 9.

"Not here unwelcome, tho' unknown.
Enter and rest!" the Friar said.
The moon, that through the portal shone,
Shone on his reverend head.
Through many a court and gallery dim
Slowly he led, the burial-hymn
Swelling from the distant choir.
But now the holy men retire;
The arched cloisters issuing thro',
In long long order, two and two.
* * * * *
When other sounds had died away,
And the waves were heard alone,
They enter'd, though unused to pray,
Where God was worshipp'd, night and day,
And the dead knelt round in stone;
They enter'd, and from aisle to aisle
Wander'd with folded arms awhile,
Where on his altar-tomb (89) reclined
The crosier'd Abbot; and the Knight
In harness for the Christian fight,
His hands in supplication join'd;—
Then said as in a solemn mood,
"Now stand we where Columbus stood!"
* * * * *
"Perez,[1] thou good old man," they cried,
"And art thou in thy place of rest?—
Though in the western world His grave,[2] (90)
That other world, the gift He gave,[3]
Would ye were sleeping side by side!
Of all his friends He loved thee best."
* * * * *
The supper in the chamber done,
Much of a Southern Sea they spake,
And of that glorious city[4] won
Near the setting of the Sun,
Throned in a silver lake;
Of seven kings in chains of gold,[5]
And deeds of death by tongue untold,
Deeds such as, breathed in secret there,
Had shaken the Confession-chair!

The Eldest swore by our Lady,[6] the Youngest by his conscience;[7] while the Franciscan, sitting by in his grey habit, turned away and crossed himself again and again. "Here is a little book," said he at last, "the work of him in his shroud below. It tells of things you have mentioned; and, were Cortes and Pizarro here, it might perhaps make them reflect for a moment." The youngest smiled as he took it into his hand. He read it aloud to his companion with an unfaltering voice; but, when he laid it down, a silence ensued; nor was he seen to smile again that night.[8] "The curse is heavy," said he at parting, but Cortes may live to disappoint it."—"Ay, and Pizarro too!"

*** A circumstance, recorded by Herrera, renders this visit not improbable. "In May 1528, Cortes arrived unexpectedly at Palos; and, soon after he had landed, he and Pizarro met and rejoiced; and it was remarkable that they should meet, as they were two of the most renowned men in the world." B. Diaz makes no mention of the interview; but, relating an occurrence that took place at this time in Palos, says, "that Cortes was now absent at Nuestra Senora de la Rábida." The Convent is within half a league of the town.

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1 Late Superior of the House.
2 In the chancel of the cathedral of St. Domingo.
3 The words of the epitaph. "A Castilia y a Leon nuevo Mundo dio Colon."
4 Mexico.
5 Afterwards the arms of Cortes and his descendants.
6 Fernandez, lib. ii, c. 63.
7 B. Diaz, c. 203.
8 "*After the death of Guatimotzin,*" says B. Diaz, "*he became gloomy and restless; rising continually from his bed, and wandering about in the dark.*"—"*Nothing prospered with him, and it was ascribed to the curses he was loaded with.*"

NOTES.

Note 1, page 28, col. 2.

————descried of yore.

In him was fulfilled the ancient prophecy—

————venient annis
Secula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxit, etc.
Seneca in Medea, v. 374.

Which Tasso has imitated in his Gierusalemme Liberata:

Tempo verrà, che fian d'Ercole i segni
Favola vile, etc. G. xv, 30.

The Poem opens on Friday, the 14th of September, 1492.

Note 2, page 28, col. 2.

————the great Commander.

In the original, *El Almirante.* "In Spanish America," says M. de Humboldt, "when *El Almirante* is pronounced without the addition of a name, that of Columbus is understood; as, from the lips of a Mexican, *El Marchese* signifies Cortes;" and as among the Florentines, *Il Segretario* has always signified Machiavel.

Note 3, page 28, col. 2.

"Thee hath it pleased—Thy will be done!" he said.

"It has pleased our Lord to grant me faith and assurance for this enterprise—He has opened my understanding, and made me most willing to go." See his Life by his son, Ferd. Columbus, entitled, Hist. del Almirante Don Christoval Colon, c. 4 and 37.

Note 4, page 28, col. 2.

Whose voice is truth, whose wisdom is from heaven.

The compass might well be an object of superstition. A belief is said to prevail even at this day, that it will refuse to traverse when there is a dead body on board.—*Hist. des Navig. aux Terres Australes.*

Note 5, page 28, col. 2.

Columbus erred not.

When these regions were to be illuminated, says Acosta, cùm divino concilio decretum esset, prospectum etiam divinitus est, ut tam longi itineris dux certus hominibus præberetur.—*De Natura Novi Orbis.*

A romantic circumstance is related of some early navigator in the Histoire Gen. des Voyages, I i. 2. "On trouva dans l'ile de Cuervo une statue équestre, couverte d'un manteau, mais la tête nue, qui tenoit de la main gauche la bride du cheval, et qui montroit l'occident de la main droite. Il y avoit sur le bas d'un roc quelques lettres gravées, qui ne furent point entendues; mais il parut clairement que le signe de la main regardoit l'Amérique."

Note 6, page 28, col. 2.

He spoke, and, at his call, a mighty Wind.

The more Christian opinion is that God, at the length, with eyes of compassion as it were, looking downe from heaven, intended even then to rayse those *windes of mercy,* whereby————this newe worlde receyved the hope of salvation.—*Certaine Preambles to the Decades of the Ocean.*

Note 7, page 28, col. 2.

Folded their arms and sat.

To return was deemed impossible, as it blew always from home.—F. Columbus, c. 19. *Nos pavidi —at pater Anchises—lætus.*

Note 8, page 28, col. 2.

What vast foundations in the Abyss are there.

Tasso employs preternatural agents on a similar occasion,

Trappassa, ed ecco in quel silvestre loco
Sorge improvvisa la città del foco. xiii, 33.

Gli incanti d'Ismeno, che ingannano con delusioni, altro non significano, che la falsità delle ragioni, e delle persuasioni, la qual si genera nella moltitudine, e varietà de' pareri, e de' discorsi umani.

Note 9, page 28, col. 2.

Atlantic kings their barbarous pomp display'd.

See Plato's Timæus; where mention is made of mighty kingdoms, which, in a day and a night, had disappeared in the Atlantic, rendering its waters unnavigable.

Si quæras Helicen et Burin, Achaidas urbes,
Invenies sub aquis.

At the destruction of Callao, in 1747, no more than one of all the inhabitants escaped; and he by a providence the most extraordinary. This man was on the fort that overlooked the harbor, going to strike the flag, when he perceived the sea to retire to a considerable distance; and then, swelling mountain-high, it returned with great violence. The people ran from their houses in terror and confusion; he heard a cry of *Miserere* rise from all parts of the city; and immediately all was silent; the sea had entirely overwhelmed it, and buried it for ever in its bosom: but the same wave that destroyed it, drove a little boat by the place where he stood, into which he threw himself and was saved.

Note 10, page 29, col. 1

"Land!" and his voice in faltering accents died.

Historians are not silent on the subject. The sailors, according to Herrera, saw the signs of an inundated country (tierras anegadas); and it was the general expectation that they should end their lives there, as others had done in the frozen sea, "where St. Amaro suffers no ship to stir backward or forward." F. Columbus, c. 19.

Note 11, page 29, col. 1.

And (whence or why from many an age withheld).

The author seems to have anticipated his long slumber in the library of the Fathers.

Note 12, page 29, col. 1.

Hast led thy servant————

"They may give me what name they please. I am servant of Him," etc.—F. Columbus, c. 2.

Note 13, page 29, col. 1.

From world to world their steady course they keep.

As St. Christopher carried Christ over the deep waters, so Columbus went over safe, himself and his company.—F. Columbus, c. 1.

Note 14, page 29, col. 1.

And, rising, shoot in columns to the skies.

Water-spouts.—See Edwards's *History of the West Indies,* I. 12. Note.

Note 15, page 29, col. 1.

Though changed my cloth of gold for amice grey.—

See the Inscription, p. 27. Many of the first dis-

coverers, if we may believe B. Diaz and other contemporary writers, ended their days in a hermitage, or a cloister.

Note 16, page 29, col. 1.

'T was in the deep, immeasurable cave
Of Andes.

Vast indeed must be those dismal regions, if it be true, as conjectured (Kircher. Mund. Subt. I. 202), that Etna, in her eruptions, has discharged twenty times her original bulk. Well might she be called by Euripides (Troades, v. 222) *The Mother of Mountains*; yet Etna herself is but "a mere firework, when compared to the burning summits of the Andes."

Note 17, page 29, col. 2.

One-half the globe; from pole to pole confess'd.

Gods, yet confessed later.—MILTON.——Ils ne laissent pas d'en être les esclaves, et de les honorer plus que le grand Esprit, qui de sa nature est bon.—LAFITAU.

Note 18, page 29, col. 2.

Where Plata and Maragnon meet the main.

Rivers of South America. Their collision with the tide has the effect of a tempest.

Note 19, page 29, col. 2.

Of Huron or Ontario, inland seas.

Lakes of North America. Huron is above a thousand miles in circumference. Ontario receives the waters of the Niagara, so famous for its falls; and discharges itself into the Atlantic by the river St. Lawrence.

Note 20, page 29, col. 2.

By Ocean severed from a world of shade

La plûpart de ces îles ne sont en effet que des pointes de montagnes: et la mer, qui est au-delà, est une vrai mer Méditerranée.—BUFFON.

Note 21, page 29, col. 2.

Hung in the tempest o'er the troubled main.

The dominion of a bad angel over an unknown sea, *infestandole con sus torbellinos y tempestades*, and his flight before a Christian hero, are described in glowing language by Ovalle.—*Hist. de Chile*, IV. 8.

Note 22, page 29, col. 2.

No voice, as erst, shall in the desert rise;

Alluding to the oracles of the Islanders, so soon to become silent; and particularly to a prophecy, delivered down from their ancestors, and sung with loud lamentations (Petr. Martyr. dec. 3, lib. 7) at their solemn festivals (Herrera, I, iii, 4) that the country would be laid waste on the arrival of strangers, completely clad, from a region near the rising of the sun. Ibid. II, 5, 2. It is said that Cazziva, a great Cacique, after long fasting and many ablutions, had an interview with one of the Zemi, who announced to him this terrible event (F. Columbus, c. 62), as the oracles of Latona, according to Herodotus (II, 152) predicted the overthrow of eleven kings of Egypt, on the appearance of men of brass, risen out of the sea.

Nor did this prophecy exist among the Islanders alone. It influenced the councils of Montezuma, and extended almost universally over the forests of America. Cortes. Herrera. Gomara. "The demons whom they worshipped,' says Acosta, "in this instance told them the truth."

Note 23, page 29, col. 2.

He spoke; and all was silence, all was night!

These scattered fragments may be compared to shreds of old arras, or reflections from a river broken and confused by the oar; and now and then perhaps the imagination of the reader may supply more than is lost. Si qua latent, meliora putat. "It is remarkable," says the elder Pliny, "that the Iris of Aristides, the Tyndarides of Nicomachus, and the Venus of Apelles, are held in higher admiration than their finished works." And is it not so in almost everything?

Call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold—

Note 24, page 30, col. 1.

The soldier, etc.

In the Lusiad, to beguile the heavy hours at sea, Veloso relates to his companions of the second watch the story of the Twelve Knights. L. vi.

Note 25, page 30, col. 1.

So Fortune smiled, careless of sea or land!

Among those who went with Columbus, were many adventurers, and gentlemen of the court. Primero was the game then in fashion.—See VEGA, p. 2, lib. iii, c.9

Note 26, page 30, col. 1.

Yet who but He undaunted could explore.

Many sighed and wept; and every hour seemed a year, says Herrera.—I, i, 9 and 10.

Note 27, page 30, col. 2.

The solemn march, the vows in concert given.

His public procession to the convent of Rábida on the day before he set sail. It was there that his sons had received their education; and he himself appears to have passed some time there, the venerable Guardian, Juan Perez de Marchena, being his zealous and affectionate friend. The ceremonies of his departure and return are represented in many of the fresco paintings in the palaces of Genoa.

Note 28, page 30, col. 2.

While his dear boys—ah, on his neck they hung.

"But I was most afflicted, when I thought of my two sons, whom I had left behind me in a strange country——before I had done, or at least could be known to have done, anything which might incline your highnesses to remember them. And though I comforted myself with the reflection that our Lord would not suffer so earnest an endeavor for the exaltation of his church to come to nothing, yet I considered that, on account of my unworthiness," etc.—F. COLUMBUS, c. 37.

Note 29, page 30, col. 2.

The great Gonzalo.

Gonzalo Fernandes, already known by the name of the Great Captain. Granada surrendered on the 2d of January, 1492. Columbus set sail on the 3d of August following.

Note 30, page 30, col. 2.

Though Roldan, etc.

Probably a soldier of fortune. There were more than one of the name on board.

Note 31, page 31, col. 1.

The Cross shone forth in everlasting light!

The Cross of the South; "una Croce maravigliosa, e

di tanta bellezza," says Andrea Corsali, a Florentine, writing to Giuliano of Medicis, in 1515, "che non mi pare ad alcuno segno celeste doverla comparare. E s'io non mi inganno, credo che sia questo il crusero di che Dante parlò nel principio del Purgatorio *con spirito profetico*, dicendo,

I'mi volsi a man destra, e posi mente,
All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle, etc."

Note 32, page 31, col. 1.

Roc of the West! to him all empire given!

Le Condor est le même oiseau que le Roc des Orientaux.—BUFFON. "By the Peruvians," says Vega, "he was anciently worshipped; and there were those who claimed their descent from him." In these degenerate days he still ranks above the Eagle.

Note 33, page 31, col. 1.

Who bears Axalhua's dragon-folds to heaven.

As the Roc of the East is said to have carried off the Elephant. See Marco Polo.—Axalhua, or the Emperor, is the name in the Mexican language for the great serpent of America.

Note 34, page 31, col. 1.

To where Alaska's wintry wilds retire.

Northern extremity of the New World.—See COOK'S *last Voyage*.

Note 35, page 31, col. 1.

From mines of gold———

Mines of Chili; which extend, says Ovalle, to the Strait of Magellan. I, 4.

Note 36, page 31, col. 1.

High-hung in forests to the casing snows.

A custom not peculiar to the Western Hemisphere. The Tunguses of Siberia hang their dead on trees; "parceque la terre ne se laisse point ouvrir."—M. PAUW.

Note 37, page 31, col. 1.

——and, through that dismal night.

"Aquella noche triste." The night, on which Cortes made his famous retreat from Mexico through the street of Tlacopan, still goes by the name of LA NOCHE TRISTE.—HUMBOLDT.

Note 38, page 31, col. 1.

By his white plume reveal'd and buskins white.

Pizarro used to dress in this fashion; after Gonzalo, whom he had served under in Italy.

Note 39, page 31, col. 1.

O'er him a Vampire his dark wings display'd.

A species of bat in S. America; which refreshes by the gentle agitation of its wings, while it sucks the blood of the sleeper, turning his sleep into death. —ULLOA.

Note 40, page 31, col. 1.

'T was Merion's self, covering with dreadful shade.
———————————Now one,
Now other, as their shape served best his end.

Undoubtedly, says Herrera, the Infernal Spirit assumed various shapes in that region of the world.

Note 41, page 31, col. 1.

Then, inly gliding, etc.

The original passage is here translated at full length.

Then, inly gliding like a subtle flame,
Thrice, with a cry that thrill'd the mortal frame,
Call'd on the Spirit within. Disdaining flight,
Calmly she rose, collecting all her might.[1]
Dire was the dark encounter! Long unquell'd,
Her sacred seat, sovereign and pure, she held.
At length the great Foe binds her for his prize,
And awful, as in death, the body lies!
Not long to slumber! In an evil hour
Inform'd and lifted by the unknown Power,
It starts, it speaks! "We live, we breathe no more!" etc.

Many a modern reader will exclaim in the language of Pococurantè, "Quelle triste extravagance!" Let a great theologian of that day, a monk of the Augustine order, be consulted on the subject. "Corpus ille perimere vel jugulare potest; nec id modò, verùm et animam ita urgere, et in angustum coarctare novit, ut in momento quoque illi excedendum sit."—LUTHERUS, *De Missa Privata*.

Note 42, page 31, col. 2.

And can you shrink? etc.

The same language had been addressed to Isabella.—F. COLUMBUS, c. 15.

Note 43, page 31, col. 2.

Oh had I perish'd, when my failing frame.

His miraculous escape, in early life, during a sea-fight off the coast of Portugal.—Ibid. c. 5.

Note 44, page 31, col. 2.

The scorn of Folly, and of Fraud the prey.
Nudo nocchier, promettitor di regni!

By the Genoese and the Spaniards he was regarded as a man resolved on "a wild dedication of himself to unpathed waters, undreamed shores;" and the court of Portugal endeavored to rob him of the glory of his enterprise, by secretly dispatching a vessel in the course which he had pointed out. "Lorsqu'il avait promis un nouvel hémisphère," says Voltaire, "on lui avait soutenu que cet hémisphère ne pouvoit exister; et quand il l'eut découvert, on prétendit qu'il avait été connu depuis long-temps."

Note 45, page 31, col. 2.

————He spoke not uninspired.

He used to affirm, that he stood in need of God's particular assistance; like Moses when he led forth the people of Israel, who forbore to lay violent hands upon him, because of the miracles which God wrought by his means. "So," said the Admiral, "did it happen to me on that voyage."—F. COLUMBUS, c. 19.—— "And so easily," says a Commentator, "are the workings of the Evil One overcome by the power of God!"

Note 46, page 31, col. 2.

"In his own shape shall Death receive you there."

This denunciation, fulfilled as it appears to be in the eleventh canto, may remind the reader of the Harpies in Virgil.—Æn. III, v. 247.

Note 47, page 31, col. 2.

Rose to the Virgin.———

Salve, regina. Herrera, I, i, 12.—It was the usual service, and always sung with great solemnity. "I remember one evening," says Oviedo, "when the ship was in full sail, and all the men were on their knees, singing Salve, regina," etc. *Relacion Sommaria.*— The hymn, O Sanctissima, is still to be heard after

1 —magnum si pectore possit
Excussisse deum.

sunset along the shores of Sicily, and its effect may be better conceived than described. See BRYDONE, I, 330.

Note 48, page 31, col. 2.

Chosen of Men!

I believe that he was *chosen* for this great service; and that, because he was to be so truly an apostle, as in effect he proved to be, therefore was his origin obscure; that therein he might resemble those who were called to make known the name of the Lord from seas and rivers, and not from courts and palaces. And I believe also, that, as in most of his doings he was guarded by some special providence, his very name was not without some mystery: for in it is expressed the wonder he performed; inasmuch as he conveyed to a new world the grace of the Holy Ghost, etc.—F. COLUMBUS, c. 1.

Note 49, page 31, col. 2.

First from the prow to hail the glimmering light.

A light in the midst of darkness, signifying the spiritual light that he came to spread there.—F. COLUMBUS, c. 22. HERRERA, I, i, 12.

Note 50, page 32, col. 1.

Pedro! Rodrigo!————

Pedro Gutierrez, a Page of the King's Chamber; Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, Comptroller of the Fleet.

Note 51, page 32, col. 1.

Slowly, bare-headed, through the surf we bore
The sacred cross.

Signifying to the Infernal powers (all' infierno todo) the will of the Most High, that they should renounce a world over which they had tyrannized for so many ages.—OVALLE, iv, 5.

Note 52, page 32, col. 1.

But what a scene was there!

"This country excels all others, as far as the day surpasses the night in splendor.—Nor is there a better people in the world. They love their neighbor as themselves; their conversation is the sweetest imaginable, their faces always smiling: and so gentle, so affectionate are they, that I swear to your Highnesses," etc.—F. COLUMBUS, c. 30, 33.

Note 53, page 32, col. 1

——Nymphs of romance, etc.

Dryades formosissimas, aut nativas fontium nymphas de quibus fabulatur antiquitas, se vidisse arbitrati sunt.—P. MARTYR, dec. i, lib. v.

And an eminent Painter of the present day, when he first saw the Apollo of the Belvidere, was struck with its resemblance to an American warrior.—WEST'S *Discourse in the Royal Academy*, 1794.

Note 54, page 32, col. 1.

And see, the regal plumes, the couch of state!

"The Cacique came down to the shore in a sort of palanquin—attended by his ancient men.—The gifts, which he received from me, were afterwards carried before him."—F. COLUMBUS, c. 32.

Note 55, page 32, col. 1.

The wondrous ring, and lamp, and horse of brass.

The ring of Gyges, the lamp of Aladdin, and the Horse of the Tartar king.

Note 56, page 32, col. 1.

What long-drawn tube, etc.

For the effects of the telescope, and the mirror, on an uncultivated mind, see WALLIS'S *Voyage round the World*, c. 2 and 6.

Note 57, page 32, col. 2.

Through citron-groves, and fields of yellow maize.

Ætas est illis aurea. Apertis vivunt hortis. P. MARTYR, dec. i, 3.

Note 58, page 32, col. 2.

Ceiba.

The wild cotton-tree, often mentioned in History. "Cortes," says Bernal Diaz, "took possession of the country in the following manner. Drawing his sword, he gave three cuts with it into a great Ceiba, and said——"

Note 59, page 32, col. 2.

There sits the bird that speaks!

The Parrot, as described by Aristotle.—*Hist. Animal.* viii, 12.

Note 60, page 32, col. 2.

Half bird, half fly.

Here are birds so small, says Herrera, that though they are birds, they are taken for bees or butterflies.

Note 61, page 32, col. 2.

———the fairy king of flowers.

The Humming-bird. Kakopit (florum regulus) is the name of an Indian bird, referred to this class by Seba.

Note 62, page 32, col. 2.

Reigns there, and revels, etc.

There also was heard the wild cry of the Flamingo

What clarion winds along the yellow sands?
Far in the deep the giant-fisher stands,
Folding his wings of flame.

Note 63, page 32, col. 2.

Soon in the virgin's graceful ear to shine.

Il sert après sa mort a parer les jeunes Indiennes, qui portent en pendans d'oreilles deux de ces charmans oiseaux.—BUFFON.

Note 64, page 32, col. 2.

'Mid branching palms and amaranths of gold!

According to an ancient tradition. See Oviedo, Vega, Herrera, etc. Not many years afterwards a Spaniard of distinction wandered everywhere in search of it: and no wonder, as Robertson observes, when Columbus himself could imagine that he had found the seat of Paradise.

Note 65, page 33, col. 1.

And guavas blush'd as in the vales of light.

They believed that the souls of good men were conveyed to a pleasant valley, abounding in guavas and other delicious fruits.—HERRERA, I, iii, 3. F. COLUMBUS, c. 62.

Note 66, page 33, col. 1.

There silent sate many an unbidden Guest.

"The dead walk abroad in the night, and feast with the living" (F. COLUMBUS, c. 62); and "eat of the fruit called Guannàba."—P. MARTYR, dec. i, 9.

Note 67, page 33, col. 1.

And sires, alas, their sons in battle slain!

War reverses the order of nature. In time of peace,

says Herodotus, the children bury their fathers; in time of war the fathers bury their children! But the Gods have willed it so.—I, 87.

Note 68, page 33, col. 1.

Cazziva.———

An ancient Cacique, in his life-time and after his death, employed by the Zemi to alarm his people.—See F. COLUMBUS, c. 62.

Note 69, page 33, col. 1.

Unseen, unheard!—Hence, Minister of Ill.

The Author is speaking in his inspired character. Hidden things are revealed to him, and placed before his mind as if they were present.

Note 70, page 33, col. 1.

———too soon shall they fulfil.

Nor could they, (the Powers of Darkness) have more effectually prevented the progress of the Faith, than by desolating the New World; by burying nations alive in mines, or consigning them in all their errors to the sword.—*Relacion de* B. DE LAS CASAS.

Note 71, page 33, col. 1.

When forth they rush as with the torrent's sweep.

Not man alone, but many other animals, became extinct there.

Note 72, page 33, col. 2.

Who among us a life of sorrow spent.

For a summary of his life and character, see "An Account of the European Settlements."—P. I, c. 8.

Note 73, page 33, col. 2.

Signs like the ethereal bow—that shall endure.

It is remarkable that these phenomena still remain among the mysteries of nature.

Note 74, page 33, col. 2.

He stood, and thus his secret soul address'd.

Te tua fata docebo. *Virg.*
Saprai di tua vita il viaggio. *Dante.*

Note 75, page 33, col. 2.

And dash the floods of ocean to the stars.

When he entered the Tagus, all the seamen ran from all parts to behold, as it were some wonder, a ship that had escaped so terrible a storm.—F. COLUMBUS, c. 40.

Note 76, page 33, col. 2.

And Thee restore thy Secret to the Deep.

I wrote on a parchment that I had discovered what I had promised;—and, having put it into a cask, I threw it into the sea.—Ibid. c, 37.

Note 77, page 33, col. 2.

To other eyes, from distant cliff descried.

Balboa immediately concluded it to be the ocean for which Columbus had searched in vain; and whe at length, after a toilsome march among the mountains, his guides pointed out to him the summit from which it might be seen, he commanded his men to halt, and *went up alone*.—HERRERA, I, x, 1.

Note 78, page 33, col. 2.

Hung in thy chamber, buried in thy grave.

I always saw them in his room, and he ordered them to be buried with his body.—F. COLUMBUS, c. 86.

Note 79, page 33, col. 2.

Thy reverend form.

His person, says Herrera, had an air of grandeur His hair, from many hardships, had long been grey. In him you saw a man of an unconquerable courage, and high thoughts; patient of wrongs, calm in adversity, ever trusting in God:—and, had he lived in ancient times, statues and temples would have been erected to him without number, and his name would have been placed among the stars.

Note 80, page 34, col. 1.

By dogs of carnage.———

One of these, on account of his extraordinary sagacity and fierceness, received the full allowance of a soldier. His name was Bezerillo.

Note 81, page 34, col. 1.

Swept—till the voyager, in the desert air.

With my own eyes I saw kingdoms as full of people, as hives are full of bees; and now where are they?—LAS CASAS.

Note 82, page 34, col. 1.

Starts back to hear his alter'd accents there.

No unusual effect of an exuberant vegetation.—"The air was so vitiated," says an African traveller, "that our torches burnt dim, and seemed ready to be extinguished; and even the human voice lost its natural tone."

Note 83, page 34, col. 1.

Here, in His train, shall arts and arms attend.

"There are those alive," said an illustrious orator, "whose memory might touch the two extremities. Lord Bathurst, in 1704, was of an age to comprehend such things—and, if his angel had then drawn up the curtain, and, whilst he was gazing with admiration, had pointed out to him a spec' and had told him, 'Young man, there is America—which, at this day, serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death,' etc."—BURKE in 1775.

Note 84, page 34, col. 1.

Assembling here, etc.

How simple were the manners of the early colonists! The first ripening of any European fruit was distinguished by a family-festival. Garcilasso de la Vega relates how his dear father, the valorous Andres, collected together in his chamber seven or eight gentlemen to share with him three asparaguses, the first that ever grew on the table-land of Cusco. When the operation of dressing them was over (and it is minutely described) he distributed the two largest among his friends; begging that the company would not take it ill, if he reserved the third for himself, *as it was a thing from Spain.*

North America became instantly an asylum for the oppressed; Huguenots, and Catholics, and sects of every name and country. Such were the first settlers in Carolina and Maryland, Pennsylvania and New England. Nor is South America altogether without a claim to the title. Even now, while I am writing, the ancient house of Braganza is on its passage across the Atlantic,

Cum sociis, natoque, Penatibus, et magnis dis.

Note 85, page 34, col. 1.

Untouch'd, shall drop the fetters from the slave.

Je me transporte quelquefois au-delà d'un siécle. J'y vois le bonheur à côté de l'industrie, la douce

tolérance remplaçant la farouche inquisition; j'y vois, un jour de fête, Péruviens, Mexicains, Américains libres, François s'embrassant comme des frères, et bénissant le régne de la liberté, qui doit amener partout une harmonie universelle.—Mais les mines, les esclaves, que deviendront-ils? Les mines se fermeront, les esclaves seront les frères de leurs maîtres.

BRISSOT.

There is a prophetic stanza, written a century ago by Bp. Berkeley, which I must quote, though I shall suffer by the comparison.

Westward the course of empire takes its way.
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day.
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

Note 86, page 34, col. 1.

The spoiler spoil'd of all.

Cortes. "A peine put-il obtenir audience de Charles-Quint; un jour il fendit la presse qui entourait la coche de l'empereur, et monta sur l'étrier de la portière. Charles demanda quel étoit cet homme: 'C'est,' répondit Cortez, 'celui qui vous a donné plus d'états que vos pères ne vous ont laissé de villes.'"—VOLTAIRE.

Note 87, page 34, col. 1.

———the slayer slain.

Cortes, Pizarro.—"Almost all," says Las Casas, "have perished. The innocent blood, which they had shed, cried aloud for vengeance; the sighs, the tears of so many victims went up before God."

Note 88, page 34, col. 1.

'Mid gems and gold, unenvied and unblest.

L'Espagne a fait comme ce roi insensé qui demanda que tout ce qu'il toucheroit se convertît en or, et qui fut obligé de revenir aux dieux pour les prier de finir sa misère.—MONTESQUIEU.

Note 89, page 34, col. 2.

Where on his altar-tomb, etc.

An interpolation.

Note 90, page 34, col. 2.

Though in the western world His grave.

An anachronism. The body of Columbus was not yet removed from Seville.

It is almost unnecessary to point out another, in the Ninth Canto. The telescope was not then in use; though described long before with great accuracy by Roger Bacon.

Italy;

A POEM.

PREFACE.

A FEW copies of this Poem were printed off in the autumn of the year before last, while the Author was abroad. It is now corrected, and republished with some additions.

Whatever may be its success, it has led him in many an after-dream through a beautiful country; and may not perhaps be uninteresting to those who have learnt to live in past times as well as present, and whose minds are familiar with the events and the people that have rendered Italy so illustrious.

The stories, taken from the old Chroniclers, are given without exaggeration; and are, he believes, as true to the original text as any of the Plays that may be said to form our popular history.

May 1st, 1823.

PART I.

I.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

DAY glimmer'd in the east, and the white Moon
Hung like a vapor in the cloudless sky,
Yet visible, when on my way I went,
Glad to be gone—a pilgrim from the north,
Now more and more attracted as I drew
Nearer and nearer. Ere the artisan,
Drowsy, half-clad, had from his window leant,
With folded arms and listless look to snuff
The morning air, or the caged sky-lark sung,
From his green sod up-springing—but in vain,
His tuneful bill o'erflowing with a song
Old in the days of Homer, and his wings
With transport quivering, on my way I went,
Thy gates, Geneva, swinging heavily,
Thy gates so slow to open, swift to shut;
As on that Sabbath-eve when he arrived,[1] (1)
Whose name is now thy glory, now by thee
Inscribed to consecrate (such virtue dwells
In those small syllables) the narrow street,
His birth-place—when, but one short step too late,
He sate him down and wept—wept till the morning; (2)
Then rose to go—a wanderer through the world.
'T is not a tale that every hour brings with it.
Yet at a City-gate, from time to time,
Much might be learnt; and most of all at thine
London—thy hive the busiest, greatest, still
Gathering, enlarging still. Let us stand by,
And note who passes. Here comes one, a Youth,
Glowing with pride, the pride of conscious power,
A Chatterton—in thought admired, caress'd,
And crown'd like Petrarch in the Capitol;
Ere long to die—to fall by his own hand,
And fester with the vilest. Here come two,
Less feverish, less exalted—soon to part,
A Garrick and a Johnson; Wealth and Fame
Awaiting one—even at the gate, Neglect
And Want the other. But what multitudes,
Urged by the love of change, and, like myself,

1 Rousseau.

Adventurous, careless of to-morrow's fare,
Press on—though but a rill entering the Sea,
Entering and lost! Our task would never end.

Day glimmer'd and I went, a gentle breeze
Ruffling the Leman Lake. Wave after wave,
If such they might be call'd, dash'd as in sport,
Not anger, with the pebbles on the beach
Making wild music, and far westward caught
The sun-beam—where, alone and as entranced,
Counting the hours, the fisher in his skiff
Lay with his circular and dotted line,
Fishing in silence. When the heart is light
With hope, all pleases, nothing comes amiss;
And soon a passage-boat swept gaily by,
Laden with peasant-girls and fruits and flowers,
And many a chanticleer and partlet caged
For Vevay's market-place—a motley group
Seen through the silvery haze. But soon 't was gone.
The shifting sail flapp'd idly for an instant,
Then bore them off.
I am not one of those
So dead to all things in this visible world,
So wondrously profound—as to move on
In the sweet light of heaven, like him of old (3)
(His name is justly in the Calendar)
Who through the day pursued this pleasant path
That winds beside the mirror of all beauty, (4)
And, when at eve his fellow-pilgrims sate,
Discoursing of the lake, ask'd where it was.
They marvell'd, as they might; and so must all,
Seeing what now I saw; for now 't was day
And the bright Sun was in the firmament,
A thousand shadows of a thousand hues
Chequering the clear expanse. Awhile his orb
Hung o'er thy trackless fields of snow, Mont Blanc,
Thy seas of ice and ice-built promontories,
That change their shapes for ever as in sport;
Then travell'd onward, and went down behind
The pine-clad heights of Jura, lighting up
The woodman's casement, and perchance his axe
Borne homeward through the forest in his hand;
And, in some deep and melancholy glen,
That dungeon-fortress never to be named,
Where, like a lion taken in the toils,
Toussaint breathed out his brave and generous spirit.
Ah, little did He think, who sent him there,
That he himself, then greatest among men,
Should in like manner be so soon convey'd
Across the ocean—to a rock so small
Amid the countless multitude of waves,
That ships have gone and sought it, and return'd,
Saying it was not!
Still along the shore,
Among the trees I went for many a mile,
Where damsels sit and weave their fishing-nets,
Singing some national song by the way-side.
But now 't was dusk, and journeying by the Rhone,
That there came down, a torrent from the Alps,
I enter'd where a key unlocks a kingdom,[1]
The mountains closing, and the road, the river
Filling the narrow pass. There, till a ray
Glanced through my lattice, and the household-stir
Warn'd me to rise, to rise and to depart,
A stir unusual and accompanied
With many a tuning of rude instruments,
And many a laugh that argued coming pleasure,
Mine host's fair daughter for the nuptial rite,
And nuptial feast attiring—there I slept,
And in my dreams wander'd once more, well-pleased.
But now a charm was on the rocks, and woods,
And waters; for, methought, I was with those
I had at morn, at even, wish'd for there.

II.

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

Night was again descending, when my mule,
That all day long had climb'd among the clouds,
Higher and higher still, as by a stair
Let down from Heaven itself, transporting me,
Stopp'd, to the joy of both, at that low door
So near the summit of the Great St. Bernard;
That door which ever on its hinges moved
To them that knock'd, and nightly sends abroad
Ministering Spirits. Lying on the watch,
Two dogs of grave demeanor welcomed me, (5)
All meekness, gentleness, though large of limb;
And a lay-brother of the Hospital,
Who, as we toil'd below, had heard by fits
The distant echoes gaining on his ear,
Came and held fast my stirrup in his hand,
While I alighted.
Long could I have stood,
With a religious awe contemplating
That House, the highest in the Ancient World,
And placed there for the noblest purposes.
'T was a rude pile of simplest masonry,
With narrow windows and vast buttresses,
Built to endure the shocks of Time and Chance;
Yet showing many a rent, as well it might,
Warr'd on for ever by the elements,
And in an evil day, nor long ago,
By violent men—when on the mountain-top
The French and Austrian banners met in conflict

On the same rock beside it stood the church,
Reft of its cross, not of its sanctity;
The vesper-bell, for 't was the vesper-hour,
Duly proclaiming through the wilderness,
"All ye who hear, whatever be your work,
Stop for an instant—move your lips in prayer!"
And, just beneath it, in that dreary dale,
If dale it might be call'd, so near to Heaven,
A little lake, where never fish leap'd up,
Lay like a spot of ink amid the snow;
A star, the only one in that small sky,
On its dead surface glimmering. 'T was a scene
Resembling nothing I had left behind,
As though all worldly ties were now dissolved;—
And to incline the mind still more to thought,
To thought and sadness, on the eastern shore
Under a beetling cliff stood half in shadow
A lonely chapel destined for the dead,
For such as, having wander'd from their way,
Had perish'd miserably Side by side,
Within they lie, a mournful company
All in their shrouds, no earth to cover them;
Their features full of life, yet motionless
In the broad day, nor soon to suffer change,

[1] St. Maurice.

Though the barr'd windows, barr'd against the wolf,
Are always open!
But the *Bise* blew cold; (6)
And, bidden to a spare but cheerful meal,
I sate among the holy brotherhood
At their long board. The fare indeed was such
As is prescribed on days of abstinence,
But might have pleased a nicer taste than mine;
And through the floor came up, an ancient matron
Serving unseen below; while from the roof
(The roof, the floor, the walls of native fir),
A lamp hung flickering, such as loves to fling
Its partial light on Apostolic heads,
And sheds a grace on all. Theirs Time as yet
Had changed not. Some were almost in the prime;
Nor was a brow o'ercast. Seen as I saw them,
Ranged round their ample hearth-stone in an hour
Of rest, they were as gay, as free from guile,
As children; answering, and at once, to all
The gentler impulses, to pleasure, mirth;
Mingling, at intervals, with rational talk
Music; and gathering news from them that came,
As of some other world. But when the storm
Rose, and the snow roll'd on in ocean-billows,
When on his face the experienced traveller fell,
Sheltering his lips and nostrils with his hands,
Then all was changed; and, sallying with their pack
Into that blank of nature, they became
Unearthly beings. "Anselm, higher up,
Just where it drifts, a dog howls loud and long,
And now, as guided by a voice from Heaven,
Digs with his feet. That noble vehemence
Whose can it be, but his who never err'd?
Let us to work! there is no time to lose!—
But who descends Mont Velan? 'T is La Croix.
Away, away! if not, alas, too late.
Homeward he drags an old man and a boy,
Faltering and falling, and but half awaken'd,
Asking to sleep again." Such their discourse.

Oft has a venerable roof received me;
St. Bruno's once[1] (7)—where, when the winds were hush'd,
Nor from the cataract the voice came up,
You might have heard the mole work underground,
So great the stillness of that place; none seen,
Save when from rock to rock a hermit cross'd
By some rude bridge—or one at midnight toll'd
To matins, and white habits, issuing forth,
Glided along those aisles interminable,
All, all observant of the sacred law
Of Silence. Nor is that sequester'd spot,
Once called "Sweet Waters," now "The Shady Vale,"[2]
To me unknown; that house so rich of old,
So courteous, (8) and by two, that pass'd that way,[3]
Amply requited with immortal verse,
The Poet's payment.
But, among them all,
None can with this compare, the dangerous seat
Of generous, active Virtue. What though Frost
Reign everlastingly, and ice and snow
Thaw not, but gather—there is that within,
Which, where it comes, makes Summer; and in thought,
Oft am I sitting on the bench beneath
Their garden-plot, where all that vegetates
Is but some scanty lettuce, to observe
Those from the South ascending, every step
As though it were their last—and instantly
Restored, renew'd, advancing as with songs,
Soon as they see, turning a lofty crag,
That plain, that modest structure, promising
Bread to the hungry, (9) to the weary rest.

III.

THE DESCENT.

My mule refresh'd—and, let the truth be told,
He was not of that vile, that scurvy race,
From sire to son lovers of controversy,
But patient, diligent, and sure of foot,
Shunning the loose stone on the precipice,
Snorting suspicion while with sight, smell, touch,
Examining the wet and spongy moss,
And on his haunches sitting to slide down
The steep, the smooth—my mule refresh'd, his bells
Gingled once more, the signal to depart,
And we set out in the grey light of dawn,
Descending rapidly—by waterfalls
Fast-frozen, and among huge blocks of ice
That in their long career had stopt mid-way,
At length, uncheck'd, unbidden, he stood still;
And all his bells were muffled. Then my Guide,
Lowering his voice, address'd me: "Through this Chasm
On and say nothing—for a word, a breath,
Stirring the air, may loosen and bring down
A winter's snow—enough to overwhelm
The horse and foot that, night and day, defiled
Along this path to conquer at Marengo.
Well I remember how I met them here,
As the light died away, and how Napoleon,
Wrapt in his cloak—I could not be deceived—
Rein'd in his horse, and ask'd me, as I pass'd,
How far 't was to St. Remi. Where the rock
Juts forward, and the road, crumbling away,
Narrows almost to nothing at its base,
'T was there; and down along the brink he led
To Victory!—Dessaix, who turn'd the scale, (10)
Leaving his life-blood in that famous field
(When the clouds break, we may discern the spot
In the blue haze), sleeps, as you saw at dawn,
Just as you enter'd, in the Hospital-church."
So saying, for awhile he held his peace,
Awe-struck beneath that dreadful Canopy;
But soon, the danger pass'd, launch'd forth again.

IV.

JORASSE.

Jorasse was in his three-and-twentieth year;
Graceful and active as a stag just roused;
Gentle withal, and pleasant in his speech,
Yet seldom seen to smile. He had grown up
Among the Hunters of the Higher Alps;
Had caught their starts and fits of thoughtfulness,
Their haggard looks, and strange soliloquies,
Said to arise by those who dwell below,
From frequent dealings with the Mountain-Spirits.
But other ways had taught him better things;

1 The Grande Chartreuse.
2 Vallombrosa, formerly called Acqua Bella.
3 Ariosto and Milton.

And now he number'd, marching by my side,
The Savans, Princes, who with him had cross'd
The frozen tract, with him familiarly
Through the rough day and rougher night conversed
In many a chalêt round the Peak of Terror,[1]
Round Tacul, Tour, Well-horn and Rosenlau,
And Her, whose throne is inaccessible,[2]
Who sits, withdrawn, in virgin-majesty,
Nor oft unveils. Anon an Avalanche
Roll'd its long thunder; and a sudden crash,
Sharp and metallic, to the startled ear
Told that far-down a continent of Ice
Had burst in twain. But he had now begun;
And with what transport he recall'd the hour
When to deserve, to win his blooming bride,
Madelaine of Annecy, to his feet he bound
The iron crampons, and, ascending, trod
The Upper realms of Frost; then, by a cord
Let half-way down, enter'd a Grot star-bright,
And gather'd from above, below, around, (11)
The pointed crystals!
Once, nor long before (12)
(Thus did his tongue run on, fast as his feet,
And with an eloquence that Nature gives
To all her children—breaking off by starts
Into the harsh and rude, oft as the Mule
Drew his displeasure) once, nor long before,
Alone at day-break on the Mettenberg,
He slipp'd, he fell; and, through a fearful cleft
Gliding from ledge to ledge, from deep to deeper,
Went to the Under-world! Long-while he lay
Upon his rugged bed—then waked like one
Wishing to sleep again and sleep for ever!
For, looking round, he saw or thought he saw
Innumerable branches of a Cavern,
Winding beneath a solid crust of ice;
With here and there a rent that show'd the stars!
What then, alas, was left him but to die?
What else in those immeasurable chambers,
Strewn with the bones of miserable men,
Lost like himself? Yet must he wander on,
Till cold and hunger set his spirit free!
And, rising, he began his dreary round;
When hark, the noise as of some mighty River
Working its way to light! Back he withdrew,
But soon return'd, and, fearless from despair,
Dash'd down the dismal Channel; and all day,
If day could be where utter darkness was,
Travell'd incessantly, the craggy roof
Just over-head, and the impetuous waves,
Nor broad nor deep, yet with a giant's strength
Lashing him on. At last the water slept
In a dead lake—at the third step he took,
Unfathomable—and the roof, that long
Had threaten'd, suddenly descending, lay
Flat on the surface. Statue-like he stood,
His journey ended; when a ray divine
Shot through his soul. Breathing a prayer to Her
Whose ears are never shut, the Blessed Virgin,
He plunged, he swam—and in an instant rose,
The barrier past, in light, in sunshine! Through
A smiling valley, full of cottages,
Glittering the river ran; and on the bank
The young were dancing ('t was a festival-day)
All in their best attire. There first he saw
His Madelaine. In the crowd she stood to hear,
When all drew round, inquiring; and her face,
Seen behind all, and, varying, as he spoke,
With hope, and fear, and generous sympathy,
Subdued him. From that very hour he loved.

The tale was long, but coming to a close,
When his dark eyes flash'd fire, and, stopping short,
He listen'd and look'd up. I look'd up too;
And twice there came a hiss that through me thrill'd!
'T was heard no more. A Chamois on the cliff
Had roused his fellows with that cry of fear,
And all were gone.
But now the thread was broken
Love and its joys had vanish'd from his mind;
And he recounted his hair-breadth escapes
When with his friend, Hubert of Bionnay,
(His ancient carbine from his shoulder slung,
His axe to hew a stair-case in the ice)
He track'd their footsteps. By a cloud surprised,
Upon a crag among the precipices,
Where the next step had hurl'd them fifty fathoms,
Oft had they stood, lock'd in each other's arms,
All the long night under a freezing sky,
Each guarding each the while from sleeping, falling.
Oh, 't was a sport he loved dearer than life,
And only would with life itself relinquish!
"My sire, my grandsire died among these wilds.
As for myself," he cried, and he held forth
His wallet in his hand, "this do I call
My winding-sheet—for I shall have no other!"

And he spoke truth. Within a little month
He lay among these awful solitudes,
('T was on a glacier—half-way up to Heaven)
Taking his final rest. Long did his wife,
Suckling her babe, her only one, look out
The way he went at parting, but he came not!
Long fear to close her eyes, lest in her sleep
(Such their belief) he should appear before her,
Frozen and ghastly pale, or crush'd and bleeding,
To tell her where he lay, and supplicate
For the last rite! At length the dismal news
Came to her ears, and to her eyes his corse.

V.

MARGUERITE DE TOURS.

Now the grey granite, starting through the snow,
Discover'd many a variegated moss[1]
That to the pilgrim resting on his staff
Shadows out capes and islands; and ere long
Numberless flowers, such as disdain to live
In lower regions, and delighted drink
The clouds before they fall, flowers of all hues,
With their diminutive leaves cover'd the ground.
'T was then, that, turning by an ancient larch,
Shiver'd in two, yet most majestical
With its long level branches, we observed
A human figure sitting on a stone
Far down by the way-side—just where the rock
Is riven asunder, and the Evil One
Has bridged the gulf, a wondrous monument (13)

1 The Schrekhorn. 2 The Jung-frau.

1 Lichen Geographicus.

Built in one night, from which the flood beneath,
Raging along, all foam, is seen not heard,
And seen as motionless!
Nearer we drew,
And 't was a woman young and delicate,
Wrapt in a russet cloak from head to foot,
Her eyes cast down, her cheek upon her hand
In deepest thought. Young as she was, she wore
The matron-cap; and from her shape we judged,
As well we might, that it would not be long
Ere she became a mother. Pale she look'd,
Yet cheerful; though, methought, once, if not twice,
She wiped away a tear that would be coming:
And in those moments her small hat of straw,
Worn on one side, and garnish'd with a riband
Glittering with gold, but ill conceal'd a face
Not soon to be forgotten. Rising up
On our approach, she journey'd slowly on;
And my companion, long before we met,
Knew, and ran down to greet her.
She was born
(Such was her artless tale, told with fresh tears)
In Val d'Aosta; and an Alpine stream,
Leaping from crag to crag in its short course
To join the Dora, turn'd her father's mill.
There did she blossom till a Valaisan,
A townsman of Martigny, won her heart,
Much to the old man's grief. Long he held out,
Unwilling to resign her; and at length,
When the third summer came, they stole a match
And fled. The act was sudden; and when far
Away, her spirit had misgivings. Then
She pictured to herself that aged face
Sickly and wan, in sorrow, not in anger;
And, when at last she heard his hour was near,
Went forth unseen, and, burden'd as she was,
Cross'd the high Alps on foot to ask forgiveness,
And hold him to her heart before he died.
Her task was done. She had fulfill'd her wish,
And now was on her way, rejoicing, weeping.
A frame like hers had suffer'd; but her love
Was strong within her; and right on she went,
Fearing no ill. May all good Angels guard her!
And should I once again, as once I may,
Visit Martigny, I will not forget
Thy hospitable roof, Marguerite de Tours;
Thy sign the silver swan.[1] Heaven prosper Thee!

VI.

THE ALPS.

Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,
Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon and night,
Still where they were, stedfast, immovable;
Who first beholds the Alps—that mighty chain
Of Mountains, stretching on from east to west,
So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal,
As to belong rather to Heaven than Earth—
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 't is a moment
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever?

To me they seem'd the barriers of a World,
Saying, Thus far, no farther! and as o'er
The level plain I travell'd silently,
Nearing them more and more, day after day,
My wandering thoughts my only company,
And they before me still, oft as I look'd,
A strange delight, mingled with fear, came o'er me
A wonder as at things I had not heard of!
Oft as I look'd, I felt as though it were
For the first time!
Great was the tumult there,
Deafening the din, when in barbaric pomp
The Carthaginian on his march to Rome
Entered their fastnesses. Trampling the snows,
The war-horse reared; and the tower'd elephant
Upturn'd his trunk into the murky sky,
Then tumbled headlong, swallow'd up and lost,
He and his rider.
Now the scene is changed;
And o'er Mont Cenis, o'er the Simplon winds
A path of pleasure. Like a silver zone
Flung about carelessly, it shines afar,
Catching the eye in many a broken link,
In many a turn and traverse as it glides;
And oft above and oft below appears,
Seen o'er the wall by him who journeys up,
As though it were another, not the same,
Leading along he knows not whence or whither
Yet through its fairy course, go where it will,
The torrent stops it not, the rugged rock
Opens and lets it in; and on it runs,
Winning its easy way from clime to clime
Through glens lock'd up before.
Not such *my* path!
Mine but for those, who, like Jean Jacques, delight (14)
In dizziness, gazing and shuddering on
Till fascination comes and the brain turns!
Mine, though I judge but from my ague-fits
Over the Drance, just where the Abbot fell, (15)
The same as Hannibal's.
But now 't is past,
That turbulent Chaos; and the promised land
Lies at my feet in all its loveliness!
To him who starts up from a terrible dream,
And lo the sun is shining, and the lark
Singing aloud for joy, to him is not
Such sudden ravishment as now I feel
At the first glimpses of fair Italy.

VII.

COMO.

I love to sail along the Larian Lake
Under the shore—though not to visit Pliny,
To catch him musing in his plane-tree walk,
Or fishing, as he might be, from his window:
And, to deal plainly, (may his Shade forgive me!)
Could I recall the ages past, and play
The fool with Time, I should perhaps reserve
My leisure for Catullus on *his* Lake,
Though to fare worse, or Virgil at his farm
A little further on the way to Mantua.
But such things cannot be. So I sit still,
And let the boatman shift his little sail,
His sail so forked and so swallow-like,
Well-pleased with all that comes. The morning air
Plays on my cheek how gently, flinging round
A silvery gleam: and now the purple mists

1 La Cygne.

Rise like a curtain; now the sun looks out,
Filling, o'erflowing with his glorious light
This noble amphitheatre of mountains;
And now appear as on a phosphor-sea
Numberless barks, from Milan, from Pavia;
Some sailing up, some down, and some at anchor,
Lading, unlading at that small port-town
Under the promontory—its tall tower
And long flat roofs, just such as Poussin drew,
Caught by a sun-beam slanting through a cloud;
A quay-like scene, glittering and full of life,
And doubled by reflection.
What delight,
After so long a sojourn in the wild,
To hear once more the sounds of cheerful labor!
—But in a clime like this where are they not?
Along the shores, among the hills 't is now
The heyday of the Vintage; all abroad,
But most the young and of the gentler sex,
Busy in gathering; all among the vines,
Some on the ladder, and some underneath,
Filling their baskets of green wicker-work,
While many a canzonet and frolic laugh
Come through the leaves; the vines in light festoons
From tree to tree, the trees in avenues,
And every avenue a cover'd walk,
Hung with black clusters. 'T is enough to make
The sad man merry, the benevolent one
Melt into tears—so general is the joy!
While up and down the cliffs, over the lake,
Wains oxen-drawn, and pannier'd mules are seen,
Laden with grapes, and dropping rosy wine.

Here I received from thee, Filippo Mori,
One of those courtesies so sweet, so rare!
When, as I rambled through thy vineyard-ground
On the hill-side, thou sent'st thy little son,
Charged with a bunch almost as big as he,
To press it on the stranger.
May thy vats
O'erflow, and he, thy willing gift-bearer,
Live to become ere-long himself a giver;
And in due time, when thou art full of honor,
The staff of thine old age!
In a strange land
Such things, however trifling, reach the heart,
And through the heart the head, clearing away
The narrow notions that grow up at home,
And in their place grafting Good-Will to All.
At least I found it so; nor less at eve,
When, bidden as an English traveller
('T was by a little boat that gave me chase
With oar and sail, as homeward-bound I cross'd
The bay of Tramezzine), right readily
I turn'd my prow and follow'd, landing soon
Where steps of purest marble met the wave;
Where, through the trellises and corridors,
Soft music came as from Armida's palace,
Breathing enchantment o'er the woods, the waters;
And through a bright pavilion, bright as day,
Forms such as hers were flitting, lost among
Such as of old in sober pomp swept by,
Such as adorn the triumphs and the feasts
Painted by Càgliari; (16) where the world danced
Under the starry sky, while I look'd on,
Admiring, listening, quaffing gramolata, (17)
And reading, in the eyes that sparkled round,
The thousand love-adventures written there.

Can I forget—no, never, such a scene
So full of witchery! Night linger'd still,
When, with a dying breeze, I left Bellaggio;
But the strain follow'd me; and still I saw
Thy smile, Angelica; and still I heard
Thy voice—once and again bidding adieu.

VIII.

BERGAMO.

The song was one that I had heard before,
But where I knew not. It inclined to sadness;
And, turning round from the delicious fare
My landlord's little daughter, Barbara,
Had from her apron just roll'd out before me,
Figs and rock-melons—at the door I saw,
Two boys of lively aspect. Peasant-like
They were, and poorly clad, but not unskill'd;
With their small voices and an old guitar
Winning their mazy progress to my heart
In that, the only universal language.
But soon they changed the measure, entering on
A pleasant dialogue of sweet and sour,
A war of words, and waged with looks and gestures,
Between Trappanti and his ancient dame,
Mona Lucilia. To and fro it went;
While many a titter on the stairs was heard,
And Barbara's among them.
When 't was done,
Their dark eyes flash'd no longer, yet, methought,
In many a glance as from the soul, express'd
More than enough to serve them. Far or near,
Few let them pass unnoticed; and there was not
A mother round about for many a league,
But could repeat their story. Twins they were,
And orphans, as I learnt, cast on the world;
Their parents lost in the old ferry-boat
That, three years since, last Martinmas, went down
Crossing the rough Penacus.[1]
May they live
Blameless and happy—rich they cannot be,
Like him who, in the days of Minstrelsy, (18)
Came in a beggar's weeds to Petrarch's door,
Crying without, "Give me a lay to sing!"
And soon in silk (such then the power of song)
Return'd to thank him; or like him, wayworn
And lost, who, by the foaming Adigè
Descending from the Tyrol, as night fell,
Knock'd at a city-gate near the hill-foot,
The gate that bore so long, sculptured in stone,
An eagle on a ladder, and at once
Found welcome—nightly in the banner'd hall
Tuning his harp to tales of Chivalry
Before the great Mastino, (19) and his guests,
The three-and-twenty, by some adverse fortune,
By war or treason or domestic malice,
Reft of their kingly crowns, reft of their all,
And living on his bounty.
But who now
Enters the chamber, flourishing a scroll
In his right hand, his left at every step

1 Lago di Garda.

Brushing the floor with what was once a hat
Of ceremony. Gliding on, he comes,
Slipshod, ungarter'd; his long suit of black
Dingy and threadbare, though renew'd in patches
Till it has almost ceased to be the old one.
At length arrived, and with a shrug that pleads
"'T is my necessity!" he stops and speaks,
Screwing a smile into his dinnerless face.

"I am a Poet, Signor:—give me leave
To bid you welcome. Though you shrink from notice,
The splendor of your name has gone before you;
And Italy from sea to sea rejoices,
As well indeed she may! But I transgress:
I too have known the weight of praise, and ought
To spare another."
Saying so, he laid
His sonnet, an impromptu, on my table,
And bow'd and left me; in his hollow hand
Receiving my small tribute, a zecchino,
Unconsciously, as doctors do their fees.

My omelet, and a flagon of hill-wine,
"The very best in Bergamo!" had long
Fled from all eyes; or, like the young Gil Blas
De Santillane, I had perhaps been seen
Bartering my bread and salt for empty praise.

IX.

ITALY.

Am I in Italy? Is this the Mincius?
Are those the distant turrets of Verona?
And shall I sup where Juliet at the Masque (20)
Saw her loved Montague, and now sleeps by him?
Such questions hourly do I ask myself; (21)
And not a finger-post by the road-side
"To Mantua"—"To Ferrara"—but excites
Surprise, and doubt, and self-congratulation.

O Italy, how beautiful thou art!
Yet I could weep—for thou art lying, alas!
Low in the dust; and they who come, admire thee
As we admire the beautiful in death.
Thine was a dangerous gift, the gift of Beauty.
Would thou hadst less, or wert as once thou wast,
Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee!
—But why despair? Twice hast thou lived already,
Twice shone among the nations of the world, (22)
As the sun shines among the lesser lights
Of heaven; and shalt again. The hour shall come,
When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,
Who, like the eagle cowering o'er his prey,
Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again
If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess
Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame
Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,
And, dying, left a splendor like the day,
That like the day diffused itself, and still
Blesses the earth—the light of genius, virtue,
Greatness in thought and act, contempt of death,
Godlike example. Echoes that have slept
Since Athens, Lacedæmon, were themselves,
Since men invoked "By Those in Marathon!"
Awake along the Ægean; and the dead,
They of that sacred shore, have heard the call,
And through the ranks, from wing to wing, are seen
Moving as once they were—instead of rage
Breathing deliberate valor.

X.

COLL'ALTO.

In this neglected mirror (23) (the broad frame
Of massive silver serves to testify
That many a noble matron of the house
Has sate before it) once, alas, was seen
What led to many sorrows. From that time
The bat came hither for a sleeping-place;
And he, who cursed another in his heart,
Said, "Be thy dwelling through the day, the night,
Shunn'd like Coll'alto." 'T was in that old Castle,
Which flanks the cliff with its grey battlements
Flung here and there, and, like an eagle's nest,
Hangs in the Trevisan, that thus the Steward,
Shaking his locks, the few that Time had left him,
Address'd me, as we enter'd what was call'd
"My Lady's Chamber." On the walls, the chairs,
Much yet remain'd of the rich tapestry;
Much of the adventures of Sir Lancelot
In the green glades of some enchanted forest.
The toilet-table was of massive silver,
Florentine Art, when Florence was renown'd;
A gay confusion of the elements,
Dolphins and boys, and shells and fruits and flowers.
And from the ceiling, in his gilded cage,
Hung a small bird of curious workmanship,
That, when his Mistress bade him, would unfold
(So said at least the babbling Dame, Tradition)
His emerald-wings, and sing and sing again
The song that pleased her. While I stood and look'd,
A gleam of day yet lingering in the West,
The Steward went on.
"She had ('t is now long since)
A gentle serving-maid, the fair Cristina,
Fair as a lily, and as spotless too;
None so admired, beloved. They had grown up
As play-fellows; and some there were, who said,
Some who knew much, discoursing of Cristina,
'She is not what she seems.' When unrequired,
She would steal forth; her custom, her delight,
To wander through and through an ancient grove
Self-planted half-way down, losing herself
Like one in love with sadness; and her veil
And vesture white, seen ever in that place,
Ever as surely as the hours came round,
Among those reverend trees, gave her below
The name of The White Lady. But the day
Is gone, and I delay you.
In that chair
The Countess, as it might be now, was sitting,
Her gentle serving-maid, the fair Cristina,
Combing her golden hair; and, through this door
The Count, her lord, was hastening, call'd away
By letters of great urgency to Venice;
When in the glass she saw, as she believed,
('T was an illusion of the Evil Spirit—
Some say he came and cross'd it at the instant)
A smile, a glance at parting, given and answer'd,
That turn'd her blood to gall. That very night
The deed was done. That night, ere yet the Moon
Was up on Monte Calvo, and the wolf

Saying as still he does (oft do I hear him,
An hour and more by the old turret-clock),
They led her forth, the unhappy lost Cristina,
Helping her down in her distress—to die.

"No blood was spilt; no instrument of death
Lurk'd—or stood forth, declaring its bad purpose;
Nor was a hair of her unblemish'd head
Hurt in that hour. Fresh as a flower ungather'd,
And warm with life, her youthful pulses playing,
She was wall'd up within the Castle-wall. (24)
The wall itself was hollow'd to receive her;
Then closed again, and done to line and rule.
Would you descend and see it?—'T is far down;
And many a stair is gone. 'T is in a vault
Under the Chapel: and there nightly now,
As in the narrow niche, when smooth and fair,
And as though nothing had been done or thought of,
The stone-work rose before her, till the light
Glimmer'd and went—there, nightly, at that hour
(You smile, and would it were an idle tale!
Would we could say so!) at that hour she stands
Shuddering—her eyes uplifted, and her hands
Join'd as in prayer; then, like a Blessed Soul
Bursting the tomb, springs forward, and away
Flies o'er the woods, the mountains. Issuing forth, (25)
The hunter meets her in his hunting track;
The shepherd on the heath, starting, exclaims
(For still she bears the name she bore of old)
'T is the White Lady'!"

XI.

VENICE.

There is a glorious City in the Sea.
The Sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the Sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating City—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than Eastern splendor,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
The fronts of some, though Time had shatter'd them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art, (26)
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

Thither I came, and in a wondrous Ark,
(That, long before we slipt our cable, rang
As with the voices of all living things)
From Padua, where the stars are, night by night,
Watch'd from the top of an old dungeon-tower,
Whence blood ran once, the tower of Ezzelin—(27)
Not as he watch'd them, when he read his fate
And shudder'd. But of him I thought not then,
Him or his horoscope; far, far from me
The forms of Guilt and Fear; though some were there,
Sitting among us round the cabin-board,
Some who, like him, had cried, "Spill blood enough!"
And could shake long at shadows. They had play'd
Their parts at Padua, and were now returning;
A vagrant crew, and careless of to-morrow, (28)
Careless and full of mirth. Who, in that quaver,
Sings "Caro, Caro?"—'T is the Prima Donna,
And to her monkey, smiling in his face,
Who, as transported, cries, "Brava! Ancora?"
'T is a grave personage, an old macaw,
Perch'd on her shoulder. But mark him who leaps
Ashore, and with a shout urges along
The lagging mules; (29) then runs and climbs a tree
That with its branches overhangs the stream,
And, like an acorn, drops on deck again.
'T is he who speaks not, stirs not, but we laugh;
That child of fun and frolic, Arlecchino. (30)
And mark their Poet—with what emphasis
He prompts the young Soubrette, conning her part!
Her tongue plays truant, and he raps his box,
And prompts again; for ever looking round
As if in search of subjects for his wit,
His satire; and as often whispering
Things, though unheard, not unimaginable.

Had I thy pencil, Crabbe (when thou hast done,—
Late may it be—it will, like Prospero's staff,
Be buried fifty fathoms in the earth),
I would portray the Italian—Now I cannot.
Subtle, discerning, eloquent, the slave
Of Love, of Hate, for ever in extremes;
Gentle when unprovoked, easily won,
But quick in quarrel—through a thousand shades
His spirit flits, chameleon-like; and mocks
The eye of the observer.
Gliding on,
At length we leave the river for the sea.
At length a voice aloft proclaims "Venezia!"
And, as call'd forth, it comes.
A few in fear,
Flying away from him whose boast it was,[1]
That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,
Gave birth to Venice. Like the water-fowl,
They built their nests among the ocean-waves;
And, where the sands were shifting, as the wind
Blew from the north, the south; where they that came,
Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,
Rose, like an exhalation, from the deep,
A vast Metropolis, (31) with glittering spires,
With theatres, basilicas adorn'd;
A scene of light and glory, a dominion,
That has endured the longest among men.

And whence the talisman, by which she rose,
Towering? 'T was found there in the barren sea.
Want led to Enterprise; and, far or near,
Who met not the Venetian?—now in Cairo;
Ere yet the Califa came, (32) listening to hear
Its bells approaching from the Red-Sea coast;
Now on the Euxine, on the Sea of Azoph,
In converse with the Persian, with the Russ,
The Tartar; on his lowly deck receiving
Pearls from the gulf of Ormus, gems from Bagdad;
Eyes brighter yet, that shed the light of love,
From Georgia, from Circassia. Wandering round,
When in the rich bazaar he saw, display'd,
Treasures from unknown climes, away he went,
And, travelling slowly upward, drew ere-long

1 Attila.

From the well-head, supplying all below;
Making the Imperial City of the East,
Herself, his tributary.
If we turn
To the black forests of the Rhine, the Danube,
Where o'er each narrow glen a castle hangs,
And, like the wolf that hunger'd at his door,
The baron lived by rapine—there we meet,
In warlike guise, the Caravan from Venice;
When on its march, now lost and now emerging,
A glittering file, the trumpet heard, the scouts
Sent and recall'd—but at a city-gate
All gaiety, and look'd for ere it comes;
Winning its way with all that can attract,
Cages, whence every wild cry of the desert,
Jugglers, stage-dancers. Well might Charlemain,
And his brave peers, each with his visor up,
On their long lances lean and gaze awhile,
When the Venetian to their eyes disclosed
The Wonders of the East! Well might they then
Sigh for new Conquests!
Thus did Venice rise,
Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came,
That in the Tagus had arrived a fleet
From India, from the region of the Sun,
Fragrant with spices—that a way was found,
A channel open'd, and the golden stream
Turn'd to enrich another. Then she felt
Her strength departing, and at last she fell,
Fell in an instant, blotted out and razed;
She who had stood yet longer than the longest
Of the Four Kingdoms—who, as in an Ark,
Had floated down, amid a thousand wrecks,
Uninjured, from the Old World to the New,
From the last trace of civilized life—to where
Light shone again, and with unclouded splendor.

Though many an age in the mid-sea She dwelt,
From her retreat calmly contemplating
The changes of the Earth, herself unchanged.
Before her pass'd, as in an awful dream,
The mightiest of the mighty. What are these,
Clothed in their purple? O'er the globe they fling
Their monstrous shadows; and, while yet we speak,
Phantom-like, vanish with a dreadful scream!
What—but the last that styled themselves the Cæsars?
And who in long array (look where they come;
Their gestures menacing so far and wide)
Wear the green turban and the heron's plume?
Who—but the Caliphs? follow'd fast by shapes
As new and strange—Emperor, and King, and Czar,
And Soldan, each, with a gigantic stride,
Trampling on all the flourishing works of peace
To make his greatness greater, and inscribe
His name in blood—some, men of steel, steel-clad;
Others, nor long, alas, the interval,
In light and gay attire, with brow serene
Wielding Jove's thunder, scattering sulphurous fire
Mingled with darkness; and, among the rest,
Lo, one by one, passing continually,
Those who assume a sway beyond them all;
Men grey with age, each in a triple crown,
And in his tremulous hands grasping the keys
That can alone, as he would signify,
Unlock Heaven's gate.

XII.

LUIGI.

He who is on his travels and loves ease,
Ease and companionship, should hire a youth,
Such as thou wert, Luigi. Thee I found,
Playing at Mora (33) on the cabin-roof
With Pulcinella—crying, as in wrath,
"Tre! Quattro! Cinque!"—'t is a game to strike
Fire from the coldest heart. What then from thine
And, ere the twentieth throw, I had resolved,
Won by thy looks. Thou wert an honest lad;
Wert generous, grateful, not without ambition.
Had it depended on thy will and pleasure,
Thou wouldst have number'd in thy family
At least six Doges and twelve Procurators. (34)
But that was not to be. In thee I saw
The last of a long line of Carbonari,
Who in their forest, for three hundred years,
Had lived and labor'd, cutting, charring wood;
Discovering where they were, to those astray,
By the re-echoing stroke, the crash, the fall,
Or the blue wreath that travell'd slowly up
Into the sky. Thy nobler destinies
Led thee away to justle in the crowd;
And there I found thee—by thy own prescription
Crossing the sea to try once more a change
Of air and diet, landing and as gaily,
Near the Dogana—on the Great Canal,
As though thou knewest where to dine and sleep.

First didst thou practise patience in Bologna,
Serving behind a Cardinal's gouty chair,
Laughing at jests that were no laughing matter;
Then teach the Art to others in Ferrara
—At the Three Moors—as Guide, as Cicerone—
Dealing out largely in exchange for pence
Thy scraps of knowledge—through the grassy street
Leading, explaining—pointing to the bars
Of Tasso's dungeon, and the Latin verse,
Graven in the stone, that yet denotes the door
Of Ariosto.
Many a year is gone
Since on the Rhine we parted; yet, methinks,
I can recall thee to the life, Luigi;
In our long journey ever by my side,
O'er rough and smooth, o'er apennine, maremma;
Thy locks jet-black, and clustering round a face
Open as day and full of manly daring.
Thou hadst a hand, a heart for all that came,
Herdsman or pedlar, monk or muleteer;
And few there were, that met thee not with smiles.
Mishap pass'd o'er thee like a summer-cloud.
Cares thou hadst none; and they, who stood to hear thee,
Caught the infection and forgot their own.
Nature conceived thee in her merriest mood,
Her happiest—not a speck was in the sky;
And at thy birth the cricket chirp'd, Luigi,
Thine a perpetual voice—at every turn
A larum to the echo. In a clime,
Where all the world was gay, thou wert the gayest,
And, like a babe, hush'd only by thy slumbers,
Up hill and down, morning and noon and night,
Singing or talking; singing to thyself
When none gave ear, but to the listener talking.

XIII.

ST. MARK'S PLACE.

OVER how many tracts, vast, measureless,
Nothing from day to day, from year to year,
Passes, save now and then a cloud, a meteor,
A famish'd eagle ranging for his prey;
While on this spot of earth, the work of man,
How much has been transacted! Emperors, Popes,
Warriors, from far and wide, laden with spoil,
Landing, have here perform'd their several parts,
Then left the stage to others. Not a stone
In the broad pavement, but to him who has
An eye, an ear for the Inanimate World,
Tells of Past Ages.
In that temple-porch
(The brass is gone, the porphyry remains), (35)
Did Barbarossa fling his mantle off,
And, kneeling, on his neck receive the foot
Of the proud Pontiff (36)—thus at last consoled
For flight, disguise, and many an aguish shake
On his stone pillow. In that temple-porch,
Old as he was, so near his hundredth year,
And blind—his eyes put out—did Dandolo
Stand forth, displaying on his ducal crown
The cross just then assumed at the high altar.
There did he stand, erect, invincible,
Though wan his cheeks, and wet with many tears,
For in his prayers he had been weeping much;
And now the pilgrims and the people wept
With admiration, saying in their hearts,
"Surely those aged limbs have need of rest!"
—There did he stand, with his old armor on,
Ere, gonfalon in hand, that stream'd aloft,
As conscious of its glorious destiny,
So soon to float o'er mosque and minaret,
He sail'd away, five hundred gallant ships,
Their lofty sides hung with emblazon'd shields,
Following his track to Glory. He returned not;
But of his trophies four arrived ere-long,
Snatch'd from destruction—the four steeds divine,
That strike the ground, resounding with their feet, (37)
And from their nostrils snort ethereal flame
Over that very portal—in the place
Where in an after-time Petrarch was seen
Sitting beside the Doge, on his right hand,
Amid the ladies of the court of Venice,
Their beauty shaded from the setting sun
By many-color'd hangings; while, beneath,
Knights of all nations, some from merry England, (38)
Their lances in the rest, charged for the prize.

Here, among other pageants, and how oft
It came, as if returning to console
The least, instruct the greatest, did the Doge,
Himself, go round, borne through the gazing crowd,
Once in a chair of state, once on his bier.
They were his first appearance, and his last.

The sea, that emblem of uncertainty,
Changed not so fast for many and many an age,
As this small spot. To-day 't was full of maskers;
And lo, the madness of the Carnival, (39)
The monk, the nun, the holy legate mask'd!
To-morrow came the scaffold and the heads-man;
And he died there by torch-light, bound and gagg'd,
Whose name and crime they knew not. Underneath
Where the Archangel, turning with the wind,
Blesses the City from the topmost-tower,
His arms extended—there continually
Two phantom-shapes were sitting, side by side,
Or up, and, as in sport, chasing each other;
Horror and Mirth. Both vanish'd in one hour!
But Ocean only, when again he claims
His ancient rule, shall wash away their footsteps.

Enter the Palace by the marble stairs[1]
Down which the grizzly head of old Faliero
Roll'd from the block. (40) Pass onward through the Chamber,
Where, among all drawn in their ducal robes,
But one is wanting—where, thrown off in heat,
A short inscription on the Doge's chair
Led to another on the wall yet shorter; (41)
And thou wilt track them—wilt from halls of state
Where kings have feasted, and the festal song
Rung through the fretted roof, cedar and gold,
Step into darkness; and be told, "'T was here,
Trusting, deceived, assembled but to die,
To take a long embrace and part again,
Carrara and his valiant sons were strangled;
He first—then they, whose only crime had been
Struggling to save their Father.—Through that door
So soon to cry, smiting his brow, "I'm lost!"
Was shown, and with all courtesy, all honor,
The great and noble captain, Carmagnola.—(42)
That deep descent (thou canst not yet discern
Aught as it is) leads to the dripping vaults
Under the flood, where light and warmth came never!
Leads to a cover'd Bridge, the Bridge of Sighs;
And to that fatal closet at the foot,
Lurking for prey, which, when a victim enter'd,
Grew less and less, contracting to a span;
An iron door, urged onward by a screw,
Forcing out life.—But let us to the roof,
And, when thou hast survey'd the sea, the land,
Visit the narrow cells that cluster there,
As in a place of tombs. They had their tenants,
And each supplied with sufferings of his own.
There burning suns beat unrelentingly,
Turning all things to dust, and scorching up
The brain, till Reason fled, and the wild yell
And wilder laugh burst out on every side,
Answering each other as in mockery!
—Few Houses of the size were better fill'd;
Though many came and left it in an hour.
"Most nights," so said the good old Nicolo
(For three-and-thirty years his uncle kept
The water-gate below, but seldom spoke,
Though much was on his mind), "most nights arrived
The prison-boat, that boat with many oars,
And bore away as to the Lower World,
Disburdening in the Canal Orfano, (43)
That drowning-place, where never net was thrown,
Summer or Winter, death the penalty;
And where a secret, once deposited,
Lay till the waters should give up their dead."

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1 Scala de' Giganti.

Yet what so gay as Venice? Every gale
Breathed heavenly music! and who flock'd not thither
To celebrate her Nuptials with the Sea?
To wear the mask, and mingle in the crowd
With Greek, Armenian, Persian—night and day
(There, and there only, did the hour stand still)
Pursuing through her thousand labyrinths
The Enchantress Pleasure; realizing dreams
The earliest, happiest—for a tale to catch
Credulous ears, and hold young hearts in chains,
Had only to begin, "There lived in Venice"—

"Who were the Six we supp'd with yesternight?"(44)
"Kings, one and all! Thou couldst not but remark
The style and manner of the Six that served them."

"Who answer'd me just now? (45) Who, when I said,
'T is nine,' turn'd round and said so solemnly,
'Signor, he died at nine!'"—"'T was the Armenian;
The mask that follows thee, go where thou wilt."

"But who stands there, alone among them all?"(46)
"The Cypriot. Ministers from foreign courts
Beset his doors, long ere his hour of rising;
His the Great Secret! Not the golden house
Of Nero, or those fabled in the East,
As wrought by magic, half so rich as his!
Two dogs, coal-black, in collars of pure gold,
Walk in his footsteps—Who but his familiars?
He casts no shadow, nor is seen to smile!"

Such their discourse. Assembling in St. Mark's,
All Nations met as on enchanted ground!

What though a strange, mysterious Power was there,
Moving throughout, subtle, invisible,
And universal as the air they breathed;
A Power that never slumber'd, never pardon'd,
All eye, all ear, nowhere and everywhere, (47)
Entering the closet and the sanctuary,
No place of refuge for the Doge himself;
Most present when least thought of—nothing dropt
In secret, when the heart was on the lips,
Nothing in feverish sleep, but instantly
Observed and judged—a Power, that if but glanced at
In casual converse, be it where it might,
The speaker lower'd at once his eyes, his voice,
And pointed upward, as to God in Heaven—
What though that Power was there, he who lived thus,
Pursuing Pleasure, lived as if it were not,
But let him in the midnight-air indulge
A word, a thought against the laws of Venice,
And in that hour he vanish'd from the earth!

XIV.

THE GONDOLA.

Boy, call the Gondola; the sun is set.—
It came, and we embark'd; but instantly,
Though she had stept on board so light of foot,
So light of heart, laughing she knew not why,
Sleep overcame her; on my arm she slept.
From time to time I waked her; but the boat
Rock'd her to sleep again.
The moon was up,
But broken by a cloud. The wind was hush'd,
And the sea mirror-like. A single zephyr
Play'd with her tresses, and drew more and more
Her veil across her bosom.
Long I lay
Contemplating that face so beautiful,
That rosy mouth, that cheek dimpled with smiles,
That neck but half-concealed, whiter than snow.
'T was the sweet slumber of her early age.
I look'd and look'd, and felt a flush of joy
I would express, but cannot.
Oft I wish'd
Gently—by stealth—to drop asleep myself,
And to incline yet lower that sleep might come;
Oft closed my eyes as in forgetfulness.
'T was all in vain. Love would not let me rest.

But how delightful when at length she waked!
When, her light hair adjusting, and her veil
So rudely scatter'd, she resumed her place
Beside me; and, as gaily as before,
Sitting unconsciously nearer and nearer,
Pour'd out her innocent mind!
So, nor long since,
Sung a Venetian: and his lay of love, (48)
Dangerous and sweet, charm'd Venice. As for me
(Less fortunate, if Love be Happiness)
No curtain drawn, no pulse beating alarm,
I went alone under the silent moon;
Thy place, St. Mark, thy churches, palaces,
Glittering, and frost-like, and as day drew on,
Melting away, an emblem of themselves.

Those porches (49) pass'd through which the water-breeze[1]
Plays, though no longer on the noble forms
That moved there, sable-vested—and the Quay,
Silent, grass-grown—adventurer-like I launch'd
Into the deep, ere-long discovering
Isles such as cluster in the Southern seas,
All verdure. Everywhere, from bush and brake,
The musky odor of the serpents came;
Their slimy track across the woodman's path
Bright in the moonshine: and, as round I went,
Dreaming of Greece, whither the waves were gliding,
I listen'd to the venerable pines
Then in close converse; (50) and, if right I guess'd,
Delivering many a message to the Winds
In secret, for their kindred on Mount Ida.

Nor when again in Venice, when again
In that strange place, so stirring and so still,
Where nothing comes to drown the human voice
But music, or the dashing of the tide,
Ceased I to wander. Now a Jessica
Sung to her lute, her signal as she sate
At her half-open window. Then, methought,
A serenade broke silence, breathing hope
Through walls of stone, and torturing the proud heart
Of some Priuli. Once, we could not err,
(It was before an old Palladian house,
As between night and day we floated by),
A Gondolier lay singing; and he sung,
As in the time when Venice was herself, (51)
Of Tancred and Erminia. On our oars

1 See Note.

We rested; and the verse was verse divine!
We could not err—Perhaps he was the last—
For none took up the strain, none answer'd him;
And when he ceased, he left upon my ear
A something like the dying voice of Venice.

The moon went down; and nothing now was seen
Save here and there the lamp of a Madonna,
Glimmering—or heard, but when he spoke, who stood
Over the lantern at the prow, and cried,
Turning the corner of some reverend pile,
Some school or hospital of old renown,
Though haply none were coming, none were near,
"Hasten or slacken."[1]
But at length Night fled;
And with her fled, scattering, the sons of Pleasure.
Star after star shot by, or, meteor-like,
Cross'd me and vanish'd—lost at once among
Those hundred Isles that tower majestically,
That rise abruptly from the water-mark,
Not with rough crag, but marble, and the work
Of noblest architects. I linger'd still;
Nor struck my threshold, till the hour was come
And past, when, flitting home in the grey light,
The young Bianca found her father's door, (52)
That door so often with a trembling hand,
So often—then so lately left ajar,
Shut; and, all terror, all perplexity,
Now by her lover urged, now by her love,
Fled o'er the waters to return no more.

XV.

THE BRIDES OF VENICE.

It was St. Mary's Eve, (53) and all pour'd forth
As to some grand solemnity. The fisher
Came from his islet, bringing o'er the waves
His wife and little one; the husbandman
From the Firm Land, along the Po, the Brenta,
Crowding the common ferry. All arrived;
And in his straw the prisoner turn'd and listen'd,
So great the stir in Venice. Old and young
Throng'd her three hundred bridges; the grave Turk,
Turban'd, long-vested, and the cozening Jew,
In yellow hat and threadbare gaberdine,
Hurrying along. For, as the custom was,
The noblest sons and daughters of the State,
They of Patrician birth, the flower of Venice,
Whose names are w[illegible]n in the Book of Gold,
Were on that day t[illegible]mnize their nuptials.

At noon, a distant murmur through the crowd,
Rising and rolling on, announced their coming;
And never from the first was to be seen
Such splendor or such beauty. (54) Two and two
(The richest tapestry unroll'd before them),
First came the Brides in all their loveliness;
Each in her veil, and by two bride-maids follow'd,
Only less lovely, who behind her bore
The precious caskets that within contain'd
The dowry and the presents. On she moved,
Her eyes cast down, and holding in her hand
A fan, that gently waved, of ostrich-feathers.
Her veil, transparent as the gossamer, (55)
Fell from beneath a starry diadem;
And on her dazzling neck a jewel shone,
Ruby or diamond or dark amethyst;
A jewell'd chain, in many a winding wreath,
Wreathing her gold brocade.
Before the Church,
That venerable Pile on the sea-brink, (56)
Another train they met, no strangers to them,
Brothers to some, and to the rest still dearer;
Each in his hand bearing his cap and plume,
A[illegible], as he walk'd, with modest dignity
Folding his scarlet mantle, his tabarro.

They join, they enter in, and, up the aisle
Led by the full-voiced choir in bright procession,
Range round the altar. In his vestments there
The Patriarch stands; and, while the anthem flows,
Who can look on unmoved?—mothers in secret
Rejoicing in the beauty of their daughters,
Sons in the thought of making them their own;
And they—array'd in youth and innocence,
Their beauty heighten'd by their hopes and fears.

At length the rite is ending. All fall down
In earnest prayer, all of all ranks together;
And, stretching out his hands, the holy man
Proceeds to give the general benediction;
When hark, a din of voices from without,
And shrieks and groans and outcries as in battle
And lo, the door is burst, the curtain rent,
And armed ruffians, robbers from the deep,
Savage, uncouth, led on by Barbarigo,
And his six brothers in their coats of steel,
Are standing on the threshold! Statue-like,
Awhile they gaze on the fallen multitude,
Each with his sabre up, in act to strike;
Then, as at once recovering from the spell,
Rush forward to the altar, and as soon
Are gone again—amid no clash of arms
Bearing away the maidens and the treasures.

Where are they now?—plowing the distant waves
Their sails all set, and they upon the deck
Standing triumphant. To the east they go,
Steering for Istria; their accursed barks
(Well are they known, the galliot and the galley), (57)
Freighted with all that gives to life its value!
The richest argosies were poor to them!

Now might you see the matrons running wild
Along the beach; the men half-arm'd and arming,
One with a shield, one with a casque and spear;
One with an axe hewing the mooring-chain
Of some old pinnace. Not a raft, a plank,
But on that day was drifting. In an hour
Half Venice was afloat. But long before,
Frantic with grief and scorning all control,
The youths were gone in a light brigantine,
Lying at anchor near the Arsenal;
Each having sworn, and by the holy rood,
To slay or to be slain.
And from the tower
The watchman gives the signal. In the East
A ship is seen, and making for the Port;
Her flag St. Mark's.—And now she turns the point,
Over the waters like a sea-bird flying!
Ha, 't is the same, 't is theirs! from stern to prow

1 Premi o sta.

Hung with green boughs, she comes, she comes, restoring
All that was lost.
Coasting, with narrow search,
Friuli—like a tiger in his spring,
They had surprised the Corsairs where they lay
Sharing the spoil in blind security
And casting lots—had slain them, one and all,
All to the last, and flung them far and wide
Into the sea, their proper element;
Him first, as first in rank, whose name so long
Had hush'd the babes of Venice, and who yet,
Breathing a little, in his look retain'd
The fierceness of his soul.
Thus were the Brides
Lost and recover'd; and what now remain'd
But to give thanks? Twelve breast-plates and twelve crowns,
Flaming with gems and gold, the votive offerings
Of the young victors to their Patron-Saint,
Vow'd on the field of battle, were ere-long
Laid at his feet; (58) and to preserve for ever
The memory of a day so full of change,
From joy to grief, from grief to joy again,
Through many an age, as oft as it came round,
'T was held religiously with all observance.
The Doge resign'd his crimson for pure ermine;
And through the city in a stately barge (59)
Of gold, were borne, with songs and symphonies,
Twelve ladies young and noble. Clad they were
In bridal white with bridal ornaments,
Each in her glittering veil; and on the deck,
As on a burnish'd throne, they glided by;
No window or balcony but adorn'd
With hangings of rich texture, not a roof
But cover'd with beholders, and the air
Vocal with joy. Onward they went, their oars
Moving in concert with the harmony,
Through the Rialto (60) to the Ducal Palace
And at a banquet there, served with due honor,
Sate representing, in the eyes of all,
Eyes not unwet, I ween, with grateful tears,
Their lovely ancestors, the Brides of Venice.

XVI.

FOSCARI.

Let us lift up the curtain, and observe,
What passes in that chamber. Now a sigh,
And now a groan, is heard. Then all is still.
Twenty are sitting as in judgment there; (61)
Men who have served their country, and grown grey
In governments and distant embassies,
Men eminent alike in war and peace;
Such as in effigy shall long adorn
The walls of Venice—to show what she has been!
Their garb is black, and black the arras is,
And sad the general aspect. Yet their looks
Are calm, are cheerful; nothing there like grief,
Nothing or harsh or cruel. Still that noise,
That low and dismal moaning.
Half withdrawn,
A little to the left, sits one in crimson,
A venerable man, fourscore and upward.
Cold drops of sweat stand on his furrow'd brow.
His hands are clench'd; his eyes half-shut and glazed;
His shrunk and wither'd limbs rigid as marble.
'T is Foscari, the Doge. And there is one,
A young man, lying at his feet, stretch'd out
In torture. 'T is his son, his only one;
'T is Giacomo, the blessing of his age,
(Say, has he lived for this?) accused of murder,
The murder of the Senator Donato.
Last night the proofs, if proofs they are, were dropt
Into the lion's mouth, the mouth of brass,
That gapes and gorges; and the Doge himself
Must sit and look on a beloved Son
Suffering the Question.
Twice, to die in peace,
To save a falling house, and turn the hearts
Of his fell Adversaries, those who now,
Like hell-hounds in full cry, are running down
His last of four, twice did he ask their leave
To lay aside the Crown, and they refused him,
An oath exacting, never more to ask it;
And there he sits, a spectacle of woe,
By them, his rivals in the State, compell'd,
Such the refinement of their cruelty,
To keep the place he sigh'd for.
Once again
The screw is turn'd; and, as it turns, the Son
Looks up, and, in a faint and broken accent,
Murmurs "My Father!" The old man shrinks back
And in his mantle muffles up his face.
"Art thou not guilty?" says a voice, that once
Would greet the Sufferer long before they met,
And on his ear strike like a pleasant music—
"Art thou not guilty?"—"No! Indeed I am not!"
But all is unavailing. In that Court
Groans are confessions; Patience, Fortitude,
The work of Magic; and, released, upheld,
For Condemnation, from his Father's lips
He hears the sentence, "Banishment to Candia:
Death, if he leaves it."
And the bark sets sail;
And he is gone from all he loves—for ever!
His wife, his boys, and his disconsolate parents!
Gone in the dead of night—unseen of any—
Without a word, a look of tenderness,
To be call'd up, when, in his lonely hours
He would indulge in weeping.
Like a ghost,
Day after day, year after year, he haunts
An ancient rampart, that o'erhangs the sea;
Gazing on vacancy, and hourly starting
To answer to the watch——Alas, how changed
From him, the mirror of the Youth of Venice,
In whom the slightest thing, [illegible]him or chance,
Did he but wear his doublet [illegible]d so,
All follow'd; at whose nupti[illegible], when at length
He won that maid at once the fairest, noblest, (62)
A daughter of the House of Contarini,
That House as old as Venice, now among
Its ancestors in monumental brass
Numbering eight Doges—to convey her home,
The Bucentaur went forth; and thrice the Sun
Shone on the Chivalry, that, front to front,
And blaze on blaze reflecting, met and ranged
To tourney in St. Mark's.
But lo, at last,
Messengers come. He is recall'd: his heart
Leaps at the tidings. He embarks: the boat
Springs to the oar, and back again he goes—
Into that very Chamber! there to lie

In his old resting-place, the bed of torture;
And thence look up (five long, long years of Grief
Have not killed either) on his wretched Sire,
Still in that seat—as though he had not left it,
Immovable, enveloped in his mantle.

But now he comes, convicted of a crime
Great by the laws of Venice. Night and day,
Brooding on what he had been, what he was,
'T was more than he could bear. His longing fits
Thicken'd upon him. His desire for home
Became a madness; and, resolved to go,
If but to die, in his despair he writes
A letter to Francesco, Duke of Milan,
Soliciting his influence with the State,
And drops it to be found.—"Would ye know all?
I have transgress'd, offended wilfully; (63)
And am prepared to suffer as I ought.
But let me, let me, if but for an instant
(Ye must consent—for all of you are sons,
Most of you husbands, fathers), let me first
Indulge the natural feelings of a man,
And, ere I die, if such my sentence be,
Press to my heart ('t is all I ask of you)
My wife, my children—and my aged mother—
Say, is she yet alive?"
He is condemn'd
To go ere set of sun, go whence he came,
A banish'd man—and for a year to breathe
The vapor of a dungeon.—But his prayer
(What could they less?) is granted.
In a hall
Open and crowded by the common rabble,
'T was there a trembling Wife and her four Sons
Yet young, a Mother, borne along, bedridden,
And an old Doge, mustering up all his strength,
That strength how small! assembled now to meet
One so long lost, long mourn'd, one who for them
Had braved so much—death, and yet worse than death—
To meet him, and to part with him for ever!

Time and their heavy wrongs had changed them all;
Him most! Yet when the Wife, the Mother look'd
Again, 't was he himself, 't was Giacomo,
Their only hope, and trust, and consolation!
And all clung round him, weeping bitterly;
Weeping the more, because they wept in vain.

Unnerved, unsettled in his mind from long
And exquisite pain, he sobs aloud and cries
Kissing the old Man's cheek, "Help me, my Father!
Let me, I pray thee, live once more among you:
Let me go home."—"My Son," returns the Doge,
Mastering awhile his grief, "if I may still
Call thee my Son, if thou art innocent,
As I would fain believe," but, as he speaks,
He falls, "submit without a murmur."
Night,
That to the World brought revelry, to them
Brought only food for sorrow. Giacomo
Embark'd—to die; sent to an early grave
For thee, Erizzo, whose death-bed confession,
"He is most innocent! 'T was I who did it!"
Came when he slept in peace. The ship, that sail'd
Swift as the winds with his recall to Honor,
Bore back a lifeless corse. Generous as brave,
Affection, kindness, the sweet offices
Of love and duty, were to him as needful
As was his daily bread;—and to become
A byword in the meanest mouths of Venice,
Bringing a stain on those who gave him life,
On those, alas, now worse than fatherless—
To be proclaim'd a ruffian, a night-stabber,
He on whom none before had breathed reproach—
He lived but to disprove it. That hope lost,
Death follow'd. From the hour he went, he spoke not;
And in his dungeon, when he laid him down,
He sunk to rise no more. Oh, if there be
Justice in Heaven, and we are assured there is,
A day must come of ample Retribution!

Then was thy cup, old Man, full to o'erflowing.
But thou wert yet alive; and there was one,
The soul and spring of all that Enmity,
Who would not leave thee; fastening on thy flank,
Hungering and thirsting, still unsatisfied;
One of a name illustrious as thine own!
One of the Ten! one of the Invisible Three! (64)
'T was Loredano.
When the whelps were gone,
He would dislodge the Lion from his den;
And, leading on the pack he long had led,
The miserable pack that ever howl'd
Against fallen Greatness, moved that Foscari
Be Doge no longer; urging his great age,
His incapacity and nothingness;
Calling a Father's sorrows in his chamber
Neglect of duty, anger, contumacy.
"I am most willing to retire," said Foscari:
"But I have sworn, and cannot of myself.
Do with me as ye please."
He was deposed,
He, who had reign'd so long and gloriously;
His ducal bonnet taken from his brow,
His robes stript off, his ring, that ancient symbol,
Broken before him. But now nothing moved
The meekness of his soul. All things alike!
Among the six that came with the decree,
Foscari saw one he knew not, and inquired
His name. "I am the son of Marco Memmo."
"Ah," he replied, "thy father was my friend."

And now he goes. "It is the hour and past.
I have no business here."—"But wilt thou not
Avoid the gazing crowd? That way is private."
"No! as I enter'd, so will I retire."
And, leaning on his staff, he left the Palace,
His residence for four-and-thirty years,
By the same staircase he came up in splendor,
The staircase of the Giants. Turning round,
When in the court below, he stopt and said
"My merits brought me hither. I depart,
Driven by the malice of my Enemies."
Then through the crowd withdrew, poor as he came
And in his gondola went off, unfollow'd
But by the sighs of them that dared not speak.

This journey was his last. When the bell rang,
Next day, announcing a new Doge to Venice,
It found him on his knees before the altar, (65)
Clasping his aged hands in earnest prayer;
And there he died. Ere half its task was done,

It rang his knell.
But whence the deadly hate
That caused all this—the hate of Loredano?
It was a legacy his Father left him,
Who, but for Foscari, had reign'd in Venice,
And, like the venom in the serpent's bag,
Gather'd and grew! Nothing but turn'd to venom!
In vain did Foscari sue for peace, for friendship,
Offering in marriage his fair Isabel.
He changed not; with a dreadful piety,
Studying revenge! listening alone to those
Who talk'd of vengeance; grasping by the hand
Those in their zeal (and none, alas, were wanting)
Who came to tell him of another Wrong,
Done or imagined. When his father died,
'T was whisper'd in his ear, "He died by poison!"
He wrote it on the tomb ('t is there in marble)
And in his ledger-book—(66) among his debtors—
Enter'd the name "Francesco Foscari,"
And added, "For the murder of my Father."
Leaving a blank—to be fill'd up hereafter.
When Foscari's noble heart at length gave way,
He took the volume from the shelf again
Calmly, and with his pen fill'd up the blank,
Inscribing, "He has paid me."
Ye who sit,
Brooding from day to day, from day to day
Chewing the bitter cud, and starting up
As though the hour was come to whet your fangs,
And, like the Pisan,[1] gnaw the hairy scalp
Of him who had offended—if ye must,
Sit and brood on; but oh! forbear to teach
The lesson to your children.

XVII.

ARQUA.

There is, within three leagues and less of Padua
(The Paduan student knows it, honors it),
A lonely tomb-stone in a mountain-churchyard;
And I arrived there as the sun declined
Low in the west. The gentle airs, that breathe
Fragrance at eve, were rising, and the birds
Singing their farewell-song—the very song
They sung the night that tomb received a tenant;
When, as alive, clothed in his Canon's habit
And, slowly winding down the narrow path
He came to rest there. Nobles of the land,
Princes and prelates mingled in his train,
Anxious by any act, while yet they could,
To catch a ray of glory by reflection;
And from that hour have kindred spirits flock'd (67)
From distant countries, from the north, the south,
To see where he is laid.
Twelve years ago,
When I descended the impetuous Rhone,
Its vineyards of such great and old renown, (68)
Its castles, each with some romantic tale,
Vanishing fast—the pilot at the stern,
He who had steer'd so long, standing aloft,
His eyes on the white breakers, and his hands
On what at once served him for oar and rudder,
A huge misshapen plank—the bark itself
Frail and uncouth, launch'd to return no more,

1 Count Ugolino.

Such as a shipwreck'd man might hope to build,
Urged by the love of home—when I descended
Two long, long days' silence, suspense on board,
It was to offer at thy fount, Valclusa,
Entering the arched Cave, to wander where
Petrarch had wander'd, in a trance to sit
Where in his peasant-dress he loved to sit,
Musing, reciting—on some rock moss-grown,
Or the fantastic root of some old fig-tree,
That drinks the living waters as they stream
Over their emerald-bed; and could I now
Neglect to visit Arqua, (69) where, at last,
When he had done and settled with the world,
When all the illusions of his Youth were fled,
Indulged perhaps too long, cherish'd too fondly,
He came for the conclusion? Half-way up
He built his house, (70) whence as by stealth he caught,
Among the hills, a glimpse of busy life,
That soothed, not stirr'd.—But knock, and enter in.
This was his chamber. 'T is as when he left it;
As if he now were busy in his garden.
And this his closet. Here he sate and read.
This was his chair; and in it, unobserved,
Reading, or thinking of his absent friends,
He pass'd away as in a quiet slumber.

Peace to this region! Peace to all who dwell here!
They know his value—every coming step,
That gathers round the children from their play,
Would tell them if they knew not.—But could aught,
Ungentle or ungenerous, spring up
Where he is sleeping; where, and in an age
Of savage warfare and blind bigotry,
He cultured all that could refine, exalt; (71)
Leading to better things?

XVIII.

GINEVRA.

If ever you should come to Modena,
Where among other trophies may be seen
Tassoni's bucket (in its chain it hangs, (72)
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandina),
Stop at a Palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini,
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain you—but, before you go,
Enter the house—forget it not, I pray—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'T is of a Lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious family;
Done by Zampieri (73)—but by whom I care not.
He, who observes it—ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said "Beware!" her vest of gold
Broider'd with flowers, and clasp'd from head to foot,
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls.
But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—

It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!
Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oaken-chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With scripture-stories from the Life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old Ancestor—
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and you will not,
When you have heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child—her name Ginevra,
The joy, the pride of an indulgent Father;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preach'd decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the Nuptial Feast,
When all sate down, the Bride herself was wanting.
Nor was she to be found! Her Father cried,
"'T is but to make a trial of our love!"
And fill'd his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas, she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guess'd,
But that she was not!
Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived—and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the Gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 't was said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'T was done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perish'd—save a wedding-ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra."
There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she conceal'd herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fasten'd her down for ever!

XIX.

BOLOGNA.

'T was night; the noise and bustle of the day
Were o'er. The mountebank no longer wrought
Miraculous cures—he and his stage were gone;
And he who, when the crisis of his tale
Came, and all stood breathless with hope and fear
Sent round his cap; and he who thrumm'd his wire
And sang, with pleading look and plaintive strain
Melting the passenger. Thy thousand cries,[1]
So well portray'd and by a son of thine,
Whose voice had swell'd the hubbub in his youth,
Were hush'd, Bologna; silence in the streets,
The squares, when hark, the clattering of fleet hoofs!
And soon a courier, posting as from far,
Housing and holster, boot and belted coat
And doublet, stain'd with many a various soil,
Stopt and alighted. 'T was where hangs aloft
That ancient sign, the pilgrim, welcoming
All who arrive there, all perhaps save those
Clad like himself, with staff and scallop-shell,
Those on a pilgrimage: and now approach'd
Wheels, through the lofty porticoes resounding,
Arch beyond arch, a shelter or a shade
As the sky changes. To the gate they came;
And, ere the man had half his story done,
Mine host received the Master—one long used
To sojourn among strangers, everywhere
(Go where he would, along the wildest track)
Flinging a charm that shall not soon be lost,
And leaving footsteps to be traced by those
Who love the haunts of Genius; one who saw,
Observed, nor shunn'd the busy scenes of life,
But mingled not, and, 'mid the din, the stir,
Lived as a separate Spirit.
Much had pass'd
Since last we parted; and those five short years—
Much had they told! His clustering locks were turn'd
Grey; nor did aught recall the Youth that swam
From Sestos to Abydos. Yet his voice,
Still it was sweet; still from his eye the thought
Flash'd lightning-like, nor linger'd on the way,
Waiting for words. Far, far into the night
We sate, conversing—no unwelcome hour,
The hour we met; and, when Aurora rose,
Rising, we climbed the rugged Apennine.

Well I remember how the golden sun
Fill'd with its beams the unfathomable gulfs,
As on we travell'd, and along the ridge,
'Mid groves of cork and cistus and wild fig,
His motley household came—Not last nor least,
Battista, who upon the moonlight-sea
Of Venice, had so ably, zealously
Served, and, at parting, flung his oar away
To follow through the world; who without stain
Had worn so long that honorable badge,[2]

1 See the Cries of Bologna, as drawn by Annibal Carracci. He was of very humble origin; and, to correct his brother's vanity, once sent him a portrait of their father, the tailor, threading his needle.

2 The principal gondolier, il fante di poppa, was almost always in the confidence of his master, and employed on occasions that required judgment and address.

The gondolier's, in a Patrician House
Arguing unlimited trust.—Not last nor least,
Thou, though declining in thy beauty and strength,
Faithful Moretto, to the latest hour
Guarding his chamber-door, and now along
The silent, sullen strand of Missolonghi
Howling in grief.
He had just left that place
Of old renown, once in the Adrian sea,[1]
Ravenna; where, from Dante's sacred tomb
He had so oft, as many a verse declares,[2]
Drawn inspiration; where, at twilight-time,
Through the pine-forest wandering with loose rein,
Wandering and lost, he had so oft beheld[3]
(What is not visible to a Poet's eye?)
The spectre-knight, the hell-hounds, and their prey,
The chase, the slaughter, and the festal mirth
Suddenly blasted. 'T was a theme he loved,
But others claim'd their turn; and many a tower,
Shatter'd, uprooted from its native rock,
Its strength the pride of some heroic age,
Appear'd and vanish'd (many a sturdy steer[4]
Yoked and unyoked), while as in happier days
He pour'd his spirit forth. The past forgot,
All was enjoyment. Not a cloud obscured
Present or future.
He is now at rest;
And praise and blame fall on his ear alike,
Now dull in death. Yes, Byron, thou art gone,
Gone like a star that through the firmament
Shot and was lost, in its eccentric course
Dazzling, perplexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,
Was generous, noble—noble in its scorn
Of all things low or little; nothing there
Sordid or servile. If imagined wrongs
Pursued thee, urging thee sometimes to do
Things long regretted, oft, as many know,
None more than I, thy gratitude would build
On slight foundations: and, if in thy life
Not happy, in thy death thou surely wert,
Thy wish accomplish'd; dying in the land
Where thy young mind had caught ethereal fire,
Dying in Greece, and in a cause so glorious!

They in thy train—ah, little did they think,
As round we went, that they so soon should sit
Mourning beside thee, while a Nation mourn'd,
Changing her festal for her funeral song;
That they so soon should hear the minute-gun,
As morning gleam'd on what remain'd of thee,
Roll o'er the sea, the mountains, numbering
Thy years of joy and sorrow.
Thou art gone;
And he who would assail thee in thy grave,
Oh, let him pause! For who among us all,
Tried as thou wert—even from thine earliest years,
When wandering, yet unspoilt, a highland-boy—
Tried as thou wert, and with thy soul of flame;
Pleasure, while yet the down was on thy cheek,
Uplifting, pressing, and to lips like thine
Her charmed cup—ah, who among us all
Could say he had not err'd as much, and more?

1 Adrianum mare.—*Cic.* 2 See the Prophecy of *Dante.*
3 See the tale as told by *Boccaccio* and *Dryden.*
4 They wait for the traveller's carriage at the foot of every hill.

XX.

FLORENCE.

Of all the fairest cities of the earth
None are so fair as Florence. 'T is a gem
Of purest ray, a treasure for a casket!
And what a glorious lustre did it shed, (74)
When it emerged from darkness! Search within,
Without, all is enchantment! 'T is the past
Contending with the present; and in turn
Each has the mastery.
In this chapel wrought (75)
Massaccio; and he slumbers underneath.
Wouldst thou behold his monument? Look round!
And know that where we stand, stood oft and long,
Oft till the day was gone, Raphael himself,
He and his haughty Rival—patiently,
Humbly, to learn of those who came before,
To steal a spark from their authentic fire,
Theirs, who first broke the gloom, Sons of the Morning.

There, on the seat that runs along the wall,
South of the Church, east of the belfry-tower
(Thou canst not miss it), in the sultry time
Would Dante sit conversing (76), and with those
Who little thought that in his hand he held
The balance, and assign'd at his good pleasure
To each his place in the invisible world,
To some an upper, some a lower region;
Reserving in his secret mind a niche
For thee, Saltrello, who with quirks of law
Hadst plagued him sore, and carefully requiting (77)
Such as ere-long condemn'd his mortal part
To fire. (78) Sit down awhile—then by the gates
Wondrously wrought, so beautiful, so glorious,
That they might serve to be the gates of Heaven,
Enter the Baptistery. That place he loved,
Calling it his! And in his visits there
Well might he take delight! For, when a child,
Playing, with venturous feet, near and yet nearer
One of the fonts, fell in, he flew and saved him, (79)
Flew with an energy, a violence,
That broke the marble—a mishap ascribed
To evil motives; his, alas! to lead
A life of trouble, and ere-long to leave
All things most dear to him, ere-long to know
How salt another's bread is, and how toilsome
The going up and down another's stairs.

Nor then forget that Chamber of the Dead, (80)
Where the gigantic forms of Night and Day,
Turn'd into stone, rest everlastingly,
Yet still are breathing; and shed round at noon
A two-fold influence—only to be felt—
A light, a darkness, mingling each with each;
Both and yet neither. There, from age to age,
Two Ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres.
That is the Duke Lorenzo. Mark him well. (81)
He meditates, his head upon his hand.
What scowls beneath his broad and helm-like bonnet?
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?
'T is hid in shade; yet, like the basilisk,
It fascinates, and is intolerable.
His mien is noble, most majestical!
Then most so, when the distant choir is heard,

At morn or eve—nor fail thou to attend
On that thrice-hallow'd day, (82) when all are there;
When all, propitiating with solemn songs,
With light, and frankincense, and holy water,
Visit the Dead. Then wilt thou feel his power!

But let not Sculpture, Painting, Poesy,
Or they, the masters of these mighty spells,
Detain us. Our first homage is to Virtue.
Where, in what dungeon of the Citadel
(It must be known—the writing on the wall (83)
Cannot be gone—'t was cut in with his dagger,
Ere, on his knees to God, he slew himself),
Where, in what dungeon, did Filippo Strozzi,
The last, the greatest of the Men of Florence,
Breathe out his soul—lest in his agony,
When on the rack and call'd upon to answer,
He might accuse the guiltless.
That debt paid,
But with a sigh, a tear for human frailty,
We may return, and once more give a loose
To the delighted spirit—worshipping,
In her small temple of rich workmanship,[1]
Venus herself, who, when she left the skies,
Came hither.

XXI.

DON GARZIA.

Among the awful forms that stand assembled
In the great square of Florence, may be seen
That Cosmo, (84) not the Father of his Country,
Not he so styled, but he who play'd the tyrant.
Clad in rich armor like a paladin,
But with his helmet off—in kingly state,
Aloft he sits upon his horse of brass;
And they, who read the legend underneath,
Go and pronounce him happy. Yet there is
A Chamber at Grosseto, that, if walls
Could speak, and tell of what is done within,
Would turn your admiration into pity.
Half of what pass'd died with him; but the rest,
All he discover'd when the fit was on,
All that, by those who listen'd, could be glean'd
From broken sentences and starts in sleep,
Is told, and by an honest Chronicler. (85)

Two of his sons, Giovanni and Garzìa
(The eldest had not seen his sixteenth summer),
Went to the chase; but one of them, Giovanni,
His best beloved, the glory of his house,
Return'd not; and at close of day was found
Bathed in his innocent blood. Too well, alas!
The trembling Cosmo guess'd the deed, the doer;
And having caused the body to be borne
In secret to that chamber—at an hour
When all slept sound, save the disconsolate Mother,[2] (86)
Who little thought of what was yet to come,
And lived but to be told—he bade Garzìa
Arise and follow him. Holding in one hand
A winking lamp, and in the other a key
Massive and dungeon-like, thither he led;
And, having enter'd in and lock'd the door,
The father fix'd his eyes upon the son,
And closely questioned him. No change betray'd
Or guilt or fear. Then Cosmo lifted up
The bloody sheet. "Look there! Look there!" he cried,
"Blood calls for blood—and from a father's hand!
—Unless thyself wilt save him that sad office.
What!" he exclaim'd, when, shuddering at the sight,
The boy breathed out, "I stood but on my guard."
"Darest thou then blacken one who never wrong'd thee,
Who would not set his foot upon a worm?—
Yes, thou must die, lest others fall by thee,
And thou shouldst be the slayer of us all."
Then from Garzìa's side he took the dagger,
That fatal one which spilt his brother's blood;
And, kneeling on the ground, "Great God!" he cried,
"Grant me the strength to do an act of Justice.
Thou knowest what it costs me; but, alas,
How can I spare myself, sparing none else
Grant me the strength, the will—and oh forgive
The sinful soul of a most wretched son.
'T is a most wretched father who implores it."
Long on Garzìa's neck he hung, and wept
Tenderly, long press'd him to his bosom;
And then, but while he held him by the arm,
Thrusting him backward, turn'd away his face,
And stabb'd him to the heart.
Well might De Thou,
When in his youth he came to Cosmo's court,
Think on the past; and, as he wander'd through
The Ancient Palace (87)—through those ample spaces
Silent, deserted—stop awhile to dwell
Upon two portraits there, drawn on the wall (88)
Together, as of two in bonds of love,
One in a Cardinal's habit, one in black,
Those of the unhappy brothers, and infer
From the deep silence that his questions drew, (89)
The terrible truth.
Well might he heave a sigh
For poor humanity, when he beheld
That very Cosmo shaking o'er his fire,
Drowsy and deaf and inarticulate,
Wrapt in his night-gown, o'er a sick man's mess,
In the last stage—death-struck and deadly pale;
His wife, another, not his Eleonora,
At once his nurse and his interpreter.

XXII.

THE CAMPAGNA OF FLORENCE.

'T is morning. Let us wander through the fields,
Where Cimabuè (90) found a shepherd-boy[1]
Tracing his idle fancies on the ground;
And let us from the top of Fiesole,
Whence Galileo's glass by night observed
The phases of the moon, look round below
On Arno's vale, where the dove-color'd oxen
Are plowing up and down among the vines,
While many a careless note is sung aloud,
Filling the air with sweetness—and on thee,
Beautiful Florence, (91) all within thy walls,
Thy groves and gardens, pinnacles and towers,
Drawn to our feet.
From that small spire, just caught
By the bright ray, that church among the rest (92)
By One of Old distinguish'd as The Bride,
Let us pursue in thought (what can we better?)
Those who assembled there at matin-prayers;[2] (93)

1 The Tribune. 2 Eleonora di Toledo.

1 Giotto. 2 See the Decameron. First Day.

Who, when Vice revell'd, and along the street
Tables were set, what time the bearer's bell
Rang to demand the dead at every door,
Came out into the meadows; (94) and, awhile
Wandering in idleness, but not in folly,
Sate down in the high grass and in the shade
Of many a tree sun-proof—day after day,
When all was still and nothing to be heard
But the Cicala's voice among the olives,
Relating in a ring, to banish care,
Their hundred novels.
Round the hill they went, (95)
Round underneath—first to a splendid house,
Gherardi, as an old tradition runs,
That on the left, just rising from the vale;
A place for Luxury—the painted rooms,
The open galleries and middle court
Not unprepared, fragrant and gay with flowers.
Then westward to another, nobler yet;
That on the right, now known as the Palmieri,
Where Art with Nature vied—a Paradise,
With verdurous walls, and many a trellis'd walk
All rose and jasmine, many a forest-vista
Cross'd by the deer. Then to the Ladies' Valley;
And the clear lake, that seem'd as by enchantment
To lift up to the surface every stone
Of lustre there, and the diminutive fish
Innumerable, dropt with crimson and gold,
Now motionless, now glancing to the sun.

Who has not dwelt on their voluptuous day?
The morning-banquet by the fountain-side, (96)
The dance that follow'd, and the noon-tide slumber;
Then the tales told in turn, as round they lay
On carpets, the fresh waters murmuring;
And the short interval fill'd up with games
Of Chess, and talk, and reading old Romances,
Till supper-time, when many a syren-voice
Sung down the stars, and in the grass the torches
Burnt brighter for their absence.
He,[1] whose dream
It was (it was no more) sleeps in Val d'Elsa,
Sleeps in the church, where (in his ear I ween)
The Friar pour'd out his catalogue of treasures; (97)
A ray, imprimis, of the star that shone
To the Wise Men; a phial-full of sounds,
The musical chimes of the great bells that hung
In Solomon's Temple; and, though last not least,
A feather from the Angel Gabriel's wing,
Dropt in the Virgin's chamber.
That dark ridge
Stretching away in the South-east, conceals it;
Not so his lowly roof and scanty farm, (98)
His copse and rill, if yet a trace be left,
Who lived in Val di Pesa, suffering long
Exile and want, and the keen shafts of Malice,
With an unclouded mind.[2] The glimmering tower
On the grey rock beneath, his land-mark once,
Now serves for ours, and points out where he ate
His bread with cheerfulness.
Who sees him not
('T is his own sketch—he drew it from himself) (99)
Playing the bird-catcher, and sallying forth
In an autumnal morn, laden with cages,
To catch a thrush on every lime-twig there;
Or in the wood among his wood-cutters;
Or in the tavern by the highway-side
At tric-trac with the miller; or at night,
Doffing his rustic suit, and, duly clad,
Entering his closet, and, among his books,
Among the Great of every age and clime,
A numerous court, turning to whom he pleased,
Questioning each why he did this or that,
And learning how to overcome the fear
Of poverty and death?
Nearer we hail
Thy sunny slope, Arcetri, sung of Old
For its green wine (100)—dearer to me, to most,
As dwelt on by that great Astronomer,[1]
Seven years a prisoner at the city-gate, (101)
Let in but in his grave-clothes. Sacred be
His cottage (justly was it call'd The Jewel!) (102)
Sacred the vineyard, where, while yet his sight
Glimmer'd, at blush of dawn he dress'd his vines,
Chanting aloud in gaiety of heart
Some verse of Ariosto. There, unseen, (103)
In manly beauty Milton stood before him,
Gazing with reverent awe—Milton, his guest,
Just then come forth, all life and enterprise;
He in his old age and extremity,
Blind, at noon-day exploring with his staff;
His eyes upturn'd as to the golden sun,
His eye-balls idly rolling. Little then
Did Galileo think whom he bade welcome;
That in his hand he held the hand of one
Who could requite him—who would spread his name
O'er lands and seas—great as himself, nay greater;
Milton as little that in him he saw,
As in a glass, what he himself should be,
Destined so soon to fall on evil days
And evil tongues—so soon, alas, to live
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude.
Well pleased, could we pursue
The Arno, from his birth-place in the clouds,
So near the yellow Tiber's (104)—springing up
From his four fountains on the Apennine,
That mountain-ridge a sea-mark to the ships
Sailing on either Sea. Downward he runs,
Scattering fresh verdure through the desolate wild,
Down by the City of Hermits, (105) and, ere-long,
The venerable woods of Vallombrosa;
Then through these gardens to the Tuscan sea,
Reflecting castles, convents, villages,
And those great Rivals in an elder day,
Florence and Pisa—who have given him fame,
Fame everlasting, but who stain'd so oft
His troubled waters. Oft, alas, were seen,
When flight, pursuit, and hideous rout were there,
Hands, clad in gloves of steel, held up imploring; (106)
The man, the hero, on his foaming steed,
Borne underneath—already in the realms
Of Darkness.
Nor did night or burning noon
Bring respite. Oft, as that great Artist saw,[2] (107)
Whose pencil had a voice, the cry "To arms!"
And the shrill trumpet, hurried up the bank
Those who had stolen an hour to breast the tide,

1 Boccaccio. 2 Machiavel.

1 Galileo. 2 Michael Angelo.

And wash from their unharness'd limbs the blood
And sweat of battle. Sudden was the rush,
Violent the tumult; for, already in sight,
Nearer and nearer yet the danger drew;
Each every sinew straining, every feature,
Each snatching up, and girding, buckling on
Morion and greave and shirt of twisted mail,
As for his life—no more perchance to taste,
Arno, the grateful freshness of thy glades,
Thy waters—where, exulting, he had felt
A swimmer's transport, there, alas, to float
And welter. Nor between the gusts of War,
When flocks were feeding, and the shepherd's pipe
Gladden'd the valley, when, but not unarm'd,
The sower came forth, and, following him who plow'd,
Threw in the seed—did thy indignant waves
Escape pollution. Sullen was the splash,
Heavy and swift the plunge, when they received
The key that just had grated on the ear
Of Ugolino—closing up for ever
That dismal dungeon henceforth to be named
The Tower of Famine.

Once indeed 't was thine,
When many a winter-flood, thy tributary,
Was through its rocky glen rushing, resounding,
And thou wert in thy might, to save, restore
A charge most precious. To the nearest ford,
Hastening, a horseman from Arezzo came,
Careless, impatient of delay, a babe
Slung in a basket to the knotty staff
That lay athwart his saddle-bow. He spurs,
He enters; and his horse, alarm'd, perplex'd,
Halts in the midst. Great is the stir, the strife;
And lo, an atom on that dangerous sea, (108)
The babe is floating! Fast and far he flies;
Now tempest-rock'd, now whirling round and round,
But not to perish. By thy willing waves
Borne to the shore, among the bulrushes
The ark has rested; and unhurt, secure,
As on his mother's breast he sleeps within,
All peace! or never had the nations heard
That voice so sweet, which still enchants, inspires;
That voice, which sung of love, of liberty.
Petrarch lay there!——And such the images
That cluster'd round our Milton, when at eve
Reclined beside thee, (109) Arno; when at eve,
Led on by thee, he wander'd with delight,
Framing Ovidian verse, and through thy groves
Gathering wild myrtle. Such the Poet's dreams;
Yet not such only. For look round and say,
Where is the ground that did not drink warm blood,
The echo that had learnt not to articulate
The cry of murder?—Fatal was the day[1]
To Florence, when ('t was in a street behind
The church and convent of the Holy Cross—
There is the house—that house of the Donati,
Towerless, (110) and left long since, but to the last
Braving assault—all rugged, all emboss'd
Below, and still distinguish'd by the rings
Of brass, that held in war and festival-time
Their family-standards) fatal was the day
To Florence, when, at morn, at the ninth hour,
A noble Dame in weeds of widowhood,
Weeds to be worn hereafter by so many,

1 See Note.

Stood at her door; and, like a sorceress, flung
Her dazzling spell. Subtle she was, and rich,
Rich in a hidden pearl of heavenly light,
Her daughter's beauty; and too well she knew
Its virtue! Patiently she stood and watch'd;
Nor stood alone—but spoke not.—In her breast
Her purpose lay; and, as a youth pass'd by,
Clad for the nuptial rite, she smiled and said,
Lifting a corner of the maiden's veil,
"This had I treasured up in secret for thee.
This hast thou lost!" He gazed, and was undone!
Forgetting—not forgot—he broke the bond,
And paid the penalty, losing his life
At the bridge-foot; (111) and hence a world of woe!
Vengeance for vengeance crying, blood for blood;
No intermission! Law, that slumbers not,
And, like the Angel with the flaming sword,
Sits over all, at once chastising, healing,
Himself the Avenger, went; and every street
Ran red with mutual slaughter—though sometimes
The young forgot the lessons they had learnt,
And loved when they should hate—like thee, Imelda,
Thee and thy Paolo. When last ye met
In that still hour (the heat, the glare was gone,
Not so the splendor—through the cedar-grove
A radiance stream'd like a consuming fire,
As though the glorious orb, in its descent,
Had come and rested there) when last ye met,
And those relentless brothers dragg'd him forth,
It had been well, hadst thou slept on, Imelda, (112)
Nor from thy trance of fear awaked, as night
Fell on that fatal spot, to wish thee dead,
To track him by his blood, to search, to find,
Then fling thee down to catch a word, a look,
A sigh, if yet thou couldst (alas, thou couldst not)
And die, unseen, unthought of—from the wound
Sucking the poison. (113)

Yet, when Slavery came,
Worse follow'd. (114) Genius, Valor left the land,
Indignant—all that had from age to age
Adorn'd, ennobled; and headlong they fell,
Tyrant and slave. For deeds of violence,
Done in broad day and more than half-redeem'd
By many a great and generous sacrifice
Of self to others, came the unpledged bowl,
The stab of the stiletto. Gliding by
Unnoticed, in slouch'd hat and muffling cloak,
That just discover'd, Caravaggio-like,
A swarthy cheek, black brow, and eye of flame,
The Bravo took his stand, and o'er the shoulder
Plunged to the hilt, or from beneath the ribs
Slanting (a surer path, as some averr'd)
Struck upward—then slunk off, or, if pursued,
Made for the Sanctuary, and there along
The glimmering aisle among the worshippers
Wander'd with restless step and jealous look,
Dropping thick gore.

Misnamed to lull suspicion,
In every Palace was The Laboratory, (115)
Where he within brew'd poisons swift and slow,
That scatter'd terror till all things seem'd poisonous,
And brave men trembled if a hand held out
A nosegay or a letter; while the Great
Drank from the Venice glass, that broke, that shiver'd,
If aught malignant, aught of thine was there,
Cruel Tophana; (116) and pawn'd provinces

For the miraculous gem that to the wearer
Gave signs infallible of coming ill, (117)
That clouded though the vehicle of death
Were an invisible perfume.
Happy then
The guest to whom at sleeping-time 't was said,
But in an under-voice (a lady's page
Speaks in no louder) "Pass not on. That door
Leads to another which awaits your coming,
One in the floor—now left, alas, unbolted, (118)
No eye detects it—lying under-foot,
Just as you enter, at the threshold-stone;
Ready to fall and plunge you into darkness,
Darkness and long oblivion!"
Then indeed
Where lurk'd not danger? Through the fairy-land
No seat of pleasure glittering half-way down,
No hunting-place—but with some damning spot
That will not be wash'd out! There, at Caiano, (119)
Where, when the hawks were hooded and Night came,
Pulci would set the table in a roar
With his wild lay (120)—there, where the Sun descends,
And hill and dale are lost, veil'd with his beams,
The fair Venetian[1] died—she and her lord,
Died of a posset drugg'd by him who sate
And saw them suffer, flinging back the charge,
The murderer on the murder'd.
Sobs of Grief,[2]
Sounds inarticulate—suddenly stopt,
And follow'd by a struggle and a gasp,
A gasp in death, are heard yet in Cerreto,
Along the marble halls and staircases,
Nightly at twelve; and, at the self-same hour,
Shrieks, such as penetrate the inmost soul,
Such as awake the innocent babe to long,
Long wailing, echo through the emptiness
Of that old den far up among the hills, (121)
Frowning on him who comes from Pietra-Mala:
In them, in both, within five days and less,
Two unsuspecting victims, passing fair,
Welcomed with kisses, and slain cruelly,
One with the knife, one with the fatal noose.

But lo, the Sun is setting; (122) earth and sky
One blaze of glory—What but now we saw
As though it were not, though it had not been!
He lingers yet, and, lessening to a point,
Shines like the eye of Heaven—then withdraws;
And from the zenith to the utmost skirts
All is celestial red! The hour is come,
When they that sail along the distant seas
Languish for home; and they that in the morn
Said to sweet friends "farewell," melt as at parting;
When, journeying on, the pilgrim, if he hears,
As now we hear it, echoing round the hill,
The bell that seems to mourn the dying day,
Slackens his pace and sighs, and those he loved
Loves more than ever. But who feels it not?
And well may we, for we are far away.
Let us retire, and hail it in our hearts.

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1 Bianca Capello.

2 See Note.

PART II.

I.

THE PILGRIM.

It was an hour of universal joy.
The lark was up and at the gate of heaven,
Singing, as sure to enter when he came;
The butterfly was basking in my path,
His radiant wings unfolded. From below
The bell of prayer rose slowly, plaintively;
And odors, such as welcome in the day,
Such as salute the early traveller,
And come and go, each sweeter than the last,
Were rising. Hill and valley breathed delight;
And not a living thing but bless'd the hour!
In every bush and brake there was a voice
Responsive!
From the Thrasymene, that now
Slept in the sun, a lake of molten gold,
And from the shore that once, when armies met, (123)
Rocked to and fro unfelt, so terrible
The rage, the slaughter, I had turn'd away;
The path, that led me, leading through a wood
A fairy-wilderness of fruits and flowers,
And by a brook (124) that, in the day of strife,
Ran blood, but now runs amber—when a glade,
Far, far within, sunn'd only at noon-day,
Suddenly open'd. Many a bench was there,
Each round its ancient elm; and many a track,
Well known to them that from the highway loved
Awhile to deviate. In the midst a cross
Of mouldering stone as in a temple stood,
Solemn, severe; coeval with the trees
That round it in majestic order rose;
And on the lowest step a Pilgrim knelt,
Clasping his hands in prayer. He was the first
Yet seen by me (save in a midnight-masque,
A revel, where none cares to play his part,
And they, that speak, at once dissolve the charm)
The first in sober truth, no counterfeit;
And, when his orisons were duly paid,
He rose, and we exchanged, as all are wont,
A traveller's greeting.
Young, and of an age
When Youth is most attractive, when a light
Plays round and round, reflected, if I err not,
From some attendant Spirit, that ere-long
(His charge relinquish'd with a sigh, a tear)
Wings his flight upward—with a look he won
My favor; and, the spell of silence broke,
I could not but continue.
"Whence," I ask'd,
"Whence art thou?"—"From Mont' alto," he replied,
"My native village in the Apennines."
"And whither journeying?"—"To the holy shrine
Of Saint Antonio, in the City of Padua.
Perhaps, if thou hast ever gone so far,
Thou wilt direct my course."—"Most willingly;
But thou hast much to do, much to endure,
Ere thou hast enter'd where the silver lamps
Burn ever. Tell me—I would not transgress,
Yet ask I must—what could have brought thee forth,
Nothing in act or thought to be atoned for?"—

"It was a vow I made in my distress.
We were so blest, none were so blest as we,
Till Sickness came. First, as death-struck, I fell;
Then my beloved sister; and ere-long,
Worn with continual watchings, night and day,
Our saint-like mother. Worse and worse she grew;
And in my anguish, my despair, I vow'd,
That if she lived, if Heaven restored her to us,
I would forthwith, and in a Pilgrim's weeds,
Visit that holy shrine. My vow was heard;
And therefore am I come."—"Thou hast done well;
And may those weeds, so reverenced of old,
Guard thee in danger!"—
"They are nothing worth.
But they are worn in humble confidence;
Nor would I for the richest robe resign them,
Wrought, as they were, by those I love so well,
Lauretta and my sister; theirs the task,
But none to them, a pleasure, a delight,
To ply their utmost skill, and send me forth
As best became this service. Their last words,
'Fare thee well, Carlo. We shall count the hours!'
Will not go from me."—
"Health and strength be thine
In thy long travel! May no sun-beam strike;
No vapor cling and wither! Mayest thou be,
Sleeping or waking, sacred and secure!
And, when again thou comest, thy labor done,
Joy be among ye! In that happy hour
All will pour forth to bid thee welcome, Carlo;
And there is one, or I am much deceived,
One thou hast named, who will not be the last."—
"Oh, she is true as Truth itself can be!
But ah, thou knowest her not. Would that thou couldst!
My steps I quicken when I think of her;
For, though they take me further from her door,
I shall return the sooner."

II.

AN INTERVIEW.

Pleasure, that comes unlook'd-for, is thrice welcome;
And, if it stir the heart, if aught be there,
That may hereafter in a thoughtful hour
Wake but a sigh, 't is treasured up among
The things most precious; and the day it came,
Is noted as a white day in our lives.

The sun was wheeling westward, and the cliffs
And nodding woods, that everlastingly
(Such the dominion of thy mighty voice, (125)
Thy voice, Velino, utter'd in the mist)
Hear thee and answer thee, were left at length
For others still as noon; and on we stray'd
From wild to wilder, nothing hospitable
Seen up or down, no bush or green or dry, (126)
That ancient symbol at the cottage-door,
Offering refreshment—when Luigi cried,
"Well, of a thousand tracts we chose the best!"
And, turning round an oak, oracular once,
Now lightning-struck, a cave, a thoroughfare
For all that came, each entrance a broad arch,
Whence many a deer, rustling his velvet coat,
Had issued, many a gipsy and her brood
Peer'd forth, then housed again—the floor yet grey
With ashes, and the sides, where roughest, hung
Loosely with locks of hair—I look'd and saw
What, seen in such an hour by Sancho Panza,
Had given his honest countenance a breadth,
His cheeks a flush of pleasure and surprise,
Unknown before, had chain'd him to the spot,
And thou, Sir Knight, hadst traversed hill and dale
Squire-less.
Below and winding far away,
A narrow glade unfolded, such as Spring (127)
Broiders with flowers, and, when the moon is high,
The hare delights to race in, scattering round
The silvery dews. Cedar and cypress threw
Singly their length of shadow, chequering
The greensward, and, what grew in frequent tufts,
An underwood of myrtle, that by fits
Sent up a gale of fragrance. Through the midst,
Reflecting, as it ran, purple and gold,
A rainbow's splendor (somewhere in the east
Rain-drops were falling fast) a rivulet
Sported as loth to go; and on the bank
Stood (in the eyes of one, if not of both,
Worth all the rest and more) a sumpter-mule (128)
Well-laden, while two menials as in haste
Drew from his ample panniers, ranging round
Viands and fruits on many a shining salver,
And plunging in the cool translucent wave
Flasks of delicious wine.
Anon a horn
Blew, through the champaign bidding to the feast,
Its jocund note to other ears address'd,
Not ours; and, slowly coming by a path,
That, ere it issued from an ilex-grove,
Was seen far inward, though along the glade
Distinguish'd only by a fresher verdure,
Peasants approach'd, one leading in a leash
Beagles yet panting, one with various game,
In rich confusion slung, before, behind,
Leveret and quail and pheasant. All announced
The chase as over; and ere-long appear'd
Their horses full of fire, champing the curb,
For the white foam was dry upon the flank,
Two in close converse, each in each delighting,
Their plumage waving as instinct with life;
A Lady young and graceful, and a Youth,
Yet younger, bearing on a falconer's glove,
As in the golden, the romantic time,
His falcon hooded. Like some spirit of air,
Or fairy-vision, such as feign'd of old,
The Lady, while her courser paw'd the ground,
Alighted; and her beauty, as she trod
The enamell'd bank, bruising nor herb nor flower,
That place illumined.
Ah, who should she be,
And with her brother, as when last we met,
(When the first lark had sung ere half was said,
And as she stood, bidding adieu, her voice,
So sweet it was, recall'd me like a spell)
Who but Angelica?
That day we gave
To Pleasure, and, unconscious of their flight,
Another and another; hers a home
Dropt from the sky amid the wild and rude,
Loretto-like. The rising moon we hail'd,
Duly, devoutly, from a vestibule
Of many an [illegible] o'erwrought and lavishly
With many [illegible]ring dream of sylphs and flowers

When Raphael and his school from Florence came,
Filling the land with splendor (129)—nor less oft
Watch'd her, declining, from a silent dell,
Not silent once, what time in rivalry
Tasso, Guarini, waved their wizard-wands,
Peopling the groves from Arcady, and lo,
Fair forms appear'd, murmuring melodious verse, (130)
—Then, in their day, a sylvan theatre,
Mossy the seats, the stage a verdurous floor,
The scenery rock and shrub-wood, Nature's own;
Nature the Architect.

III.

ROME.

I AM in Rome! Oft as the morning-ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up as girt to run a race!

Thou art in Rome! the City that so long
Reign'd absolute, the mistress of the world;
The mighty vision that the prophets saw,
And trembled; that from nothing, from the least,
The lowliest village (what but here and there
A reed-roof'd cabin by a river-side?)
Grew into everything; and, year by year,
Patiently, fearlessly working her way
O'er brook and field, o'er continent and sea,
Not like the merchant with his merchandise,
Or traveller with staff and scrip exploring,
But hand to hand and foot to foot, through hosts,
Through nations numberless in battle-array,
Each behind each, each, when the other fell,
Up and in arms, at length subdued them all.

Thou art in Rome! the City, where the Gauls,
Entering at sun-rise through her open gates,
And, through her streets silent and desolate,
Marching to slay, thought they saw Gods, not men;
The City that, by temperance, fortitude,
And love of glory, tower'd above the clouds,
Then fell—but, falling, kept the highest seat,
And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe,
Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
Her empire undiminish'd.
There, as though
Grandeur attracted Grandeur, are beheld
All things that strike, ennoble—from the depths
Of Egypt, from the classic fields of Greece,
Her groves, her temples—all things that inspire
Wonder, delight! Who would not say the Forms
Most perfect, most divine, had by consent
Flock'd thither to abide eternally,
Within those silent chambers where they dwell,
In happy intercourse?
And I am there!
Ah, little thought I, when in school I sate,
A school-boy on his bench, at early dawn
Glowing with Roman story, I should live
To tread the Appian, (131) once an avenue
Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
Their doors seal'd up and silent as the night,
The dwellings of the illustrious dead—to turn
Toward Tiber, and, beyond the City-gate,
Pour out my unpremeditated verse,
Where on his mule I might have met so oft
Horace himself (132)—or climb the Palatine,
Dreaming of old Evander and his guest,
Dreaming and lost on that proud eminence,
Longwhile the seat of Rome, hereafter found
Less than enough (so monstrous was the brood
Engender'd there, so Titan-like) to lodge
One in his madness;[1] and, the summit gain'd,
Inscribe my name on some broad aloe-leaf,
That shoots and spreads within those very walls
Where Virgil read aloud his tale divine,
Where his voice falter'd, (133) and a mother wept
Tears of delight!
But what a narrow space
Just underneath! In many a heap the ground
Heaves, as though Ruin in a frantic mood
Had done his utmost. Here and there appears,
As left to show his handy-work not ours,
An idle column, a half-buried arch,
A wall of some great temple.
It was once,
And long, the centre of their Universe, (134)
The Forum—whence a mandate, eagle-wing'd,
Went to the ends of the earth. Let us descend
Slowly. At every step much may be lost
The very dust we tread, stirs as with life;
And not the lightest breath that sends not up
Something of human grandeur.
We are come,
Are now where once the mightiest spirits met
In terrible conflict; this, while Rome was free,
The noblest theatre on this side Heaven!
Here the first Brutus stood, when o'er the corse
Of her so chaste all mourn'd, and from his cloud
Burst like a God. Here, holding up the knife
That ran with blood, the blood of his own child,
Virginius call'd down vengeance.—But whence spoke
They who harangued the people; turning now
To the twelve tables, (135) now with lifted hands
To the Capitoline Jove, whose fulgent shape
In the unclouded azure shone far off,
And to the shepherd on the Alban mount (136)
Seem'd like a star new-risen? Where were ranged
In rough array as on their element,
The beaks of those old galleys, destined still[2]
To brave the brunt of war—at last to know
A calm far worse, a silence as in death?
All spiritless; from that disastrous hour
When he, the bravest, gentlest of them all,[3]
Scorning the chains he could not hope to break,
Fell on his sword!
Along the Sacred Way
Hither the Triumph came, and, winding round
With acclamation, and the martial clang
Of instruments, and cars laden with spoil,
Stopt at the sacred stair that then appear'd,
Then through the darkness broke, ample, star-bright,
As though it led to heaven. 'Twas night; but now
A thousand torches, turning night to day, (137)
Blazed, and the victor, springing from his seat,

1 Nero. 2 The Rostra. 3 Marcus Junius Brutus.

Went up, and, kneeling as in fervent prayer,
Enter'd the Capitol. But what are they,
Who at the foot withdraw, a mournful train
In fetters? And who, yet incredulous,
Now gazing wildly round, now on his sons,
On those so young, well-pleased with all they see, (138)
Staggers along, the last?—They are the fallen,
Those who were spared to grace the chariot-wheels;
And there they parted, where the road divides,
The victor and the vanquish'd—there withdrew;
He to the festal-board, and they to die.

Well might the great, the mighty of the world,
They who were wont to fare deliciously,
And war but for a kingdom more or less,
Shrink back, nor from their thrones endure to look,
To think that way! Well might they in their state
Humble themselves, and kneel and supplicate
To be delivered from a dream like this!

Here Cincinnatus pass'd, his plow the while
Left in the furrow, and how many more,
Whose laurels fade not, who still walk the earth,
Consuls, Dictators, still in Curule pomp
Sit and decide; and, as of old in Rome,
Name but their names, set every heart on fire!

Here, in his bonds, he whom the phalanx saved not,[1]
The last on Philip's throne; and the Numidian,[2]
So soon to say, stript of his cumbrous robe,
Stript to the skin, and in his nakedness
Thrust under-ground, "How cold this bath of yours!"
And thy proud queen, Palmyra, through the sands[3]
Pursued, o'ertaken on her dromedary;
Whose temples, palaces, a wondrous dream
That passes not away, for many a league
Illumine yet the desert. Some invoked
Death, and escaped; the Egyptian, when her asp
Came from his covert under the green leaf;[4]
And Hannibal himself; and she who said,
Taking the fatal cup between her hands,[5] (139)
"Tell him I would it had come yesterday;
For then it had not been his nuptial gift."

Now all is changed; and here, as in the wild,
The day is silent, dreary as the night;
None stirring, save the herdsman and his herd,
Savage alike; or they that would explore,
Discuss and learnedly; or they that come,
(And there are many who have cross'd the earth)
That they may give the hours to meditation,
And wander, often saying to themselves,
"This was the Roman Forum!"

IV.

A FUNERAL.

"Whence this delay?" "Along the crowded street
A Funeral comes, and with unusual pomp."
So I withdrew a little, and stood still,
While it went by. "She died as she deserved,"
Said an Abatè, gathering up his cloak,
And with a shrug retreating as the tide
Flow'd more and more.—"But she was beautiful!"
Replied a soldier of the Pontiff's guard.
"And innocent as beautiful!" exclaim'd
A Matron sitting in her stall, hung round
With garlands, holy pictures, and what not?
Her Alban grapes and Tusculan figs display'd
In rich profusion. From her heart she spoke;
And I accosted her to hear her story.
"The stab," she cried, "was given in jealousy;
But never fled a purer spirit to heaven,
As thou wilt say, or much my mind misleads,
When thou hast seen her face. Last night at dusk
When on her way from vespers—None were near,
None save her serving-boy, who knelt and wept,
But what could tears avail him, when she fell—
Last night at dusk, the clock then striking nine,
Just by the fountain—that before the church,
The church she always used, St. Isidore's—
Alas, I knew her from her earliest youth,
That excellent lady. Ever would she say,
Good even, as she pass'd, and with a voice
Gentle as theirs in heaven!"—But now by fits
A dull and dismal noise assail'd the ear,
A wail, a chant, louder and louder yet;
And now a strange fantastic troop appear'd!
Thronging, they came—as from the shades below;
All of a ghostly white! "Oh say," I cried,
"Do not the living here bury the dead?
Do Spirits come and fetch them? What are those,
That seem not of this World, and mock the Day;
Each with a burning taper in his hand?"—
"It is an ancient Brotherhood thou seest.
Such their apparel. Through the long, long line
Look where thou wilt, no likeness of a man;
The living mask'd, the dead alone uncover'd.
But mark"—And, lying on her funeral-couch,
Like one asleep, her eye-lids closed, her hands
Folded together on her modest breast,
As 't were her nightly posture, through the crowd
She came at last—and richly, gaily clad,
As for a birth-day feast! But breathes she not?
A glow is on her cheek—and her lips move!
And now a smile is there—how heavenly sweet!
"Oh no!" replied the Dame, wiping her tears,
But with an accent less of grief than anger,
"No, she will never, never wake again!"

Death, when we meet the spectre in our walks,
As we did yesterday, and shall to-morrow,
Soon grows familiar—like most other things,
Seen, not observed; but in a foreign clime,
Changing his shape to something new and strange,
(And through the world he changes as in sport,
Affect he greatness or humility)
Knocks at the heart. His form and fashion here
To me, I do confess, reflect a gloom,
A sadness round; yet one I would not lose;
Being in unison with all things else
In this, this land of shadows, where we live
More in past time than present, where the ground,
League beyond league, like one great cemetery,
Is cover'd o'er with mouldering monuments;
And, let the living wander where they will,
They cannot leave the footsteps of the dead.

Oft, where the burial-rite follows so fast
The agony, oft coming, nor from far,
Must a fond father meet his darling child,

1 Perseus. 2 Jugurtha. 3 Zenobia.
4 Cleopatra. 5 Sophonisba.

(Him who at parting climb'd his knees and clung)
Clay-cold and wan, and to the bearers cry,
"Stand, I conjure ye!"
Seen thus destitute,
What are the greatest? They must speak beyond
A thousand homilies. When Raphael went,
His heavenly face the mirror of his mind,
His mind a temple for all lovely things
To flock to and inhabit—when He went,
Wrapt in his sable cloak, the cloak he wore,
To sleep beneath the venerable Dome,[1]
By those attended, who in life had loved,
Had worshipp'd, following in his steps to Fame,
('Twas on an April-day, when Nature smiles)
All Rome was there. But, ere the march began,
Ere to receive their charge the bearers came,
Who had not sought him? And when all beheld
Him, where he lay, how changed from yesterday,
Him in that hour cut off, and at his head
His last great work; (140) when, entering in, they look'd
Now on the dead, then on that master-piece,
Now on his face, lifeless and colorless,
Then on those forms divine that lived and breathed,
And would live on for ages—all were moved;
And sighs burst forth, and loudest lamentations.

V.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

"ANOTHER Assassination! This venerable City," I exclaimed, "what is it, but as it began, a nest of robbers and murderers? We must away at sun-rise, Luigi." But before sun-rise I had reflected a little, and in the soberest prose. My indignation was gone; and, when Luigi undrew my curtain, crying, "Up, Signor, up! The horses are at the door."—"Luigi," I replied, "if thou lovest me, draw the curtain."[2]

It would lessen very much the severity with which men judge of each other, if they would but trace effects to their causes, and observe the progress of things in the moral as accurately as in the physical world. When we condemn millions in the mass as vindictive and sanguinary, we should remember that, wherever Justice is ill-administered, the injured will redress themselves. Robbery provokes to robbery; murder to assassination. Resentments become hereditary; and what began in disorder, ends as if all Hell had broke loose.

Laws create a habit of self-restraint, not only by the influence of fear, but by regulating in its exercise the passion of revenge. If they overawe the bad by the prospect of a punishment certain and well-defined, they console the injured by the infliction of that punishment; and, as the infliction is a public act, it excites and entails no enmity. The laws are offended; and the community, for its own sake, pursues and overtakes the offender; often without the concurrence of the sufferer, sometimes against his wishes.

Now those who were not born, like ourselves, to such advantages, we should surely rather pity than hate; and, when at length they venture to turn against their rulers,[3] we should lament, not wonder at their excesses; remembering that nations are naturally patient and long-suffering, and seldom rise in rebellion till they are so degraded by a bad government as to be almost incapable of a good one.

"Hate them, perhaps," you may say, "we should not; but despise them we must, if enslaved, like the people of Rome, in mind as well as body; if their religion be a gross and barbarous superstition."—I respect knowledge; but I do not despise ignorance. They think only as their fathers thought, worship as they worshipped. They do no more; and, if ours had not burst their bondage, braving imprisonment and death, might not we at this very moment have been exhibiting, in our streets and our churches, the same processions, ceremonials, and mortifications?

Nor should we require from those who are in an earlier stage of society, what belongs to a later? They are only where we once were; and why hold them in derision? It is their business to cultivate the inferior arts before they think of the more refined; and in many of the last what are we as a nation, when compared to others that have passed away? Unfortunately, it is too much the practice of governments to nurse and keep alive in the governed their national prejudices. It withdraws their attention from what is passing at home, and makes them better tools in the hands of Ambition. Hence next-door neighbors are held up to us from our childhood as *natural enemies;* and we are urged on like curs to worry each other.[1]

In like manner we should learn to be just to individuals. Who can say, "In such circumstances I should have done otherwise?" Who, did he but reflect by what slow gradations, often by how many strange concurrences, we are led astray; with how much reluctance, how much agony, how many efforts to escape, how many self-accusations, how many sighs, how many tears—Who, did he but reflect for a moment, would have the heart to cast a stone? Fortunately, these things are known to Him, from whom no secrets are hidden; and let us rest in the assurance that *his* judgments are not as ours are.

VI.

THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME.

HAVE none appear'd as tillers of the ground, (141)
None since They went—as though it still were theirs,
And they might come and claim their own again?
Was the last plow a Roman's?
From this Seat, (142)
Sacred for ages, whence, as Virgil sings,
The Queen of Heaven, alighting from the sky,
Look'd down and saw the armies in array,[2]

1 The Pantheon.

2 A dialogue, which is said to have passed many years ago at Lyons (Mem. de Grammont, I, 3.) and which may still be heard in almost every hôtellerie at day-break.

3 As the descendants of an illustrious people have lately done. Can it be believed that there are many among us, who, from a desire to be thought superior to commonplace sentiments and vulgar feelings, affect an indifference to their cause! "If the Greeks," they say, "had the probity of other nations—but they are false to a proverb!" And is not falsehood the characteristic of slaves? Man is the creature of circumstances. Free, he has the qualities of a freeman; enslaved, those of a slave.

1 Candor, generosity, how rare are they in the world; and how much is to be deplored the want of them! When a minister in our parliament consents at last to a measure, which, for many reasons perhaps existing no longer, he had before refused to adopt, there should be no exultation as over the fallen, no taunt, no jeer. How often may the resistance be continued lest an enemy should triumph, and the result of conviction be received as a symptom of fear!

2 Æneid, xii, 134.

Let us contemplate; and, where dreams from Jove
Descended on the sleeper, where perhaps
Some inspirations may be lingering still,
Some glimmerings of the future or the past,
Await their influence; silently revolving
The changes from that hour, when He from Troy
Went up the Tiber; when refulgent shields,
No strangers to the iron-hail of war,
Stream'd far and wide, and dashing oars were heard
Among those woods where Silvia's stag was lying,
His antlers gay with flowers; among those woods
Where, by the Moon, that saw and yet withdrew not,
Two were so soon to wander and be slain, (143)
Two lovely in their lives, nor in their death
Divided.
Then, and hence to be discern'd,
How many realms, pastoral and warlike, lay (144)
Along this plain, each with its schemes of power,
Its little rivalships! What various turns
Of fortune there; what moving accidents
From ambuscade and open violence!
Mingling, the sounds came up; and hence how oft
We might have caught among the trees below,
Glittering with helm and shield, the men of Tibur;[1]
Or in Greek vesture, Greek their origin,
Some embassy, ascending to Præneste;[2]
How oft descried, without thy gates, Aricia,[3]
Entering the solemn grove for sacrifice,
Senate and People!—Each a busy hive,
Glowing with life!
But all ere-long are lost
In one. We look, and where the river rolls
Southward its shining labyrinth, in her strength
A City, girt with battlements and towers,
On seven small hills is rising. Round about,
At rural work, the Citizens are seen,
None unemploy'd; the noblest of them all
Binding their sheaves or on their threshing-floors,
As though they had not conquer'd. Everywhere
Some trace of valor or heroic virtue!
Here is the sacred field of the Horatii, (145)
There are the Quintian meadows. (146) Here the hill[4]
How holy, where a generous people, twice,
Twice going forth, in terrible anger sate
Arm'd; and, their wrongs redress'd, at once gave way,
Helmet and shield, and sword and spear thrown down,
And every hand uplifted, every heart
Pour'd out in thanks to Heaven.
Once again
We look; and, lo, the sea is white with sails
Innumerable, wafting to the shore
Treasures untold; the vale, the promontories,
A dream of glory; temples, palaces,
Call'd up as by enchantment; aqueducts
Among the groves and glades rolling along
Rivers, on many an arch high over-head;
And in the centre, like a burning-sun,
The Imperial City! They have now subdued
All nations. But where they who led them forth;
Who, when at length released by victory,
(Buckler and spear hung up—but not to rust)
Held poverty no evil, no reproach,
Living on little with a cheerful mind,
The Decii, the Fabricii? Where the spade
And reaping-hook, among their household-things
Duly transmitted? In the hands of men
Made captive; while the master and his guests,
Reclining, quaff in gold, and roses swim,
Summer and winter, through the circling year,
On their Falernian—in the hands of men
Dragg'd into slavery, with how many more
Spared but to die, a public spectacle,
In combat with each other, and required
To fall with grace, with dignity to sink,
While life is gushing, and the plaudits ring
Faint and yet fainter on their failing ear,
As models for the sculptor.
But their days,
Their hours are number'd. Hark, a yell, a shriek,
A barbarous dissonance, loud and yet louder,
That echoes from the mountains to the sea!
And mark, beneath us, like a bursting cloud,
The battle moving onward! Had they slain
All, that the Earth should from her womb bring forth
New nations to destroy them? From the depth
Of forests, from what none had dared explore,
Regions of thrilling ice, as though in ice
Engender'd, multiplied, they pour along,
Shaggy and huge! Host after host, they come;
The Goth, the Vandal; and again the Goth!

Once more we look, and all is still as night,
All desolate! Groves, temples, palaces,
Swept from the sight, and nothing visible,
Amid the sulphurous vapors that exhale
As from a land accurst, save here and there
An empty tomb, a fragment like the limb
Of some dismember'd giant. In the midst
A City stands, her domes and turrets crown'd
With many a cross; but they, that issue forth,
Wander like strangers who had built among
The mighty ruins, silent, spiritless;
And on the road, where once we might have met
Cæsar and Cato, and men more than kings,
We meet, none else, the pilgrim and the beggar.

VII.

THE ROMAN PONTIFFS.

Those ancient men, what were they, who achieved
A sway beyond the greatest conquerors;
Setting their feet upon the necks of kings,
And, through the world, subduing, chaining down
The free immortal spirit? Were they not
Mighty magicians? Theirs a wondrous spell,
Where true and false were with infernal art
Close-interwoven; where together met
Blessings and curses, threats and promises;
And with the terrors of Futurity
Mingled whate'er enchants and fascinates,
Music and painting, sculpture, rhetoric (147)
And architectural pomp, such as none else;
And dazzling light, and darkness visible! (148)
What in his day the Syracusan sought,
Another world to plant his engines on,
They had; and, having it, like gods, not men,
Moved this world at their pleasure. Ere they came, (149)
Their shadows, stretching far and wide, were known
And Two, that look'd beyond the visible sphere,
Gave notice of their coming—he who saw

1 Tivoli. 2 Palestrina. 3 La Riccia. 4 Mons Sacer.

The Apocalypse; and he of elder time,
Who in an awful vision of the night
Saw the Four Kingdoms. Distant as they were,
Well might those holy men be fill'd with fear!

VIII.

CAIUS CESTIUS.

When I am inclined to be serious, I love to wander up and down before the tomb of Caius Cestius. The Protestant burial-ground is there; and most of the little monuments are erected to the young; young men of promise, cut off when on their travels, full of enthusiasm, full of enjoyment; brides, in the bloom of their beauty, on their first journey; or children, borne from home in search of health. This stone was placed by his fellow-travellers, young as himself, who will return to the house of his parents without him; that, by a husband or a father, now in his native country. His heart is buried in that grave.

It is a quiet and sheltered nook, covered in the winter with violets; and the Pyramid, that overshadows it, gives it a classical and singularly solemn air. You feel an interest there, a sympathy you were not prepared for. You are yourself in a foreign land; and they are for the most part your countrymen. They call upon you in your mother-tongue—in English—in words unknown to a native, known only to yourselves: and the tomb of Cestius, that old majestic pile, has this also in common with them. It is itself a stranger, among strangers. It has stood there till the language spoken round about it has changed; and the shepherd, born at the foot, can read its inscription no longer.

IX.

THE NUN.

'Tis over; and her lovely cheek is now
On her hard pillow—there, alas, to be
Nightly, through many and many a dreary hour,
Wan, often wet with tears, and (ere at length
Her place is empty, and another comes)
In anguish, in the ghastliness of death;
Hers never more to leave those mournful walls,
Even on her bier.
'Tis over; and the rite,
With all its pomp and harmony, is now
Floating before her. She arose at home.
To be the show, the idol of the day;
Her vesture gorgeous, and her starry head—
No rocket, bursting in the midnight-sky,
So dazzling. When to-morrow she awakes,
She will awake as though she still was there,
Still in her father's house; and lo, a cell
Narrow and dark, nought through the gloom discern'd,
Nought save the crucifix, the rosary,
And the grey habit lying by to shroud
Her beauty and grace.
When on her knees she fell,
Entering the solemn place of consecration,
And from the latticed gallery came a chaunt
Of psalms, most saint-like, most angelical, (150)
Verse after verse sung out, how holily!
The strain returning, and still, still returning,
Methought it acted like a spell upon her,
And she was casting off her earthly dross;
Yet was it sad as sweet, and, ere it closed,
Came like a dirge. When her fair head was shorn,
And the long tresses in her hands were laid,
That she might fling them from her, saying, "Thus,
Thus I renounce the world and worldly things!"
When, as she stood, her bridal ornaments
Were, one by one, removed, even to the last,
That she might say, flinging them from her, "Thus,
Thus I renounce the world!" when all was changed,
And, as a nun, in homeliest guise she knelt,
Veil'd in her veil, crown'd with her silver crown,
Her crown of lilies as the spouse of Christ,
Well might her strength forsake her, and her knees
Fail in that hour! Well might the holy man,
He, at whose feet she knelt, give as by stealth
('T was in her utmost need; nor, while she lives, (151)
Will it go from her, fleeting as it was)
That faint but fatherly smile, that smile of love
And pity!
Like a dream the whole is fled;
And they, that came in idleness to gaze
Upon the victim dress'd for sacrifice,
Are mingling in the world; thou in thy cell
Forgot, Teresa. Yet, among them all,
None were so form'd to love and to be loved,
None to delight, adorn; and on thee now
A curtain, blacker than the night, is dropp'd
For ever! In thy gentle bosom sleep
Feelings, affections, destined now to die,
To wither like the blossom in the bud,
Those of a wife, a mother; leaving there
A cheerless void, a chill as of the grave,
A languor and a lethargy of soul,
Death-like, and gathering more and more, till Death
Comes to release thee. Ah, what now to thee,
What now to thee the treasure of thy Youth?
As nothing!
But thou canst not yet reflect
Calmly; so many things, strange and perverse,
That meet, recoil, and go but to return,
The monstrous birth of one eventful day,
Troubling thy spirit—from the first, at dawn,
The rich arraying for the nuptial feast,
To the black pall, the requiem. (152)
All in turn
Revisit thee, and round thy lowly bed
Hover, uncall'd. The young and innocent heart,
How is it beating? Has it no regrets?
Discoverest thou no weakness lurking there?
But thine exhausted frame has sunk to rest.
Peace to thy slumbers!

X.

THE FIRE-FLY.

There is an Insect, that, when Evening comes,
Small though he be and scarce distinguishable,
Like Evening clad in soberest livery,
Unsheathes his wings, (153) and through the woods and glades
Scatters a marvellous splendor On he wheels,
Blazing by fits as from excess of joy, (154)
Each gush of light a gush of ecstacy;
Nor unaccompanied; thousands that fling
A radiance all their own, not of the day,
Thousands as bright as he, from dusk till dawn,

Soaring, descending.
In the mother's lap
Well may the child put forth his little hands,
Singing the nursery-song he learnt so soon; (155)
And the young nymph, preparing for the dance (156)
By brook or fountain-side, in many a braid
Wreathing her golden hair, well may she cry,
"Come hither; and the shepherds, gathering round,
Shall say, Lauretta emulates the Night,
Spangling her head with stars."
Oft have I met
This shining race, when in the Tusculan groves
My path no longer glimmer'd; oft among
Those trees, religious once and always green, (157)
That yet dream out their stories of old Rome
Over the Alban lake; oft met and hail'd,
Where the precipitate Anio thunders down,
And through the surging mist a Poet's house
(So some aver, and who would not believe?) (158)
Reveals itself.
Yet cannot I forget
Him, who rejoiced me in those walks at eve,
My earliest, pleasantest; who dwells unseen,
And in our northern clime, when all is still,
Nightly keeps watch, nightly in bush or brake
His lonely lamp rekindling.[1] Unlike theirs,
His, if less dazzling, through the darkness knows
No intermission; sending forth its ray
Through the green leaves, a ray serene and clear
As Virtue's own.

XI.

FOREIGN TRAVEL.

It was in a splenetic humor that I sate me down to my scanty fare at Terracina; and how long I should have contemplated the lean thrushes in array before me, I cannot say, if a cloud of smoke, that drew the tears into my eyes, had not burst from the green and leafy boughs on the hearth-stone. "Why," I exclaimed, starting up from the table, "why did I leave my own chimney-corner?—But am I not on the road to Brundusium? And are not these the very calamities that befell Horace and Virgil, and Mæcenas, and Plotius, and Varius? Horace laughed at them—then why should not I? Horace resolved to turn them to account; and Virgil—cannot we hear him observing, that to remember them will, by and by, be a pleasure?" My soliloquy reconciled me at once to my fate; and when, for the twentieth time, I had looked through the window on a sea sparkling with innumerable brilliants, a sea on which the heroes of the Odyssey and the Eneid had sailed, I sat down as to a splendid banquet. My thrushes had the flavor of ortolans; and I ate with an appetite I had not known before.

"Who," I cried, as I poured out my last glass of Falernian,[2] (for Falernian it was said to be, and in my eyes it ran bright and clear as a topaz-stone)—"who would remain at home, could he do otherwise? Who would submit to tread that dull, but daily round; his hours forgotten as soon as spent?" and, opening my journal-book and dipping my pen into my ink-horn, I determined, as far as I could, to justify myself and my countrymen in wandering over the face of the earth. "It may serve me," said I, "as a remedy in some future fit of the spleen."

Ours is a nation of travellers;[1] and no wonder, when the elements, air, water, fire, attend at our bidding, to transport us from shore to shore; when the ship rushes into the deep, her track the foam as of some mighty torrent; and, in three hours or less, we stand gazing and gazed at among a foreign people. None want an excuse. If rich, they go to enjoy, if poor, to retrench; if sick, to recover; if studious, to learn; if learned, to relax from their studies. But whatever they may say, whatever they may believe, they go for the most part on the same errand; nor will those who reflect, think that errand an idle one.

Almost all men are over-anxious. No sooner do they enter the world, than they lose that taste for natural and simple pleasures, so remarkable in early life. Every hour do they ask themselves what progress they have made in the pursuit of wealth or honor; and on they go as their fathers went before them, till, weary and sick at heart, they look back with a sigh of regret to the golden time of their childhood.

Now travel, and foreign travel more particularly, restores to us in a great degree what we have lost. When the anchor is heaved, we double down the leaf; and for a while at least all effort is over. The old cares are left clustering round the old objects; and at every step, as we proceed, the slightest circumstance amuses and interests. All is new and strange. We surrender ourselves, and feel once again as children. Like them, we enjoy eagerly; like them, when we fret, we fret only for the moment; and here indeed the resemblance is very remarkable, for if a journey has its pains as well as its pleasures (and there is nothing unmixed in this world) the pains are no sooner over than they are forgotten, while the pleasures live long in the memory.

Nor is it surely without another advantage. If life be short, not so to many of us are its days and its hours. When the blood slumbers in the veins, how often do we wish that the earth would turn faster on its axis, that the sun would rise and set before it does, and, to escape from the weight of time, how many follies, how many crimes are committed! Men rush on danger, and even on death. Intrigue, play, foreign and domestic broil, such are their resources; and, when these things fail, they destroy themselves.

Now in travelling we multiply events, and innocently. We set out, as it were, on our adventures; and many are those that occur to us, morning, noon, and night. The day we come to a place which we have long heard and read of, and in Italy we do so continually, it is an era in our lives; and from that moment the very name calls up a picture. How delightfully too does the knowledge flow in upon us, and how fast![2] Would he who sat in a corner of

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1 The glow-worm.

2 We were now within a few hours of the Campania Felix. On the color and flavor of Falernian, consult Galen and Dioscorides.

1 As indeed it always was, contributing those of every degree, from a *milord* with his suite to him whose only attendant is his shadow. Coryate in 1608 performed his journey on foot; and, returning, hung up his shoes in his village church as an ex-voto. Goldsmith, a century and a half afterwards, followed in nearly the same path; playing a tune on his flute to procure admittance, whenever he approached a cottage at night-fall.

2 To judge at once of a nation, we have only to throw our eyes on the markets and the fields. If the markets are well-supplied, the fields well-cultivated, all is right. If otherwise, we may say, and say truly, these people are barbarous or oppressed.

his library, poring over books and maps, learn more or so much in the time, as he who, with his eyes and his heart open, is receiving impressions, all day long, from the things themselves?[1] How accurately do they arrange themselves in our memory, towns, rivers, mountains; and in what living colors do we recall the dresses, manners, and customs of the people! Our sight is the noblest of all our senses. "It fills the mind with most ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues longest in action without being tired." Our sight is on the alert when we travel; and its exercise is then so delightful, that we forget the profit in the pleasure.

Like a river, that gathers, that refines as it runs, like a spring that takes its course through some rich vein of mineral, we improve and imperceptibly—nor in the head only, but in the heart. Our prejudices leave us, one by one. Seas and mountains are no longer our boundaries. We learn to love, and esteem, and admire beyond them. Our benevolence extends itself with our knowledge. And must we not return better citizens than we went? For the more we become acquainted with the institutions of other countries, the more highly must we value our own.

I threw down my pen in triumph. "The question," said I, "is set to rest for ever. And yet—"

"And yet—" I must still say. The wisest of men seldom went out of the walls of Athens; and for that worst of evils, that sickness of the soul, to which we are most liable when most at our ease, is there not after all a surer and yet pleasanter remedy, a remedy for which we have only to cross the threshold? A Piedmontese nobleman, into whose company I fell at Turin, had not long before experienced its efficacy: and his story, which he told me without reserve, was as follows.

"I was weary of life, and, after a day, such as few have known and none would wish to remember, was hurrying along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned and beheld a little boy, who had caught the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my notice. His look and manner were irresistible. Not less so was the lesson he had learnt.

"'There are six of us; and we are dying for want of food.'—'Why should I not,' said I to myself, 'relieve this wretched family? I have the means; and it will not delay me many minutes. But what, if it does?' The scene of misery he conducted me to, I cannot describe. I threw them my purse; and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes—it went as a cordial to my heart. 'I will call again to-morrow,' I cried. 'Fool that I was, to think of leaving a world, where such pleasure was to be had and so cheaply!'"

XII.

THE FOUNTAIN.

It was a well
Of whitest marble, white as from the quarry;
And richly wrought with many a high relief,
Greek sculpture—in some earlier day perhaps
A tomb, and honor'd with a hero's ashes.
The water from the rock fill'd, overflow'd it;
Then dash'd away, playing the prodigal,
And soon was lost—stealing unseen, unheard,
Through the long grass, and round the twisted roots
Of aged trees; discovering where it ran
By the fresh verdure. Overcome with heat,
I threw me down; admiring, as I lay,
That shady nook, a singing-place for birds,
That grove so intricate, so full of flowers,
More than enough to please a child a-Maying.

The sun was down, a distant convent-bell
Ringing the *Angelus;* and now approach'd
The hour for stir and village-gossip there,
The hour Rebekah came, when from the well
She drew with such alacrity to serve
The stranger and his camels. Soon I heard
Footsteps; and lo, descending by a path
Trodden for ages, many a nymph appear'd,
Appear'd and vanish'd, bearing on her head
Her earthen pitcher. It call'd up the day
Ulysses landed there; and long I gazed,
Like one awaking in a distant time. (159)

At length there came the loveliest of them all,
Her little brother dancing down before her;
And ever as he spoke, which he did ever,
Turning and looking up in warmth of heart
And brotherly affection. Stopping there,
She join'd her rosy hands, and, filling them
With the pure element, gave him to drink;
And, while he quench'd his thirst, standing on tiptoe,
Look'd down upon him with a sister's smile,
Nor stirr'd till he had done, fix'd as a statue.

Then hadst thou seen them as they stood, Canova,
Thou hadst endow'd them with immortal youth;
And they had evermore lived undivided,
Winning all hearts—of all thy works the fairest.

XIII.

BANDITTI.

'Tis a wild life, fearful and full of change,
The mountain-robber's. On the watch he lies,
Levelling his carbine at the passenger;
And, when his work is done, he dares not sleep.

Time was, the trade was nobler, if not honest;
When they that robb'd, were men of better faith (160)
Than kings or pontiffs, when, such reverence
The Poet drew among the woods and wilds,
A voice was heard, that never bade to spare,
Crying aloud, "Hence to the distant hills!
Tasso approaches; he, whose song beguiles
The day of half its hours; whose sorcery
Dazzles the sense, turning our forest-glades
To lists that blaze with gorgeous armory,
Our mountain-caves to regal palaces.
Hence, nor descend till he and his are gone.
Let him fear nothing."
When along the shore, (161)
And by the path that, wandering on its way,
Leads through the fatal grove where Tully fell

1 Assuredly not, if the last has laid a proper foundation. Knowledge makes knowledge as money makes money, nor ever perhaps so fast as on a journey.

(Grey and o'ergrown, an ancient tomb is there),
He came and they withdrew: they were a race
Careless of life in others and themselves,
For they had learnt their lesson in a camp;
But not ungenerous. 'T is no longer so.
Now crafty, cruel, torturing ere they slay
The unhappy captive, and with bitter jests
Mocking misfortune; vain, fantastical,
Wearing whatever glitters in the spoil;
And most devout, though when they kneel and pray,
With every bead they could recount a murder.
As by a spell they start up in array, (162)
As by a spell they vanish—theirs a band,
Not as elsewhere of outlaws, but of such
As sow and reap, and at the cottage-door
Sit to receive, return the traveller's greeting;
Now in the garb of peace, now silently
Arming and issuing forth, led on by men
Whose names on innocent lips are words of fear,
Whose lives have long been forfeit.

Some there are
That, ere they rise to this bad eminence,
Lurk, night and day, the plague-spot visible,
The guilt that says, Beware; and mark we now
Him, where he lies, who couches for his prey
At the bridge-foot, in some dark cavity
Scoop'd by the waters, or some gaping tomb,
Nameless and tenantless, whence the red fox
Slunk as he enter'd. There he broods, in spleen
Gnawing his beard; his rough and sinewy frame
O'erwritten with the story of his life:
On his wan cheek a sabre-cut, well-earn'd
In foreign warfare; on his breast the brand
Indelible, burnt in when to the port
He clank'd his chain, among a hundred more
Dragg'd ignominiously; on every limb
Memorials of his glory and his shame,
Stripes of the lash and honorable scars,
And channels here and there worn to the bone
By galling fetters.

He comes slowly forth,
Unkennelling, and up that savage dell
Anxiously looks; his cruise, an ample gourd
(Duly replenish'd from the vintner's cask),
Slung from his shoulder; in his breadth of belt
Two pistols and a dagger yet uncleansed,
A parchment scrawl'd with uncouth characters,
And a small vial, his last remedy,
His cure, when all things fail. No noise is heard,
Save when the rugged bear and the gaunt wolf
Howl in the upper region, or a fish
Leaps in the gulf beneath—But now he kneels
And (like a scout when listening to the tramp
Of horse or foot) lays his experienced ear
Close to the ground, then rises and explores,
Then kneels again, and, his short rifle-gun
Against his cheek, waits patiently.

Two Monks,
Portly, grey-headed, on their gallant steeds,
Descend where yet a mouldering cross o'erhangs
The grave of one that from the precipice
Fell in an evil hour. Their bridle-bells
Ring merrily; and many a loud, long laugh
Re-echoes; but at once the sounds are lost.
Unconscious of the good in store below,
The holy fathers have turn'd off, and now
Cross the brown heath, ere-long to wag their beards
Before my lady-abbess, and discuss
Things only known to the devout and pure
O'er her spiced bowl—then shrive the sisterhood,
Sitting by turns with an inclining ear
In the confessional.

He moves his lips
As with a curse—then paces up and down,
Now fast, now slow, brooding and muttering on;
Gloomy alike to him the past, the future.

But hark, the nimble tread of numerous feet!
—'T is but a dappled herd, come down to slake
Their thirst in the cool wave. He turns and aims—
Then checks himself, unwilling to disturb
The sleeping echoes.

Once again he earths;
Slipping away to house with them beneath,
His old companions in that hiding-place,
The bat, the toad, the blind-worm, and the newt;
And hark, a footstep, firm and confident,
As of a man in haste. Nearer it draws;
And now is at the entrance of the den.
Ha! 't is a comrade, sent to gather in
The band for some great enterprise.

Who wants
A sequel, may read on. The unvarnish'd tale,
That follows, will supply the place of one.
'T was told me by the Marquis of Ravina,
When in a blustering night he shelter'd me
In that brave castle of his ancestors
O'er Garigliano, and is such indeed
As every day brings with it—in a land
Where laws are trampled on, and lawless men
Walk in the sun; but it should not be lost,
For it may serve to bind us to our country.

XIV.

AN ADVENTURE.

Three days they lay in ambush at my gate, (163)
Then sprung and led me captive. Many a wild
We traversed; but Rusconi, 't was no less,
March'd by my side, and, when I thirsted, climb'd
The cliffs for water; though, whene'er he spoke,
'T was briefly, sullenly; and on he led,
Distinguish'd only by an amulet,
That in a golden chain hung from his neck,
A crystal of rare virtue. Night fell fast,
When on a heath, black and immeasurable,
He turn'd and bade them halt. 'T was where the earth
Heaves o'er the dead—where erst some Alaric
Fought his last fight, and every warrior threw
A stone to tell for ages where he lay.

Then all advanced, and, ranging in a square,
Stretch'd forth their arms as on the holy cross
From each to each their sable cloaks extending,
That, like the solemn hangings of a tent,
Cover'd us round; and in the midst I stood,
Weary and faint, and face to face with one,
Whose voice, whose look dispenses life and death,
Whose heart knows no relentings. Instantly
A light was kindled, and the Bandit spoke.
"I know thee. Thou hast sought us, for the sport
Slipping thy blood-hounds with a hunter's cry;

And thou hast found at last. Were I as thou,
I in thy grasp as thou art now in ours,
Soon should I make a midnight-spectacle,
Soon, limb by limb, be mangled on a wheel,
Then gibbeted to blacken for the vultures.
But I would teach thee better—how to spare.
Write as I dictate. If thy ransom comes,
Thou livest. If not—but answer not, I pray,
Lest thou provoke me. I may strike thee dead;
And know, young man, it is an easier thing
To do it than to say it. Write, and thus."—

I wrote. "'T is well," he cried. "A peasant-boy,
Trusty and swift of foot, shall bear it hence.
Meanwhile lie down and rest. This cloak of mine
Will serve thee; it has weather'd many a storm."
The watch was set; and twice it had been changed,
When morning broke, and a wild bird, a hawk,
Flew in a circle, screaming. I look'd up,
And all were gone, save him who now kept guard,
And on his arms lay musing. Young he seem'd,
And sad, as though he could indulge at will
Some secret sorrow. "Thou shrink'st back," he said.
"Well may'st thou, lying, as thou dost, so near
A ruffian—one for ever link'd and bound
To guilt and infamy. There was a time
When he had not perhaps been deem'd unworthy,
When he had watch'd that planet to its setting,
And dwelt with pleasure on the meanest thing
That Nature has given birth to. Now 't is past.

"Wouldst thou know more? My story is an old one.
I loved, was scorn'd; I trusted, was betray'd;
And in my anguish, my necessity,
Met with the fiend, the tempter—in Rusconi.
'Why thus?' he cried. 'Thou wouldst be free, and darest not.
Come and assert thy birth-right while thou canst.
A robber's cave is better than a dungeon;
And death itself, what is it at the worst,
What, but a harlequin's leap?' Him I had known,
Had served with, suffer'd with; and on the walls
Of Capua, while the moon went down, I swore
Allegiance on his dagger.
Dost thou ask
How I have kept my oath? Thou shalt be told,
Cost what it may.—But grant me, I implore,
Grant me a passport to some distant land,
That I may never, never more be named.
Thou wilt, I know thou wilt.
Two months ago,
When on a vineyard-hill we lay conceal'd
And scattered up and down as we were wont,
I heard a damsel singing to herself,
And soon espied her, coming all alone,
In her first beauty. Up a path she came
Leafy and intricate, singing her song,
A song of love, by snatches; breaking off
If but a flower, an insect in the sun
Pleased for an instant; then as carelessly
The strain resuming, and, where'er she stopt,
Rising on tiptoe underneath the boughs
To pluck a grape in very wantonness.
Her look, her mien and maiden-ornaments
Show'd gentle birth; and, step by step, she came
Nearer and nearer to the dreadful snare.
None else were by; and, as I gazed unseen,
Her youth, her innocence and gaiety
Went to my heart; and, starting up, I cried,
'Fly—for your life!' Alas, she shriek'd, she fell;
And, as I caught her falling, all rush'd forth.
'A Wood-nymph!' said Rusconi. 'By the light,
Lovely as Hebe! Lay her in the shade.'
I heard him not. I stood as in a trance.
'What,' he exclaim'd with a malicious smile,
'Wouldst thou rebel?' I did as he required.
'Now bear her hence to the well-head below.
A few cold drops will animate this marble.
Go! 'T is an office all will envy thee;
But thou hast earn'd it.'
As I stagger'd down,
Unwilling to surrender her sweet body;
Her golden hair dishevell'd on a neck
Of snow, and her fair eyes closed as in sleep,
Frantic with love, with hate, 'Great God!' I cried,
(I had almost forgotten how to pray)
'Why may I not, while yet—while yet I can,
Release her from a thraldom worse than death?'
'T was done as soon as said. I kiss'd her brow
And smote her with my dagger. A short cry
She utter'd, but she stirred not; and to heaven
Her gentle spirit fled. 'T was where the path
In its descent turn'd suddenly. No eye
Observed me, though their steps were following fast.
But soon a yell broke forth, and all at once
Levell'd their deadly aim. Then I had ceased
To trouble or be troubled, and had now
(Would I were there!) been slumbering in my grave,
Had not Rusconi with a terrible shout
Thrown himself in between us, and exclaim'd,
Grasping my arm, ''T is bravely, nobly done!
Is it for deeds like these thou wear'st a sword?
Was this the business that thou camest upon?
—But 't is his first offence, and let it pass.
Like the young tiger he has tasted blood,
And may do much hereafter. He can strike
Home to the hilt.' Then in an under-tone,
'Thus wouldst thou justify the pledge I gave,
When in the eyes of all I read distrust?
For once,' and on his cheek, methought, I saw
The blush of virtue, 'I will save thee, Albert;
Again, I cannot.'"
Ere his tale was told,
As on the heath we lay, my ransom came;
And in six days, with no ungrateful mind,
Albert was sailing on a quiet sea.
—But the night wears, and thou art much in need
Of rest. The young Antonio, with his torch,
Is waiting to conduct thee to thy chamber.

XV.

NAPLES.

This region, surely, is not of the earth.[1]
Was it not dropt from heaven? Not a grove,
Citron, or pine, or cedar, not a grot
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but flings
On the clear wave some image of delight,
Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,

1 Un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra.—*Sannazaro.*

Some ruin'd temple or fallen monument,
To muse on as the bark is gliding by,
And be it mine to muse there, mine to glide,
From day-break, when the mountain pales his fire
Yet more and more, and from the mountain-top,
Till then invisible, a smoke ascends,
Solemn and slow, as erst from Ararat,
When he, the Patriarch, who escaped the Flood,
Was with his household sacrificing there—
From day-break to that hour, the last and best,
When, one by one, the fishing-boats come forth,
Each with its glimmering lantern at the prow,
And, when the nets are thrown, the evening-hymn
Steals o'er the trembling waters.
Everywhere
Fable and Truth have shed, in rivalry,
Each her peculiar influence. Fable came,
And laugh'd and sung, arraying Truth in flowers,
Like a young child her grandam. Fable came;
Earth, sea and sky reflecting, as she flew,
A thousand, thousand colors not their own:
And at her bidding, lo! a dark descent
To Tartarus, and those thrice happy fields,
Those fields with ether pure and purple light
Ever invested, scenes by him described,[1]
Who here was wont to wander, record
What they reveal'd, and on the western shore
Sleeps in a silent grove, o'erlooking thee,
Beloved Parthenope.
Yet here, methinks,
Truth wants no ornament, in her own shape
Filling the mind by turns with awe and love,
By turns inclining to wild ecstacy,
And soberest meditation.
Here the vines
Wed, each her elm, and o'er the golden grain
Hang their luxuriant clusters, chequering
The sunshine; where, when cooler shadows fall,
And the mild moon her fairy net-work weaves,
The lute, or mandoline, accompanied
By many a voice yet sweeter than their own,
Kindles, nor slowly; and the dance[2] displays
The gentle arts and witcheries of love,
Its hopes and fears and feignings, till the youth
Drops on his knee as vanquish'd, and the maid,
Her tambourine uplifting with a grace,
Nature's and Nature's only, bids him rise.

But here the mighty Monarch underneath,
He in his palace of fire, diffuses round
A dazzling splendor Here, unseen, unheard,
Opening another Eden in the wild,
He works his wonders; save, when issuing forth
In thunder, he blots out the sun, the sky,
And, mingling all things earthly as in scorn,
Exalts the valley, lays the mountain low,
Pours many a torrent from his burning lake,
And in an hour of universal mirth,
What time the trump proclaims the festival,
Buries some capital city, there to sleep
The sleep of ages—till a plow, a spade
Disclose the secret, and the eye of day
Glares coldly on the streets, the skeletons,
Each in his place, each in his gay attire,
And eager to enjoy.
Let us go round,
And let the sail be slack, the course be slow,
That at our leisure, as we coast along,
We may contemplate and from every scene
Receive its influence. The Cumæan towers,
There did they rise, sun-gilt; and here thy groves
Delicious Baiæ. Here (what would they not?)
The masters of the earth, unsatisfied,
Built in the sea; and now the boatman steers
O'er many a crypt and vault yet glimmering,
O'er many a broad and indestructible arch,
The deep foundations of their palaces;
Nothing now heard ashore, so great the change,
Save when the sea-mew clamors, or the owl
Hoots in the temple.
What the mountainous Isle,[1]
Seen in the South? 'T is where a Monster dwelt,[2]
Who hurl'd his victims from the topmost cliff;
Then and then only merciful, so slow,
So subtle were the tortures they endured.
Fearing and fear'd he lived, cursing and cursed;
And still the dungeons in the rock breathe out
Darkness, distemper.—Strange, that one so vile
Should from his den strike terror through the world,
Should, where withdrawn in his decrepitude,
Say to the noblest, be they where they might,
"Go from the earth!" and from the earth they went.
Yet such things were—and will be, when mankind,
Losing all virtue, lose all energy;
And for the loss incur the penalty,
Trodden down and trampled.
Let us turn the prow,
And in the track of him who went to die,[3] (164)
Traverse this valley of waters, landing where
A waking dream awaits us. At a step
Two thousand years roll backward, and we stand,
Like those so long within that awful place,[4]
Immovable, nor asking, Can it be?

Once did I linger there alone, till day
Closed, and at length the calm of twilight came,
So grateful, yet so solemn! At the fount,
Just where the three ways meet, I stood and look'd,
('T was near a noble house, the house of Pansa),
And all was still as in the long, long night
That follow'd, when the shower of ashes fell,
When they that sought Pompeii, sought in vain;
It was not to be found. But now a ray,
Bright and yet brighter, on the pavement glanced,
And on the wheel-track worn for centuries,
And on the stepping-stones from side to side,
O'er which the maidens, with their water-urns,
Were wont to trip so lightly. Full and clear,
The moon was rising, and at once reveal'd
The name of every dweller, and his craft;
Shining throughout with an unusual lustre,
And lighting up this City of the Dead.

Here lived a miller; silent and at rest
His mill-stones now. In old companionship
Still do they stand as on the day he went,
Each ready for its office—but he comes not.
And here, hard by, (where one in idleness

1 Virgil.
2 The Tarantella.

1 Capreæ.
2 Tiberius.
3 The Elder Pliny.
4 Pompeii.

Has stopt to scrawl a ship, an armed man;
And in a tablet on the wall we read
Of shows ere-long to be) a sculptor wrought,
Nor meanly; blocks, half-chisell'd into life,
Waiting his call. Here long, as yet attests
The trodden floor, an olive-merchant drew
From many an ample jar, no more replenish'd;
And here from his a vintner served his guests
Largely, the stain of his o'erflowing cups
Fresh on the marble. On the bench, beneath,
They sate and quaff'd, and look'd on them that pass'd,
Gravely discussing the last news from Rome.

But lo, engraven on a threshold-stone,
That word of courtesy, so sacred once,
Hail! At a master's greeting we may enter.
And lo, a fairy palace! everywhere,
As through the courts and chambers we advance,
Floors of mosaic, walls of arabesque,
And columns clustering in Patrician splendor.
But hark, a footstep! May we not intrude?
And now, methinks, I hear a gentle laugh,
And gentle voices mingling as in converse!
—And now a harp-string as struck carelessly,
And now—along the corridor it comes—
I cannot err, a filling as of baths!
—Ah, no, 't is but a mockery of the sense,
Idle and vain! We are but where we were;
Still wandering in a City of the Dead!

XVI.

THE BAG OF GOLD.

I DINE very often with the good old Cardinal *** and, I should add, with his cats; for they always sit at his table, and are much the gravest of the company. His beaming countenance makes us forget his age; nor did I ever see it clouded till yesterday, when, as we were contemplating the sun-set from his terrace, he happened, in the course of our conversation, to allude to an affecting circumstance in his early life.

He had just left the University of Palermo and was entering the army, when he became acquainted with a young lady of great beauty and merit, a Sicilian of a family as illustrious as his own. Living near each other, they were often together; and, at an age like theirs, friendship soon turns to love. But his father, for what reason I forget, refused his consent to their union; till, alarmed at the declining health of his son, he promised to oppose it no longer, if, after a separation of three years, they continued as much in love as ever.

Relying on that promise, he said, I set out on a long journey, but in my absence the usual arts were resorted to. Our letters were intercepted; and false rumors were spread—first of my indifference, then of my inconstancy, then of my marriage with a rich heiress of [illegible] ; and, when at length I returned to make her own, I found her in a convent of Ursuline Nuns. She had taken the veil; and I, said he with a sigh—what else remained for me?—I went into the church.

Yet many, he continued, as if to turn the conversation, very many have been happy though we were not; and, if I am not abusing an old man's privilege, let me tell you a story with a better catastrophe. It was told to me when a boy; and you may not be unwilling to hear it, for it bears some resemblance to that of the Merchant of Venice.

We were now arrived at a pavilion that commanded one of the noblest prospects imaginable; the mountains, the sea, and the islands illuminated by the last beams of day; and, sitting down there, he proceeded with his usual vivacity; for the sadness, that had come across him, was gone.

There lived in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a widow-lady of the Lambertini family, called Madonna Lucrezia, who in a revolution of the state had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread; kneeling day after day like a statue at the gate of the cathedral; her rosary in her left hand and her right held out for charity; her long black veil concealing a face that had once adorned a court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as Petrarch has written on Laura.

But fortune had at last relented; a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief; and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Apennines; where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped who were contented with a little. The house was still standing, when in my youth I passed that way; though the sign of the White Cross, the Cross of the Hospitallers, was no longer to be seen over the door; a sign which she had taken, if we may believe the tradition there, in honor of a maternal uncle, a grand-master of that Order, whose achievements in Palestine she would sometimes relate. A mountain-stream ran through the garden; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of the Virgin, a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her; when an event took place, which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noon-day in September that three foot-travellers arrived, and, seating themselves on a bench under her vine-trellis, were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanor he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence; for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues had many a soldier's oath. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those Free Bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery; and the slain, as on an opera-stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks; and, with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length they rose to go; and the Venetians thus addressed their Hostess. "Excellent Lady, may we leave under your roof, for a day or two, this bag of gold?" "You may," she replied gaily. "But remember, we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts,

we have none in our village; and, if we had, where would be your security?"

"In your word, Lady."

"But what if I died to-night? Where would it be then?" said she, laughing. "The money would go to the Church; for none could claim it."

"Perhaps you will favor us with an acknowledgment."

"If you will write it."

An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the village physician who had just called by chance to learn the news of the day; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one—nor to two—but to the three; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia; and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows were no sooner departed, than the Venetian returned, saying, "Give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done;" and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a Cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse; and, when she came back, it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible; and the man and the money had vanished together.

"Wretched woman that I am!" she cried, as in an agony of grief she fell on her daughter's neck, "What will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the wide world?—Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!" and all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due; and there were no tidings of the thief: he had fled far away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun in Bologna; and what defence could she make?—how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Wilfully or in negligence she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her!

"Go, Gianetta," said she to her daughter, "take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the Counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the unfortunate. But, if he will not, go from door to door; Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer."

Alas, she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all bade them despair. What was to be done? No advocate; and the cause to come on to-morrow!

Now Gianetta had a lover; and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the Arch-doctor, the Rabbi of Doctors, the Light of the World. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter, Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars, when her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts; a precaution in this instance at least unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another.[1]

To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced?—"Were I as mighty as I am weak," said he, "my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta; and may the Friend of the Friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you."

The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defence is called for—but none is made; not a syllable is uttered; and, after a pause and a consultation of some minutes, the Judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Lorenzo rises and thus addresses them.

"Reverend Signors. Young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long.

"Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—not to two—but to the three. Let the three stand forth and claim it."

From that day, (for who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed Fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage-feast, or who sat beside him.

XVII.

A CHARACTER.

One of two things Montrioli may have,
My envy or compassion. Both he cannot.
Yet on he goes, numbering as miseries,
What least of all he would consent to lose,
What most indeed he prides himself upon,
And, for not having, most despises me.
"At morn the minister exacts an hour;
At noon the king. Then comes the council-board;
And then the chase, the supper. When, ah! when,
The leisure and the liberty I sigh for?
Not when at home; at home a miscreant-crew,
That now no longer serve me, mine the service.
And then that old hereditary bore,
The steward, his stories longer than his rent-roll,
Who enters, quill in ear, and, one by one,
As though I lived to write and wrote to live,
Unrolls his leases for my signature."

He clanks his fetters to disturb my peace.
Yet who would wear them, and become the slave

1 Ce pourroit être, says Bayle, la matière d'un joli problême: on pourroit examiner si cette fille avançoit, ou si elle retardoit le profit de ses auditeurs, en leur cachant son beau visage. Il y auroit cent choses à dire pour et contre là-dessus.

Of wealth and power, renouncing willingly
His freedom, and the hours that fly so fast,
A burden or a curse when misemploy'd,
But to the wise how precious!—every day
A little life, a blank to be inscribed
With gentle deeds, such as in after-time
Console, rejoice, whene'er we turn the leaf
To read them? All, wherever in the scale,
Have, be they high or low, or rich or poor,
Inherit they a sheep-hook or a sceptre,
Much to be grateful for; but most has he,
Born in that middle sphere, that temperate zone,
Where Knowledge lights his lamp, there most secure,
And Wisdom comes, if ever, she who dwells
Above the clouds, above the firmament,
That Seraph sitting in the heaven of heavens.

What men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,
Are baubles nothing worth, that only serve
To rouse us up, as children in the schools
Are roused up to exertion. The reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize;
And they, the few, that have it ere they earn it,
Having by favor or inheritance,
These dangerous gifts placed in their idle hands,
And all that should await on worth well-tried,
All in the glorious days of old reserved
For manhood most mature or reverend age,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life.

XVIII.

SORRENTO.

He who sets sail from Naples, when the wind
Blows fragrance from Posilipo, may soon,
Crossing from side to side that beautiful lake,
Land underneath the cliff, where once among
The children gathering shells along the shore,
One laugh'd and play'd, unconscious of his fate;[1]
His to drink deep of sorrow, and, through life,
To be the scorn of them that knew him not,
Trampling alike the giver and his gift,
The gift a pearl precious, inestimable,
A lay divine, a lay of love and war,
To charm, ennoble, and, from age to age,
Sweeten the labor, when the oar was plied
Or on the Adrian or the Tuscan sea.

There would I linger—then go forth again,
And hover round that region unexplored,
Where to Salvator (when, as some relate,
By chance or choice he led a bandit's life,
Yet oft withdrew, alone and unobserved,
To wander through those awful solitudes)
Nature reveal'd herself. Unveil'd she stood,
In all her wildness, all her majesty,
As in that elder time, ere Man was made.

There would I linger—then go forth again;
And he who steers due east, doubling the cape,
Discovers, in a crevice of the rock,
The fishing-town, Amalfi. (165) Haply there
A heaving bark, an anchor on the strand,
May tell him what it is; but what it was,
Cannot be told so soon.
The time has been,
When on the quays along the Syrian coast,
'T was ask'd and eagerly, at break of dawn,
"What ships are from Amalfi?" when her coins,
Silver and gold, circled from clime to clime;
From Alexandria southward to Sennaar,
And eastward, through Damascus and Cabul
And Samarcand, to thy great wall, Cathay.

Then were the nations by her wisdom sway'd;
And every crime on every sea was judged
According to her judgments. In her port
Prows, strange, uncouth, from Nile and Niger met,
People of various feature, various speech;
And in their countries many a house of prayer,
And many a shelter, where no shelter was,
And many a well, like Jacob's in the wild,
Rose at her bidding. Then in Palestine,
By the way-side, in sober grandeur stood
An Hospital, that, night and day, received
The pilgrims of the west; (166) and, when 't was ask'd,
"Who are the noble founders?" every tongue
At once replied, "The merchants of Amalfi."
That Hospital, when Godfrey scaled the walls,
Sent forth its holy men in complete steel;
And hence, the cowl relinquish'd for the helm,
That chosen band, valiant, invincible,
So long renown'd as champions of the Cross,
In Rhodes, in Malta.
For three hundred years,
There, unapproach'd but from the deep, they dwelt,
Assail'd for ever, yet from age to age
Acknowledging no master. From the deep
They gather'd in their harvests; bringing home,
In the same ship, relics of ancient Greece, (167)
That land of glory where their fathers lay,
Grain from the golden vales of Sicily, (168)
And Indian spices. When at length they fell,
Losing their liberty, they left mankind
A legacy, compared with which the wealth
Of Eastern kings—what is it in the scale?—
The mariner's compass.
They are now forgot,
And with them all they did, all they endured,
Struggling with fortune. When Sicardi stood,
And, with a shout like thunder, cried, "Come forth,
And serve me in Salerno!" forth they came,
Covering the sea, a mournful spectacle;
The women wailing, and the heavy oar
Falling unheard. Not thus did they return,
The tyrant slain; (169) though then the grass of years
Grew in their streets.
There now to him who sails
Under the shore, a few white villages,
Scatter'd above, below, some in the clouds,
Some on the margin of the dark-blue sea,
And glittering through their lemon-groves, announce
The region of Amalfi. Then, half-fallen,
A lonely watch-tower on the precipice,
Their ancient land-mark, comes. Long may it last;
And to the seaman in a distant age,
Though now he little thinks how large his debt,
Serve for their monument! (170)

1 Tasso.

XIX.

PÆSTUM.

They stand between the mountains and the sea;
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not![1]
The seaman, passing, gazes from the deck.
The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
Points to the work of magic and moves on.
Time was they stood along the crowded street,
Temples of Gods! and on their ample steps
What various habits, various tongues beset
The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice!
Time was perhaps the third was sought for Justice;
And here the accuser stood, and there the accused;
And here the judges sate, and heard, and judged.
All silent now!—as in the ages past,
Trodden under foot and mingled, dust with dust.

How many centuries did the sun go round
From Mount Alburnus to the Tyrrhene sea,
While, by some spell render'd invisible,
Or, if approach'd, approach'd by him alone
Who saw as though he saw not, they remain'd
As in the darkness of a sepulchre,
Waiting the appointed time! All, all within
Proclaims that Nature had resumed her right,
And taken to herself what man renounced;
No cornice, triglyph, or worn abacus,
But with thick ivy hung or branching fern;
Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure!

From my youth upward have I longed to tread
This classic ground—And am I here at last?
Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
And catching, as through some majestic grove,
Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
Mountains and mountain gulfs, and, half-way up,
Towns like the living rock from which they grew?
A cloudy region, black and desolate,
Where once a slave withstood a world in arms.[2]

The air is sweet with violets, running wild (171)
'Mid broken friezes and fallen capitals;
Sweet as when Tully, writing down his thoughts,
Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost, (172)
(Turning to thee, divine Philosophy,
Ever at hand to calm his troubled soul)
Sail'd slowly by, two thousand years ago,
For Athens; when a ship, if north-east winds
Blew from the Pæstan gardens, slack'd her course.

On as he moved along the level shore,
These temples, in their splendor eminent
Mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers,
Reflecting back the radiance of the west,
Well might He dream of Glory!—Now, coil'd up,
The serpent sleeps within them; the she-wolf
Suckles her young: and, as alone I stand
In this, the nobler pile, the elements
Of earth and air its only floor and covering,
How solemn is the stillness! Nothing stirs

1 The temples of Pæstum are three in number; and have survived, nearly nine centuries, the total destruction of the city. Tradition is silent concerning them; but they must have existed now between two and three thousand years.

2 Spartacus. See Plutarch in the life of Crassus.

Save the shrill-voiced cicala flitting round
On the rough pediment to sit and sing;
Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,
And up the fluted shaft with short quick motion,
To vanish in the chinks that Time has made.

In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk
Seen at his setting, and a flood of light
Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries,
(Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,
Across the innumerable columns flung)
In such an hour he came, who saw and told,
Led by the mighty Genius of the Place.[1]

Walls of some capital city first appear'd,
Half razed, half sunk, or scatter'd as in scorn;
—And what within them? what but in the midst
These Three in more than their original grandeur
And, round about, no stone upon another?
As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear,
And, turning, left them to the elements.

'T is said a stranger in the days of old
(Some say a Dorian, some a Sybarite;
But distant things are ever lost in clouds),
'T is said a stranger came, and, with his plow,
Traced out the site; and Posidonia rose, (173)
Severely great, Neptune the tutelar God;
A Homer's language murmuring in her streets,
And in her haven many a mast from Tyre.
Then came another, an unbidden guest.
He knock'd and enter'd with a train in arms;
And all was changed, her very name and language
The Tyrian merchant, shipping at his door
Ivory and gold, and silk, and frankincense,
Sail'd as before, but sailing, cried "For Pæstum!"
And now a Virgil, now an Ovid sung
Pæstum's twice-blowing roses; while, within,
Parents and children mourn'd—and, every year,
('T was on the day of some old festival)
Met to give way to tears, and once again,
Talk'd in the ancient tongue of things gone by.[2]
At length an Arab climb'd the battlements,
Slaying the sleepers in the dead of night;
And from all eyes the glorious vision fled!
Leaving a place lonely and dangerous,
Where whom the robber spares, a deadlier foe[3]
Strikes at unseen—and at a time when joy
Opens the heart, when summer-skies are blue,
And the clear air is soft and delicate;
For then the demon works—then with that air
The thoughtless wretch drinks in a subtle poison
Lulling to sleep; and, when he sleeps, he dies.

But what are These still standing in the midst?
The earth has rock'd beneath; the Thunder-stone
Passed through and through, and left its traces there,
Yet still they stand as by some Unknown Charter!
Oh, they are Nature's own! and, as allied
To the vast Mountains and the eternal Sea,
They want no written history; theirs a voice
For ever speaking to the heart of Man!

1 They are said to have been discovered by accident about the middle of the last century.

2 Athenæus, xiv.

3 The Mal'aria.

XX.

MONTE CASSINO.

"What hangs behind that curtain?" (174)—
"Wouldst thou learn?
If thou art wise, thou wouldst not. 'T is by some
Believed to be his master-work, who look'd
Beyond the grave, and on the chapel-wall,
As though the day were come, were come and past,
Drew the Last Judgment.[1]—But the Wisest err.
He who in secret wrought, and gave it life,
For life is surely there and visible change, (175)
Life, such as none could of himself impart,
(They who behold it, go not as they came,
But meditate for many and many a day)
Sleeps in the vault beneath. We know not much;
But what we know, we will communicate.
'T is in an ancient record of the House;
And may it make thee tremble, lest thou fall!

Once—on a Christmas-eve—ere yet the roof
Rung with the hymn of the Nativity,
There came a stranger to the convent-gate,
And ask'd admittance; ever and anon,
As if he sought what most he fear'd to find,
Looking behind him. When within the walls,
These walls so sacred and inviolable,
Still did he look behind him; oft and long,
With haggard eye and curling, quivering lip,
Catching at vacancy. Between the fits,
For here, 't is said, he linger'd while he lived,
He would discourse, and with a mastery,
A charm by none resisted, none explain'd,
Unfelt before; but when his cheek grew pale,
All was forgotten. Then, howe'er employed,
He would break off, and start as if he caught
A glimpse of something that would not be gone;
And turn and gaze, and shrink into himself,
As though the Fiend was there, and, face to face,
Scowl'd o'er his shoulder.
Most devout he was;
Most unremitting in the Services;
Then, only then, untroubled, unassail'd;
And, to beguile a melancholy hour,
Would sometimes exercise that noble art
He learnt in Florence; with a master's hand,
As to this day the Sacristy attests,
Painting the wonders of the Apocalypse.

At length he sunk to rest, and in his cell
Left, when he went, a work in secret done,
The portrait, for a portrait it must be,
That hangs behind the curtain. Whence he drew,
None here can doubt: for they that come to catch
The faintest glimpse—to catch it and be gone,
Gaze as he gazed, then shrink into themselves,
Acting the self-same part. But why 't was drawn,
Whether in penance, to atone for Guilt,
Or to record the anguish Guilt inflicts,
Or haply to familiarize his mind
With what he could not fly from, none can say,
For none could learn the burden of his soul."

1 Michael Angelo.

XXI.

THE HARPER.

It was a Harper, wandering with his harp,
His only treasure; a majestic man,
By time and grief ennobled, not subdued;
Though from his height descending, day by day,
And, as his upward look at once betray'd,
Blind as old Homer. At a fount he sate,
Well-known to many a weary traveller;
His little guide, a boy not seven years old,
But grave, considerate beyond his years,
Sitting beside him. Each had ate his crust
In silence, drinking of the virgin-spring;
And now in silence, as their custom was,
The sun's decline awaited.
But the child
Was worn with travel. Heavy sleep weigh'd down
His eye-lids; and the grandsire, when we came,
Embolden'd by his love and by his fear,
His fear lest night o'ertake them on the road,
Humbly besought me to convey them both
A little onward. Such small services
Who can refuse?—Not I; and him who can,
Blest though he be with every earthly gift,
I cannot envy. He, if wealth be his,
Knows not its uses. So from noon till night,
Within a crazed and tatter'd vehicle, (176)
That yet display'd, in old emblazonry,
A shield as splendid as the Bardi wear; (177)
We lumber'd on together; the old man
Beguiling many a league of half its length,
When question'd the adventures of his life,
And all the dangers he had undergone;
His shipwrecks on inhospitable coasts,
And his long warfare.
They were bound, he said,
To a great fair at Reggio; and the boy,
Believing all the world were to be there,
And I among the rest, let loose his tongue,
And promised me much pleasure. His short trance,
Short as it was, had, like a charmed cup,
Restored his spirit, and, as on we crawl'd,
Slow as the snail (my muleteer dismounting,
And now his mules addressing, now his pipe,
And now Luigi) he pour'd out his heart,
Largely repaying me. At length the sun
Departed, setting in a sea of gold;
And, as we gazed, he bade me rest assured
That like the setting would the rising be.

Their harp—it had a voice oracular,
And in the desert, in the crowded street,
Spoke when consulted. If the treble chord
Twanged shrill and clear, o'er hill and dale they went,
The grandsire, step by step, led by the child;
And not a rain-drop from a passing cloud
Fell on their garments. Thus it spoke to-day;
Inspiring joy, and, in the young one's mind,
Brightening a path already full of sunshine.

XXII.

THE FELUCA.

Day glimmer'd; and beyond the precipice
(Which my mule follow'd as in love with fear,

Or as in scorn, yet more and more inclining
To tempt the danger where it menaced most),
A sea of vapor roll'd. Methought we went
Along the utmost edge of this, our world;
But soon the surges fled, and we descried
Nor dimly, though the lark was silent yet,
Thy gulf, La Spezzia. Ere the morning-gun,
Ere the first day-streak, we alighted there;
And not a breath, a murmur! Every sail
Slept in the offing. Yet along the shore
Great was the stir; as at the noontide hour,
None unemploy'd. Where from its native rock
A streamlet, clear and full, ran to the sea,
The maidens knelt and sung as they were wont,
Washing their garments. Where it met the tide,
Sparkling and lost, an ancient pinnace lay
Keel-upward, and the fagot blazed, the tar
Fumed from the caldron; while, beyond the fort
Whither I wander'd, step by step led on,
The fishers dragg'd their net, the fish within
At every heave fluttering and full of life,
At every heave striking their silver fins
'Gainst the dark meshes.
Soon a boatman's shout
Re-echoed; and red bonnets on the beach,
Waving, recall'd me. We embark'd and left
That noble haven, where, when Genoa reign'd,
A hundred galleys shelter'd—in the day,
When lofty spirits met, and, deck to deck,
Doria, Pisani (178) fought; that narrow field
Ample enough for glory. On we went,
Ruffling with many an oar the crystalline sea, (179)
On from the rising to the setting sun,
In silence—underneath a mountain-ridge,
Untamed, untamable, reflecting round
The saddest purple; nothing to be seen
Of life or culture, save where, at the foot,
Some village and its church, a scanty line,
Athwart the wave gleam'd faintly. Fear of ill
Narrow'd our course, fear of the hurricane,
And that yet greater scourge, the crafty Moor,
Who, like a tiger prowling for his prey,
Springs and is gone, and on the adverse coast
(Where Tripoli and Tunis and Algiers
Forge fetters, and white turbans on the mole
Gather, whene'er the Crescent comes display'd
Over the Cross) his human merchandise
To many a curious, many a cruel eye
Exposes. Ah, how oft where now the sun
Slept on the shore, have ruthless cimeters
Flash'd through the lattice, and a swarthy crew
Dragg'd forth, ere-long to number them for sale,
Ere-long to part them in their agony,
Parent and child! How oft where now we rode (180)
Over the billow, has a wretched son,
Or yet more wretched sire, grown grey in chains,
Labor'd, his hands upon the oar, his eyes
Upon the land—the land, that gave him birth;
And, as he gazed, his homestall through his tears
Fondly imagined; when a Christian ship
Of war appearing in her bravery,
A voice in anger cried, "Use all your strength!"

But when, ah when, do they that can, forbear
To crush the unresisting? Strange, that men,
Creatures so frail, so soon, alas! to die,
Should have the power, the will to make this world
A dismal prison-house, and life itself,
Life in its prime, a burden and a curse
To him who never wrong'd them! Who that breathes
Would not, when first he heard it, turn away
As from a tale monstrous, incredible?
Surely a sense of our mortality,
A consciousness how soon we shall be gone,
Or, if we linger—but a few short years—
How sure to look upon our brother's grave,
Should of itself incline to pity and love,
And prompt us rather to assist, relieve,
Than aggravate the evils each is heir to.

At length the day departed, and the moon
Rose like another sun, illumining
Waters and woods and cloud-capt promontories,
Glades for a hermit's cell, a lady's bower,
Scenes of Elysium, such as Night alone
Reveals below, nor often—scenes that fled
As at the waving of a wizard's wand,
And left behind them, as their parting gift,
A thousand nameless odors. All was still;
And now the nightingale her song pour'd forth
In such a torrent of heart-felt delight,
So fast it flow'd, her tongue so voluble,
As if she thought her hearers would be gone
Ere half was told. 'Twas where in the north-west,
Still unassail'd and unassailable,
Thy pharos, Genoa, first display'd itself,
Burning in stillness on its craggy seat;
That guiding star, so oft the only one,
When those now glowing in the azure vault,
Are dark and silent. 'Twas where o'er the sea,
For we were now within a cable's length,
Delicious gardens hung; green galleries,
And marble terraces in many a flight,
And fairy-arches flung from cliff to cliff,
Wildering, enchanting; and, above them all,
A Palace, such as somewhere in the East,
In Zenastan or Araby the blest,
Among its golden groves and fruits of gold,
And fountains scattering rainbows in the sun,
Rose, when Aladdin rubb'd the wondrous lamp;
Such, if not fairer; and, when we shot by,
A scene of revelry, in long array
The windows blazing. But we now approach'd
A City far-renown'd;[1] and wonder ceased.

XXIII.

GENOA.

This house was Andrea Doria's. Here he lived;(181)
And here at eve relaxing, when ashore,
Held many a pleasant, many a grave discourse (182)
With them that sought him, walking to and fro
As on his deck. 'Tis less in length and breadth
Than many a cabin in a ship of war;
But 'tis of marble, and at once inspires
The reverence due to ancient dignity.

He left it for a better; and 'tis now
A house of trade, (183) the meanest merchandise
Cumbering its floors. Yet, fallen as it is,

1 Genoa.

'Tis still the noblest dwelling—even in Genoa!
And hadst thou, Andrea, lived there to the last,
Thou hadst done well; for there is that without,
That in the wall, which monarchs could not give,
Nor thou take with thee, that which says aloud,
It was thy Country's gift to her Deliverer.

'Tis in the heart of Genoa (he who comes,
Must come on foot) and in a place of stir;
Men on their daily business, early and late,
Thronging thy very threshold. But when there,
Thou wert among thy fellow-citizens,
Thy children, for they hail'd thee as their sire;
And on a spot thou must have loved, for there,
Calling them round, thou gavest them more than life,
Giving what, lost, makes life not worth the keeping.
There thou didst do indeed an act divine;
Nor couldst thou leave thy door or enter in,
Without a blessing on thee.
Thou art now
Again among them. Thy brave mariners,
They who had fought so often by thy side,
Staining the mountain-billows, bore thee back;
And thou art sleeping in thy funeral-chamber.

Thine was a glorious course; but couldst thou there,
Clad in thy cere-cloth—in that silent vault,
Where thou art gather'd to thy ancestors—
Open thy secret heart and tell us all,
Then should we hear thee with a sigh confess,
A sigh how heavy, that thy happiest hours
Were pass'd before these sacred walls were left,
Before the ocean-wave thy wealth reflected, (184)
And pomp and power drew envy, stirring up
The ambitious man,[1] that in a perilous hour
Fell from the plank. (185)

A FAREWELL.[2]

And now farewell to Italy—perhaps
For ever! Yet, methinks, I could not go,
I could not leave it, were it mine to say,
"Farewell for ever!"
Many a courtesy,
That sought no recompense, and met with none
But in the swell of heart with which it came,
Have I experienced; not a cabin-door,
Go where I would, but open'd with a smile;
From the first hour, when, in my long descent,
Strange perfumes rose, as if to welcome me,
From flowers that minister'd like unseen spirits;
From the first hour, when vintage-songs broke forth,
A grateful earnest, and the Southern lakes,
Dazzlingly bright, unfolded at my feet;
They that receive the cataracts, and ere-long
Dismiss them, but how changed—onward to roll
From age to age in silent majesty,
Blessing the nations, and reflecting round
The gladness they inspire.
Gentle or rude,
No scene of life but has contributed
Much to remember—from the Polesine,

1 Fiesco. 2 Written at Susa, May 1, 1822.

Where, when the south-wind blows, and clouds on clouds
Gather and fall, the peasant freights his bark,
Mindful to migrate when the king of floods[1]
Visits his humble dwelling, and the keel,
Slowly uplifted over field and fence,
Floats on a world of waters—from that low,
That level region, where no Echo dwells,
Or, if she comes, comes in her saddest plight,
Hoarse, inarticulate—on to where the path
Is lost in rank luxuriance, and to breathe
Is to inhale distemper, if not death;
Where the wild-boar retreats, when hunters chafe
And, when the day-star flames, the buffalo-herd,
Afflicted, plunge into the stagnant pool,
Nothing discern'd amid the water-leaves,
Save here and there the likeness of a head,
Savage, uncouth; where none in human shape
Come, save the herdsman, levelling his length
Of lance with many a cry, or, Tartar-like,
Urging his steed along the distant hill
As from a danger. There, but not to rest,
I travell'd many a dreary league, nor turn'd
(Ah then least willing, as who had not been?)
When in the South, against the azure sky,
Three temples rose in soberest majesty,
The wondrous work of some heroic race.[2]

But now a long farewell! Oft, while I live,
If once again in England, once again
In my own chimney-nook, as Night steals on,
With half-shut eyes reclining, oft, methinks,
While the wind blusters and the pelting rain
Clatters without, shall I recall to mind
The scenes, occurrences, I met with here,
And wander in Elysium; many a note
Of wildest melody, magician-like,
Awakening, such as the Calabrian horn,
Along the mountain-side, when all is still,
Pours forth at folding-time; and many a chant,
Solemn, sublime, such as at midnight flows
From the full choir, when richest harmonies
Break the deep silence of thy glens, La Cava;
To him who lingers there with listening ear,
Now lost and now descending as from Heaven!

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Note 1, page 40, col. 2.

As on that Sabbath-eve when he arrived.

"J'arrive essoufflé, tout en nage; le cœur me bat, je vois de loin les soldats à leur poste; j'accours, je crie d'une voix étouffée. Il étoit trop tard."—See *Les Confessions*, L. I. The street, in which he was born, is called Rue Rousseau.

Note 2, page 40, col. 2.

He sate him down and wept—wept till the morning.

"Lines of eleven syllables occur almost in every page of Milton; but though they are not unpleasing, they ought not to be admitted into heroic poetry; since the

1 The Po. 2 The temples of Pæstum.

narrow limits of our language allow us no other distinction of epic and tragic measures."—JOHNSON.

It is remarkable that he used them most at last. In the Paradise Regained they occur oftener than in the Paradise Lost, in the proportion of ten to one; and let it be remembered that they supply us with another close, another cadence; that they add, as it were, a string to the instrument; and, by enabling the Poet to relax at pleasure, to rise and fall with his subject, contribute what is most wanted, compass, variety.

Shakspeare seems to have delighted in them, and in some of his soliloquies has used them four and five times in succession; an example I have not followed in mine. As in the following instance, where the subject is solemn beyond all others:

To be, or not to be, that is the question.
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them.

They come nearest to the flow of an unstudied eloquence, and should therefore be used in the drama; but why exclusively? Horace, as we learn from himself, admitted the Musa Pedestris in his happiest hours, in those when he was most at his ease; and we cannot regret her visits. To her we are indebted for more than half he has left us; nor was she ever at his elbow in greater dishabille, than when he wrote the celebrated Journey to Brundusium.

Note 3, page 41, col. 1.

———like him of old.

The Abbot of Clairvaux. "To admire or despise St. Bernard as he ought," says Gibbon, "the reader, like myself, should have before the windows of his library that incomparable landscape."

Note 4, page 41, col. 1.

That winds beside the mirror of all beauty.

There is no describing in words; but the following lines were written on the spot, and may serve perhaps to recall to some of my readers what they have seen in this enchanting country.

I love to watch in silence till the Sun
Sets; and Mont Blanc, array'd in crimson and gold,
Flings his broad shadow half across the Lake;
That shadow, though it comes through pathless tracts
Of ether, and o'er Alp and desert drear,
Only less bright, less glorious than himself.
But, while we gaze, 't is gone! And now he shines
Like burnish'd silver; all, below, the Night's.—

Such moments are most precious. Yet there are
Others, that follow them, to me still more so;
When once again he changes, once again
Clothing himself in grandeur all his own:
When, like a Ghost, shadowless, colorless,
He melts away into the Heaven of Heavens;
Himself alone reveal'd, all lesser things
As though they were not!

Note 5, page 41, col. 2.

Two dogs of grave demeanor welcomed me.

Berri, so remarkable for his sagacity, was dead. His skin is stuffed, and is preserved in the Museum of Berne.

Note 6, page 42, col. 1.

But the *Bise* blew cold.

The north-east wind. This description was written in June, 1816.

Note 7, page 42, col. 1.

St. Bruno's once—

The Grande Chartreuse. It was indebted for its foundation to a miracle; as every guest may learn there from a little book that lies on the table in his cell, the cell allotted to him by the fathers.

"In this year the canon died, and, as all believed, in the odor of sanctity: for who in his life had been so holy, in his death so happy? But false are the judgments of men; as the event showeth. For when the hour of his funeral had arrived, when the mourners had entered the church, the bearers set down the bier, and every voice was lifted up in the Miserere, suddenly, and as none knew how, the lights were extinguished, the anthem stopt! A darkness succeeded, a silence as of the grave; and these words came in sorrowful accents from the lips of the dead. "I am summoned before a Just God!——A Just God judgeth me!——I am condemned by a Just God!"

In the church, says the legend, "there stood a young man with his hands clasped in prayer, who from that time resolved to withdraw into the desert. It was he whom we now invoke as St. Bruno."

Note 8, page 42, col. 1.

————that house so rich of old,
So courteous.

The words of Ariosto.

Ricca—e cortesa a chiunque vi venìa.

Milton was there at the fall of the leaf.

Note 9, page 42, col. 2.

Bread to the hungry.

They distribute, in the course of the year, from thirty to thirty-five thousand rations of food; receiving travellers of every description.—LE PERE BISELX, *Prieur*.

Note 10, page 42, col. 2.

Dessaix, who turn'd the scale.

"Of all the generals I ever had under me, Dessaix possessed the greatest talents. He loved glory for itself."

Note 11, page 43, col. 1.

And gather'd from above, below, around.

The Author of Lalla Rookh, a Poet of such singular felicity as to give a lustre to all he touches, has written a song on this subject, called the Crystal-hunters.

Note 12, page 43, col. 1.

————nor long before.

M. Ebel mentions an escape almost as miraculous.

L'an 1790, le nommé Christian Boren, propriétaire de l'auberge du Grindelwald, eut le malheur de se jeter dans une fente du glacier, en le traversant avec un troupeau de moutons qu'il ramenoit des pâturages de Bâniseck. Heureusement qu'il tomba dans le voisinage du grand torrent qui coule dans l'intérieur, il en suivit le lit par-dessous les voûtes de glace, et arriva au pied du glacier avec un bras cassé. Cet homme est actuellement encore en vie."

Manuel du Voyageur. Art. *Grindelwald*.

Note 13, page 43, col. 2.

————a wondrous monument.

Almost every mountain of any rank or condition has such a bridge. The most celebrated in this country is on the Swiss side of St. Gothard.

Note 14, page 44, col. 2.

Mine but for those, who, like Jean Jacques, delight.

"J'aime beaucoup ce tournoiement, pourvu que je sois en sûreté."—*Les Confessions*, l. iv.

Note 15, page 44, col. 2.

——just where the Abbot fell.

"Où il y a environ dix ans, que l'abbé de St. Maurice, M. Cocatrix, a été précipité avec sa voiture, ses chevaux, sa cuisinière, et son cocher."—*Descript. du Valais*, p. 120.

Note 16, page 45, col. 1.

Painted by Càgliari.

Commonly called Paul Veronese.

Note 17, page 45, col. 1.

——quaffing gramolata.

A sherbet half-frozen.

Note 18, page 45, col. 2.

Like him who, in the days of Minstrelsy.

Petrarch, Epist. Rer. Sen. l. v, ep. 3.

Note 19, page 45, col. 2.

Before the great Mastino.

Mastino de la Scala, the Lord of Verona. Cortusio, the ambassador and historian, saw him so surrounded.—L. 6.

This house had been always open to the unfortunate. In the days of Can Grande, all were welcome; Poets, Philosophers, Artists, Warriors. Each had his apartment, each a separate table; and at the hour of dinner, musicians and jesters went from room to room. Dante, as we learn from himself, found an asylum there.

Lo primo tuo rifugio, e'l primo ostello
Sarà la cortesia del gran Lombardo,
Che'n su la scala porta il santo uccelle.

Their tombs in the public street carry us back into the times of barbarous virtue; nor less so do those of the Carrara Princes at Padua, though less singular and striking in themselves. Francis Carrara, the Elder, used often to visit Petrarch in his small house at Arqua, and followed him on foot to his grave.

Note 20, page 46, col. 1.

And shall I sup where Juliet at the Masque.

The old Palace of the Cappalletti, with its uncouth balcony and irregular windows, is still standing in a lane near the market-place; and what Englishman can behold it with indifference?

When we enter Verona, we forget ourselves, and are almost inclined to say with Dante,

Vieni a veder Montecchi, e Cappalletti.

Note 21, page 46, col. 1.

Such questions hourly do I ask myself.

It has been observed that in Italy the memory sees more than the eye. Scarcely a stone is turned up that has not some historical association, ancient or modern; that may not be said to have gold under it.

Note 22, page 46, col. 1.

Twice hast thou lived already;
Twice shone among the nations of the world.

All our travellers, from Addison downward, have diligently explored the monuments of her former existence; while those of her latter have, comparatively speaking, escaped observation. If I cannot supply the deficiency, I will not follow their example; and happy should I be, if by an intermixture of verse and prose, of prose illustrating the verse, and verse embellishing the prose, I could furnish my countrymen on their travels with a pocket-companion.

Note 23, page 46, col. 2.

In this neglected mirror.

As this is the only instance, with which I am acquainted, of a Ghost in Italy since Brutus sat in his tent, I give it as I received it; though in the catastrophe I have been anticipated by a distinguished writer of the present day.

It was first mentioned to me by a friend, as we were crossing the Apennines together.

Note 24, page 47, col. 1.

She was wall'd up within the Castle-wall.

Murato was a technical word for this punishment in Italy.

Note 25, page 47, col. 1.

——Issuing forth.

An old huntsman of the family met her in the haze of the morning, and never went out again.

She is still known by the name of Madonna Bianca.

Note 26, page 47, col. 1.

Still glowing with the richest hues of art.

Several were painted by Giorgione and Titian; as, for instance, those of the Fondaco de Tedeschi and the Ca' Grimani.—See VASARI.

Note 27, page 47, col. 1.

——the tower of Ezzelin—

Now an Observatory. On the wall there is a long inscription: "Piis carcerem adspergite lacrymis," etc.

Ezzelino is seen by Dante in the river of blood.—*Inferno*, xii.

Note 28, page 47, col. 2.

A vagrant crew, and careless of to-morrow.

"Douze personnes, tant acteurs qu'actrices, un souffleur, un machiniste, un garde du magasin, des enfans de tout âge, des chiens, des chats, des singes, des perroquets; c'étoit l'arche de Noé.—Ma prédilection pour les soubrettes m'arrêta sur Madame Baccherini."—GOLDONI.

Note 29, page 47, col. 2.

The lagging mules——

The passage-boats are drawn up and down the Brenta.

Note 30, page 47, col. 2.

That child of fun and frolic, Arlecchino.

A pleasant instance of his wit and agility was exhibited some years ago on the stage at Venice.

"The stutterer was in an agony; the word was inexorable. It was to no purpose that Harlequin suggested another and another. At length, in a fit of despair, he pitched his head full in the dying man's stomach, and the word bolted out of his mouth to the most distant part of the house"—See MOORE'S *View of Society in Italy*.

Note 31, page 47, col. 2.

A vast Metropolis.

"I love," says a late traveller, "to contemplate, as

I float along, that multitude of palaces and churches, which are congregated and pressed as on a vast raft." —"And who," says another, "can forget his walk through the Mercerìa, where the nightingales give you their melody from shop to shop, so that, shutting your eyes, you would think yourself in some forest-glade, when indeed you are all the while in the middle of the sea? Who can forget his prospect from the great tower, which once, when gilt, and when the sun struck upon it, was to be descried by ships afar off; or his visit to St. Mark's church, where you see nothing, tread on nothing, but what is precious; the floor all agate, jasper; the roof mosaic; the aisle hung with the banners of the subject cities; the front and its five domes affecting you as the work of some unknown people? Yet all this will presently pass away; the waters will close over it; and they, that come, row about in vain to determine exactly where it stood."

Note 32, page 47, col. 2.

Ere yet the Cafila came.——

A Caravan.

Note 33, page 48, col. 2.

Playing at Mora.

A national game of great antiquity, and most probably the "micare digitis" of the Romans.

Note 34, page 48, col. 2.

——twelve Procurators.

The procuratorship of St. Mark was the second dignity in the Republic.

Note 35, page 49, col. 1.

The brass is gone, the porphyry remains.

They were placed in the floor as memorials. The brass was engraven with the words addressed by the Pope to the Emperor, "Super aspidem," etc.

Note 36, page 49, col. 1.

Of the proud Pontiff—

Alexander III. He fled in disguise to Venice, and is said to have passed the first night on the steps of San Salvatore. The entrance is from the Mercerìa, near the foot of the Rialto; and it is thus recorded, under his escutcheon, in a small tablet at the door: Alexandro III. Pont. Max. pernoctanti.

Note 37, page 49, col. 1.

——resounding with their feet.

See Petrarch's description of them, and of the tournament.—*Rer. Senil.* l. 4, ep. 2.

Note 38, page 49, col. 1.

——some from merry England.

"Recenti victoriâ exultantes," says Petrarch, alluding, no doubt, to the favorable issue of the war in France. This festival began on the 4th of August, 1364.

Note 39, page 49, col. 1.

And lo, the madness of the Carnival.

Among those the most followed, there was always a mask in a magnificent habit, relating marvellous adventures and calling himself Messer Marco Millioni. Millioni was the name given by his fellow-citizens in his life-time to the great traveller, Marco Polo. "I have seen him so described," says Ramusio, "in the records of the Republic; and his house has, from that time to this, been called La Corte del Millioni," the house of the rich man, the millionnaire. It is on the canal of S. Giovanni Chrisostomo; and, as long as he lived, was much resorted to by the curious and the learned.

Note 40, page 49, col. 2.

Down which the grizzly head of old Faliero
Roll'd from the block.

Of him and his conspiracy I had given a brief account; but he is now universally known through a Writer, whose poetical talents command as much the admiration of other countries as of his own.

Note 41, page 49, col. 2.

A short inscription on the Doge's chair
Led to another on the wall yet shorter.

Marino Faliero dalla bella moglie: altri la gode ed egli la mantiene.

Locus Marini Faletri, decapitati pro criminibus.

Note 42, page 49, col. 2.

Carmagnola.

"Il Conte, entrando in prigione, disse: Vedo bene chi'o son morto, e trasse un gran sospiro."—Sanuto.

Note 43, page 49, col. 2.

And bore away to the canal Orfano.

A deep channel behind the island of S. Giorgo Maggiore.

Note 44, page 50, col. 1.

"Who were the Six we supp'd with yesternight?"

An allusion to the Supper in Candide.—C. xxvi.

Note 45, page 50, col. 1.

"Who answer'd me just now?"

See Schiller's Ghost-seer.—C. i.

Note 46, page 50, col. 1.

"But who stands there, alone among them all?"

See the history of Bragadino, the Alchymist, as related by Daru.—*Hist. de Venise*, c. 28.

A person yet more extraordinary is said to have appeared there in 1687.

"Those, who have experienced the advantages which all strangers enjoy in that City, will not be surprised that one who went by the name of Signor Gualdi was admitted into the best company, though none knew who or what he was. He remained there some months; and three things were remarked concerning him—that he had a small but inestimable collection of pictures, which he readily showed to any body—that he spoke on every subject with such a mastery as astonished all who heard him—and that he never wrote or received any letter, never required any credit or used any bills of exchange, but paid for everything in ready money, and lived respectably, though not splendidly.

"This gentleman being one day at the coffee-house, a Venetian nobleman, who was an excellent judge of pictures, and who had heard of Signor Gualdi's collection, expressed a desire to see them; and his request was instantly granted. After contemplating and admiring them for some time, he happened to cast his eyes over the chamber-door, where hung a portrait of the Stranger. The Venetian looked upon it, and then upon him. 'This is your portrait, Sir,'

said he to Signor Gualdi. The other made no answer but by a low bow. 'Yet you look,' he continued, 'like a man of fifty; and I know this picture to be of the hand of Titian, who has been dead one hundred and thirty years. How is this possible?' 'It is not easy,' said Signor Gualdi gravely, 'to know all things that are possible; but there is certainly no crime in my being like a picture of Titian's.' The Venetian perceived that he had given offence, and took his leave.

"In the evening he could not forbear mentioning what had passed to some of his friends, who resolved to satisfy themselves the next day by seeing the picture. For this purpose they went to the coffee-house about the time that Signor Gualdi was accustomed to come there; and, not meeting with him, inquired at his lodgings, where they learned that he had set out an hour before for Vienna. This affair made a great stir at the time."

Note 47, page 50, col. 1.

All eye, all ear, nowhere and everywhere.

A Frenchman of high rank, who had been robbed at Venice, and had complained in conversation of the negligence of the Police, was on his way back to the Terra Firma, when his gondola stopped suddenly in the midst of the waves. He inquired the reason; and his gondoliers pointed to a boat with a red flag, that had just made them a signal. It arrived; and he was called on board. "You are the Prince de Craon? Were you not robbed on Friday evening?—I was.—Of what?—Of five hundred ducats.—And where were they?—In a green purse.—Do you suspect any body?—I do, a servant.—Would you know him again?—Certainly." The Interrogator with his foot turned aside an old cloak that lay there; and the Prince beheld his purse in the hand of a dead man. "Take it; and remember that none set their feet again in a country where they have presumed to doubt the wisdom of the government."

Note 48, page 50, col. 2.

——his lay of love.

La Biondina in Gondoletta.

Note 49, page 50, col. 2.

Those Porches.

In the Piazzetta. "C'était sous les portiques de Saint-Marc que les patriciens se réunissaient tous les jours. Le nom de cette promenade indiquait sa destination; on l'appellait *il Broglio*."—Daru.

Note 50, page 50, col. 2.

Then in close converse.

I am indebted for this thought to some unpublished travels by the author of Vathek.

Note 51, page 50, col. 2.

——and he sung,
As in the time when Venice was herself.

Goldoni, describing his excursion with the Passalacqua, has left us a lively picture of this class of men.

We were no sooner in the middle of that great lagoon which encircles the City, than our discreet gondolier drew the curtain behind us, and let us float at the will of the waves.—At length night came on, and we could not tell where we were. "What is the hour?" said I to the gondolier. "I cannot guess, Sir; but, if I am not mistaken, it is the lover's hour."—"Let us go home," I replied; and he turned the prow homeward, singing, as he rowed, the twenty-sixth strophe of the sixteenth canto of the Jerusalem Delivered.

Note 52, page 51, col. 1.

The young Bianca found her father's door.

Bianca Capello. It had been shut by a baker's boy, as he passed by, at day-break; and in her despair she fled with her lover to Florence, where he fell by assassination. Her beauty, and her love-adventure as here related, her marriage afterwards with the Grand Duke, and that fatal banquet at which they were both poisoned by the Cardinal, his brother, have rendered her history a romance. The Capello Palace is on the Canalé di Canonico; and the postern-door, *la porta di strada*, is still on its hinges. It opens into one of those narrow alleys so numerous at Venice.

Note 53, page 51, col. 1.

It was St. Mary's Eve.——

This circumstance took place at Venice on the first of February, the eve of the feast of the Purification of the Virgin, A. D. 944, Pietro Candiano, Doge.

Note 54, page 51, col. 1.

Such splendor, or such beauty.

"E'l costume era, che tutte le novizzie con tutta la dote loro venissero alla detta Chiesa, dov'era il vescovo con tutta la chieresia."—Sanuto.

Note 55, page 51, col. 1.

Her veil, transparent as the gossamer.

Among the Habiti Antichi, in that admirable book of wood-cuts ascribed to Titian (A. D. 1590), there is one entitled Sposa Venetiana a Castello. It was taken from an old painting in the Scuola di S. Giovanni Evangelista, and by the Writer is believed to represent one of the Brides here described.

Note 56, page 51, col. 2.

That venerable pile on the sea-brink.

San Pietro di Castello, the Patriarchal church of Venice.

Note 57, page 51, col. 2.

Well are they known, the galliot and the galley.

"Una galera e una galeotta."—Sanuto.

Note 58, page 52, col. 1.

Laid at his feet.——

They were to be seen in the treasury of St. Mark very lately.

Note 59, page 52, col. 1.

And through the city in a stately barge.

"Le quali con trionfo si conducessero sopra una piatta pe 'canali di Venezia con suoni e canti."—Sanuto.

Note 60, page 52, col. 1.

——the Rialto.

An English abbreviation. Rialto is the name of the island from which the bridge is called; and the Venetians say il ponte di Rialto, as we say Westminster-bridge.

In that island is the Exchange; and I have often

walked there as on classic ground. In the days of Antonio and Bassanio it was second to none. "I sottoportichi," says Sansovino, writing in 1580, "sono ogni giorno frequentati da i mercatanti Fiorentini, Genovesi, Milanesi, Spagnuoli, Turchi, e d'altre nationi diverse del mondo, i quali vi concorrono in tanta copia, che questa piazza è annoverata fra le prime dell' universo." It was there that the Christian held discourse with the Jew; and Shylock refers to it, when he says,

> Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
> In the Rialto you have rated me—

"Andiamo a Rialto"—"L'ora di Rialto"—were on every tongue; and continue so to the present day, as we may conclude from the comedies of Goldoni, and particularly from his Mercanti.

There is a place adjoining, called Rialto Nuovo; and so called, according to Sansovino, "perche fu fabbricato dopo il vecchio."

Note 61, page 52, col. 1.

Twenty are sitting as in judgment there.

The Council of Ten and the Giunta, "nel quale," says Sanuto, "fu messer lo doge." The Giunta at the first examination consisted of ten Patricians, at the last of twenty.

Note 62, page 52, col. 2.

———that maid, at once the fairest, noblest.

She was a Contarini; a name coeval with the Republic, and illustrated by eight Doges. On the occasion of their marriage, the Bucentaur came out in its splendor; and a bridge of boats was thrown across the Canal Grandé for the Bridegroom and his retinue of three hundred horse. Sanuto dwells with pleasure on the costliness of the dresses and the magnificence of the processions by land and water. The tournaments in the Place of St. Mark lasted three days, and were attended by thirty thousand people.

Note 63, page 53, col. 1.

I have transgress'd, offended, wilfully.

It was a high crime to solicit the intercession of any Foreign Prince.

Note 64, page 53, col. 2.

———the Invisible Three.

The State-Inquisitors. For an account of their authority, see page 52.

Note 65, page 53, col. 2.

It found him on his knees before the altar.

He was at [illegible]—SANUTO.

Note 66, page 54, col. 1.

And in his ledger-book.

A remarkable instance, among others in the annals of Venice, that her princes were merchants.

Note 67, page 54, col. 1.

And from that hour have kindred spirits flock'd.

I visited once more, says Alfieri, the tomb of our master in love, the divine Petrarch; and there, as at Ravenna, consecrated a day to meditation and verse.

Note 68, page 54, col. 1.

Its vineyards of such great and old renown.

The Côte Rotie, the Hermitage, etc.

Note 69, page 54, col. 2.

Neglect to visit Arqua.

This village, says Boccaccio, hitherto almost unknown even at Padua, is soon to become famous through the World; and the sailor on the Adriatic will prostrate himself, when he discovers the Euganean hills. "Among them," will he say, "sleeps the Poet who is our glory. Ah, unhappy Florence! You neglected him—You deserved him not."

Note 70, page 54, col. 2.

> Half-way up
> He built his house.

"I have built, among the Euganean hills, a small house decent and proper; in which I hope to pass the rest of my days, thinking always of my dead or absent friends."

When the Venetians overran the country, Petrarch prepared for flight. "Write your name over your door," said one of his friends, "and you will be safe." "I am not so sure of that," replied Petrarch, and fled with his books to Padua.

His books he left to the Republic of Venice; but they exist no longer. His legacy to Francis Carrara, a Madonna painted by Giotto, is still preserved in the cathedral of Padua.

Note 71, page 54, col. 2.

He cultured all that could refine, exalt.

See an Essay on his Character, lately written by a Man no less eminent for his learning than his genius Ugo Foscolo.

Note 72, page 54, col. 2.

—In its chain it hangs.

Affirming itself to be the very bucket which Tassoni in his mock heroics has celebrated as the cause of war between Bologna and Modena five hundred years ago. If true, it is in wonderful preservation.

Note 73, page 54, col. 2.

Done by Zampieri—

Commonly called Domenichino.

Note 74, page 56, col. 2.

And what a glorious lustre did it shed.

Among other instances of her ascendency at the close of the thirteenth century, it is related that Florence saw twelve of her citizens assembled at the Court of Boniface the Eighth, as Ambassadors from different parts of Europe and Asia. Their names are mentioned in *Toscana Illustrata.*

Note 75, page 56, col. 2.

In this chapel wrought.

A chapel of the Holy Virgin in the church of the Carmelites. It is adorned with his paintings, and all the great artists of Florence studied there: Lionardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolomeo, Andrea del Sarto, Michael Angelo, Raphael, etc.

He had no stone, no inscription, says one of his biographers, for he was thought little of in his lifetime.

> Se alcun cercasse il marmo, o il nome mio,
> La Chiesa è il marmo, una cappella è il nome.

It was there that Michael Angelo received the blow in his face.—See VASARI and CELLINI.

Note 76, page 56, col. 2.
Would Dante sit conversing.

A tradition.

Note 77, page 56, col. 2.
Hadst plagued him sore, and carefully requiting.

After this line, read as follows:

Such as condemn'd his mortal part to fire:
Many a transgressor sent to his account,
Long ere in Florence number'd with the dead;
The body still as full of life and stir
At home, abroad; still and as oft inclined
To eat, drink, sleep; still clad as others were,
And at noon-day, where men were wont to meet,
Met as continually; when the soul went,
Relinquish'd to a demon, and by him
(So says the Bard, and who can read and doubt?)
Dwelt in and govern'd.
Sit thee down awhile;
Then by thy gates so beautiful, so glorious, etc.

A more dreadful vehicle for satire cannot well be conceived.

Note 78, page 56, col. 2.
——condemn'd his mortal part
To fire.——

In 1302, he was sentenced, if taken, to be burned.

Note 79, page 56, col. 2.
——he flew and saved him.

Inferno, xix.

Note 80, page 56, col. 2.
Nor then forget that Chamber of the Dead.

The Chapel de' Depositi; in which are the tombs of the Medici, by Michael Angelo.

Note 81, page 56, col. 2.
That is the Duke Lorenzo. Mark him well.

He died early; living only to become the father of Catharine de Medicis. Had an evil spirit assumed the human shape to propagate mischief, he could not have done better.

The statue is larger than the life, but not so large as to shock belief. It is the most real and unreal thing that ever came from the chisel.

Note 82, page 57, col. 1.
On that thrice-hallow'd day.

The day of All Souls. Il dì de' Morti.

Note 83, page 57, col. 1.
It must be known—the writing on the wall.
Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.

Perhaps there is nothing in language more affecting than his last testament. It is addressed "To God, the Deliverer," and was found steeped in his blood.

Note 84, page 57, col. 1.
That Cosmo.——

The first Grand Duke.

Note 85, page 57, col. 1.
Is told, and by an honest Chronicler.

The President De Thou. Alfieri has written a tragedy on the subject; if it may be said so, when he has altered so entirely the story and the characters.

Note 86, page 57, col. 1.
——the disconsolate Mother.

Of the children that survived her, one fell by a brother, one by a husband, and a third murdered his wife.

But that family was soon to become extinct. It is some consolation to reflect that their Country did not go unrevenged for the calamities which they had brought upon her. How many of them died by the hands of each other!—

Note 87, page 57, col. 2.
The Ancient Palace.

The Palazzo Vecchio. Cosmo had left it several years before.

Note 88, page 57, col. 2.
——drawn on the wall.

By Vasari.

Note 89, page 57, col. 2.
From the deep silence that his questions drew.

It was given out that they had died of a contagious fever; and funeral orations were publicly pronounced in their honor.

Note 90, page 57, col. 2.
Cimabuè.

He was the father of modern painting, and the master of Giotto, whose talent he discovered in the way here alluded to.

"Cimabuè stood still, and, having considered the boy and his work, he asked him, if he would go and live with him at Florence? To which the boy answered that, if his father was willing, he would go with all his heart."—Vasari.

Of Cimabuè little now remains at Florence, except his celebrated Madonna, larger than the life, in Santa Maria Novella. It was painted, according to Vasari, in a garden near Porta S. Piero, and, when finished, was carried to the church in solemn procession with trumpets before it. The garden lay without the walls; and such was the rejoicing there on the occasion, that the suburb received the name of Borgo Allegri, a name it still bears, though now a part of the city.

Note 91, page 57, col. 2.
Beautiful Florence.

It is somewhere mentioned that Michael Angelo, when he set out from Florence to build the dome of St. Peter's, turned his horse round in the road to contemplate once more that of the cathedral, as it rose in the grey of the morning from among the pines and cypresses of the city, and that he said after a pause, "Come te non voglio! Meglio di te non posso!"[1] He never indeed spoke of it but with admiration; and if we may believe tradition, his tomb by his own desire was to be so placed in the Santa Croce as that from it might be seen, when the doors of the church stood open, that noble work of Bruneleschi.

Note 92, page 57, col. 2.
——that church among the rest.

Santa Maria Novella. For its grace and beauty it was called by Michael Angelo "La Sposa."

Note 93, page 57, col. 2.
Those who assembled there at matin-prayers.

In the year of the Great Plague.

[1] Like thee I will not build one. Better than thee I cannot

Note 94, page 58, col. 1.

Came out into the meadows.

Once, on a bright November morning, I set out and traced them, as I conceived, step by step; beginning and ending in the Church of Santa Maria Novella. It was a walk delightful in itself, and in its associations.

Note 95, page 58, col. 1.

Round the hill they went.

I have here followed Baldelli. It has been said that Boccaccio drew from his imagination. But is it likely, when he and his readers were living within a mile or two of the spot? Truth or fiction, it furnishes a pleasant picture of the manners and amusements of the Florentines in that day.

Note 96, page 58, col. 1.

The morning-banquet by the fountain-side.

Three hours after sun-rise.

Note 97, page 58, col. 1.

The Friar pour'd out his catalogue of treasures.

See the Decameron, vi. 10.

Note 98, page 58, col. 1.

——his lowly roof and scanty farm.

Now belonging by inheritance to the Rangoni, a Modenese family.

Note 99, page 58, col. 1.

'T is his own sketch—he drew it from himself.

See a very interesting letter from Machiavel to Francesco Vettori, dated the 10th of December, 1513.

Note 100, page 58, col. 2.

——sung of old
For its green wine—

La Verdea. It is celebrated by Rinuccini, Redi, and most of the Tuscan Poets.

Note 101, page 58, col. 2.

Seven years a prisoner at the city-gate.

Galileo came to Arcetri at the close of the year 1633; and remained there, while he lived, by an order of the Inquisition. It is without the walls, near the Porta Romana.

He was buried, with all honor, in the church of the Santa Croce.

Note 102, page 58, col. 2.

His cottage (justly was it call'd The Jewel).

Il Giojello.

Note 103, page 58, col. 2.

There, unseen.

Milton went to Italy in 1638. "There it was," says he, "that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition." "Old and blind," he might have said. Galileo, by his own account, became blind in December, 1637. Milton, as we learn from the date of Sir Henry Wotton's letter to him, had not left England on the 18th of April following.—See TIRABOSCHI, and WOTTON'S *Remains*.

Note 104, page 58, col. 2.

So near the yellow Tiber's—

They rise within thirteen miles of each other.

Note 105, page 58, col. 2.

Down by the City of Hermits.

Il Sagro Eremo.

Note 106, page 58, col. 2.

Hands, clad in gloves of steel, held up imploring.

It was in this manner that the first Sforza went down, when he perished in the Pescàra.

Note 107, page 58, col. 2.

Oft, as that great Artist saw.

What follows is a description of the Cartoon of Pisa.

Note 108, page 59, col. 1.

And lo, an atom on that dangerous sea.

Petrarch, as we learn from himself, was on his way to Incisa; whither his mother was retiring. He was seven months old at the time.

Note 109, page 59, col. 1.

Reclined beside thee.

O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, etc. *Epitaphium Damonis.*

Note 110, page 59, col. 1.

Towerless.

There were the "Nobili di Torre" and the "Nobili di Loggia."

Note 111, page 59, col. 2.

At the bridge-foot.

Giovanni Buondelmonte was on the point of marrying an Amidei, when a widow of the Donati family made him break his engagement in the manner here described.

The Amidei washed away the affront with his blood, attacking him, says Villani, at the foot of the Ponte Vecchio; and hence the wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines.

O Buondelmonte, quanto mal fuggisti
Le nozze sue, per gli altrui conforti! *Dante.*

Note 112, page 59, col. 2.

It had been well, hadst thou slept on, Imelda.

The story is Bolognese, and is told by Cherubino Ghiradacci in his *history of Bologna*. Her lover was of the Guelphic party, her brothers of the Ghibellines; and no sooner was this act of violence made known, than an enmity, hitherto but half-suppressed, broke out into open war. The Great Place was a scene of battle and bloodshed for forty successive days; nor was a reconciliation accomplished till six years afterwards, when the families and their adherents met there once again, and exchanged the kiss of peace before the Cardinal Legate; as the rival families of Florence had already done in the Place of S. Maria Novella. Every house on the occasion was hung with tapestry and garlands of flowers.

Note 113, page 59, col. 2.

——from the wound
Sucking the poison.

The Saracens had introduced among them the practice of poisoning their daggers.

Note 114, page 59, col. 2.

——Yet, when Slavery came,
Worse follow'd.

It is remarkable that the noblest works of human

genius have been produced in times of tumult; when every man was his own master, and all things were open to all. Homer, Dante, and Milton appeared in such times; and we may add Virgil.[1]

Note 115, page 59, col. 2.

In every Palace was The Laboratory.

As in those of Cosmo I. and his son Francis.—SISMONDI, xvi, 205.

Note 116, page 59, col. 2.

Cruel Tophana.

A Sicilian, the inventress of many poisons; the most celebrated of which, from its transparency, was called Acquetta, or Acqua Tophana.

Note 117, page 60, col. 1.

Gave signs infallible of coming ill.

The Cardinal, Ferdinand de' Medici, is said to have been preserved in this manner by a ring which he wore on his finger; as also Andrea, the husband of Giovanna, Queen of Naples.

Note 118, page 60, col. 1.

One in the floor—now left, alas, unbolted.

Il Trabocchetto.—See *Vocab. degli Accadem. della Crusca.* See also *Dict. de l'Académie Française.* Art. *Oubliettes.*

Note 119, page 60, col. 1.

There, at Caïano.

Poggio-Caïano, the favorite villa of Lorenzo; where he often took the diversion of hawking. Pulci sometimes went out with him; though, it seems, with little ardor. See *La Caccia col Falcone,* where he is described as missing; and as gone into a wood, to rhyme there.

Note 120, page 60, col. 1.

With his wild lay——

The Morgante Maggiore. He used to recite it at the table of Lorenzo, in the manner of the ancient Rhapsodists.

Note 121, page 60, col. 1.

Of that old den far up among the hills.

Caffaggiòlo, the favorite retreat of Cosmo, "the father of his country." Eleonora di Toledo was stabbed there on the 11th of July, 1576, by her husband, Pietro de' Medici: and on the 16th of the same month, Isabella de' Medici was strangled by hers, Paolo Giordano Orsini, at his villa of Cerreto. They were at Florence, when they were sent for, each in her turn, Isabella under the pretext of a hunting-party; and each in her turn went to die.

Isabella was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of the age. In the Latin, French, and Spanish languages, she spoke not only with fluency, but elegance; and in her own she excelled as an Improvisatrice, accompanying herself on the lute. On her arrival at dusk, Paolo presented her with two beautiful greyhounds, that she might make a trial of their speed in the morning; and at supper was gay beyond measure. When he retired, he sent for her into his apartment; and, pressing her tenderly to his bosom, slipped a cord round her neck.

Eleonora appears to have had a presentiment of her fate. She went when required; but, before she set out, took leave of her son, then a child; weeping long and bitterly over him.

Note 122, page 60, col. 1.

But lo, the Sun is setting.

I have here endeavored to describe an Italian sunset as I have often seen it. The conclusion is borrowed from that celebrated passage in Dante

Era già l'ora, etc.

Note 123, page 60, col. 2.

——when armies met.

The Roman and the Carthaginian. Such was the animosity, says Livy, that an earthquake, which turned the course of rivers and overthrew cities and mountains, was felt by none of the combatants. xxii, 5.

Note 124, page 60, col. 2.

And by a brook.

It has been called, from time immemorial, Il Sanguinetto.

Note 125, page 61, col. 2.

Such the dominion of thy mighty voice.

An allusion to the Cascata delle Marmore, a celebrated fall of the Velino near Terni.

Note 126, page 61, col. 2.

——no bush or green or dry.

A sign in our country as old as Shakspeare, and still used in Italy. "Une branche d'arbre, attachée à une maison rustique, nous annonce les moyens de nous rafraîchir. Nous y trouvons du lait et des œufs frais; nous voilà contens."—*Mém. de* GOLDONI.

There is, or was very lately, in Florence a small wine-house with this inscription over the door, Al buon vino non bisogna frasca. Good wine needs no bush. It was much frequented by Salvator Rosa, who drew a portrait of his hostess.

Note 127, page 61, col. 2.

A narrow glade unfolded, such as Spring.

This upper region, a country of dews and dewy lights, as described by Virgil and Pliny, and still, I believe, called *La Rosa,* is full of beautiful scenery. Who does not wish to follow the footsteps of Cicero there, to visit the Reatine Tempe and the Seven Waters?

Note 128, page 61, col. 2.

——a sumpter-mule.

Many of those circumstances are introduced into a landscape of Annibal Carracci, now in the Louvre.

Note 129, page 62, col. 1.

Filling the land with splendor—

Perhaps the most beautiful villa of that day was the Villa Madama. It is now a ruin; but enough remains of the plan and the grotesque-work to justify Vasari's account of it.

The Pastor Fido, if not the Aminta, used to be often represented there; and a theatre, such as is here described, was to be seen in the gardens very lately.

1 The Augustan Age, as it is called, what was it but a dying blaze of the Commonwealth? When Augustus began to reign, Cicero and Lucretius were dead, Catullus had written his satires against Cæsar, and Horace and Virgil were no longer in their first youth. Horace had served under Brutus; and Virgil had been pronounced to be

Magnæ spes altera Romæ.

Note 130, page 62, col. 1.

Fair forms appear'd, murmuring melodious verse.

A fashion for ever reviving in such a climate. In the year 1783, the Nina of Paesiello was performed in a small wood near Caserta.

Note 131, page 62, col. 1.

——the Appian.

The street of the tombs in Pompeii may serve to give us some idea of the Via Appia, that Regina Viarum, in its splendor. It is perhaps the most striking vestigo of Antiquity that remains to us.

Note 132, page 62, col. 2.

Horace himself——

And Augustus in his litter, coming at a still slower rate. He was borne along by slaves; and the gentle motion allowed him to read, write, and employ himself as in his cabinet. Though Tivoli is only sixteen miles from the City, he was always two nights on the road.—SUETONIUS.

Note 133, page 62, col. 2.

Where his voice falter'd.

At the words "Tu Marcellus eris." The story is so beautiful, that every reader must wish it to be true.

Note 134, page 62, col. 2.

——the centre of their Universe.

From the golden pillar in the Forum the ways ran to the gates, and from the gates to the extremities of the Empire.

Note 135, page 62, col. 2.

To the twelve tables.

The laws of the twelve tables were inscribed on pillars of brass, and placed in the most conspicuous part of the Forum.—DION. HAL.

Note 136, page 62, col. 2.

And to the shephe̍rd on the Alban mount.

Amplitudo tanta est, ut conspiciatur à Latiario Jove.—C. PLIN. xxxiv, 7.

Note 137, page 62, col. 2.

A thousand torches, turning night to day.

An allusion to Cæsar in his Gallic triumph. "Adscendit Capitolium ad lumina," etc. SUETONIUS. According to Dion. Cassius, he went up on his knees.

Note 138, page 63, col. 1.

On those so young, well-pleased with all they see.

In the triumph of Æmilius, nothing affected the Roman people like the children of Perseus. Many wept; nor could anything else attract notice, till they were gone by.—PLUTARCH.

Note 139, page 63, col. 1.

——and she who said,
Taking the fatal cup between her hands.

The story of the marriage and the poison is well known to every reader.

Note 140, page 64, col. 1.

His last great work.

The transfiguration; "la quale opera, nel vedere il corpo morto, e quella viva, faceva scoppiare l'anima di dolore à ogni uno, che quivi guardava."—VASARI.

Note 141, page 64, col. 2.

Have none appear'd as tillers of the ground.

The Author of the *Letter to Julia* has written admirably on this subject.

All sad, all silent! O'er the ear
No sound of cheerful toil is swelling.
Earth has no quickening spirit here,
Nature no charm, and Man no dwelling!

Not less admirably has he described a Roman Beauty; such as "weaves her spells beyond the Tiber."

Methinks the Furies with their snakes,
Or Venus with her zone, might gird her;
Of fiend and goddess she partakes,
And looks at once both Love and Murder.

Note 142, page 64, col. 2.

From this Seat.

Mons Albanus, now called Monte Cavo. On the summit stood for many centuries the temple of Jupiter Latiaris. "Tuque ex tuo edito monte Latiaris, sancte Jupiter," etc.—CICERO.

Note 143, page 65, col. 1.

Two were so soon to wander and be slain.

Nisus and Eurialus. "La scène des six derniers livres de Virgile ne comprend, qu'une lieue de terrain."—BONSTETTEN.

Note 144, page 65, col. 1.

How many realms, pastoral and warlike, lay.

Forty-seven, according to Dionys. Halicar. l. iv.

Note 145, page 65, col. 1.

Here is the sacred field of the Horatii.

"Horatiorum quà viret sacer campus."—MART.

Note 146, page 65, col. 1.

There are the Quintian Meadows.

"Quæ prata Quintia vocantur."—LIVY.

Note 147, page 65, col. 2.

Music and painting, sculpture, rhetoric.

Music; and from the loftiest strain to the lowliest, from a Miserere in the Holy Week to the shepherd's humble offering in Advent; the last, if we may judge from its effects, not the least subduing, perhaps the most so.

Once, as we were approaching Frescati in the sunshine of a cloudless December morning, we observed a rustic group by the road-side, before an image of the Virgin, that claimed the devotions of the passenger from a niche in a vineyard wall. Two young men from the mountains of the Abruzzi, in their long brown cloaks, were playing a Christmas-carol. Their instruments were a hautboy and a bagpipe; and the air, wild and simple as it was, was such as she might accept with pleasure. The ingenuous and smiling countenances of these rude minstrels, who seemed so sure that she heard them, and the unaffected delight of their little audience, all younger than themselves, all standing uncovered, and moving their lips in prayer, would have arrested the most careless traveller.

Note 148, page 65, col. 2.

And architectural pomp, such as none else;
And dazzling light, and darkness visible.

Whoever has entered the Church of St. Peter's or the Pauline Chapel, during the Exposition of the Holy

Sacrament there, will not soon forget the blaze of the altar, or the dark circle of worshippers kneeling in silence before it.

Note 149, page 65, col. 2.

Ere they came.

An allusion to the Prophecies concerning Antichrist. See the interpretations of Mede, Newton, Clarke, etc.; not to mention those of Dante and Petrarch.

Note 150, page 66, col 1.

And from the latticed gallery came a chant
Of psalms, most saint-like, most angelical.

There was said to be in the choir, among others of the Sisterhood, a daughter of Cimarosa.

Note 151, page 66, col. 2.

'T was in her utmost need; nor, while she lives.

Her back was at that time turned to the people; but in his countenance might be read all that was passing. The Cardinal, who officiated, was a venerable old man, evidently unused to the ceremony and much affected by it.

Note 152, page 66, col. 2.

The black pall, the requiem.

Among other ceremonies, a pall was thrown over her, and a requiem sung.

Note 153, page 66, col. 2.

Unsheathes his wings.

He is of the beetle-tribe.

Note 154, page 66, col. 2.

Blazing by fits as from excess of joy.

For, in that upper clime, effulgence comes
Of gladness. *Cary's Dante.*

Note 155, page 67, col. 1.

Singing the nursery-song he learnt so soon.

There is a song to the lucciola in every dialect of Italy; as for instance in the Genoese:

Cabela, vegni a baso;
Ti dajo un cuge de lette.

The Roman is in a higher strain:

Bella regina, etc.

Note 156, page 67, col. 1.

And the young nymph, preparing for the dance.

Io piglio, quando il di giunge al confine,
Le lucciole ne' prati ampj ridotte,
E, come gemme, le comparto al crine;
Poi fra l'[illegible] da' rai vivi interrotte
Mi presento ai Pastori, e ognun mi dice:
Clori ha le stelle al crin come ha la Notte. *Varano.*

Note 157, page 67, col. 1.

These trees, religious once and always green.

Pliny mentions an extraordinary instance of longevity in the ilex. "There is one," says he, "in the Vatican older than the City itself. An Etruscan inscription in letters of brass attests that even in those days the tree was held sacred:" and it is remarkable that there is at this time on the Vatican mount an ilex of great antiquity. It is in a grove just above the palace-garden.

Note 158, page 67, col. 1.

(So some aver, and who would not believe?)

"I did not tell you that just below the first fall, on the side of the rock, and hanging over that are little ruins which they show you for Horace's house, a curious situation to observe the

Præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis. *Gray's Letters.*

Note 159, page 68, col. 2.

Like one awaking in a distant time.

The place here described is near Mola di Gaëta, in the kingdom of Naples.

Note 160, page 68, col. 2.

When they that robb'd, were men of better faith.

Alluding to Alfonso Piccolomini. "Stupiva ciascuno che, mentre un bandito osservava rigorosamente la sua parola, il Papa non avesse ribrezzo di mancare alla propria."—GALLUZZI. ii, 364.

He was hanged at Florence, March 16, 1591.

Note 161, page 68, col. 2.

When along the shore.

Tasso was returning from Naples to Rome, and had arrived at Mola di Gaëta, when he received this tribute of respect. The captain of the troop was Marco di Sciarra. See MANSO. *Vita del Tasso.* Ariosto had a similar adventure with Filippo Pachione. See BARUFFALDI.

Note 162, page 69, col. 1.

As by a spell they start up in array.

"Cette race de bandits a ses racines dans la population même du pays. La police ne sait ou les trouver." *Lettres de* CHATEAUVIEUX.

Note 163, page 69, col. 2.

Three days they lay in ambush at my gate.

This story was written in the year 1820, and is founded on the many narratives which at that time were circulating in Rome and Naples.

Note 164, page 71, col. 2.

And in the track of him who went to die.

The Elder Pliny. See the letters in which his nephew relates to Tacitus the circumstances of his death.

Note 165, page 74, col. 1.

The fishing-town, Amalfi.

"Amalfi fell, after three hundred years of prosperity; but the poverty of one thousand fishermen is yet dignified by the remains of an arsenal, a cathedral, and the palaces of royal merchants."—GIBBON.

Note 166, page 74, col. 2.

A Hospital, that, night and day, received
The pilgrims of the west.

It was dedicated to Saint John.

Note 167, page 74, col. 2.

——relics of ancient Greece.

Among other things the Pandects of Justinian were found there in 1137. By the Pisans they were taken from Amalfi, by the Florentines from Pisa; and they are now preserved with religious care in the Laurentian Library.

Note 168, page 74, col. 2.

Grain from the golden vales of Sicily.

There is at this day in Syracuse a street called La Strada degli Amalfitani.

Note 169, page 74, col. 2.

Not thus did they return,
The tyrant slain.

It was in the year 839. See Muratori. Art. Chronici Amalphitani Fragmenta.

Note 170, page 74, col. 2.

Serve for their monument.

By degrees, says Giannone, they made themselves famous through the world. The Tarini Amalfitani wore a coin familiar to all nations; and their maritime code regulated everywhere the commerce of the sea. Many churches in the East were by them built and endowed: by them was first founded in Palestine that most renowned military Order of St. John of Jerusalem; and who does not know that the Mariner's Compass was invented by a citizen of Amalfi?

Note 171, page 75, col. 1.

The air is sweet with violets, running wild.

The violets of Pæstum were as proverbial as the roses. Martial mentions them with the honey of Hybla.

Note 172, page 75, col. 1.

Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost.

The introduction to his treatise on Glory. Cic. ad Att. xvi, 6. For an account of the loss of that treatise, see Petrarch, *Epist. Rer.;* SENILIUM, xv, i; and BAYLE, *Dict. in Alcyonius.*

Note 173, page 75, col. 2.

——and Posidonia rose.

Originally a Greek City under that name, and afterwards a Roman City, under the name of Pæstum. See Mitford's Hist. of Greece, chap. x, sec. 2. It was surprised and destroyed by the Saracens at the beginning of the tenth century.

Note 174, page 76, col. 1.

"What hangs behind that curtain?"

This story, if a story it can be called, is fictitious; and I have done little more than give it as I received it. It has already appeared in prose; but with many alterations and additional circumstances.

The abbey of Monte Cassino is the most ancient and venerable house of the Benedictine Order. It is situated within fifteen leagues of Naples, on the inland road to Rome; and no house is more hospitable.

Note 175, page 76, col. 1.

For life is surely there, and visible change.

There are many miraculous pictures in Italy; but none, I believe, were ever before described as malignant in their influence.

Note 176, page 76, col. 2.

Within a crazed and tatter'd vehicle.

Then degraded, and belonging to a Vetturino.

Note 177, page 76, col. 2.

A shield as splendid as the Bardi wear.

A Florentine family of great antiquity. In the sixty-third novel of Franco Sacchetty we read, that a stranger, suddenly entering Giotto's study, threw down a shield and departed, saying, "Paint me my arms in that shield;" and that Giotto, looking after him, exclaimed, "Who is he? What is he? He says, Paint me my arms, as if he was one of the Bardi! What arms does he bear?"

Note 178, page 77, col. 1.

Doria, Pisani.

Paganino Doria, Nicolo Pisani; those great seamen, who balanced for so many years the fortunes of Genoa and Venice.

Note 179, page 77, col. 1.

Ruffling with many an oar the crystalline sea.

The Feluca is a large boat for rowing and sailing, much used in the Mediterranean.

Note 180, page 77, col. 1.

How oft where now we rode.

Every reader of Spanish poetry is acquainted with that affecting romance of Gongora,

Amarrado al duro banco, etc.

Lord Holland has translated it in his Life of Lope Vega.

Note 181, page 77, col. 2.

Here he lived.

The Piazza Doria, or, as it is now called, the Piazza di San Matteo, insignificant as it may be thought, is to me the most interesting place in Genoa. It was there that Doria assembled the people, when he gave them their liberty (Sigonii Vita Doriæ); and on one side of it is the church he lies buried in, on the other a house, originally of very small dimensions, with this inscription: S. C. Andreæ de Auria Patriæ Liberatori Munus Publicum.

The streets of old Genoa, like those of Venice, were constructed only for foot-passengers.

Note 182, page 77, col. 2.

Held many a pleasant, many a grave discourse.

See his Life by Sigonio.

Note 183, page 77, col. 2.

A house of trade.

When I saw it in 1822, a basket-maker lived on the ground-floor, and over him a seller of chocolate.

Note 184, page 78, col. 1.

Before the ocean-wave thy wealth reflected.

Alluding to the Palace which he built afterwards, and in which he twice entertained the Emperor Charles the Fifth. It is the most magnificent edifice on the bay of Genoa.

Note 185, page 78, col. 1.

The ambitious man, that in a perilous hour
Fell from the plank.

Fiesco. See Robertson's History of the Empero, Charles the Fifth.

Miscellaneous Poems.

ODE TO SUPERSTITION[1]

I. 1.

Hence, to the realms of Night, dire demon, hence!
Thy chain of adamant can bind
That little world, the human mind,
And sink its noblest powers to impotence.
Wake the lion's loudest roar,
Clot his shaggy mane with gore,
With flashing fury bid his eye-balls shine;
Meek is his savage, sullen soul, to thine!
Thy touch, thy deadening touch has steel'd the breast,
Whence, through her April-shower, soft Pity smiled;
Has closed the heart each godlike virtue bless'd,
To all the silent pleadings of his child.[2]
At thy command he plants the dagger deep,
At thy command exults, though Nature bids him weep!

I. 2.

When, with a frown that froze the peopled earth,[3]
Thou dartedst thy huge head from high,
Night waved her banners o'er the sky,
And, brooding, gave her shapeless shadows birth,
Rocking on the billowy air,
Ha! what withering phantoms glare!
As blows the blast with many a sudden swell,
At each dead pause, what shrill-toned voices yell!
The sheeted spectre, rising from the tomb,
Points to the murderer's stab, and shudders by;
In every grove is felt a heavier gloom,
That veils its genius from the vulgar eye:
The spirit of the water rides the storm,
And, through the mist, reveals the terrors of his form.

I. 3.

O'er solid seas, where Winter reigns,
And holds each mountain-wave in chains,
The fur-clad savage, ere he guides his deer
By glistering star-light through the snow,
Breathes softly in her wondering ear
Each potent spell thou badest him know.
By thee inspired, on India's sands,
Full in the sun the Bramin stands;
And, while the panting tigress hies
To quench her fever in the stream,
His spirit laughs in agonies,
Smit by the scorchings of the noontide beam.
Mark who mounts the sacred pyre,[4]
Blooming in her bridal vest:
She hurls the torch! she fans the fire!
To die is to be blest:
She clasps her lord to part no more,
And, sighing, sinks! but sinks to soar.
O'ershadowing Scotia's desert coast,
The Sisters sail in dusky state,[5]
And, wrapt in clouds, in tempests tost,
Weave the airy web of Fate;
While the lone shepherd, near the shipless main,[1]
Sees o'er her hills advance the long-drawn funeral train.

II. 1.

Thou spakest, and lo! a new creation glow'd.
Each unhewn mass of living stone
Was clad in horrors not its own,
And at its base the trembling nations bow'd.
Giant Error, darkly grand,
Grasp'd the globe with iron hand.
Circled with seats of bliss, the Lord of Light
Saw prostrate worlds adore his golden height.
The statue, waking with immortal powers,[2]
Springs from its parent earth, and shakes the spheres;
The indignant pyramid sublimely towers,
And braves the efforts of a host of years.
Sweet Music breathes her soul into the wind;
And bright-eyed Painting stamps the image of the mind.

II. 2.

Round their rude ark old Egypt's sorcerers rise!
A timbrell'd anthem swells the gale,
And bids the God of Thunders hail;[3]
With lowings loud the captive God replies.
Clouds of incense woo thy smile,
Scaly monarch of the Nile![4]
But ah! what myriads claim the bended knee![5]
Go, count the busy drops that swell the sea.
Proud land! what eye can trace thy mystic lore,
Lock'd up in characters as dark as night?[6]
What eye those long, long labyrinths dare explore,[7]
To which the parted soul oft wings her flight;
Again to visit her cold cell of clay,
Charm'd with perennial sweets, and smiling at decay?

II. 3.

On yon hoar summit, mildly bright[8]
With purple ether's liquid light,
High o'er the world, the white-robed Magi gaze
On dazzling bursts of heavenly fire;
Start at each blue, portentous blaze,
Each flame that flits with adverse spire.
But say, what sounds my ear invade
From Delphi's venerable shade?
The temple rocks, the laurel waves!
"The God! the God!" the Sibyl cries.[9]
Her figure swells, she foams, she raves!
Her figure swells to more that mortal size!
Streams of rapture roll along,
Silver notes ascend the skies:
Wake, Echo, wake and catch the song,
Oh catch it, ere it dies!

---

1 Written in early youth.
2 The sacrifice of Iphigenia.
3 Lucretius, I. 63.
4 The funeral rite of the Hindoos.
5 The Fates of the Northern Mythology. See Mallet's Antiquities.

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1 An allusion to the Second-sight.
2 See that fine description of the sudden animation of the Palladium, in the second book of the Æneid.
3 The bull, Apis. 4 The Crocodile.
5 According to an ancient proverb, it was less difficult in Egypt to find a god than a man.
6 The Hieroglyphics. 7 The Catacombs.
8 "The Persians," says Herodotus, "have no temples, altar or statues. They sacrifice on the tops of the highest mountains." I. 131.
9 Æn. VI. 46, etc.

The Sibyl speaks, the dream is o'er,
The holy harpings charm no more.
In vain she checks the God's control;
His madding spirit fills her frame,
And moulds the features of her soul,
Breathing a prophetic flame.
The cavern frowns; its hundred mouths unclose!
And in the thunder's voice, the fate of empire flows!

III. 1.

Mona, thy Druid-rites awake the dead!
Rites thy brown oaks would never dare
Even whisper to the idle air;
Rites that have chain'd old Ocean on his bed.
Shiver'd by thy piercing glance
Pointless falls the hero's lance.
Thy magic bids the imperial eagle fly,[1]
And blasts the laureate wreath of victory.
Hark, the bard's soul inspires the vocal string!
At every pause dread Silence hovers o'er:
While murky Night sails round on raven-wing,
Deepening the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar;
Chased by the Morn from Snowdon's awful brow,
Where late she sate and scowl'd on the black wave below.

III. 2.

Lo, steel-clad War his gorgeous standard rears!
The red-cross squadrons madly rage,[2]
And mow through infancy and age;
Then kiss the sacred dust and melt in tears.
Veiling from the eye of day,
Penance dreams her life away;
In cloister'd solitude she sits and sighs,
While from each shrine still, small responses rise.
Hear, with what heart-felt beat, the midnight-bell
Swings its slow summons through the hollow pile!
The weak, wan votarist leaves her twilight-cell,
To walk, with taper dim, the winding aisle;
With choral chantings vainly to aspire,
Beyond this nether sphere, on Rapture's wing of fire.

III. 3.

Lord of each pang the nerves can feel,
Hence with the rack and reeking wheel.
Faith lifts the soul above this little ball!
While gleams of glory open round,
And circling choirs of angels call,
Canst thou, with all thy terrors crown'd,
Hope to obscure that latent spark,
Destined to shine when suns are dark?
Thy triumphs cease! through every land,
Hark! Truth proclaims, thy triumphs cease!
Her heavenly form, with glowing hand,
Benignly points to piety and peace.
Flush'd with youth her looks impart
Each fine feeling as it flows;
Her voice the echo of a heart
Pure as the mountain-snows:
Celestial transports round her play,
And softly, sweetly die away.
She smiles! and where is now the cloud
That blacken'd o'er thy baleful reign?
Grim darkness furls his leaden shroud,
Shrinking from her glance in vain.
Her touch unlocks the day-spring from above,
And lo! it visits man with beams of light and love.

1 See Tacitus, l. xiv, c. 29.

2 This remarkable event happened at the siege and sack of Jerusalem, in the last year of the eleventh century. Matth. Paris, p. 34.

VERSES

WRITTEN TO BE SPOKEN BY MRS. SIDDONS.[1]

Yes, 't is the pulse of life! my fears were vain;
I wake, I breathe, and am myself again.
Still in this nether world; no seraph yet!
Nor walks my spirit, when the sun is set,
With troubled step to haunt the fatal board,
Where I died last—by poison or the sword;
Blanching each honest cheek with deeds of night,
Done here so oft by dim and doubtful light.
—To drop all metaphor, that little bell
Call'd back reality, and broke the spell.
No heroine claims your tears with tragic tone;
A very woman—scarce restrains her own!
Can she, with fiction, charm the cheated mind,
When to be grateful is the part assign'd?
Ah no! she scorns the trappings of her Art;
No theme but truth, no prompter but the heart!
But, Ladies, say, must I alone unmask?
Is here no other actress? let me ask.
Believe me, those, who best the heart dissect,
Know every Woman studies stage-effect.
She moulds her manners to the part she fills,
As Instinct teaches, or as Humor wills;
And, as the grave or gay her talent calls,
Acts in the drama till the curtain falls.
First, how her little breast with triumph swells
When the red coral rings its golden bells!
To play in pantomime is then the *rage*,
Along the carpet's many-color'd stage;
Or lisp her merry thoughts with loud endeavor,
Now here, now there—in noise and mischief ever!
A school-girl next, she curls her hair in papers,
And mimics father's gout, and mother's vapors;
Discards her doll, bribes Betty for romances;
Playful at church, and serious when she dances;
Tramples alike on customs and on toes,
And whispers all she hears to all she knows;
Terror of caps, and wigs, and sober notions!
A romp! that *longest* of perpetual motions!
—Till tamed and tortured into foreign graces,
She sports her lovely face at public places;
And with blue, laughing eyes, behind her fan,
First acts her part with that great actor, Man.
Too soon a flirt, approach her and she flies!
Frowns when pursued, and, when entreated, sighs!
Plays with unhappy men as cats with mice;
Till fading beauty hints the late advice.
Her prudence dictates what her pride disdain'd,
And now she sues to slaves herself had chain'd!
Then comes that good old character, a Wife,
With all the dear distracting cares of life;
A thousand cards a day at doors to leave,
And, in return, a thousand cards receive;
Rouge high, play deep, to lead the ton aspire,
With nightly blaze set Portland-place on fire;
Snatch half a glimpse at Concert, Opera, Ball,
A meteor, traced by none, though seen by all;

1 After a Tragedy, performed for her benefit, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, April 27, 1795.

And, when her shatter'd nerves forbid to roam,
In very spleen—rehearse the girls at home.
Last, the grey Dowager, in ancient flounces,
With snuff and spectacles the age denounces;
Boasts how the Sires of this degenerate Isle
Knelt for a look, and duell'd for a smile.
The scourge and ridicule of Goth and Vandal,
Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal;
With modern Belles eternal warfare wages,
Like her own birds that clamor from their cages;
And shuffles round to bear her tale to all,
Like some old Ruin, "nodding to its fall!"
Thus Woman makes her entrance and her exit;
Not least an actress, when she least suspects it.
Yet Nature oft peeps out and mars the plot,
Each lesson lost, each poor pretence forgot;
Full oft, with energy that scorns control,
At once lights up the features of the soul;
Unlocks each thought chain'd down by coward Art,
And to full day the latent passions start!
—And she, whose first, best wish is your applause,
Herself exemplifies the truth she draws.
Born on the stage—through every shifting scene,
Obscure or bright, tempestuous or serene,
Still has your smile her trembling spirit fired!
And can she act, with thoughts like these inspired?
Thus from her mind all artifice she flings,
All skill, all practice, now unmeaning things!
To you, uncheck'd, each genuine feeling flows;
For all that life endears—to you she owes.

ON   ASLEEP.

Sleep on, and dream of Heaven awhile.
Though shut so close thy laughing eyes,
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,
And move, and breathe delicious sighs!—

Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,
And mantle o'er her neck of snow.
Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks
What most I wish—and fear to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps!
Her fair hands folded on her breast.
—And now, how like a saint she sleeps!
A seraph in the realms of rest!

Sleep on secure! Above control,
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee!
And may the secret of thy soul
Remain within its sanctuary!

TO ——

Go—you may call it madness, folly;
You shall not chase my gloom away.
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure
That fills my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure
Monarchs are too poor to buy.

FROM EURIPIDES.

There is a streamlet issuing from a rock.
The village-girls, singing wild madrigals,
Dip their white vestments in its waters clear,
And hang them to the sun. There first I saw her.
Her dark and eloquent eyes, mild, full of fire,
'T was heaven to look upon; and her sweet voice,
As tunable as harp of many strings,
At once spoke joy and sadness to my soul!

Dear is that valley to the murmuring bees;
And all, who know it, come and come again.
The small birds build there; and, at summer-noon
Oft have I heard a child, gay among flowers,
As in the shining grass she sate conceal'd,
Sing to herself * * *

CAPTIVITY.

Caged in old woods, whose reverend echoes wake
When the horn screams along the distant lake,
Her little heart oft flutters to be free,
Oft sighs to turn the unrelenting key.
In vain! the nurse that rusted relic wears,
Nor moved by gold—nor to be moved by tears;
And terraced walls their black reflection throw
On the green-mantled moat that sleeps below.

THE SAILOR.

The Sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
As all its lessening turrets bluely fade;
He climbs the mast to feast his eye once more,
And busy Fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now each dear, domestic scene he knew,
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view;
Its colors mellow'd, not impair'd, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Through all the horrors of the stormy main;
This, the last wish that would with life depart,
To see the smile of her he loves again.

When Morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or Eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave;
When sea and sky in midnight-darkness join,
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
And when the beating billows round him roar,
Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plantain-forest, waving wide;
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant palms o'er-arch the golden tide.

But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail!
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

—'Tis she, 'tis she herself! she waves her hand!
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furl'd;
Soon through the whitening surge he springs to land
And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

TO AN OLD OAK.

Immota manet; multosque nepotes,
Multa virûm volvens durando sæcula, vincit. *Virg.*

Round thee, alas, no shadows move!
From thee no sacred murmurs breathe!
Yet within thee, thyself a grove,
Once did the eagle scream above,
And the wolf howl beneath.

There once the steel-clad knight reclined,
His sable plumage tempest-toss'd;
And, as the death-bell smote the wind,
From towers long fled by human kind,
His brow the hero cross'd!

Then Culture came, and days serene;
And village-sports, and garlands gay.
Full many a pathway cross'd the green;
And maids and shepherd-youths were seen
To celebrate the May.

Father of many a forest deep,
Whence many a navy thunder-fraught!
Erst in thy acorn-cells asleep,
Soon destined o'er the world to sweep,
Opening new spheres of thought!

Wont in the night of woods to dwell,
The holy Druid saw thee rise;
And, planting there the guardian spell,
Sung forth, the dreadful pomp to swell
Of human sacrifice!

Thy singed top and branches bare
Now straggle in the evening-sky;
And the wan moon wheels round to glare
On the long corse that shivers there
Of him who came to die!

TO TWO SISTERS.[1]

Well may you sit within, and, fond of grief,
Look in each other's face, and melt in tears.
Well may you shun all counsel, all relief.
Oh she was great in mind, though young in years!

Changed is that lovely countenance, which shed
Light when she spoke, and kindled sweet surprise,
As o'er her frame each warm emotion spread,
Play'd round her lips, and sparkled in her eyes.

Those lips so pure, that moved but to persuade
Still to the last enliven'd and endear'd.
Those eyes at once her secret soul convey'd,
And ever beam'd delight when you appear'd.

Yet has she fled the life of bliss below,
That youthful Hope in bright perspective drew?
False were the tints! false as the feverish glow
That o'er her burning cheek Distemper threw!

And now in joy she dwells, in glory moves!
(Glory and joy reserved for you to share.)
Far, far more blest in blessing those she loves
Than they, alas! unconscious of her care.

ON A TEAR.

Oh! that the Chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law[1] which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

TO A VOICE THAT HAD BEEN LOST.[2]

Vane, quid affectas faciem mihi ponere, pictor?
Aëris et linguæ sum filia;
Et, si vis similem pingere, pinge sonum. *Ausonius.*

Once more, Enchantress of the soul,
Once more we hail thy soft control.
—Yet whither, whither didst thou fly?
To what bright region of the sky?
Say, in what distant star to dwell?
(Of other worlds thou seem'st to tell)
Or trembling, fluttering here below,
Resolved and unresolved to go,
In secret didst thou still impart
Thy raptures to the pure in heart?
Perhaps to many a desert shore,
Thee, in his rage, the Tempest bore;
Thy broken murmurs swept along,
'Mid Echoes yet untuned by song;

1 On the death of a younger sister.

1 The law of gravitation. 2 In the winter of 1805.

Arrested in the realms of Frost,
Or in the wilds of Ether lost.
Far happier thou! 'twas thine to soar
Careering on the winged wind.
Thy triumphs who shall dare explore?
Suns and their systems left behind.
No tract of space, no distant star,
No shock of elements at war,
Did thee detain. Thy wing of fire
Bore thee amidst the Cherub-choir;
And there awhile to thee 't was given
Once more that Voice[1] beloved to join,
Which taught thee first a flight divine,
And nursed thy infant years with many a strain from Heaven!

FROM A GREEK EPIGRAM.

While on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
See, to the last, last verge her infant steals!
O fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

TO THE FRAGMENT OF A STATUE OF HERCULES, COMMONLY CALLED THE TORSO.

And dost thou still, thou mass of breathing stone,
(Thy giant limbs to night and chaos hurl'd),
Still sit as on the fragment of a world;
Surviving all, majestic and alone?
What though the Spirits of the North, that swept
Rome from the earth, when in her pomp she slept,
Smote thee with fury, and thy headless trunk
Deep in the dust 'mid tower and temple sunk;
Soon to subdue mankind 't was thine to rise,
Still, still unquell'd thy glorious energies!
Aspiring minds, with thee conversing, caught[2]
Bright revelations of the Good they sought;
By thee that long-lost spell[3] in secret given,
To draw down Gods, and lift the soul to Heaven!

TO ———.[4]

Ah! little thought she, when, with wild delight,
By many a torrent's shining track she flew,
When mountain-glens and caverns full of night
O'er her young mind divine enchantment threw,

That in her veins a secret horror slept,
That her light footsteps should be heard no more,
That she should die—nor watch'd, alas, nor wept
By thee, unconscious of the pangs she bore.

Yet round her couch indulgent Fancy drew
The kindred forms her closing eye required.
There didst thou stand—there, with the smile she knew,
She moved her lips to bless thee, and expired.

And now to thee she comes; still, still the same
As in the hours gone unregarded by!
To thee, how changed! comes as she ever came,
Health on her cheek, and pleasure in her eye!

Nor less, less oft, as on that day, appears,
When lingering, as prophetic of the truth,
By the way-side she shed her parting tears—
For ever lovely in the light of Youth!

WRITTEN IN A SICK CHAMBER.

There, in that bed so closely curtain'd round,
Worn to a shade, and wan with slow decay,
A father sleeps! Oh hush'd be every sound!
Soft may we breathe the midnight hours away!

He stirs—yet still he sleeps. May heavenly dreams
Long o'er his smooth and settled pillow rise;
Till through the shutter'd pane the morning streams,
And on the hearth the glimmering rush-light dies.

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.[1]

"Say, what remains when Hope is fled?"
She answer'd, "Endless weeping!"
For in the herdsman's eye she read
Who in his shroud lay sleeping.
At Embsay rung the matin-bell,
The stag was roused on Barden-fell;
The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,
And down the Wharfe a hern was flying;
When near the cabin in the wood,
In tartan clad and forest-green,
With hound in leash and hawk in hood,
The Boy of Egremond was seen.
Blithe was his song, a song of yore;
But where the rock is rent in two,
And the river rushes through,
His voice was heard no more!
'T was but a step! the gulf he pass'd;
But that step—it was his last!
As through the mist he wing'd his way
(A cloud that hovers night and day),
The hound hung back, and back he drew
The Master and his merlin too.
That narrow place of noise and strife
Received their little all of Life!
There now the matin-bell is rung;
The "Miserere!" duly sung;

1 Mrs. Sheridan's.

2 In the gardens of the Vatican, where it was placed by Julius II. it was long the favorite study of those great men to whom we owe the revival of the arts, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and the Carracci.

3 Once in the possession of Praxiteles, if we may believe an ancient epigram on the Gnidian Venus.—Analecta Vet. Poetarum, III. 200.

4 On the death of her sister.

1 In the twelfth century William Fitz-Duncan laid waste the valleys of Craven with fire and sword; and was afterwards established there by his uncle, David, King of Scotland.

He was the last of the race; his son, commonly called the Boy of Egremond, dying before him in the manner here related; when a Priory was removed from Embsay to Bolton, that it might be as near as possible to the place where the accident happened. That place is still known by the name of the *Strid;* and the mother's answer, as given in the first stanza, is to this day often repeated in Wharfedale.—See Whitaker's Hist. of Craven.

And holy men in cowl and hood
Are wandering up and down the wood.
But what avail they? Ruthless Lord,
Thou didst not shudder when the sword
Here on the young its fury spent,
The helpless and the innocent.
Sit now and answer groan for groan,
The child before thee is thy own.
And she who wildly wanders there,
The mother in her long despair,
Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,
Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping;
Of those who would not be consoled
When red with blood the river roll'd.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

On thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers
The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew.
Each soft enchantment of the soul is hers;
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

As on she moves with hesitating grace,
She wins assurance from his soothing voice;
And, with a look the pencil could not trace,
Smiles through her blushes, and confirms the choice.

Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame!
To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's fears!
To thee she turns with surest, tenderest claim:
Weakness that charms, reluctance that endears!

At each response the sacred rite requires,
From her full bosom bursts the unbidden sigh.
A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires;
And on her lips the trembling accents die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions play!
What lights and shades in sweet confusion blend!
Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of day,
And settled sunshine on her soul descend!

Ah soon, thine own confest, ecstatic thought!
That hand shall strew thy summer-path with flowers;
And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre fraught,
Gild the calm current of domestic hours!

THE ALPS AT DAY-BREAK.

The sun-beams streak the azure skies,
And line with light the mountain's brow:
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
And chase the roe-buck through the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant-bound,
High on their iron poles they pass;
Mute, lest the air, convulsed by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass.[1]

The goats wind slow their wonted way
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;
Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning-cloud,
Perch'd, like an eagle's nest, on high.

IMITATION OF AN ITALIAN SONNET.

Love, under Friendship's vesture white,
Laughs, his little limbs concealing;
And oft in sport, and oft in spite,
Like Pity meets the dazzled sight,
Smiles through his tears revealing.
But now as Rage the God appears!
He frowns, and tempests shake his frame!—
Frowning, or smiling, or in tears,
'T is Love; and Love is still the same.

A CHARACTER.

As through the hedge-row shade the violet steals,
And the sweet air its modest leaf reveals;
Her softer charms, but by their influence known,
Surprise all hearts, and mould them to her own.

TO THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF LADY ****

Ah! why with tell-tale tongue reveal[1]
What most her blushes would conceal?
Why lift that modest veil to trace
The seraph-sweetness of her face?
Some fairer, better sport prefer;
And feel for us, if not for her.
For this presumption, soon or late,
Know thine shall be a kindred fate.
Another shall in vengeance rise—
Sing Harriet's cheeks, and Harriet's eyes;
And, echoing back her wood-notes wild,
—Trace all the mother in the child!

AN EPITAPH[2] ON A ROBIN-REDBREAST

Tread lightly here; for here, 't is said,
When piping winds are hush'd around,
A small note wakes from under-ground,
Where now his tiny bones are laid.
No more in lone and leafless groves,
With ruffled wing and faded breast,
His friendless, homeless spirit roves;
—Gone to the world where birds are blest!
Where never cat glides o'er the green,
Or school-boy's giant form is seen;
But Love, and Joy, and smiling Spring
Inspire their little souls to sing!

TO THE GNAT.

When by the greenwood side, at summer eve,
Poetic visions charm my closing eye;
And fairy scenes, that Fancy loves to weave,
Shift to wild notes of sweetest minstrelsy;

1 There are passes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with speed, and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above.

1 Alluding to some verses which she had written on an elder sister.

2 Inscribed on an urn in the flower-garden at Hafod.

'Tis thine to range in busy quest of prey,
Thy feathery antlers quivering with delight,
Brush from my lids the hues of heaven away,
And all is Solitude, and all is Night!
—Ah now thy barbed shaft, relentless fly,
Unsheathes its terrors in the sultry air!
No guardian sylph, in golden panoply,
Lifts the broad shield, and points the glittering spear.
Now near and nearer rush thy whirring wings,
Thy dragon-scales still wet with human gore.
Hark, thy shrill horn its fearful larum flings!
—I wake in horror, and dare sleep no more!

A WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the hill,
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT. 1786.

While through the broken pane the tempest sighs,
And my step falters on the faithless floor,
Shades of departed joys around me rise,
With many a face that smiles on me no more;
With many a voice that thrills of transport gave,
Now silent as the grass that tufts their grave!

AN ITALIAN SONG.

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade,
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

AN INSCRIPTION.

Shepherd, or Huntsman, or worn Mariner,
Whate'er thou art, who wouldst allay thy thirst,
Drink and be glad. This cistern of white stone,
Arch'd, and o'erwrought with many a sacred verse,
This iron cup chain'd for the general use,
And these rude seats of earth within the grove,
Were given by Fatima. Borne hence a bride,
'T was here she turn'd from her beloved sire,
To see his face no more.[1] Oh, if thou canst,
('T is not far off) visit his tomb with flowers;
And with a drop of this sweet water fill
The two small cells scoop'd in the marble there,
That birds may come and drink upon his grave,
Making it holy![2] . . . .

WRITTEN IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, SEPTEMBER 2, 1812.

Blue was the loch, the clouds were gone
Ben Lomond in his glory shone,
When, Luss, I left thee; when the breeze,
Bore me from thy silver sands,
Thy kirk-yard wall among the trees,
Where, grey with age, the dial stands;
That dial so well known to me!
—Though many a shadow it had shed,
Beloved Sister, since with thee
The legend on the stone was read.
The fairy-isles fled far away;
That with its woods and uplands green,
Where shepherd-huts are dimly seen,
And songs are heard at close of day;
That, too, the deer's wild covert, fled,
And that, the asylum of the dead:
While, as the boat went merrily,
Much of Rob Roy[3] the boatman told,
His arm, that fell below his knee,
His cattle-ford and mountain-hold.
Tarbat,[4] thy shore I climb'd at last,
And, thy shady region pass'd,
Upon another shore I stood,
And look'd upon another flood;[5]
Great Ocean's self! ('T is He who fills
That vast and awful depth of hills);
Where many an elf was playing round
Who treads unshod his classic ground;
And speaks, his native rocks among,
As Fingal spoke, and Ossian sung.
Night fell; and dark and darker grew
That narrow sea, that narrow sky,
As o'er the glimmering waves we flew;
The sea-bird rustling, wailing by.
And now the grampus, half-descried,
Black and huge above the tide;
The cliffs and promontories there,
Front to front, and broad and bare;
Each beyond each, with giant-feet
Advancing as in haste to meet;

1 See an anecdote related by Pausanias, iii, 20.
2 A Turkish superstition.
3 A famous outlaw.
4 Signifying, in the Erse language, an Isthmus.
5 Loch-Long.

The shatter'd fortress, whence the Dane
Blew his shrill blast, nor rush'd in vain,
Tyrant of the drear domain:
All into midnight-shadow sweep,
When day springs upward from the deep![1]
Kindling the waters in its flight,
The prow wakes splendor; and the oar,
That rose and fell unseen before,
Flashes in a sea of light!
Glad sign, and sure! for now we hail
Thy flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale;
And bright indeed the path should be
That leads to Friendship and to thee!
  Oh blest retreat, and sacred too!
Sacred as when the bell of prayer
Toll'd duly on the desert air,
And crosses deck'd thy summits blue.
Oft, like some loved romantic tale,
Oft shall my weary mind recall,
Amid the hum and stir of men,
Thy beechen grove and waterfall,
Thy ferry with its gliding sail,
And her—the Lady of the Glen!

A FAREWELL.

Once more, enchanting maid adieu!
I must be gone while yet I may;
Oft shall I weep to think of you,
But here I will not, cannot stay.

The sweet expression of that face,
For ever changing, yet the same,
Ah no, I dare not turn to trace—
It melts my soul, it fires my frame!

Yet give me, give me, ere I go,
One little lock of those so blest,
That lend your cheek a warmer glow,
And on your white neck love to rest.

—Say, when to kindle soft delight,
That hand has chanced with mine to meet,
How could its thrilling touch excite
A sigh so short, and yet so sweet?

O say—but no, it must not be.
Adieu! a long, a long adieu!
—Yet still, methinks, you frown on me,
Or never could I fly from you.

INSCRIPTION FOR A TEMPLE

DEDICATED TO THE GRACES.[2]

Approach with reverence. There are those within
Whose dwelling-place is Heaven. Daughters of Jove,
From them flow all the decencies of life;
Without them nothing pleases, Virtue's self
Admired, not loved; and those on whom they smile,
Great though they be, and wise, and beautiful,
Shine forth with double lustre.

1 A phenomenon described by many navigators.

2 At Woburn-Abbey.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lovest in fields of light;
And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening-sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstacy!
—Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!

WRITTEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

OCTOBER 10, 1806.[1]

Whoe'er thou art, approach, and, with a sigh,
Mark where the small remains of greatness lie.[2]
There sleeps the dust of Fox, for ever gone:
How near the Place where late his glory shone!
And, though no more ascends the voice of Prayer,
Though the last footsteps cease to linger there,
Still, like an awful dream that comes again,
Alas! at best as transient and as vain,
Still do I see (while through the vaults of night
The funeral-song once more proclaims the rite)
The moving Pomp along the shadowy aisle,
That, like a Darkness, fill'd the solemn Pile;
The illustrious line, that in long order led,
Of those that loved Him living, mourn'd Him dead;
Of those the Few, that for their Country stood
Round Him who dared be singularly good:
All, of all ranks, that claim'd Him for their own;
And nothing wanting—but himself alone![3]
  Oh say, of Him now rests there but a name;
Wont, as He was, to breathe ethereal flame?
Friend of the Absent, Guardian of the Dead![4]
Who but would here their sacred sorrows shed?
(Such as He shed on Nelson's closing grave;
How soon to claim the sympathy He gave!)
In Him, resentful of another's wrong,
The dumb were eloquent, the feeble strong.
Truth from his lips a charm celestial drew—
Ah, who so mighty and so gentle too?[5]
  What though with War the madding nations rung,
"Peace," when He spoke, was ever on his tongue!
Amidst the frowns of Power, the tricks of State,
Fearless, resolved, and negligently great!
In vain malignant vapors gather'd round;
He walk'd, erect, on consecrated ground.
The clouds, that rise to quench the Orb of day,
Reflect its splendor, and dissolve away!

1 After the funeral of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox.

2 Venez voir le peu qui nous reste de tant de grandeur, etc —*Bossuet. Oraison funèbre de Louis de Bourbon.*

3 Et rien enfin ne manque dans tous ces honneurs, que celui à qui on les rend.—Ibid.

4 Alluding particularly to his speech on moving a new writ for the borough of Tavistock, March 16, 1802.

5 See that admirable delineation of his character by Sir James Mackintosh, which first appeared in the Bombay Courier January 17, 1807.

When in retreat He laid his thunder by,
For letter'd ease and calm Philosophy,
Blest were his hours within the silent grove,
Where still his godlike Spirit deigns to rove;
Blest by the orphan's smile, the widow's prayer,
For many a deed, long done in secret there.
There shone his lamp on Homer's hallow'd page;
There, listening, sate the hero and the sage;
And they, by virtue and by blood allied,
Whom most He loved, and in whose arms He died.
Friend of all human-kind! not here alone
(The voice that speaks, was not to thee unknown)
Wilt Thou be missed.—O'er every land and sea,
Long, long shall England be revered in Thee!
And, when the Storm is hush'd—in distant years—
Foes on Thy grave shall meet, and mingle tears!

THE END OF ROGERS'S WORKS.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

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Memoir of Thomas Campbell.

It is not a little singular that the Tyrtæus of modern English poetry should at the same time be one of the most tender as well as original of writers. Campbell owes less than any other British poet to his predecessors or contemporaries. He has lived to see his verses quoted like those of earlier poets in the literature of his day, lisped by children, and sung at public festivals. The war-odes of Campbell have nothing to match them in the English language for energy and fire, while their condensation and the felicitous selection of their versification are in remarkable harmony. Campbell, in allusion to Cimon, has been said to have "conquered both on land and sea," from his naval Odes and "Hohenlinden" embracing both scenes of warfare.

Scotland gave birth to Thomas Campbell. He was the son of a second marriage, and born at Glasgow in 1777. His father was born in 1710, and was consequently nearly 70 years of age when the poet his son was ushered into the world. He was sent early to school in his native city, and his instructor was Dr. David Alison, an individual of great celebrity in the practice of education. He had a method of instruction in the classics purely his own, by which he taught with great facility, and at the same time rejected all harsh discipline, putting kindness in the place of terror, and alluring rather than compelling the pupil to his duty. Campbell began to write verses young. There are some attempts at poetry yet extant among his friends in Scotland, written when he was but nine years old. They naturally are childish, but still display that propensity for the muses by which at a remarkably early age he was so distinguished. For his place of education he had a great respect, as well as for the memory of his masters, of whom he always spoke in terms of great affection. He was twelve years old when he quitted school for the University of Glasgow. There he was considered an excellent Latin scholar, and gained high honor by a contest with a candidate twice as old as himself, by which he obtained a bursary. He constantly bore away the prizes, and every fresh success only seemed to stimulate him to more ambitious exertions. In Greek he was considered the foremost student of his age; and some of his translations were said to be superior to any before offered for competition in the University. Campbell thus furnishes an exception to the majority of men of genius, who have seldom been remarkable for diligence and proficiency in their early years, the lofty powers they possessed not being exhibited until mature life. Campbell while at the University made poetical paraphrases of the most celebrated Greek poets; of Eschylus, Sophocles, and Aristophanes, which were thought efforts of extraordinary promise. Dr. Millar at that time gave philosophical lectures in Glasgow. He was a highly gifted teacher and a most excellent man. His lectures attracted the attention of young Campbell, who became his pupil, and studied with eagerness the principles of sound philosophy; he was favored with the confidence of his teacher, and partook much of his society. To being thus early grounded in the fundamental truths of philosophy, and accustomed to analyze correctly, is to be attributed mainly the side in politics which Campbell early embraced, and that love of freedom and free thought which he has invariably shown upon all questions in which the interests of mankind are concerned.

Campbell quitted Glasgow to remove into Argyleshire, where the situation of tutor in a family of some note was offered and accepted by him. It was in Argyleshire, among the romantic mountains of the North, that the poetical spirit increased in energy, and the charms of verse took entire possession of his mind. Many people now alive remember him there wandering alone by the torrent, or over the rugged steeps of that wild country, reciting the strains of other poets aloud, or silently composing his own. Several of his pieces which he has rejected in his collected works, are handed about in Scotland in manuscript. The "Dirge of Wallace" (given at page 64), which will not be found in the London Editions of his works, is one of these wild compositions; and it is difficult to say why he should have rejected it, for the poetry is truly noble. It has hitherto appeared only in fugitive publications and newspapers.

From Argyleshire, where his residence was not a protracted one, Campbell removed to Edin-

burgh. There he was very quickly noticed for his talents, and grew familiar with the celebrated men who at that period ornamented the Scottish capital. The friendship and kindness of some of the first men of the age, could not fail to stimulate a mind like that of Campbell. He became intimate with Dugald Stuart; and almost every leading professor of the University of Edinburgh was his friend. While in Edinburgh, he brought out his celebrated "Pleasures of Hope" at the age of twenty-one. It is not too much to say of this work, that no poet of this, or perhaps any other country, ever produced, at so early an age, a more elaborate and finished performance. For this work, which for twenty years produced to the publishers between two and three hundred pounds a-year, the author received at first but 10*l.*, which was afterwards increased by an additional sum, and the profits accruing from a 4to edition of his work. By a subsequent act of the legislature, extending the term of copyright, it reverted again to the author; but, as might be expected, with no proportional increase of profit. To criticise here a work which has become a British classic, would be superfluous. Campbell's pecuniary circumstances were by no means liberal at this time, and a pleasant anecdote is recorded of him, in allusion to the hardships of an author's case similarly situated with himself; he was desired to give a toast at a festive moment when the character of Napoleon was at its utmost point of disesteem in England. He gave "Bonaparte." The company started with astonishment. "Gentlemen," said he, "here is Bonaparte in his character of executioner of the booksellers." Palm the bookseller had just been executed in Germany by the orders of the French.

After residing not quite three years in Edinburgh, Campbell quitted his native country for the continent. He sailed for Hamburgh, and there made many acquaintances among the more enlightened of the society both in that city and Altona. There were numerous Irish exiles in the neighborhood of Hamburgh at that time, and some of them fell in the way of the poet, who afterwards related many curious anecdotes of them. There were sincere and honest men among them, who with the energy of the national character, and an enthusiasm for liberty, had plunged into the desperate cause of the rebellion two years before, and did not despair of liberty and equality in Ireland even then. Some of them were in private life most amiable persons, and their fate was every way entitled to sympathy. The poet, from that compassionate feeling which is an amiable characteristic of his nature, wrote the "Exile of Erin," from the impression their situation and circumstances made upon his mind. It was set to an old Irish air of the most touching pathos, and will perish only with the language.

Campbell travelled over a great part of Germany and Prussia, visiting the universities and acquiring a knowledge of German literature. From the walls of a convent he commanded a part of the field of Hohenlinden during that sanguinary contest, and proceeded afterwards in the track of Moreau's army over the scene of combat. This impressive sight produced the celebrated "Battle of Hohenlinden;" an ode which is as original as it is spirited, and stands by itself in British literature. The poet tells a story of the phlegm of a German postilion at this time, who was driving him post by a place where a skirmish of cavalry had happened, and who alighted and disappeared, leaving the carriage and the traveller alone in the cold (for the ground was covered with snow) for a considerable space of time. At length he came back, and it was found that he had been employing himself in cutting off the long tails of the slain horses, which he coolly placed on the vehicle and drove on his route. Campbell was also in Ratisbon when the French and Austrian treaty saved it from bombardment—a most anxious moment.

In Germany, Campbell made the friendship of the two Schlegels, of many of the most noted literary and political characters, and was fortunate enough to pass an entire day with the venerable Klopstock, who died just two years afterwards. The proficiency of Campbell in the German language was rendered very considerable by this visit, and his own indefatigable perseverance in study. He eagerly read all the works he met with, some of them upon very abstruse topics, and suffered no obstacle to intervene between himself and his studies, wherever he might chance to be. Though of a cheerful and lively temper and disposition, and by no means averse from the pleasures which are so attractive in the morning of existence, they were rendered subservient to the higher views of the mind, and were pursued for recreation only, nor suffered to distract his attention a moment from the great business of his life.

The travels of Campbell in Germany occupied about thirteen months; when he returned to England, and for the first time visited London. He soon afterwards composed those two noble marine odes, "The Battle of the Baltic," and "Ye Mariners of England," which, with his "Hohenlinden," stand unrivalled in the English tongue; and though, as Byron lamented, Campbell has written so little, they are enough alone to place him unforgotten in the shrine of the muses. In 1803 the poet married Miss Sinclair, a lady of

Scottish descent and considerable personal beauty, but of whom he was deprived by death in 1828. His residence was at Sydenham, and the entire neighborhood of that pleasant village reckoned itself in the circle of his friends; nor did he quit his rural retreat until, in 1821, literary pursuits demanded his residence in the metropolis. It was at Sydenham, in a house looking towards the reservoir, that the poet produced his greatest work, "Gertrude of Wyoming," written in the Spenserian stanza. It is a simple Indian tale, but the tenderness and beauty of the thoughts and expressions are scarcely equalled, certainly not surpassed, in any English poet. The speech of Outalissi seems to have furnished Byron with a hint for the style and form of several of his stories. About the same time Campbell was appointed professor of poetry in the Royal Institution, where he delivered lectures, which have since been published. He also undertook the editorship of selections from the British poets, intended as specimens of each, and accompanied with critical remarks, extending to several volumes. These remarks show the erudition of the author, but they also proclaim that fastidiousness of taste and singular sensitiveness regarding all he publishes, which is so distinguishing a characteristic of this poet. He refines, and re-refines, until his sentences appear to have lost connexion with each other, in his anxiety to render them as perfect as possible.

Soon after the publication of his Selections he again visited Germany, and spent some time in Vienna, where he acquired a considerable knowledge of the Austrian court and its manners, and closely observed that unrelaxing despotism by which it governs. He remained long at Bonn, where his friend, A. W. Schlegel, resides, and passed his time in cultivating the intimacy of other literary men there. Leaving his son under the care of a tutor in Bonn University, Campbell returned to England in 1820, to undertake the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, a publication which speedily came into extensive circulation, and, with *Blackwood's Magazine*, which espouses the opposite side in politics, takes the lead in English menstrual literature. To the *New Monthly Magazine* Campbell has contributed little, indeed nothing more than is before the public with his name. He is slow, and even idle in his habits of business. To fix his attention closely for any considerable time to literary labor is a difficult thing, and composition seems rather a task than a pleasure, since the fire of his youth has cooled. He is fond of the society of his friends, and of the social hour; his stock of anecdotes and stories, which is extensive, is often played on these occasions, but it is humor rather than wit with which they are seasoned. Of all the natives of Scotland, however, he has least of the *patois* of the country in his delivery, which is surprising, when it is considered he was above twenty-one years of age before he quitted it, and shows how accurately he must have attuned his ear to the English pronunciation early in life. Besides his knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, Campbell is a good German scholar, has acquired a considerable knowledge of Hebrew, and speaks French fluently.

During the residence of Campbell at Sydenham, there were several individuals in that village who were fond of inviting literary men to their tables, and were conspicuous for their conviviality. Numerous choice spirits used to meet together there, and among them was Campbell. The repartee and joke were exchanged, and many a practical trick played off which now forms the burden of an after-dinner story wherever the various individuals then present are scattered. Many of these have been since distinguished in the literary world; among them were the facetious brothers, the Smiths, James and Horace, Theodore Hook, and others; but it appears Campbell was behind none of them in the zest with which he entered into the pleasantries of the time, and many an anecdote is recorded of him on these occasions, to which some biographer will doubtless do justice hereafter.

In 1824 Campbell published his "Theodric, a Domestic Tale," the least popular of his works. Many pieces of great merit came out in the same volume, among which are the "Lines to J. P. Kemble," and those entitled the "Last Man." The fame of Campbell, however, must rest on his previous publications, which, though not numerous, are so correct, and were so fastidiously revised, that, while they remain as standards of purity in the English tongue, they sufficiently explain why their author's compositions are so limited in number, "since he who wrote so correctly could not be expected to write much."

By his marriage Campbell had two sons. One of them died before attaining his twentieth year; the other while at Bonn, where, as already observed, he was placed for his education, exhibited symptoms of an erring mind, which, on his return to England soon afterwards, ripened into mental derangement of the milder species. This disease, it is probable, he inherited on his mother's side, as on his father's no symptoms of it had ever been shown. After several years passed in this way, during which the mental disease considerably relaxed, so that young Campbell became wholly inoffensive, his father received him into his house. The effects of such a sight upon a

mind of the most exquisite sensibility, like the poet's, may be readily imagined; it was, at times, a source of the keenest suffering.

We must now allude to an event in Campbell's life, which will cause him the gratitude of millions of unborn hearts, and the benefits of which are incalculable. It is to Campbell that England owes the London University. Four years before it was made public, the idea struck his mind, from having been in the habit of visiting the universities of Germany, and studying their regulations. He communicated it at first to two or three friends only, until his ideas upon the subject became mature, when they were made public, and a meeting upon the business convened in London, which Mr. Campbell addressed, and where the establishment of such an institution met the most zealous support. Once in operation, the men of the city, headed by Mr. Brougham, lost not a moment in advancing the great and useful object in view.—The undertaking was divided into shares, which were rapidly taken. Mr. Brougham took the leading part, and addressed the various meetings on the subject. Mr. Campbell, ill fitted for steady exertion, seems to have left the active arrangements to others better qualified for them by habits of business, and contented himself with attending the committees. With a rapidity unexampled the London University has been completed; and Campbell has had the satisfaction of seeing his projected instrument of education in full operation, in less than three years after he made the scheme public.

In person, Campbell is below the middle stature, well made, but slender. His features indicate great sensibility, and that fastidiousness for which he is remarkable in everything he undertakes. His eyes are large, peculiarly striking, and of a deep blue color, his nose aquiline, his expression generally saturnine. He has long worn a peruke, but the natural color of his hair is dark. His step is light, but firm; and he appears to possess much more energy of constitution than men of fifty-two, who have been studious in their habits, exhibit in general. His time for study is mostly during the stillness of night, when he can be wholly abstracted from external objects. He exhibits great fondness for recondite subjects; and will frequently spend days in minute investigations into languages, which in the result are of no moment: but his ever-delighted theme is Greece, her arts and literature. There he is at home; it was his earliest and will probably be his latest study. There is no branch of poetry or history which has reached us from the "mother of arts" with which he is not familiar. He has severely handled Mitford for his singular praise of the Lacedemonians at the expense of the Athenians, and his preference of their barbarous and obscene laws to the legislation of the latter people. His Lectures on Greek Poetry are already before the public, having appeared in parts in the *New Monthly Magazine.* He also published "Annals of Great Britain, from the accession of George the Third to the Peace of Amiens;" and is the author of several articles on Poetry and Belles-Lettres in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia.* In addition to the profits derived from these literary labors, our Poet enjoys a pension from Government, supposed to have been granted to him for writing political paragraphs in an evening paper in support of Lord Grenville's administration.

Campbell was, as has been before observed, educated at Glasgow, and received the honor of election for Lord Rector, three successive years, notwithstanding the opposition of the professors and the excellent individuals who were placed against him; among whom were the late minister Canning and Sir Walter Scott. The students of Glasgow College considered that the celebrity of the poet, his liberal principles, his being a fellow-townsman, and his attention to their interests, entitled him to the preference.

Finally, Campbell has all the characteristics of the *genus irritabile* about him. He is the creature of impulses, and often does things upon the spur of the moment, which upon reflection he recalls. He is remarkable for absence of mind; is charitable and kind in his disposition, but of quick temper: his amusements are few, the friend and conversation only. His heart is perhaps one of the best that beats in a human bosom; it is, in effect, that which should belong to the poet of "Gertrude," his favorite personification.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The Pleasures of Hope.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

ANALYSIS.

: Poem opens with a comparison between the ,*y* of remote objects in a landscape, and those scenes of felicity which the imagination de- i to contemplate—the influence of anticipation [the other passions is next delineated—an allu- is made to the well-known fiction in Pagan tra- on, that, when all the guardian deities of man- d abandoned the world, Hope alone was left be- d—the consolations of this passion in situations danger and distress—the seaman on his watch— he soldier marching into battle—allusion to the nteresting adventures of Byron

The inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of enius, whether in the department of science, or of domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness—picture of a mother ching her infant when asleep—pictures of the ner, the maniac, and the wanderer

From the consolations of individual misery, a isition is made to prospects of political improve- ent in the future state of society—the wide field at is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts ong uncivilized nations—from these views of nelioration of society, and the extension of liberty d truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by melancholy contrast of ideas, we are led to reflect the hard fate of a brave people recently con- uous in their struggles for independence—descrip- of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest he oppressors and the oppressed, and the mas- of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague— ophe to the self-interested enemies of human ement—the wrongs of Africa—the barbarous of Europeans in India—prophecy in the Hin- ythology of the expected descent of the Deity dress the miseries of their race, and to take e on the violators of justice and mercy.

summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
with bright arch the glittering hills below,
yon mountain turns the musing eye,
sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way,
Thus from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'T is Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight.
Thine is the charm of Life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval HOPE, the Aonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But HOPE, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;

Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away!

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.
Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark, careering o'er unfathom'd fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world!

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil;
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore—(1)
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'T was his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,
To wake each joyless morn, and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men;
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Know not a trace of Nature but the form;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
Pierced the deep woods, and hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star;
Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyenas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend! (2)

Congenial Hope! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

"Go, child of Heav'n! (thy winged words proc
'T is thine to search the boundless fields of fa
Lo! Newton, priest of nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every st
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming e
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of soun
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string. (3)

"The Swedish sage (4) admires in yonder bow
His winged insects, and his rosy flowers;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage trai
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain-
So once, at Heaven's command, the wand'rers came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

"Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime;
Calm as the fields of Heav'n his sapient eye
The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high,
Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage:
'Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man?'

"Turn, child of Heav'n, thy rapture-lighten'd e
To Wisdom's walks,—the sacred Nine are nigh:
Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delph height,
From streams that wander in eternal light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swe
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shel
Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmurs flow,
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

"Beloved of Heav'n! the smiling Muse shall
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.
I see thee roam her guardian pow'r beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;
Inquire of guilty wand'rers whence they cam
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly r
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they t
And read the trembling world the tales of he

"When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy;
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;
While Beauty's deeply-pictured smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

"Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream?
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile;—
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief?
And teach impassion'd souls the joy of grief?

"Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be given,
And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven;
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand. (6)
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth,
Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man.

"Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's command,
When Israel march'd along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path,—a never-setting star:
So, heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,
HOPE is thy star, her light is ever thine."

Propitious Power! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy;
When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
Oh, there, prophetic HOPE! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses grey,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from Heaven propitious dews to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy:
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

"And say, when summon'd from the world and thee
I lay my head beneath the willow-tree,
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

So speaks Affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring HOPE the while
At every artless tear, and every smile!
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

Where is the troubled heart, consign'd to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day!
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.
Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail:
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze:
Poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,
Till Memory fled her agonizing brain;—
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,

Piled on the steep, her blazing fagots burn
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue,
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by,
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine!—
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

Hope! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk;
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day;
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silence watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Lybian groves, where damned rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murd'rous arm profane:
Wild Obi flies (7)—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded Naturé bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines, (8)
Truth shall pervade the unfathom'd darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair.—
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that Heaven bestow'd!
Fierce in his eye the fire of valor burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man! (9)

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
Oh! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;—
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields away,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O vengeance! where thy rod
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep and wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
at man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!
little while, along thy saddening plains,
he starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark;
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of Hope untrue;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of Genius, and the powers of man;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine:—
"Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease; and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career."

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring:
What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
No!—the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand:
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow?
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?
What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?
Why then hath Plato lived—or Sidney died?

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!
Wrapt in historic ardor, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,
Where Valor tuned, amid her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song:
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valor left the world—to live no more?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls;
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?

Yes! in that generous cause, for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below!

And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan
Heaven's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame,
That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—
That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Lybian's adamantine bands?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil
The blood, the tears, the anguish and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men! th' expected day
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away;
Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed,
And holy men give Scripture for the deed;
Scourged, and debased, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave!

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
Had heaved the floods, and fix'd the trembling land,
When life sprung starting at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all!
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee,
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee?
Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil;
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
No!—Nature stamp'd us in a heavenly mould!
She bade no wretch his thankless labor urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!
No homeless Lybian, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep!

Lo! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,
The quiver'd chief of Congo loved to reign;
With fires proportion'd to his native sky,
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;
Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumined zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods, his own!
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man!

The plunderer came!—alas! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles;
For ever fall'n! no son of nature now,
With freedom charter'd on his manly brow!
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,
And when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,
Starts, with a bursting heart, for ever more
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore!

The shrill horn blew; (10) at that alarum knell
His guardian angel took a last farewell!
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind!
Poor fetter'd man! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallow'd vows to Guilt, the child of Woe!
Friendless thy heart; and canst thou harbor there
A wish but death—a passion but despair?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires!
So falls the heart at Thraldom's bitter sigh!
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty!

But not to Lybia's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh!—
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run!
Prolific fields! dominions of the sun!
How long your tribes have trembled and obey'd!
How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd, (11)
Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,
Raged o'er your plunder'd shrines and altars bare,
With blazing torch and gory cimeter,—
Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale!
Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame,
When Brama's children perish'd for his name;
The martyr smiled beneath avenging power,
And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,
And braved the stormy spirit of the Cape; (12)
Children of Brama! then was Mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?
Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,
When freeborn Britons cross'd the Indian wave?
Ah, no!—to more than Rome's ambition true,
The nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate trade! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,
While famish'd nations died along the shore: (13)
Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame!

But hark! as bow'd to earth the Bramin kneels,
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals;
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds, that awe the list'ning mind,
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

"Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say,)
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew;
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world; (14)
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came;
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—
But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again!
He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high,
Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm!
Wide waves his flickering sword; his bright arms glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below!
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,
Are shook; and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

"To pour redress on India's injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;
To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore
With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,
The tenth Avatar comes! at Heaven's command
Shall Seraswattee wave her hallow'd wand!
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime, (15)
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!—
Come, Heavenly Powers! primeval peace restore!
Love!—Mercy!—Wisdom!—rule for evermore!"

PART II.

ANALYSIS.

Apostrophe to the power of Love—its intimate connexion with generous and social sensibility allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete, till Love was superadded to its other blessings—the dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish when Hope is animated by refined attachment—this disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find—a summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents—even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the poem—the predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution—the baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts—allusion to the fate of a suicide—episode of Conrad and Ellinore—conclusion.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow!
There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
In self-adoring pride securely mail'd:—
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few!
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between;
'T is yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!

Who that would ask a heart to dullness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild-bird caroll'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

True, the sad power to generous hearts may bring
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing;
Barr'd from delight by fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command;
Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph, or the frown of scorn;
While Memory watches o'er the sad review,
Of joys that faded like the morning dew;
Peace may depart—and life and nature seem
A barren path, a wildness, and a dream!

But can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius brightening into day?—
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!—(16)
If Hope's creative spirit cannot raise
One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine,
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine!
But, should a sigh of milder mood express
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,
Should Heaven's fair harbinger delight to pour
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,
No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page,
No fears but such as fancy can assuage:
Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss
The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss
(For love pursues an ever-devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace);
Yet still may Hope her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart.

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece
Each look that charm'd him in the fair of Greece.
To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face;
And as he sojourn'd on the Ægean isles,
Woo'd all their love, and treasured all their smiles;
Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
And mortal charms seem'd heavenly, when combined!
Love on the picture smiled! Expression pour'd
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece adored!

So thy fair hand, enamour'd Fancy! gleans
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes;
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With Peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy Life's bewilder'd way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on Nature with a Poet's eye!—
And when the sun's last splendor lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep,
When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around.

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile
To watch the dying notes!—and start, and smile!

Let Winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the fagots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,
The kind, fair friend, by Nature mark'd his own;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since Anna's empire o'er his heart began!
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man!

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home;
And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the milky-way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour—

With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile—
Thy woes, Arion! (17) and thy simple tale,
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail!
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true,
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to save,
And toil'd—and shriek'd—and perish'd on the wave!

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep;
There, on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father blest his darling child!
Oh! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died!

Or they will learn how generous worth sublimes
The robber Moor, (18) and pleads for all his crimes!
How poor Amelia kiss'd, with many a tear,
His hand blood-stain'd, but ever, ever dear!
Hung on the tortured bosom of her lord,
And wept and pray'd perdition from his sword!
Nor sought in vain! at that heart-piercing cry
The strings of Nature crack'd with agony!
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,
And burst the ties that bound him to the world!

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the wheel—
Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute:
Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,
From clime to clime descend, from age to age!

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood;
There shall he pause with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died—that Cæsar might be great! (19)
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
March'd by their Charles to Dnieper's swampy shore; (20)
Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groan'd his last!
File after file the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum!
Horseman and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang!
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,
Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh!
Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at the sight!

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,
And Hope attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day!
In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year;
In those unmeasured worlds, she bids thee tell,
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,
Whose names and natures, unreveal'd below,
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know;
For, as Iona's saint, (21) a giant form,
Throned on her towers, conversing with the storm
(When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwined,
The vesper-clock tolls mournful to the wind),
Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoa
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore;
So, when thy pure and renovated mind
This perishable dust hath left behind,
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,
Like distant isles embosom'd in the main;
Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,
And light and life in mingling torrent ran;
From whence each bright rotundity was hurl'd,
The throne of God—the centre of the world!

Oh! vainly wise, the moral muse hath sung
That suasive Hope hath but a Syren tongue!
True; she may sport with life's untutor'd day
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
And part, like Ajut—never to return! (22)

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assu
The grief and passions of our greener age,
Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flower that hail'd the dawning of the day;
Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,
And weep their falsehood, though she love them st

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled,
The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child!
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy
Smiled on his sire, and fill'd his heart with joy!
My Absalom! the voice of Nature cried:
Oh! that for thee thy father could have di!
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom!—my son!—my son!

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour;
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! immortal Powe
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fl
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phœnix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun,
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spher
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and lou
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith! awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;

Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Oh! lives there, Heaven! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?—
There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for evermore!—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this has Science search'd, on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing!
Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of Heaven?
Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurell'd wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if Heaven-ward Hope remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour;
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!
Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!
There, as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the Moon lights her watch-tower in the clouds
Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!
Mild be the doom of Heaven—as thou wert mild!
For oh! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.
Poor lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!
When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drown'd,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground!

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between,
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please!
Yes, let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee:
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to joy!—
But why so short is Love's delighted hour?
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower?

Why can no hymned charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impassion'd spirits feel?
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate?

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,
Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;
When, 'reft of all, yon widow'd sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—
Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to you!
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again!

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu!
Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell!
Doom'd the long isles of Sydney-cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee?
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!

"And weep not thus," he cried, "young Ellenore,
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!
Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of nature shall expire;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away!
Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die;
That spark unburied in its mortal frame
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkness—unassuaged by tears!

"Yet on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

"Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled;
And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied?
Ah! no: methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!
O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake,
And smile on Innocence, for Mercy's sake!"

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee!
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship bless'd when life was new?

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decay'd;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

NOTES.

Note 1, page 2, col. 1

> And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
> The hardy Byron to his native shore.

The following picture of his own distress, given by Byron in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description in page 2.

After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus:—"A day or two after, we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take everything out of their canoes, and carry them over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward, and then to the northward: here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp, and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams; so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal; but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the

Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We labored all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying-place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night, as we had frequently done, under a tree; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nourishment except the wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted of a short grieko (something like a bear-skin), a piece of red cloth which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trowsers, without shoes or stockings."

Note 2, page 2, col. 2.

———a Briton and a friend.

Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

Note 3, page 2, col. 2.

Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.

The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolical representation of the seven planets. Herschell, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

Note 4, page 2, col. 2.

The Swedish sage.

Linnæus.

Note 5, page 2, col. 2.

Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmurs flow.

Loxias is the name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers; it is met with more than once in the Chœphoræ of Æschylus.

Note 6, page 3, col. 1.

Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.

See Exodus, chap. xvii, 3, 5, 6.

Note 7, page 4, col. 1.

Wild Obi flies.

Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Obiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have, therefore, personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirits of their religious creed by a different appellation.

Note 8, page 4, col. 1.

———Sibir's dreary mines.

Mr. Bell, of Antermony, in his Travels through Siberia, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

Note 9, page 4, col. 2.

Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven, for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

Note 10, page 5, col. 2.

The shrill horn blew.

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

Note 11, page 6, col. 1.

How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd?

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to *Letters from a Hindoo Rajah*, a work of elegance and celebrity.

"The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it, either by persuasion or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history.

"The same overwhelming torrent which had inundated the greater part of Africa, burst its way into the very heart of Europe, and covering many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation, directed its baneful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquest opposed, by objects which neither the ardor of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope, that by the destruction of a part, the remainder might be persuaded, or terrified, into the profession of Mahomodism. But all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length, being fully convinced, that though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert, any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea with which they had entered upon their career of conquest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan."—*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, by* Eliza Hamilton.

Note 12, page 6, col. 1.

And braved the stormy spirit of the Cape.

See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from Camöens, by Mickle.

Note 13, page 6, col. 1.

While famish'd nations died along the shore.

The following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage.

After describing the monopoly of salt, betel-nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus:—"Money, in this current, came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather

die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk;—they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt —scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued. In some districts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied."—*Short History of the English Transactions in the East Indies*, page 145.

Note 14, page 6, col. 1.

Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world.

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the Deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. Avatar is the word used to express his descent.

Note 15, page 6, col. 2.

Shall Seriswattee wave her hallow'd wand!
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime—

Camdeo is the God of Love, in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the pagan deities, Janus and Minerva.

Note 16, page 7, col. 1.

The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!

Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade.—*Dryden.*

Note 17, page 8, col. 1.

Thy woes, Arion.

Falconer, in his poem *The Shipwreck*, speaks of himself by the name of Arion. See Falconer's *Shipwreck, Canto III.*

Note 18, page 8, col. 1.

The robber Moor!

See Schiller's tragedy of *The Robbers*, scene v.

Note 19, page 8, col. 1.

What millions died—that Cæsar might be great!

The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Cæsar, has been usually estimated at two millions of men.

Note 20, page 8, col. 1.

Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
March'd by their Charles to Dnieper's swampy shore.

"In this extremity" (says the biographer of Charles XII. of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa), "the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops; for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that two thousand men fell down dead with cold before his eyes."

Note 21, page 8, col. 1.

———as Iona's saint.

The natives of the island of Iona have an opinion that on certain evenings every year the tutelary saint Columba is seen on the top of the church spires counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft.

Note 22, page 8, col. 2.

And part, like Ajut,—never to return!

See the history of Ajut and Anningait, in *The Rambler*.

Gertrude of Wyoming.

IN THREE PARTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Most of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. The Scenery and Incidents of the following Poem are connected with that event. The testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms, converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. Isaac Weld informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America, in 1796.

PART I.

I.

On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall;
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore

II.

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies,
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew,

And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

III.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, (1) or hum of men;
While heark'ning, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then,
Unhaunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

IV.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard, but in transatlantic story rung,
For here the exile met from ev'ry clime,
And spoke in friendship ev'ry distant tongue:
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
Were but divided by the running brook;
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.

V.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native roundelay—
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away?
Green Albin![1] what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs[2] rolling from the mountain bay,
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar![3] (2)

VI.

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear!
Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee:
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life,—to plant fair Freedom's tree!

VII.

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal trump,
Nor seal'd in blood a fellow-creature's doom
Nor mourn'd the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, beloved of all,
Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall:
And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

VIII.

How reverend was the look, serenely aged,
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
Where all but kindly fervors were assuaged,
Undimm'd by weakness' shade, or turbid ire!
And though, amidst the calm of thought entire,
Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 't was earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day

IX.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet, oh, Nature! is there nought to prize
Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life?
And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies
No form with which the soul may sympathize?
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,
Or blest his noonday walk—she was his only child.

X.

The rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's cheek—
What though these shades had seen her birth, her sire
A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire
And many a halcyon day he lived to see
Unbroken but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his mutual heart—but she
Was gone—and Gertrude climb'd a widow'd father's knee.

XI.

A loved bequest,—and I may half impart—
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
That living flower uprose beneath his eye,
Dear as she was from cherub infancy,
From hours when she would round his garden play,
To time when as the ripening years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to day.

XII.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms;
(Unconscious fascination, undesign'd!)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclined,
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind):
All uncompanion'd else her heart had gone,
Till now, in Gertrude's eyes, their ninth blue summer shone.

XIII.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bower,
Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament, (3)
The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
And bracelets bound the arm that help'd to light
A boy, who seem'd, as he beside him went,
Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by night.

XIV.

Yet pensive seem'd the boy for one so young—
The dimple from his polish'd cheek had fled;
When, leaning on his forest-bow unstrung,
Th' Oneyda warrior to the planter said,

1 Scotland. 2 The Gaelic appellation for the porpoise. 3 The great whirlpool of the Western Hebrides.

And laid his hand upon the stripling's head,
"Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve; (4)
The paths of peace my steps have hither led: (5)
This little nursling, take him to thy love,
And shield the bird unfledged, since gone the parent dove.

XV.

"Christian! I am the foeman of thy foe;
Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace: (6)
Upon the Michigan, three moons ago,
We launch'd our pirogues for the bison chase
And with the Hurons planted for a space,
With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk;
But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,
And though they held with us a friendly talk,
The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk!

XVI.

"It was encamping on the lake's far port,
A cry of Areouski [1] broke our sleep,
Where storm'd an ambush'd foe thy nation's fort,
And rapid, rapid whoops came o'er the deep!
But long thy country's war-sign on the steep
Appear'd through ghastly intervals of light,
And deathfully their thunders seem'd to sweep,
Till utter darkness swallow'd up the sight,
As if a shower of blood had quench'd the fiery fight!

XVII.

"It slept—it rose again—on high their tower
Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies,
Then down again it rain'd an ember shower,
And louder lamentations heard we rise:
As when the evil Manitou,[2] (7) that dries
Th' Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire,
In vain the desolated panther flies,
And howls amidst his wilderness of fire:
Alas! too late, we reach'd and smote those Hurons dire!

XVIII.

"But as the fox beneath the nobler hound,
So died their warriors by our battle-brand;
And from the tree we, with her child, unbound
A lonely mother of the Christian land—
Her lord—the captain of the British band—
Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay.
Scarce knew the widow our deliv'ring hand;
Upon her child she sobb'd, and swoon'd away
Or shriek'd unto the God to whom the Christians pray.

XIX.

"Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
Of fever-balm and sweet sagamité: (8)
But she was journeying to the land of souls,
And lifted up her dying head to pray
That we should bid an ancient friend convey
Her orphan to his home on England's shore;
And take, she said, this token far away,
To one that will remember us of yore,
When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's Julia wore.

XX.

"And I, the eagle of my tribe,[3] (9) have rush'd
With this lorn dove."—A sage's self-command
Had quell'd the tears from Albert's heart that gush'd;
But yet his cheek—his agitated hand—
That shower'd upon the stranger of the land
No common boon, in grief but ill-beguiled
A soul that was not wont to be unmann'd:
"And stay," he cried, "dear pilgrim of the wild!
Preserver of my old, my boon companion's child!—

XXI.

"Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,
On earth's remotest bounds how welcome here!
Whose mother oft, a child, has fill'd these arms,
Young as thyself, and innocently dear,
Whose grandsire was my early life's compeer.
Ah, happiest home of England's happy clime!
How beautiful ev'n now thy scenes appear,
As in the noon and sunshine of my prime!
How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years of time.

XXII.

"And, Julia! when thou wert like Gertrude now,
Can I forget thee, fav'rite child of yore?
Or thought I, in thy father's house, when thou
Wert lightest-hearted on his festive floor,
And first of all his hospitable door
To meet and kiss me at my journey's end?
But where was I when Waldegrave was no more?
And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend,
In woes, that ev'n the tribe of deserts was thy friend!"

XXIII.

He said—and strain'd unto his heart the boy;
Far differently, the mute Oneyda took (10)
His calumet of peace,[1] (11) and cup of joy;
As monumental bronze unchanged his look:
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook;
Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle[2] to his bier, (12)
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive (13)—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

XXIV.

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdain'd to grow;
As lives the oak unwither'd on the rock
By storms above, and barrenness below:
He scorn'd his own, who felt another's woe:
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or laced his moccasons, (14) in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly tongue.

XXV.

"Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet, (15)
O! tell her spirit, that the white man's hand
Hath pluck'd the thorns of sorrow from thy feet;
While I in lonely wilderness shall greet
Thy little foot-prints—or by traces know
The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet

1 The Indian God of War. 2 Manitou, Spirit or Deity.

3 The Indians are distinguished both personally and by tribes by the name of particular animals, whose qualities they affect to resemble, either for cunning, strength, swiftness, or other qualities:—as the eagle, the serpent, the fox, or bear.

1 *Calumet of peace.*—The Calumet is the Indian name for the ornamented pipe of friendship, which they smoke as a pledge of amity.

2 *Tree-rock'd cradle.*—The Indian mothers suspend their children in their cradles from the boughs of trees, and let them be rocked by the wind

To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
And pour'd the lotus-horn,[1] or slew the mountain-roe.

XXVI.

"Adieu! sweet scion of the rising sun!
But should affliction's storms thy blossoms mock,
Then come again—my own adopted one!
And I will graft thee on a noble stock,
The crocodile, the condor of the rock, (16)
Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars;
And I will teach thee, in the battle's shock,
To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars,
And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars!"

XXVII.

So finish'd he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran;
(And song is but the eloquence of truth:)
Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man; (17)
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan
In woods required, whose trained eye was keen
As eagle of the wilderness, to scan
His path, by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

XXVIII.

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side—
His pirogue launch'd—his pilgrimage begun—
Far, like the red-bird's wing, he seem'd to glide;
Then dived, and vanish'd in the woodlands dun.
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmer'd in the sun;
But never more, to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hail'd, with bark and plumage bright.

PART II.

I.

A VALLEY from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlook'd his lawn;
And waters to their resting-place serene
Came fresh'ning, and reflecting all the scene
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves);
So sweet a spot of earth, you might, (I ween)
Have guess'd some congregation of the elves,
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for themselves.

II.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
Nor vistas open'd by the wand'ring stream;
Both where at evening Alleghany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam:
And, past those settlers' haunts, the eye might roam
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem;
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote low'd far from human home.

III.

But silent not that adverse eastern path,
Which saw Aurora's hills th' horizon crown;
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown),
Like tumults heard from some far-distant town;
But soft'ning in approach he left his gloom,
And murmur'd pleasantly, and laid him down
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

IV.

It seem'd as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspired those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem'd to love whate'er they look'd upon;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast,
(As if for heav'nly musing meant alone;)
Yet so becomingly th' expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

V.

Nor guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that look'd from such a face!
Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sun-rise path, at morn, I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

VI.

The sun-rise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,
That thus apostrophized its viewless scene:
"Land of my father's love, my mother's birth!
The home of kindred I have never seen!
We know not other—oceans are between:
Yet say! far friendly hearts, from whence we came,
Of us does oft remembrance intervene!
My mother sure—my sire a thought may claim;—
But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.

VII.

"And yet, loved England! when thy name I trace
In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,
How can I choose but wish for one embrace
Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong
My mother's looks—perhaps her likeness strong?
Oh, parent! with what reverential awe,
From features of thine own related throng,
An image of thy face my soul could draw!
And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw!"

VIII.

Yet deem not Gertrude sigh'd for foreign joy;
To soothe a father's couch her only care,
And keep his rev'rend head from all annoy:
For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,
Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
While boatmen caroll'd to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appear'd in momentary view.

1 From a flower shaped like a horn, which Châteaubriand presumes to be of the lotus kind, the Indians in their travels through the desert often find a draught of dew purer than any other water.

IX.

Apart there was a deep untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore;
Tradition had not named its lonely spot;
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore
Their fathers' dust,[1] or lift, perchance of yore,
Their voice to the great Spirit:—rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens color'd all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decay'd by time.

X.

But high in amphitheatre above,
His arms the everlasting aloes threw:
Breathed but an air of heav'n, and all the grove
As if with instinct living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulf of every hue;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swell'd anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles—ere yet its symphony begin.

XI.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The ling'ring noon, where flow'rs a couch had strewn;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown:
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown
Which every heart of human mould endears;
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears.

XII.

And nought within the grove was heard or seen
But stock-doves plaining through its gloom profound,
Or winglet of the fairy humming-bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round;
When, lo! there enter'd to its inmost ground
A youth, the stranger of a distant land;
He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound;
But late th' equator suns his cheek had tann'd,
And California's gales his roving bosom fann'd.

XIII.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipp'd for a space
Those downcast features:—she her lovely face
Uplift on one, whose lineaments and frame
Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace:
Iberian seem'd his boot—his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

XIV.

For Albert's home he sought—her finger fair
Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.
Returning from the copse he soon was there;
And soon has Gertrude hied from dark greenwood;
Nor joyless, by the converse, understood
Between the man of age and pilgrim young,
That gay congeniality of mood,
And early liking from acquaintance sprung;
Full fluently conversed their guest in England's tongue.

XV.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste
Unfold,—and much they loved his fervid strain,
While he each fair variety retraced
Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main.
Now happy Switzer's hills—romantic Spain,—
Gay lilied fields of France,—or, more refined,
The soft Ausonia's monumental reign;
Nor less each rural image he design'd
Than all the city's pomp and home of human-kind.

XVI.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws;
Of Nature's savage glories he would speak,—
The loneliness of earth that overawes,—
Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak,
Nor living voice nor motion marks around;
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,[1]
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound.

XVII.

Pleased with his guest, the good man still would ply
Each earnest question, and his converse court;
But Gertrude, as she eyed him, knew not why
A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.
"In England thou hast been,—and, by report,
An orphan's name (quoth Albert) mayst have known.
Sad tale!—when latest fell our frontier fort,—
One innocent—one soldier's child—alone
Was spared, and brought to me, who loved him as my own.—

XVIII.

"Young Henry Waldegrave! three delightful years
These very walls his infant sports did see;
But most I loved him when his parting tears
Alternately bedew'd my child and me:
His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee;
Nor half its grief his little heart could hold:
By kindred he was sent for o'er the sea,
They tore him from us when but twelve years old,
And scarcely for his loss have I been yet consoled!"

XIX.

His face the wanderer hid—but could not hide
A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell;—
"And speak! mysterious stranger!" (Gertrude cried)
"It is!—it is!—I knew—I knew him well!
'T is Waldegrave's self, of Waldegrave come to tell!"
A burst of joy the father's lips declare;
But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell:
At once his open arms embraced the pair,
Was never groupe more blest, in this wide world of care.

XX.

"And will ye pardon then (replied the youth)
Your Waldegrave's feigned name, and false attire?
I durst not in the neighborhood, in truth,
The very fortunes of your house inquire;

1 It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs of their ancestors in the cultivated parts of America, who have been buried for upwards of a century.

1 The bridges over narrow streams in many parts of Spanish America are said to be built of cane, which, however strong to support the passenger, are yet waved in the agitation of the storm, and frequently add to the effect of a mountainous and picturesque scenery.

Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire
Impart, and I my weakness all betray;
For had I lost my Gertrude and my sire,
I meant but o'er your tombs to weep a day—
Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass away.

XXI.

"But here ye live,—ye bloom,—in each dear face
The changing hand of time I may not blame;
For there, it hath but shed more reverend grace,
And here of beauty perfected the frame;
And well I know your hearts are still the same—
They could not change—ye look the very way,
As when an orphan first to you I came.
And have ye heard of my poor guide, I pray?
Nay, wherefore weep ye, friends, on such a joyous day?"

XXII.

"And art thou here? or is it but a dream?
And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou leave us more?"
"No, never! thou that yet dost lovelier seem
Than aught on earth—than ev'n thyself of yore—
I will not part thee from thy father's shore;
But we shall cherish him with mutual arms,
And hand in hand again the path explore,
Which every ray of young remembrance warms,
While thou shalt be my own, with all thy truth and charms."

XXIII.

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,
Where all was od'rous scent and harmony,
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight:
There if, oh, gentle Love! I read aright
The utterance that seal'd thy sacred bond,
'T was list'ning to these accents of delight,
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression's pow'r to paint, all languishingly fond.

XXIV.

"Flow'r of my life, so lovely, and so lone!
Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
Scorning, and scorn'd by fortune's pow'r, than own
Her pomp and splendors lavish'd at my feet!
Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite
Than odors cast on Heaven's own shrine—to please—
Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze,
When Coromandel's ships return from Indian seas."

XXV.

Then would that home admit them—happier far
That grandeur's most magnificent saloon,
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flush'd in the dark'ning firmament of June;
And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon,
Ineffable which I may not portray;
For never did the hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

PART III.

I.

O Love! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine.
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!
Roll on, ye days of raptured influence, shine!
Nor, blind with ecstacy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire

II.

Three little moons, how short! amid the grove
And pastoral savannas they consume!
While she, beside her buskin'd youth to rove,
Delights, in fancifully-wild costume,
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume;
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare;
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom;
'T is but the breath of heav'n—the blessed air—
And interchange of hearts unknown, unseen to share.

III.

What though the sportive dog oft round them note,
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing;
Yet who, in love's own presence, would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring,
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?
No!—nor let fear one little warbler rouse;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,
That shade ev'n now her love, and witness'd first her vows.

IV.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,
Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,
Where welcome hills shut out the universe,
And pines their lawny walk encompass round;
There, if a pause delicious converse found,
'T was but when o'er each heart th' idea stole,
(Perchance awhile in joy's oblivion drown'd)
That, come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,
Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

V.

And in the visions of romantic youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!
But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?
The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!
And must I change my song? and must I show,
Sweet Wyoming! the day when thou wert doom'd,
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bow'rs laid low!
When where of yesterday a garden bloom'd,
Death overspread his pall, and black'ning ashes gloom'd.

VI.

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driven,
When Transatlantic Liberty arose,
Not in the sunshine, and the smile of Heaven,
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes,

Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes;
Her birth-star was the light of burning plains;[1]
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts—the blood of British veins—
And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

VII.

Yet, ere the storm of death had raged remote,
Or siege unseen in heav'n reflects its beams,
Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note,
That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly dreams?
Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams
Portentous light? and music's voice is dumb;
Save where the fife its shrill reveillè screams,
Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum,
That speaks of madd'ning strife, and blood-stain'd fields to come.

VIII.

It was in truth a momentary pang;
Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe!
First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,
A husband to the battle doom'd to go!
"Nay, meet not thou (she cries) thy kindred foe!
But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand!"
"Ah, Gertrude! thy beloved heart, I know,
Would feel, like mine, the stigmatizing brand!
Could I forsake the cause of Freedom's holy band.

IX.

"But shame—but flight—a recreant's name to prove,
To hide in exile ignominious fears;
Say, ev'n if this I brook'd, the public love
Thy father's bosom to his home endears:
And how could I his few remaining years,
My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child?"
So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers;
At last that heart to hope is half beguiled,
And, pale through tears suppress'd, the mournful beauty smiled.

X.

Night came,—and in their lighted bow'r, full late,
The joy of converse had endured—when, hark!
Abrupt and loud a summons shook their gate;
And, heedless of the dog's obstrep'rous bark,
A form has rush'd amidst them from the dark,
And spread his arms,—and fell upon the floor:
Of aged strength his limbs retain'd the mark;
But desolate he look'd, and famish'd, poor,
As ever shipwreck'd wretch lone left on desert shore.

XI.

Uprison, each wond'ring brow is knit and arch'd:
A spirit from the dead they deem him first:
To speak he tries; but quiv'ring, pale, and parch'd,
From lips, as by some pow'rless dream accursed,
Emotions unintelligible burst;
And long his filmed eye is red and dim;
At length the pity-proffer'd cup his thirst
Had half assuaged, and nerved his shuddering limb,
When Albert's hand he grasp'd;—but Albert knew not him—

XII.

"And hast thou then forgot," (he cried forlorn,
And eyed the group with half indignant air,)
"Oh! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
When I with thee the cup of peace did share?
Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
That now is white as Appalachia's snow;
But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair,
And age, hath bow'd me, and the torturing foe,
Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer know!"—

XIII.

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew:
"Bless thee, my guide!"—but, backward, as he came,
The chief his old bewilder'd head withdrew,
And grasp'd his arm, and look'd and look'd him through.
'Twas strange—nor could the group a smile control—
The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view:—
At last delight o'er all his features stole,
"It is—my own," he cried, and clasp'd him to his soul.

XIV.

"Yes! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd men,
I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack;
Nor foeman then, nor cougar's crouch I fear'd,[1]
For I was strong as mountain cataract:
And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd,
Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts appear'd?

XV.

"Then welcome be my death-song, and my death!
Since I have seen thee, and again embraced."
And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath;
But with affectionate and eager haste,
Was every arm outstretch'd around their guest,
To welcome and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet placed;
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds with fever'd joy that more profusely bled.

XVI.

"But this is not a time,"—he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand—
"This is no time to fill the joyous cup,
The Mammoth comes, (18)—the foe, the Monster Brandt,[2]
With all his howling desolating band;—
These eyes have seen their blade, and burning pine
Awake at once, and silence half your land.
Red is the cup they drink, but not with wine:
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine!

XVII.

"Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth: (19)
Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:
No! not the dog, that watch'd my household hearth,
Escaped that night of blood, upon our plains!
All perish'd!—I alone am left on earth!
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins! (20)

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1 Alluding to the miseries that attended the American civil war.

1 Cougar, the American tiger.

2 Brandt was the leader of those Mohawks, and other savages, who laid waste this part of Pennsylvania.—Vide note 18, at the end of this poem.

XVIII.

"But go!—and rouse your warriors;—for, if right
These old bewilder'd eyes could guess, by signs
Of striped and starred banners, on yon height
Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines—
Some fort embattled by your country shines:
Deep roars th' innavigable gulf below
Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.
Go! seek the light its warlike beacons show;
Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe!"

XIX.

Scarce had he utter'd—when heav'n's verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star,—
And sounds that mingled laugh,—and shout,—and scream,—
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail'd!
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevail'd:—
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wail'd.

XX.

Then look'd they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare;
Or swept, far seen, the tow'r, whose clock unrung,
Told legible that midnight of despair.
She faints,—she falters not,—th' heroic fair,—
As he the sword and plume in haste array'd.
One short embrace—he clasp'd his dearest care—
But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade?
Joy, joy! Columbia's friends are trampling through the shade!

XXI.

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,
Far rung the groves, and gleam'd the midnight grass,
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm;
As warriors wheel'd their culverins of brass,
Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines:
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass,
His plumed host the dark Iberian joins—
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle shines.

XXII.

And in, the buskin'd hunters of the deer,
To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal throng:—
Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle-song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts,
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long,
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts.

XXIII.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr light the conflagration throws;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one th' uncover'd crowd to silence sways;
While, though the battle flash is faster driv'n,—
Unawed, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heav'n,—
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiv'n.

XXIV.

Short time is now for gratulating speech:
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight, yon distant tow'rs to reach,
Look'd not on thee the rudest partisan
With brow relax'd to love? And murmurs ran,
As round and round their willing ranks they drew,
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu!

XXV.

Past was the flight, and welcome seem'd the tower,
That like a giant standard-bearer frown'd
Defiance on the roving Indian power.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embrasure emboss'd, and armor crown'd,
And arrowy frieze, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green:
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene.

XXVI.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done
Its requiem the war-horn seem'd to blow:
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hush'd its wild alarm!

XXVII.

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew;
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murd'rous deeds,
Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambush'd foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert—Albert—falls! the dear old father bleeds!

XXVIII.

And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swoon'd;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wound,
These drops?—Oh, God! the life-blood is her own!
And falt'ring, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
"Weep not, O love!"—she cries, "to see me bleed—
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds;—yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed!

XXIX.

"Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!

XXX.

"Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstacy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heav'n; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

XXXI.

"Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,—
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge;—but shall there then be none,
In future times—no gentle little one,
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
Yet seems it, ev'n while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

XXXII.

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,—
Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words;—but knew not what they were.

XXXIII.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
'T was sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touch'd by the music, and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd:—
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as pass'd each much-loved shroud—
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

XXXIV.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell, o'er the grave of worth and truth;
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth;—him watch'd, in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide: but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name:
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watch'd, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

XXXV.

"And I could weep;"—th' Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun:—
"But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe!
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
To-morrow Areouski's breath
(That fires yon heav'n with storms of death)
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy!
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

XXXVI.

"But thee, my flow'r, whose breath was giv'n
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heav'n
Forbid not thee to weep:—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heav'n—of lost delight!

XXXVII.

"To-morrow let us do or die!
But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers:
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs!
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

XXXVIII.

"Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd?
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mould'ring bone
And stones themselves to ruin grown
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp,—for there—
The silence dwells of my despair!"

XXXIX.

"But hark the trump!—to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Ev'n from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief!"

NOTES.

Note 1, page 13, col. 1.

From merry mock-bird's song.

"The mocking-bird is of the form, but larger, than the thrush; and the colors are a mixture of black, white, and grey. What is said of the nightingale, by its greatest admirers, is what may, with more propriety, apply to this bird, who, in a natural state, sings with

very superior taste. Towards evening I have heard one begin softly, reserving its breath to swell certain notes, which, by this means, had a most astonishing effect. A gentleman in London had one of these birds for six years. During the space of a minute he was heard to imitate the wood-lark, chaffinch, blackbird, thrush, and sparrow. In this country (America) I have frequently known the mocking-birds so engaged in this mimicry, that it was with much difficulty I could ever obtain an opportunity of hearing their own natural note. Some go so far as to say, that they have neither peculiar notes, nor favorite imitations. This may be denied. Their few natural notes resemble those of the (European) nightingale. Their song, however, has a greater compass and volume than the nightingale, and they have the faculty of varying all intermediate notes in a manner which is truly delightful."—Ashe's *Travels in America*, vol. ii, p. 73.

Note 2, page 13, col. 1.

And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar.

"The Corybrechtan, or Corbrechtan, is a whirlpool on the western coast of Scotland, near the Island of Jura, which is heard at a prodigious distance. Its name signifies the whirlpool of the Prince of Denmark; and there is a tradition that a Danish prince once undertook, for a wager, to cast anchor in it. He is said to have used woollen instead of hempen ropes, for greater strength, but perished in the attempt. On the shores of Argyleshire, I have often listened with great delight to the sound of this vortex, at the distance of many leagues. When the weather is calm, and the adjacent sea scarcely heard on these picturesque shores, its sound. which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent and fine effect.

Note 3, page 13, col. 2.

Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament.

"In the Indian tribes there is a great similarity in their color, stature, etc. They are all, except the Snake Indians, tall in stature, straight, and robust. It is very seldom they are deformed, which has given rise to the supposition that they put to death their deformed children. Their skin is of a copper color; their eyes large, bright, black, and sparkling, indicative of a subtile and discerning mind: their hair is of the same color, and prone to be long, seldom or never curled. Their teeth are large and white; I never observed any decayed among them, which makes their breath as sweet as the air they inhale."—*Travels through America, by Capts.* Lewis *and* Clarke, *in* 1804–5–6.

Note 4, page 14, col. 1.

Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve.

"The Indians of North America accompany every formal address to strangers, with whom they form or recognize a treaty of amity, with a present of a string, or belt, of wampum. Wampum (says Cadwallader Colden) is made of the large whelk shell, Buccinum, and shaped like long beads: it is the current money of the Indians."—*History of the five Indian Nations*, p. 34, *New-York edition.*

Note 5, page 14, col. 1.

The paths of peace my steps have hither led.

In relating an interview of Mohawk Indians with the Governor of New-York, Colden quotes the following passage as a specimen of their metaphorical manner: "Where shall I seek the chair of peace? Where shall I find it but upon our path? and whither doth our path lead us but unto this house?"

Note 6, page 14, col. 1.

Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace.

"When they solicit the alliance, offensive or defensive, of a whole nation, they send an embassy with a large belt of wampum and a bloody hatchet, inviting them to come and drink the blood of their enemies. The wampum made use of on these and other occasions, before their acquaintance with the Europeans, was nothing but small shells which they picked up by the sea-coasts, and on the banks of the lakes; and now it is nothing but a kind of cylindrical beads, made of shells, white and black, which are esteemed among them as silver and gold are among us. The black they call the most valuable, and both together are their greatest riches and ornaments; these among them answering all the end that money does amongst us. They have the art of stringing, twisting, and interweaving them into their belts, collars, blankets, and moccasons, etc. in ten thousand different sizes, forms, and figures, so as to be ornaments for every part of dress, and expressive to them of all their important transactions. They dye the wampum of various colors and shades, and mix and dispose them with great ingenuity and order, and so as to be significant among themselves of almost everything they please; so that by these their words are kept, and their thoughts communicated to one another, as ours are by writing. The belts that pass from one nation to another in all treaties, declarations, and important transactions, are very carefully preserved in the cabins of their chiefs, and serve not only as a kind of record or history, but as a public treasure."—*Major* Rogers's *Account of North America.*

Note 7, page 14, col. 1.

As when the evil Manitou.

"It is certain the Indians acknowledge one Supreme Being, or Giver of Life, who presides over all things; that is, the Great Spirit; and they look up to him as the source of good, from whence no evil can proceed. They also believe in a bad Spirit, to whom they ascribe great power; and suppose that through his power all the evils which befall mankind are inflicted. To him, therefore, they pray in their distresses, begging that he would either avert their troubles, or moderate them when they are no longer avoidable.

"They hold also that there are good Spirits of a lower degree, who have their particular departments, in which they are constantly contributing to the happiness of mortals. These they suppose to preside over all the extraordinary productions of Nature, such as those lakes, rivers, and mountains that are of an uncommon magnitude; and likewise the beasts, birds, fishes, and even vegetables or stones, that exceed the rest of their species in size or singularity."—Clarke's *Travels among the Indians.*

The Supreme Spirit of good is called by the Indians Kitchi Manitou; and the Spirit of evil Matchi Manitou.

Note 8, page 14, col. 1.

Fever-balm and sweet sagamité.

The fever-balm is a medicine used by these tribes,

it is a decoction of a bush called the Fever Tree. Sagamité is a kind of soup administered to their sick.

Note 9, page 14, col. 1.

And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rush'd
With this lorn dove.

The testimony of all travellers among the American Indians who mention their hieroglyphics, authorizes me in putting this figurative language in the mouth of Outalissi. The dove is among them, as elsewhere, an emblem of meekness; and the eagle, that of a bold, noble, and liberal mind. When the Indian speaks of a warrior who soars above the multitude in person and endowments, they say, "he is like the eagle, who destroys his enemies, and gives protection and abundance to the weak of his own tribe."

Note 10, page 14, col. 2.

Far differently, the mute Oneyda took, etc.

"They are extremely circumspect and deliberate in every word and action; nothing hurries them into any intemperate wrath, but that inveteracy to their enemies which is rooted in every Indian's breast. In all other instances they are cool and deliberate, taking care to suppress the emotion of the heart. If an Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy, he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms, as though he were in fear, but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that day, and having his answer, with the same indifference tells him that he has been informed that a noxious beast lies on the route he is going. This hint proves sufficient, and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

"If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to show the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with; but, on being invited in, sits contentedly down and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed, and he was perfectly at ease. He does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe, as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

"If you tell an Indian that his children have greatly signalized themselves against an enemy, have taken many scalps, and brought home many prisoners, he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion; his answer generally is, 'they have done well,'—and he makes but very little inquiry about the matter; on the contrary, if you inform him that his children are slain or taken prisoners, he makes no complaints: he only replies, 'It is unfortunate:'—and for some time asks no questions about how it happened."—Lewis *and* Clarke's *Travels.*

Note 11, page 14, col. 2.

His calumet of peace, etc.

"Nor is the calumet of less importance or less revered than the wampum in many transactions relative both to peace and war. The bowl of this pipe is made of a kind of soft red stone, which is easily wrought and hollowed out; the stem is of cane, alder, or some kind of light wood, painted with different colors, and decorated with the heads, tails, and feathers of the most beautiful birds. The use of the calumet is to smoke either tobacco or some bark, leaf, or herb, which they often use instead of it, when they enter into an alliance or any serious occasion or solemn engagements; this being among them the most sacred oath that can be taken, the violation of which is esteemed most infamous, and deserving of severe punishment from Heaven. When they treat of war, the whole pipe and all its ornaments are red: sometimes it is red only on one side, and by the disposition of the feathers, etc. one acquainted with their customs will know at first sight what the nation who presents it intends or desires. Smoking the calumet is also a religious ceremony on some occasions, and in all treaties is considered as a witness between the parties, or rather as an instrument by which they invoke the sun and moon to witness their sincerity, and to be as it were a guarantee of the treaty between them. This custom of the Indians, though to appearance somewhat ridiculous, is not without its reasons; for as they find that smoking tends to disperse the vapors of the brain, to raise the spirits, and to qualify them for thinking and judging properly, they introduce it into their councils, where, after their resolves, the pipe was considered as a seal of their decrees, and as a pledge of their performance thereof, it was sent to those they were consulting, in alliance or treaty with;—so that smoking among them at the same pipe, is equivalent to our drinking together, and out of the same cup."—*Major* Rogers's *Account of North America*, 1766.

"The lighted calumet is also used among them for a purpose still more interesting than the expression of social friendship. The austere manners of the Indians forbid any appearance of gallantry between the sexes in day-time; but at night the young lover goes a calumeting, as his courtship is called. As these people live in a state of equality, and without fear of internal violence or theft in their own tribes, they leave their doors open by night as well as by day. The lover takes advantage of this liberty, lights his calumet, enters the cabin of his mistress, and gently presents it to her. If she extinguishes it, she admits his addresses; but if she suffer it to burn unnoticed he retires with a disappointed and throbbing heart."—Ashe's *Travels.*

Note 12, page 14, col. 2.

Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier.

"An Indian child, as soon as he is born, is swathed with clothes, or skins; and being laid on his back, is bound down on a piece of thick board, and spread over with soft moss. The board is somewhat larger and broader than the child, and bent pieces of wood, like pieces of hoops, are placed over its face to protect it, so that if the machine were suffered to fall, the child probably would not be injured. When the women have any business to transact at home, they hang the board on a tree, if there be one at hand, and set them swinging from side to side, like a pendulum, in order to exercise the children."—Weld, vol. ii, p. 246.

Note 13, page 14, col. 2.

The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive.

Of the active as well as passive fortitude of the Indian

character, the following is an instance related by Adair in his Travels:—

"A party of the Senekah Indians came to war against the Katahba, bitter enemies to each other.—In the woods the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter, hunting in their usual light dress: on his perceiving them, he sprung off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skilful with the gun, as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph; but though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during their long journey, with a great deal more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children, when they met him at their several towns, beat him and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice, and at last he was formally condemned to die by the fiery torture.—It might reasonably be imagined that what he had for some time gone through, by being fed with a scanty hand, a tedious march, lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks, and suffering such punishment on his entering into their hostile towns, as a prelude to those sharp torments for which he was destined, would have so impaired his health and affected his imagination, as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings.—Probably this would have been the case with the major part of white people under similar circumstances; but I never knew this with any of the Indians: and this cool-headed, brave warrior, did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies:—for when they were taking him, unpinioned, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprung off, and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, only rising to take breath, till he reached the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank, but though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running, very like blood-hounds, in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying around him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly, without taking leave in a formal manner, in return for the extraordinary favors they had done, and intended to do, him. After slapping a part of his body, in defiance to them (continues the author), he put up the shrill war-whoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered, and darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from its torturing enemies. He continued his speed, so as to run by about midnight of the same day as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching. There he rested till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him:—he lay a little way off their camp, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism. He was naked, torn, and hungry, and his enraged enemies were come up with him;—but there was now everything to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honor and sweet revenge by cutting them off. Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly creeped, took one of their tomahawks, and killed them all on the spot,—clothed himself, took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provisions as he could well carry in a running march. He set off afresh with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, only when he reclined, as usual, a little before day, with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found he was free from the pursuing enemy, he made directly to the very place where he had killed seven of his enemies and was taken by them for the fiery torture. He digged them up, burnt their bodies to ashes, and went home in safety with singular triumph. Other pursuing enemies came, on the evening of the second day, to the camp of their dead people, when the sight gave them a greater shock than they had ever known before. In their chilled war-council they concluded, that as he had done such surprising things in his defence before he was captured, and since that in his naked condition, and now was well armed, if they continued the pursuit he would spoil them all, for he surely was an enemy wizard,—and therefore they returned home."—Adair's *General Observations on the American Indians*, p. 394.

"It is surprising," says the same author, "to see the long continued speed of the Indians. Though some of us have often run the swiftest of them out of sight for about the distance of twelve miles, yet afterwards, without any seeming toil, they would stretch on, leave us out of sight, and outwind any horse."—*Ibid.* p. 318.

"If an Indian were driven out into the extensive woods, with only a knife and a tomahawk, or a small hatchet, it is not to be doubted but he would fatten even where a wolf would starve. He would soon collect fire by rubbing two dry pieces of wood together, make a bark hut, earthen vessels, and a bow and arrows; then kill wild game, fish fresh-water tortoises, gather a plentiful variety of vegetables, and live in affluence."—*Ibid.* p. 410.

Note 14, page 14, col. 2.

Moccasons is a sort of Indian buskins.

Note 15, page 14, col. 2.

Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet.

"There is nothing (says Charlevoix), in which these barbarians carry their superstitions farther, than in what regards dreams; but they vary greatly in their manner of explaining themselves on this point. Sometimes it is the reasonable soul which ranges abroad, while the sensitive continues to animate the body. Sometimes it is the familiar genius who gives salutary counsel with respect to what is going to happen. Sometimes it is a visit made by the soul of the object of which he dreams. But in whatever manner the dream is conceived, it is always looked upon as a thing sacred, and as the most ordinary way in which the gods make known their will to men. Filled with this idea, they cannot conceive how we should pay no regard to them. For the most part they look upon them either as a desire of the soul, inspired by some genius, or an order from him, and in consequence of this principle they hold it a religious duty to obey them. An Indian having dreamt of having a finger

cut off, had it really cut off as soon as he awoke, having first prepared himself for this important action by a feast. Another having dreamt of being a prisoner, and in the hands of his enemies, was much at a loss what to do. He consulted the jugglers, and by their advice caused himself to be tied to a post, and burnt in several parts of the body."—CHARLEVOIX, *Journal of a Voyage to North America.*

Note 16, page 15, col. 1.

The crocodile, the condor of the rock—

"The alligator, or American crocodile, when full-grown (says Bertram) is a very large and terrible creature, and of prodigious strength, activity, and swiftness in the water. I have seen them twenty feet in length, and some are supposed to be twenty-two or twenty-three feet in length. Their body is as large as that of a horse, their shape usually resembles that of a lizard, which is flat, or cuneiform, being compressed on each side, and gradually diminishing from the abdomen to the extremity, which, with the whole body, is covered with horny plates, of squamæ, impenetrable when on the body of the live animal, even to a rifle-ball, except about their head, and just behind their fore-legs or arms, where, it is said, they are only vulnerable. The head of a full-grown one is about three feet, and the mouth opens nearly the same length. Their eyes are small in proportion, and seem sunk in the head, by means of the prominency of the brows; the nostrils are large, inflated, and prominent on the top, so that the head on the water resembles, at a distance, a great chunk of wood floating about: only the upper jaw moves, which they raise almost perpendicular, so as to form a right angle with the lower one. In the fore-part of the upper jaw, on each side, just under the nostrils, are two very large, thick, strong teeth, or tusks, not very sharp, but rather the shape of a cone: these are as white as the finest polished ivory, and are not covered by any skin or lips, but always in sight, which gives the creature a frightful appearance; in the lower jaw are holes opposite to these teeth to receive them; when they clap their jaws together, it causes a surprising noise, like that which is made by forcing a heavy plank with violence upon the ground, and may be heard at a great distance.—But what is yet more surprising to a stranger, is the incredibly loud and terrifying roar which they are capable of making, especially in breeding-time. It most resembles very heavy distant thunder, not only shaking the air and waters, but causing the earth to tremble; and when hundreds are roaring at the same time, you can scarcely be persuaded but that the whole globe is violently and dangerously agitated. An old champion, who is, perhaps, absolute sovereign of a little lake or lagoon (when fifty less than himself are obliged to content themselves with swelling and roaring in little coves round about), darts forth from the reedy coverts, all at once, on the surface of the waters in a right line, at first seemingly as rapid as lightning, but gradually more slowly, until he arrives at the centre of the lake, where he stops. He now swells himself by drawing in wind and water through his mouth, which causes a loud sonorous rattling in the throat for near a minute; but it is immediately forced out again through his mouth and nostrils with a loud noise, brandishing his tail in the air, and the vapor running from his nostrils like smoke. At other times, when swoln to an extent ready to burst, his head and tail lifted up, he spins or twirls round on the surface of the water. He acts his part like an Indian chief, when rehearsing his feats of war."—BERTRAM'S *Travels in North America.*

Note 17, page 15, col. 1.

Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man.

"They discover an amazing sagacity, and acquire, with the greatest readiness, anything that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience, and an acute observation, they attain many perfections to which Americans are strangers. For instance, they will cross a forest, or a plain, which is two hundred miles in breadth, so as to reach, with great exactness, the point at which they intend to arrive, keeping, during the whole of that space, in a direct line, without any material deviations; and this they will do with the same ease, let the weather be fair or cloudy. With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted by clouds or fogs. Besides this, they are able to pursue, with incredible facility, the traces of man or beast, either on leaves or grass; and on this account it is with great difficulty they escape discovery. They are indebted for these talents not only to nature, but to an extraordinary command of the intellectual qualities, which can only be acquired by an unremitted attention, and by long experience. They are, in general, very happy in a retentive memory. They can recapitulate every particular that has been treated of in council, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of the treaties they have concluded with the neighboring tribes for ages back, to which they will appeal and refer with as much perspicuity and readiness as Europeans can to their written records.

"The Indians are totally unskilled in geography, as well as all the other sciences, and yet they draw on their birch-bark very exact charts or maps of the countries they are acquainted with. The latitude and longitude only are wanting to make them tolerably complete.

"Their sole knowledge in astronomy consists in being able to point out the polar star, by which they regulate their course when they travel in the night.

"They reckon the distance of places not by miles or leagues, but by a day's journey, which, according to the best calculation I could make, appears to be about twenty English miles. These they also divide into halves and quarters, and will demonstrate them in their maps with great exactness by the hieroglyphics just mentioned, when they regulate in council their war-parties, or their most distant hunting excursions."—LEWIS *and* CLARKE'S *Travels.*

"Some of the French missionaries have supposed that the Indians are guided by instinct, and have pretended that Indian children can find their way through a forest as easily as a person of maturer years; but this is a most absurd notion. It is unquestionably by a close attention to the growth of the trees and position of the sun, that they find their way. On the northern side of a tree there is generally the most moss; and the bark on that side, in general, differs from that on the opposite one. The branches towards the south are, for the most part, more luxuriant than those on the other sides of trees, and several other distinctions also subsist between the northern and southern

side, conspicuous to Indians, being taught from their infancy to attend to them, which a common observer would, perhaps, never notice. Being accustomed from their infancy likewise to pay great attention to the position of the sun, they learn to make the most accurate allowance for its apparent motion from one part of the heavens to another; and in every part of the day they will point to the part of the heavens where it is, although the sky be obscured by clouds or mists.

"An instance of their dexterity in finding their way through an unknown country came under my observation when I was at Staunton, situated behind the Blue Mountains, Virginia. A number of the Creek nation had arrived at that town on their way to Philadelphia, whither they were going upon some affairs of importance, and had stopped there for the night. In the morning, some circumstance or another, which could not be learned, induced one half of the Indians to set off without their companions, who did not follow until some hours afterwards. When these last were ready to pursue their journey, several of the towns-people mounted their horses to escort them part of the way. They proceeded along the high road for some miles, but, all at once, hastily turning aside into the woods, though there was no path, the Indians advanced confidently forward. The people who accompanied them, surprised at this movement, informed them that they were quitting the road to Philadelphia, and expressed their fear lest they should miss their companions who had gone on before. They answered that they knew better, that the way through the woods was the shortest to Philadelphia, and that they knew very well that their companions had entered the wood at the very place where they did. Curiosity led some of the horsemen to go on; and to their astonishment, for there was apparently no track, they overtook the other Indians in the thickest part of the wood. But what appeared most singular was, that the route which they took was found, on examining a map, to be as direct for Philadelphia as if they had taken the bearings by a mariner's compass. From others of their nation, who had been at Philadelphia at a former period, they had probably learned the exact direction of that city from their villages, and had never lost sight of it, although they had already travelled three hundred miles through the woods, and had upwards of four hundred miles more to go before they could reach the place of their destination.—Of the exactness with which they can find out a strange place to which they have been once directed by their own people, a striking example is furnished, I think, by Mr. Jefferson, in his account of the Indian graves in Virginia. These graves are nothing more than large mounds of earth in the woods, which, on being opened, are found to contain skeletons in an erect posture: the Indian mode of sepulture has been too often described to remain unknown to you. But to come to my story. A party of Indians that were passing on to some of the sea-ports on the Atlantic, just as the Creeks, above mentioned, were going to Philadelphia, were observed, all on a sudden, to quit the straight road by which they were proceeding, and, without asking any questions, to strike through the woods, in a direct line, to one of these graves, which lay at the distance of some miles from the road. Now very near a century must have passed over since the part of Virginia, in which this grave was situated, had been inhabited by Indians, and these Indian travellers, who were to visit it by themselves, had unquestionably never been in that part of the country before: they must have found their way to it simply from the description of its situation, that had been handed down to them by tradition."—WELD's *Travels in North America*, vol ii.

Note 18, page 18, col. 2.

The Mammoth comes.

That I am justified in making the Indian chief allude to the mammoth as an emblem of terror and destruction, will be seen by the authority quoted below. Speaking of the mammoth, or big buffalo, Mr. Jefferson states, that a tradition is preserved among the Indians of that animal still existing in the northern parts of America.

"A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia during the revolution, on matters of business, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Salt-licks, on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him, that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Bick-bone licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. That the Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighboring mountain on a rock, of which his seat and the prints of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them, till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but missing one at length, it wounded him in the side, whereupon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."—JEFFERSON's *Notes on Virginia.*

Note 19, page 18, col. 2.

Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth.

I took the character of Brandt in the poem of Gertrude from the common histories of England, all of which represented him as a bloody and bad man (even among savages), and chief agent in the horrible desolation of Wyoming. Some years after this poem appeared, the son of Brandt, a most interesting and intelligent youth, came over to England; and I formed an acquaintance with him, on which I still look back with pleasure. He appealed to my sense of honor and justice, on his own part and on that of his sister, to retract the unfair aspersion which, unconscious of its unfairness, I had cast on his father's memory.

He then referred me to documents which completely satisfied me that the common accounts of Brandt's cruelties at Wyoming, which I had found in books of Travels and in Adolphus's and similar histories of England, were gross errors, and that in point of fact Brandt was not even present at that scene of desolation.

It is unhappily to Britons, and Anglo-Americans that we must refer the chief blame in this horrible business. I published a letter expressing this belief in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in the year 1822, to which I must refer the reader—if he has any curiosity on the subject—for an antidote to my fanciful description of Brandt. Among other expressions to young Brandt, I made use of the following words:—"Had I learnt all this of your father when I was writing my poem, he should not have figured in it as the hero of mischief." It was but bare justice to say thus much of a Mohawk Indian, who spoke English eloquently, and was thought capable of having written a history of the Six Nations. I ascertained also that he often strove to mitigate the cruelty of Indian warfare. The name of Brandt therefore remains in my poem a pure and declared character of fiction.

Note 20, page 18, col. 2.

To whom nor relative or blood remains,
No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins.

Every one who recollects the specimen of Indian eloquence given in the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to the governor of Virginia, will perceive that I have attempted to paraphrase its concluding and most striking expression:—"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature." The similar salutations of the fictitious personage in my story, and the real Indian orator, makes it surely allowable to borrow such an expression; and if it appears, as it cannot but appear, to less advantage than in the original, I beg the reader to reflect how difficult it is to transpose such exquisitely simple words without sacrificing a portion of their effect.

In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawanee tribe. The neighboring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary manner. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much-injured people, collected a party and proceeded down the Kanaway in quest of vengeance; unfortunately, a canoe with women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarmed, and unsuspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as a friend to the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance; he accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the Great Kanaway, in which the collected forces of the Shawanees, Mingoes, and Delawares, were defeated by a detachment of the Virginian militia. The Indians sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants; but lest the sincerity of a treaty should be disturbed, from which so distinguished a chief abstracted himself, he sent by a messenger the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore:—

"I appeal to any white man if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not to eat; if ever he came cold and hungry, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, Logan is the friend of white men. I have even thought to have lived with you but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, murdered all the relations of Logan, even my women and children.

"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature:—this called on me for revenge.—I have fought for it.—I have killed many.—I have fully glutted my vengeance.—For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace;—but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear.—Logan never felt fear.—He will not turn on his heel to save his life.—Who is there to mourn for Logan? not one!"
—JEFFERSON's *Notes on Virginia.*

Theodric;

A DOMESTIC TALE.

'T WAS sunset, and the Ranz des Vaches was sung,
And lights were o'er th' Helvetian mountains flung,
That gave the glacier tops their richest glow, (1)
And tinged the lakes like molten gold below.
Warmth flush'd the wonted regions of the storm,
Where, phœnix-like, you saw the eagle's form,
That high in heaven's vermilion wheel'd and soar'd,
Woods nearer frown'd, and cataracts dash'd and roar'd,
From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin; (2)
Herds tinkling roam'd the long-drawn vales between,
And hamlets glitter'd white, and gardens flourish'd green.
'T was transport to inhale the bright sweet air!
The mountain-bee was revelling in its glare,
And roving with his minstrelsy across
The scented wild weeds, and enamell'd moss. (3)
Earth's features so harmoniously were link'd,
She seem'd one great glad form, with life instinct,
That felt Heaven's ardent breath, and smiled below
Its flush of love, with consentaneous glow.

A Gothic church was near; the spot around
Was beautiful; ev'n though sepulchral ground;
For there no yew nor cypress spread their gloom,
But roses blossom'd by each rustic tomb.
Amidst them one of spotless marble shone—
A maiden's grave—and 't was inscribed thereon,
That young and loved she died whose dust was there:

"Yes," said my comrade, "young she died, and fair!
Grace form'd her, and the soul of gladness play'd
Once in the blue eyes of that mountain-maid:
Her fingers witch'd the chords they pass'd along,
And her lips seem'd to kiss the soul in song:
Yet woo'd and worshipp'd as she was, till few
Aspired to hope, 't was sadly, strangely true,
That heart, the martyr of its fondness, burn'd
And died of love that could not be return'd.

Her father dwelt where yonder Castle shines
O'er clustering trees and terrace-mantling vines.

As gay as ever, the laburnum's pride
Waves o'er each walk where she was wont to glide,—
And still the garden whence she graced her brow,
As lovely blooms, though trode by strangers now.
How oft from yonder window o'er the lake,
Her song of wild Helvetian swell and shake,
Has made the rudest fisher bend his ear,
And rest enchanted on his oar to hear!
Thus bright, accomplish'd, spirited, and bland,
Well-born, and wealthy for that simple land,
Why had no gallant native youth the art
To win so warm—so exquisite a heart?
She, 'midst these rocks inspired with feelings strong
By mountain-freedom—music—fancy—song,
Herself descended from the brave in arms,
And conscious of romance-inspiring charms,
Dreamt of heroic beings; hoped to find
Some extant spirit of chivalric kind;
And, scorning wealth, look'd cold ev'n on the claim
Of manly worth, that lack'd the wreath of fame.

Her younger brother, sixteen summers old,
And much her likeness both in mind and mould,
Had gone, poor boy! in soldiership to shine,
And bore an Austrian banner on the Rhine.
'T was when, alas! our Empire's evil star
Shed all the plagues, without the pride, of war;
When patriots bled, and bitter anguish cross'd
Our brave, to die in battles foully lost.
The youth wrote home the rout of many a day;
Yet still he said, and still with truth could say,
One corps had ever made a valiant stand,
The corps in which he served,—Theodric's band.
His fame, forgotten chief, is now gone by,
Eclipsed by brighter orbs in glory's sky;
Yet once it shone, and veterans, when they show
Our fields of battle twenty years ago,
Will tell you feats his small brigade perform'd,
In charges nobly faced and trenches storm'd.
Time was, when songs were chanted to his fame,
And soldiers loved the march that bore his name;
The zeal of martial hearts was at his call,
And that Helvetian, Udolph's, most of all.
'T was touching, when the storm of war blew wild,
To see a blooming boy,—almost a child,—
Spur fearless at his leader's words and signs,
Brave death in reconnoitring hostile lines,
And speed each task, and tell each message clear,
In scenes where war-train'd men were stunn'd with fear.

Theodric praised him, and they wept for joy
In yonder house,—when letters from the boy
Thank'd Heav'n for life, and more, to use his phrase,
Than twenty lives—his own Commander's praise.
Then follow'd glowing pages, blazoning forth
The fancied image of his Leader's worth,
With such hyperbolés of youthful style
As made his parents dry their tears and smile:
But differently far his words impress'd
A wond'ring sister's well-believing breast;—
She caught th' illusion, blest Theodric's name,
And wildly magnified his worth and fame;
Rejoicing life's reality contain'd
One, heretofore, her fancy had but feign'd,
Whose love could make her proud; and time and chance
To passion raised that day-dream of Romance.

Once, when with hasty charge of horse and man
Our arrière-guard had check'd the Gallic van,
Theodric, visiting the outposts, found
His Udolph wounded, weltering on the ground:—
Sore crush'd,—half-swooning, half-upraised, he lay,
And bent his brow, fair boy! and grasp'd the clay.
His fate moved ev'n the common soldier's ruth—
Theodric succor'd him; nor left the youth
To vulgar hands, but brought him to his tent,
And lent what aid a brother would have lent.

Meanwhile, to save his kindred half the smart
The war-gazette's dread blood-roll might impart,
He wrote th' event to them; and soon could tell
Of pains assuaged and symptoms auguring well;
And last of all, prognosticating cure,
Enclosed the leech's vouching signature.

Their answers, on whose pages you might note
That tears had fall'n, whilst trembling fingers wrote,
Gave boundless thanks for benefits conferr'd,
Of which the boy, in secret, sent them word,
Whose memory Time, they said, would never blot;
But which the giver had himself forgot.

In time, the stripling, vigorous and heal'd,
Resumed his barb and banner in the field,
And bore himself right soldier-like, till now
The third campaign had manlier bronzed his brow;
When peace, though but a scanty pause for breath,—
A curtain-drop between the acts of death,—
A check in frantic war's unfinish'd game,
Yet dearly bought, and direly welcome, came.
The camp broke up, and Udolph left his chief
As with a son's or younger brother's grief:
But journeying home, how rapt his spirits rose!
How light his footsteps crush'd St. Gothard's snows!
How dear seem'd ev'n the waste and wild Schreckhorn, (4)
Though rapt in clouds, and frowning as in scorn
Upon a downward world of pastoral charms;
Where, by the very smell of dairy-farms,
And fragrance from the mountain-herbage blown,
Blindfold his native hills he could have known! (5)

His coming down yon lake,—his boat in view
Of windows where love's fluttering kerchief flew,—
The arms spread out for him—the tears that burst,—
('T was Julia's, 't was his sister's, met him first:)
Their pride to see war's medal at his breast,
And all their rapture's greeting, may be guess'd

Erelong, his bosom triumph'd to unfold
A gift he meant their gayest room to hold,—
The picture of a friend in warlike dress;
And who it was he first bade Julia guess.
"Yes," she replied, "'twas he methought in sleep,
When you were wounded, told me *not to weep*."
The painting long in that sweet mansion drew
Regards its living semblance little knew.

Meanwhile Theodric, who had years before
Learnt England's tongue, and loved her classic lore
A glad enthusiast now explored the land,
Where Nature, Freedom, Art, smile hand in hand·
Her women fair; her men robust for toil;
Her vigorous souls, high-cultured as her soil;

Her towns, where civic independence flings
The gauntlet down to senates, courts, and kings;
Her works of art, resembling magic's powers;
Her mighty fleets, and learning's beauteous bowers,—
These he had visited, with wonder's smile,
And scarce endured to quit so fair an isle.
But how our fates from unmomentous things
May rise, like rivers out of little springs!
A trivial chance postponed his parting day,
And public tidings caused, in that delay,
An English jubilee. 'T was a glorious sight;
At eve stupendous London, clad in light,
Pour'd out triumphant multitudes to gaze;
Youth, age, wealth, penury, smiling in the blaze;
Th' illumined atmosphere was warm and bland,
And Beauty's groups, the fairest of the land,
Conspicuous, as in some wide festive room,
In open chariots pass'd with pearl and plume.
Amidst them he remark'd a lovelier mien
Than e'er his thoughts had shaped, or eyes had seen;
The throng detain'd her till he rein'd his steed,
And, ere the beauty pass'd, had time to read
The motto and the arms her carriage bore.
Led by that clue, he left not England's shore
'Till he had known her: and to know her well
Prolong'd, exalted, bound, enchantment's spell;
For, with affections warm, intense, refined,
She mix'd such calm and holy strength of mind,
That, like Heaven's image in the smiling brook,
Celestial peace was pictured in her look.
Hers was the brow, in trials unperplex'd,
That cheer'd the sad and tranquillized the vex'd;
She studied not the meanest to eclipse,
And yet the wisest listen'd to her lips;
She sang not, knew not Music's magic skill,
But yet her voice had tones that sway'd the will.
He sought—he won her—and resolved to make
His future home in England for her sake.

Yet, ere they wedded, matters of concern
To Cæsar's Court commanded his return,
A season's space,—and on his Alpine way,
He reach'd those bowers, that rang with joy that day:
The boy was half beside himself,—the sire
All frankness, honor, and Helvetian fire,
Of speedy parting would not hear him speak;
And tears bedew'd and brighten'd Julia's cheek.

Thus, loth to wound their hospitable pride
A month he promised with them to abide;
As blithe he trode the mountain-sward as they,
And felt his joy make ev'n the young more gay.
How jocund was their breakfast-parlor fann'd
By yon blue water's breath—their walks how bland!
Fair Julia seem'd her brother's soften'd sprite—
A gem reflecting Nature's purest light,
And with her graceful wit there was inwrought
A wildly sweet unworldliness of thought,
That almost child-like to his kindness drew,
And twin with Udolph in his friendship grew.
But did his thoughts to love one moment range?—
No! he who had loved Constance could not change!
Besides, till grief betray'd her undesign'd,
Th' unlikely thought could scarcely reach his mind,
That eyes so young on years like his should beam
Unwoo'd devotion back for pure esteem.

True, she sang to his very soul, and brought
Those trains before him of luxuriant thought
Which only Music's Heav'n-born art can bring,
To sweep across the mind with angel wing.
Once, as he smiled amidst that waking trance,
She paused o'ercome: he thought it might be chance
And, when his first suspicions dimly stole,
Rebuked them back like phantoms from his soul.
But when he saw his caution gave her pain,
And kindness brought suspense's rack again,
Faith, honor, friendship bound him to unmask
Truths which her timid fondness fear'd to ask.

And yet with gracefully ingenuous power
Her spirit met th' explanatory hour;—
Ev'n conscious beauty brighten'd in her eyes,
That told she knew their love no vulgar prize;
And pride, like that of one more woman-grown,
Enlarged her mien, enrich'd her voice's tone.
'T was then she struck the keys, and music made
That mock'd all skill her hand had e'er display'd;
Inspired and warbling, rapt from things around,
She look'd the very Muse of magic sound,
Painting in sound the forms of joy and woe,
Until the mind's eye saw them melt and glow.
Her closing strain composed and calm she play'd,
And sang no words to give its pathos aid;
But grief seem'd ling'ring in its lengthen'd swell,
And like so many tears the trickling touches fell.
Of Constance then she heard Theodric speak,
And stedfast smoothness still possess'd her cheek;
But when he told her how he oft had plann'd
Of old a journey to their mountain-land,
That might have brought him hither years before,
"Ah! then," she cried, "you knew not England's shore,
And had you come—and wherefore did you not?"
"Yes," he replied, "it would have changed our lot!"
Then burst her tears through pride's restraining bands,
And with her handkerchief, and both her hands,
She hid her face and wept.—Contrition stung
Theodric for the tears his words had wrung.
"But no," she cried, "unsay not what you've said,
Nor grudge one prop on which my pride is stay'd;
To think I could have merited your faith,
Shall be my solace even unto death!"
"Julia," Theodric said, with purposed look
Of firmness, "my reply deserved rebuke;
But by your pure and sacred peace of mind,
And by the dignity of womankind,
Swear that when I am gone you'll do your best
To chase this dream of fondness from your breast."

Th' abrupt appeal electrified her thought;—
She look'd to heav'n, as if its aid she sought,
Dried hastily the tear-drops from her cheek,
And signified the vow she could not speak.

Erelong he communed with her mother mild:
"Alas!" she said, "I warn'd—conjured my child,
And grieved for this affection from the first,
But like fatality it has been nursed;
For when her fill'd eyes on your picture fix'd,
And when your name in all she spoke was mix'd,
'T was hard to chide an over-grateful mind!
Then each attempt a likelier choice to find
Made only fresh-rejected suitors grieve,
And Udolph's pride—perhaps her own—believe

That could she meet, she might enchant even you.
You came.—I augur'd the event, 't is true;
But how was Udolph's mother to exclude
The guest that claim'd our boundless gratitude?
And that unconscious you had cast a spell
On Julia's peace, my pride refused to tell;
Yet in my child's illusion I have seen,
Believe me well, how blameless you have been:
Nor can it cancel, howsoe'er it end,
Our debt of friendship to our boy's best friend."
At night he parted with the aged pair;
At early morn rose Julia to prepare
The last repast her hands for him should make;
And Udolph to convoy him o'er the lake.
The parting was to her such bitter grief,
That of her own accord she made it brief;
But, ling'ring at her window, long survey'd
His boat's last glimpses melting into shade.

Theodric sped to Austria, and achieved
His journey's object. Much was he relieved
When Udolph's letters told that Julia's mind
Had borne his loss firm, tranquil, and resign'd.
He took the Rhenish route to England, high
Elate with hopes, fulfill'd their ecstasy,
And interchanged with Constance's own breath
The sweet eternal vows that bound their faith.

To paint that being to a grovelling mind
Were like portraying pictures to the blind.
'Twas needful ev'n infectiously to feel
Her temper's fond and firm and gladsome zeal,
To share existence with her, and to gain
Sparks from her love's electrifying chain,
Of that pure pride, which, less'ning to her breast
Life's ills, gave all its joys a treble zest,
Before the mind completely understood
That mighty truth—how happy are the good!

Ev'n when her light forsook him, it bequeath'd
Ennobling sorrow; and her memory breathed
A sweetness that survived her living days
As od'rous scents outlast the censer's blaze.

Or if a trouble dimm'd their golden joy,
'T was outward dross, and not infused alloy:
Their home knew but affection's looks and speech—
A little Heav'n, above dissension's reach.
But 'midst her kindred there was strife and gall;
Save one congenial sister, they were all
Such foils to her bright intellect and grace,
As if she had engross'd the virtue of her race.
Her nature strove th' unnatural feuds to heal,
Her wisdom made the weak to her appeal;
And though the wounds she cured were soon unclosed,
Unwearied still her kindness interposed.

Oft on those errands though she went, in vain,
And home, a blank without her, gave him pain,
He bore her absence for its pious end.—
But public grief his spirit came to bend;
For war laid waste his native land once more,
And German honor bled at every pore.
Oh! were he there, he thought, to rally back
One broken band, or perish in the wrack!
Nor think that Constance sought to move or melt
His purpose: like herself she spoke and felt:—
"Your fame is mine, and I will bear all woe
Except its loss!—but with you let me go,
To arm you for, to embrace you from the fight;
Harm will not reach me—hazards will delight!"
He knew those hazards better; one campaign
In England he conjured her to remain,
And she express'd assent, although her heart
In secret had resolved *they* should not part.

How oft the wisest on misfortune's shelves
Are wreck'd by errors most unlike themselves!
That little fault, *that* fraud of love's romance,
That plan's concealment, wrought their whole mischance.
He knew it not, preparing to embark,
But felt extinct his comfort's latest spark,
When, 'midst those number'd days, she made repair
Again to kindred worthless of her care.
'T is true, she said the tidings she should write
Would make her absence on his heart sit light;
But, haplessly, reveal'd not yet her plan,
And left him in his home a lonely man.

Thus damp'd in thoughts, he mused upon the past:
'T was long since he had heard from Udolph last,
And deep misgivings on his spirit fell,
That all with Udolph's household was not well.
'T was that too true prophetic mood of fear
That augurs griefs inevitably near,
Yet makes them not less startling to the mind,
When come. Least look'd-for then of human kind,
His Udolph ('t was, he thought at first, his sprite)
With mournful joy that morn surprised his sight.
How changed was Udolph! Scarce Theodric durst
Inquire his tidings,—he reveal'd the worst.
"At first," he said, "as Julia bade me tell,
She bore her fate high-mindedly and well,
Resolved from common eyes her grief to hide,
And from the world's compassion save our pride;
But still her health gave way to secret woe,
And long she pined—for broken hearts die slow!
Her reason went, but came returning, like
The warning of her death-hour—soon to strike:
And all for which she now, poor sufferer! sighs,
Is once to see Theodric ere she dies.
Why should I come to tell you this caprice!
Forgive me! for my mind has lost its peace.
I blame myself, and ne'er shall cease to blame,
That my insane ambition for the name
Of brother to Theodric, founded all
Those high-built hopes that crush'd her by their fall.
I made her slight a mother's counsel sage,
But now my parents droop with grief and age;
And though my sister's eyes mean no rebuke,
They overwhelm me with their dying look.
The journey's long, but you are full of ruth;
And she who shares your heart and knows its truth
Has faith in your affection, far above
The fear of a poor dying object's love."—
"She has, my Udolph," he replied, "'t is true;
And oft we talk of Julia—oft of you."
Their converse came abruptly to a close;
For scarce could each his troubled looks compose,
When visitants, to Constance near akin
(In all but traits of soul), were usher'd in.
They brought not her, nor midst their kindred band
The sister who alone, like her, was bland;
But said—and smiled to see it give him pain—
That Constance would a fortnight yet remain.

Vex'd by their tidings, and the haughty view
They cast on Udolph as the youth withdrew,
Theodric blamed his Constance's intent.—
The demons went, and left him as they went,
To read, when they were gone beyond recall,
A note from her loved hand, explaining all.
She said, that with their house she only staid
That parting peace might with them all be made;
But pray'd for love to share his foreign life,
And shun all future chance of kindred strife.
He wrote with speed, his soul's consent to say:
The letter miss'd her on her homeward way.
In six hours Constance was within his arms:
Moved, flush'd, unlike her wonted calm of charms,
And breathless—with uplifted hands outspread—
Burst into tears upon his neck, and said,—
"I knew that those who brought your message laugh'd,
With poison of their own to point the shaft;
And this my own kind sister thought, yet loth
Confess'd she fear'd 't was true you had been wroth.
But here you are, and smile on me: my pain
Is gone, and Constance is herself again."
His ecstasy, it may be guess'd, was much:
Yet pain's extreme and pleasure's seem'd to touch.
What pride! embracing beauty's perfect mould;
What terror! lest his few rash words, mistold,
Had agonized her pulse to fever's heat:
But calm'd again so soon its healthful beat,
And such sweet tones were in her voice's sound,
Composed herself, she breathed composure round.

Fair being! with what sympathetic grace
She heard, bewail'd, and pleaded Julia's case;
Implored he would her dying wish attend,
"And go," she said, "to-morrow with your friend;
I'll wait for your return on England's shore,
And then we'll cross the deep, and part no more."

To-morrow both his soul's compassion drew
To Julia's call, and Constance urged anew
That not to heed her now would be to bind
A load of pain for life upon his mind.
He went with Udolph—from his Constance went—
Stifling, alas! a dark presentiment
Some ailment lurk'd, ev'n whilst she smiled, to mock
His fears of harm from yester-morning's shock.
Meanwhile a faithful page he singled out,
To watch at home, and follow straight his route,
If aught of threaten'd change her health should show:
—With Udolph then he reach'd the house of woe.

That winter's eve how darkly Nature's brow
Scowl'd on the scenes it lights so lovely now!
The tempest, raging o'er the realms of ice,
Shook fragments from the rifted precipice;
And whilst their falling echoed to the wind,
The wolf's long howl in dismal discord join'd;
While white yon water's foam was raised in clouds,
That whirl'd like spirits wailing in their shrouds:
Without was Nature's elemental din—
And beauty died, and friendship wept, within!

Sweet Julia, though her fate was finish'd half,
Still knew him—smiled on him with feeble laugh—
And blest him, till she drew her latest sigh!
But lo! while Udolph's bursts of agony,
And age's tremulous wailings, round him rose,
What accents pierced him deeper yet than those!
'T was tidings, by his English messenger,
Of Constance—brief and terrible they were.
She still was living when the page set out
From home, but whether now was left in doubt.
Poor Julia! saw he then thy death's relief—
Stunn'd into stupor more than wrung with grief?
It was not strange; for in the human breast
Two master-passions cannot co-exist,
And that alarm which now usurp'd his brain
Shut out not only peace, but other pain.
'T was fancying Constance underneath the shroud
That cover'd Julia made him first weep loud,
And tear himself away from them that wept.
Fast hurrying homeward, night nor day he slept,
Till, launch'd at sea, he dreamt that his soul's saint
Clung to him on a bridge of ice, pale, faint,
O'er cataracts of blood. Awake, he bless'd
The shore; nor hope left utterly his breast,
Till reaching home, terrific omen! there
The straw-laid street preluded his despair—
The servant's look—the table that reveal'd
His letter sent to Constance last, still seal'd,
Though speech and hearing left him, told too clear
That he had now to suffer—not to fear.
He felt as if he ne'er should cease to feel
A wretch live-broken on misfortune's wheel;
Her death's cause—he might make his peace with Heaven,
Absolved from guilt, but never self-forgiven.

The ocean has its ebbings—so has grief;
'T was vent to anguish, if 't was not relief,
To lay his brow ev'n on her death-cold cheek.
Then first he heard her one kind sister speak:
She bade him, in the name of Heaven, forbear
With self-reproach to deepen his despair:
"'T was blame," she said, "I shudder to relate,
But none of yours, that caused our darling's fate;
Her mother (must I call her such?) foresaw,
Should Constance leave the land, she would withdraw
Our House's charm against the world's neglect—
The only gem that drew it some respect.
Hence, when you went, she came and vainly spoke
To change her purpose—grew incensed, and broke
With execrations from her kneeling child.
Start not! your angel from her knee rose mild,
Fear'd that she should not long the scene outlive,
Yet bade ev'n you th' unnatural one forgive.
Till then her ailment had been slight, or none;
But fast she droop'd, and fatal pains came on:
Foreseeing their event, she dictated
And sign'd these words for you." The letter said—

"Theodric, this is destiny above
Our power to baffle; bear it then, my love!
Rave not to learn the usage I have borne,
For one true sister left me not forlorn;
And though you're absent in another land,
Sent from me by my own well-meant command,
Your soul, I know, as firm is knit to mine
As these clasp'd hands in blessing you now join:
Shape not imagined horrors in my fate—
Ev'n now my sufferings are not very great;
And when your grief's first transports shall subside,
I call upon your strength of soul and pride
To pay my memory, if 't is worth the debt,
Love's glorying tribute—not forlorn regret:

I charge my name with power to conjure up
Reflection's balmy, not its bitter cup.
My pard'ning angel, at the gates of Heaven,
Shall look not more regard than you have given
To me; and our life's union has been clad
In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had.
Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance cast?
Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past?
No! imaged in the sanctuary of your breast,
There let me smile, amidst high thoughts at rest;
And let contentment on your spirit shine,
As if its peace were still a part of mine:
For if you war not proudly with your pain,
For you I shall have worse than lived in vain.
But I conjure your manliness to bear
My loss with noble spirit—not despair:
I ask you by our love to promise this,
And kiss these words, where I have left a kiss—
The latest from my living lips for yours."—

Words that will solace him while life endures:
For though his spirit from affliction's surge
Could ne'er to life, as life had been, emerge,
Yet still that mind whose harmony elate
Rang sweetness, ev'n beneath the crush of fate,—
That mind in whose regard all things were placed
In views that soften'd them, or lights that graced,
That soul's example could not but dispense
A portion of its own bless'd influence;
Invoking him to peace, and that self-sway
Which Fortune cannot give, nor take away:
And though he mourn'd her long, 'twas with such woe,
As if her spirit watch'd him still below.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 26, col. 1.

That gave the glacier tops their richest glow.

The sight of the glaciers of Switzerland, I am told, has often disappointed travellers who had perused the accounts of their splendor and sublimity given by Bourrit and other describers of Swiss scenery. Possibly Bourrit, who had spent his life in an enamoured familiarity with the beauties of Nature in Switzerland, may have leaned to the romantic side of description. One can pardon a man for a sort of idolatry of those imposing objects of Nature which heighten our ideas of the bounty of Nature or Providence, when we reflect that the glaciers—those seas of ice—are not only sublime, but useful: they are the inexhaustible reservoirs which supply the principal rivers of Europe; and their annual melting is in proportion to the summer heat which dries up those rivers and makes them need that supply.

That the picturesque grandeur of the glaciers should sometimes disappoint the traveller, will not seem surprising to any one who has been much in a mountainous country, and recollects that the beauty of Nature in such countries is not only variable, but capriciously dependent on the weather and sunshine. There are about four hundred different glaciers,[1] according to the computation of M. Bourrit, between Mont Blanc and the frontiers of the Tyrol. The full effect of the most lofty and picturesque of them can, of course, only be produced by the richest and warmest light of the atmosphere; and the very heat which illuminates them must have a changing influence on many of their appearances. I imagine it is owing to this circumstance, namely, the casualty and changeableness of the appearance of some of the glaciers, that the impressions made by them on the minds of other and more transient travellers have been less enchanting than those described by M. Bourrit. On one occasion M. Bourrit seems even to speak of a past phenomenon, and certainly one which no other spectator attests in the same terms, when he says, that there once existed between the Kandel Steig and Lauterbrun, "a passage amidst singular glaciers, sometimes resembling magical towns of ice, with pilasters, pyramids, columns, and obelisks, reflecting to the sun the most brilliant hues of the finest gems."—M. Bourrit's description of the Glacier of the Rhone is quite enchanting:—"To form an idea," he says, "of this superb spectacle, figure in your mind a scaffolding of transparent ice, filling a space of two miles, rising to the clouds, and darting flashes of light like the sun. Nor were the several parts less magnificent and surprising. One might see, as it were, the streets and buildings of a city, erected in the form of an amphitheatre, and embellished with pieces of water, cascades, and torrents. The effects were as prodigious as the immensity and the height: the most beautiful azure—the most splendid white—the regular appearance of a thousand pyramids of ice, are more easy to be imagined than described."—Bourrit, iii, 163.

[1] Occupying, if taken together, a surface of 130 square leagues.

Note 2, page 26, col. 1.

From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin.

Laborde, in his "Tableau de la Suisse," gives a curious account of this animal, the wild sharp cry and elastic movements of which must heighten the picturesque appearance of its haunts.—"Nature," says Laborde, "has destined it to mountains covered with snow: if it is not exposed to keen cold, it becomes blind. Its agility in leaping much surpasses that of the chamois, and would appear incredible to those who have not seen it. There is not a mountain so high or steep to which it will not trust itself, provided it has room to place its feet; it can scramble along the highest wall, if its surface be rugged."

Note 3, page 26, col. 1.

Enamell'd moss.

The moss of Switzerland, as well as that of the Tyrol, is remarkable for a bright smoothness approaching to the appearance of enamel.

Note 4, page 27, col. 2.

How dear seem'd ev'n the waste and wild Schreck-horn.

The Schreck-horn means, in German, the Peak of Terror.

Note 5, page 27, col. 2.

Blindfold his native hills he could have known.

I have here availed myself of a striking expression of the Emperor Napoleon respecting his recollections of Corsica, which is recorded in Las Cases's History of the Emperor's Abode at St. Helena.

Miscellaneous Poems.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD;

OR, THE "FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

I.

Oh! once the harp of Innisfail[1]
Was strung full high to notes of gladness;
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
When, for O'Connor's child to mourn,
The harper told, how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star,
From any path of social men,
Or voice, but from the fox's den,
The lady in the desert dwelt;
And yet no wrongs, nor fear she felt:
Say, why should dwell in place so wild,
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

II.

Sweet lady! she no more inspires
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
As, in the palace of her sires,
She bloom'd a peerless flower.
Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
The royal brooch, the jewell'd ring,
That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone,
Like dews on lilies of the Spring.
Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kerne,[2]
Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
While yet, in Leinster unexplored,
Her friends survive the English sword;
Why lingers she from Erin's host,
So far on Galway's shipwreck'd coast?
Why wanders she a huntress wild—
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

III.

And, fix'd on empty space, why burn
Her eyes with momentary wildness;
And wherefore do they then return
To more than woman's mildness?
Dishevell'd are her raven locks;
On Connocht Moran's name she calls;
And oft amidst the lonely rocks
She sings sweet madrigals.
Placed in the foxglove and the moss,
Behold a parted warrior's cross!
That is the spot where, evermore,
The lady, at her shieling[3] door,
Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet;
For, lo! to lovelorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

IV.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yellow vesture clad,[1]
A son of light—a lovely form,
He comes and makes her glad:
Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tassell'd horn beside him laid;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade!
Sweet mourner! those are shadows vain,
That cross the twilight of her brain;
Yet she will tell you, she is blest,
Of Connocht Moran's tomb possess'd,
More richly than in Aghrim's bower,
When bards high praised her beauty's power,
And kneeling pages offer'd up
The morat[2] in a golden cup.

V.

"A hero's bride! this desert bower,
It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call 'My love lies bleeding?'
This purple flower my tears have nursed—
A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
I love it, for it was the *first*
That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
Oh! hearken, stranger, to my voice!
This desert mansion is my choice!
And blest, though fatal, be the star
That led me to its wilds afar:
For here these pathless mountains free
Gave shelter to my love and me;
And every rock and every stone
Bare witness that he was my own.

VI.

"O'Connor's child, I was the bud
Of Erin's royal tree of glory;
But woe to them that wrapt in blood
The tissue of my story!
Still, as I clasp my burning brain,
A death-scene rushes on my sight;
It rises o'er and o'er again,
The bloody feud—the fatal night,
When chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
They call'd my hero basely born;
And bade him choose a meaner bride
Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery;[3]

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1 *Innisfail*, the ancient name of Ireland.

2 *Kerne*, the plural of Kern, an Irish foot-soldier. In this sense the word is used by Shakspeare. Gainsford, in his Glorys of England, says, "They (the Irish) are desperate in revenge, and their kerne think no man dead *until his head be off*."

3 *Shieling*, a rude cabin or hut.

1 Yellow, dyed from saffron, was the favorite color of the ancient Irish. When the Irish chieftains came to make terms with Queen Elizabeth's lord-lieutenant, we are told by Sir John Davis, that they came to court in saffron-colored uniforms.

2 *Morat*, a drink made of the juice of mulberry mixed with honey.

3 The pride of the Irish in ancestry was so great, that one of the O'Neals being told that Barrett of *Castlemone had been there* only 400 years, he replied,—that he hated the clown as if he had come there but yesterday.

Tara was the place of assemblage and feasting of the petty princes of Ireland. Very splendid and fabulous descriptions are

Witness their Eath's victorious brand,[1]
And Cathal of the bloody hand;
Glory (they said) and power and honor
Were in the mansion of O'Connor:
But he, my loved one, bore in field
A meaner crest upon his shield.

VII.

"Ah, brothers! what did it avail,
That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the pale,
And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry?[2]
And what was it to love and me,
That barons by your standard rode;
Or beal-fires[3] for your jubilee
Upon a hundred mountains glow'd?

What though the lords of tower and dome
From Shannon to the North Sea foam,—
Thought ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that love had tied!
No:—let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
But ties around this heart were spun
That could not, would not, be undone!

VIII.

"At bleating of the wild watch-fold,
Thus sang my love—'Oh! come with me:
Our bark is on the lake, behold
Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree.
Come far from Castle-Connor's clans—
Come with thy belted forestere,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild-fowl and the honey-comb;
And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshech[1] by thy side.
Then come, my love!'—How could I stay?
Our nimble stag-hounds track'd the way,
And I pursued, by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

IX.

"And fast and far, before the star
Of day-spring, rush'd we through the glade,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn[2]
Of Castle-Connor fade.
Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unplow'd, untrodden shore;
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more.
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear;
While I, his evening food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.
But, oh, that midnight of despair!
When I was doom'd to rend my hair:
The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow!
The night to him, that had no morrow!

X.

"When all was hush'd, at even-tide
I heard the baying of their beagle:
'Be hush'd!' my Connocht Moran cried,
''T is but the screaming of the eagle.'

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r the Irish historians of the pomp and luxury of those meetings. The psaltery of Tara was the grand national register of Ireland. The grand epoch of political eminence in the early history of the Irish is the reign of their great and favorite monarch, Ollam Fodlah, who reigned, according to Keating, about 950 years before the Christian era. Under him was instituted the great Fes at Tara, which it is pretended was a triennial convention of the states, or a parliament; the members of which were the Druids, and other learned men, who represented the people in that assembly. Very minute accounts are given by Irish annalists of the magnificence and order of these entertainments; from which, if credible, we might collect the earliest traces of heraldry that occur in history. To preserve order and regularity in the great number and variety of the members who met on such occasions, the Irish historians inform us, that when the banquet was ready to be served up, the shield-bearers of the princes, and other members of the convention, delivered in their shields and targets, which were readily distinguished by the coats of arms emblazoned upon them. These were arranged by the grand marshal and principal herald, and hung upon the walls on the right side of the table: and, upon entering the apartments, each member took his seat under his respective shield or target, without the slightest disturbance. The concluding days of the meeting, it is allowed by the Irish antiquaries, were spent in very free excess of conviviality; but the first six, they say, were devoted to the examination and settlement of the annals of the kingdom. These were publicly rehearsed. When they had passed the approbation of the assembly, they were transcribed into the authentic chronicles of the nation, which was called the Register, or Psalter of Tara.

Col. Vallancey gives a translation of an old Irish fragment, found in Trinity-college, Dublin, in which the palace of the above assembly is thus described as it existed in the reign of Cormac:—

"In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tara was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding rath, seven dice or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments; one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping-rooms for guards, and sixty men in each: the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking-horns, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modelers, and nobles. The Irish description of the banqueting-hall is thus translated: twelve stalls or divisions in each wing; sixteen attendants on each side, and two to each table; one hundred guests in all."

1 Vide infra.

2 The house of O'Connor had a right to boast of their victories over the English. It was a chief of the O'Connor race who gave a check to the English champion, De Courcy, so famous for his personal strength, and for cleaving a helmet at one blow of his sword, in the presence of the kings of France and England, when the French champion declined the combat with him. Though ultimately conquered by the English under De Bourgo, the O'Connors had also humbled the pride of that name on a memorable occasion: viz. when Walter De Bourgo, an ancestor of that De Bourgo who won the battle of Athunree, had become so insolent as to make excessive demands upon the territories of Connaught, and to bid defiance to all the rights and properties reserved by the Irish chiefs, Aeth O'Connor, a near descendant of the famous Cathal, surnamed of the bloody hand, rose against the usurper, and defeated the English so severely, that their general died of chagrin after the battle.

3 The month of May is to this day called Mi Beal tiennie, *i. e.* the month of Beal's fire, in the original language of Ireland, and hence I believe the name of the Beltan festival in the Highlands. These fires were lighted on the summits of mountains (the Irish antiquaries say) in honor of the sun; and are supposed, by those conjecturing gentlemen, to prove the origin of the Irish from some nation who worshipped Baal or Belus. Many hills in Ireland still retain the name of Cnoc Greine, *i. e. the hill of the sun*; and on all are to be seen the ruins of druidical altars.

1 The clarshech, or harp, the principal musical instrument of the Hibernian bards, does not appear to be of Irish origin, nor indigenous to any of the British islands. The Britons undoubtedly were not acquainted with it during the residence of the Romans in their country, as on all their coins, on which musical instruments are represented, we see only the Roman lyre, and not the British teylin, or harp.

2 Bawn, from the Teutonic Bawen—to construct and secure with branches of trees, was so called because the primitive Celtic fortification was made by digging a ditch, throwing up a rampart, and on the latter fixing stakes, which were interlaced with boughs of trees. This word is used by Spenser; but it is inaccurately called by Mr. Todd, his annotator, an eminence

Alas! 't was not the eyrie's sound;
Their bloody bands had track'd us out;
Up-listening starts our couchant hound—
And hark! again, that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
Spare—spare him—Brazil—Desmond fierce!
In vain—no voice the adder charms;
Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms:
Another's sword has laid him low—
Another's, and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Ah me! it was a brother's!
Yes, when his moanings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And o'er his burial-turf they trod,
And I beheld—Oh God! Oh God!
His life-blood oozing from the sod!

XI.

"Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
Alas! my warrior's spirit brave,
Nor mass nor ulla-lulla[1] heard,
Lamenting, soothe his grave.
Dragg'd to their hated mansion back,
How long in thraldom's grasp I lay
I knew not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day.
One night of horror round me grew;
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
'T was but when those grim visages,
The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,
And check'd my bosom's power to sob,
Or when my heart with pulses drear,
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

XII.

"But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire:
I woke, and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.
Thrice in the east a war-drum beat—
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round.
Clad in the helm and shield they came;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.
The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay;
That standard, with so dire a look,
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
I gave,—that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

XIII.

"And go! (I cried) the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappalled bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek,
Go!—and return no more!
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd.

1 The Irish lamentation for the dead.

O stranger! by my country's loss!
And by my love! and by the cross!
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that sever'd nature's yoke,
But that a spirit o'er me stood,
And fired me with the wrathful mood;
And frenzy to my heart was given,
To speak the malison of Heaven.[1]

XIV.

"They would have cross'd themselves, all mute!
They would have pray'd to burst the spell;
But at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down powerless fell!
'And go to Athunree!'[2] I cried,
'High lift the banner of your pride!

1 If the wrath which I have ascribed to the heroine of this little piece should seem to exhibit her character as too unnaturally stript of patriotic and domestic affections, I must beg leave to plead the authority of Corneille in the representation of a similar passion: I allude to the denunciation of Camille, in the tragedy of Horace. When Horace, accompanied by a soldier bearing the three swords of the Curiatii, meets his sister, and invites her to congratulate him on his victory, she expresses only her grief, which he attributes at first only to her feelings for the loss of her two brothers; but when she bursts forth into reproaches against him as the murderer of her lover, the last of the Curiatii, he exclaims:

"O Ciel! qui vit jamais une pareille rage:
Crois-tu donc que je sois insensible à l'outrage,
Que je souffre en mon sang ce mortel déshonneur!
Aime, aime cette mort qui fait notre bonheur,
Et préfère du moins au souvenir d'un homme
Ce que doit ta naissance aux intérêts de Rome."

At the mention of Rome, Camille breaks out into this apostrophe:

"Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment!
Rome, à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant!
Rome, qui t'a vu naître et que ton cœur adore!
Rome, enfin, que je haïs, parce qu'elle t'honore!
Puissent tous ses voisins, ensemble conjurés,
Sapper ses fondements encore mal assurés;
Et, si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie,
Que l'Orient, contre elle, à l'Occident s'allie;
Que cent peuples unis, des bouts de l'univers
Passent, pour la détruire, et les monts et les mers;
Qu'elle-même sur soi renverse ses murailles,
Et de ses propres mains déchire ses entrailles;
Que le courroux du Ciel, allumé par mes vœux,
Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de feux!
Puissé-je de mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre,
Voir ses maisons en cendre, et tes lauriers en poudre;
Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir!"

2 In the reign of Edward the Second, the Irish presented to Pope John the Twenty-Second a memorial of their sufferings under the English, of which the language exhibits all the strength of despair.—"Ever since the English (say they) first appeared upon our coasts, they entered our territories under a certain specious pretence of charity, and external hypocritical show of religion, endeavoring at the same time, by every artifice malice could suggest, to extirpate us root and branch, and without any other right than that of the strongest; they have so far succeeded by base fraudulence and cunning, that they have forced us to quit our fair and ample habitations and inheritances, and to take refuge like wild beasts in the mountains, the woods, and the morasses of the country;—nor even can the caverns and dens protect us against their insatiable avarice. They pursue us even into these frightful abodes; endeavoring to dispossess us of the wild uncultivated rocks, and arrogate to themselves the *property of every place* on which we can stamp the figure of our foot."

The greatest effort ever made by the ancient Irish to regain their native independence, was made at the time when they called over the brother of Robert Bruce from Scotland.—William de Bourgo, brother to the Earl of Ulster, and Richard de Bermingham, were sent against the main body of the native insurgents, who were headed rather than commanded by Felim O'Connor. The important battle, which decided the subjection

But know that where its sheet unrolls,
The weight of blood is on your souls!
Go where the havoc of your kerne
Shall float as high as mountain fern!
Men shall no more your mansion know;
The nettles on your hearth shall grow!
Dead, as the green oblivious flood
That mantles by your walls, shall be
The glory of O'Connor's blood!
Away! away to Athunree!
Where, downward when the sun shall fall,
The raven's wing shall be your pall!
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizor from your dying face!'

XV.

A bolt that overhung our dome
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam,
Peal'd in the blood-red heaven.
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw:
But now, behold! like cataracts,
Come down the hills in view
O'Connor's plumed partisans;
Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
Were marching to their doom:
A sudden storm their plumage toss'd,
A flash of lightning o'er them cross'd,
And all again was gloom!

XVI.

"Stranger! I fled the home of grief,
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall,
And took it down, and vow'd to rove
This desert place a huntress bold;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.
No! for I am a hero's child;
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish, for my warrior's sake—
'The flower of love lies bleeding.'"

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.[1]

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'T is thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.

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of Ireland, took place on the 10th of August, 1315. It was the bloodiest that ever was fought between the two nations, and continued throughout the whole day, from the rising to the setting sun. The Irish fought with inferior discipline, but with great enthusiasm. They lost ten thousand men, among whom were twenty-nine chiefs of Connaught. Tradition states, that after this terrible day, the O'Connor family, like the Fabian, were so nearly exterminated, that throughout all Connaught not one of the name remained, except Felim's brother, who was capable of bearing arms.

1 Lochiel, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked, the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of the "*gentle Lochiel*," for he was famed for his social virtues as much as his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of honor overruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty, and he could not brook the reproaches of his Prince. When Charles landed at Borrodale, Lochiel went to meet him, but, on his way, called at his brother's house (Cameron of Fassafern), and told him on what errand he was going; adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the Prince from his enterprise. Fassafern advised him in that case to communicate his mind by letter to Charles. "No," said Lochiel, "I think it due to my Prince to give him my reasons in person for refusing to join his standard."—"Brother," replied Fassafern, "I know you better than you know yourself: if the prince once sets his eyes on you, he will make you do what he pleases." The interview accordingly took place: and Lochiel, with many arguments, but in vain, pressed the Pretender to return to France, and reserve himself and his friends for a more favorable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, or money, or adherents: or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, "that he was determined to put all to the hazard." "In a few days," said he, "I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it, or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who my father has often told me was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince."—"No," said Lochiel, "I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power."

The other chieftains who followed Charles embraced his cause with no better hopes. It engages our sympathy more strongly in their behalf, that no motive, but their fear to be reproached with cowardice or disloyalty, impelled them to the hopeless adventure. Of this we have an example in the interview of Prince Charles with Clanronald, another leading chieftain in the rebel army.

"Charles," says Home, "almost reduced to despair, in his discourse with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and, summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their Prince, their countryman, in his utmost need. Clanronald and his friend, though well inclined to the cause, positively refused, and told him that to take up arms without concert or support was to pull down certain ruin on their own heads. Charles persisted, argued, and implored. During this conversation (they were on shipboard) the parties walked backwards and forwards on the deck; a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come off to the ship to inquire for news, not knowing who was aboard. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the Prince of Wales; when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their Prince; his color went and came; his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanor, and turning briskly to him, called out, 'Will you assist me?'—'I will, I will,' said Ronald; 'though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!' Charles, with a profusion of thanks to his champion, said, he wished all the Highlanders were like him. Without farther deliberation, the two Macdonalds declared that they would also join, and use their utmost endeavors to engage their countrymen to take arms."—*Home's Hist. Rebellion*, p. 40.

Weep, Albin![1] to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rush the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'T is the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely, return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path![2]
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'T is finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors:
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! Mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims,
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.[1]

1 The Gaelic appellation of Scotland, more particularly the Highlands.

2 The lines allude to the many hardships of the royal sufferer.

1 An account of the second sight, in Irish called Taish, is thus given in Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland. "The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person who sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else except the vision as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial according to the object which was represented to them.

"At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are standing by when the persons happen to see a vision; and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

"There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision the inner parts of his eyelids turn so far upwards, that, after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employs others to draw them down, which he finds to be much the easier way.

"This faculty of the second sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some have imagined; for I know several parents who are endowed with it, and their children are not; and *vice versa*. Neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And after strict inquiry, I could never learn from any among them, that this faculty was communicable to any whatsoever. The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision, before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstances is by observation; for several persons of judgment who are without this faculty are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

"If an object is seen early in a morning, which is not frequent, it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards; if at noon, it will probably be accomplished that very day; if in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night: the latter always an accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of the night the vision is seen.

"When a shroud is seen about one, it is a sure prognostic of death. The time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is not seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer: and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the person of whom the observations were then made was in perfect health.

"It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees in places void of all these, and this in process of time is wont to be accomplished: as at Mogslot in the Isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry low houses thatched with straw: yet in a few years the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished by the building of several good houses in the very spot represented to the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

To see a spark of fire is a forerunner of a dead child, to be seen in the arms of those persons: of which there are several instances. To see a seat empty at the time of sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death quickly after it.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
'Twas ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."—

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou:[1]
Soft sigh the winds of Heav'n o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A NAVAL ODE.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave!
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

"When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

"Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corpse, which they carry along with them; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the vision that appeared. If there be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers; but they know nothing concerning the corpse."

Horses and cows (according to the same credulous author) have certainly sometimes the same faculty; and he endeavors to prove it by the signs of fear which the animals exhibit, when second-sighted persons see visions in the same place.

"The seers (he continues) are generally illiterate and well-meaning people, and altogether void of design: nor could I ever learn that any of them ever made the least gain by it; neither is it reputable among them to have that faculty. Besides, the people of the Isles are not so credulous as to believe implicitly before the thing predicted is accomplished; but when it is actually accomplished afterwards, it is not in their power to deny it, without offering violence to their own sense and reason. Besides, if the seers were deceivers, can it be reasonable to imagine that all the islanders who have not the second sight should combine together, and offer violence to their understandings and senses, to enforce themselves to believe a lie from age to age? There are several persons among them whose title and education raise them above the suspicion of concurring with an impostor, merely to gratify an illiterate, contemptible set of persons; nor can reasonable persons believe that children, horses, and cows, should be pre-engaged in a combination in favor of the second sight."—*Martin's Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, pp. 3. 11.

1 Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his dispatches.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

GLENARA.

O heard ye yon pibrach sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'T is the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud:
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around:
They march'd all in silence,—they look'd on the
ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar;
"Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn:
Why speak ye no word?"—said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?"
So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
"And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was seen;
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,
'T was the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn:

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief:
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,—
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger—
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet
hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!

Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Oh! my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw;
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields,—sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—
Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh![1]

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;[2]
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

1 Ireland my darling.—Ireland for ever
2 The evil spirit of the waters.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore:
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried, in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O my daughter!"—

'T was vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS

SOUL of the Poet! wheresoe'er,
Reclaim'd from earth, thy genius plume
Her wings of immortality:
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
And with thine influence illume
The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly, like fiends from secret spell,
Discord and strife at BURNS's name,
Exorcised by his memory;
For he was chief of bards that swell
The heart with songs of social flame,
And high delicious revelry.

And Love's own strain to him was given,
To warble all its ecstasies
With Pythian words unsought, unwill'd,—
Love, the surviving gift of Heaven,
The choicest sweet of Paradise,
In life's else bitter cup distill'd.

Who that has melted o'er his lay
To Mary's soul, in Heaven above,
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
The landscape and the livelong day
That smiled upon their mutual love—
Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skill'd one flame alone to fan:
His country's high-soul'd peasantry
What patriot-pride he taught!—how much
To weigh the inborn worth of man!
And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him, in his clay-built cot,[1] the muse
Entranced, and show'd him all the forms
Of fairy light and wizard gloom
(That only gifted Poet views),
The Genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from Glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
The Swain whom BURNS's song inspires!
Beat not his Caledonian veins,
As o'er the heroic turf he plows,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile, tann'd
By many a far and foreign clime,
Bend o'er his homeborn verse, and weep
In memory of his native land,
With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamp'd by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier, resting on his arms,
In BURNS's carol sweet recalls
The scenes that blest him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings;
Let high Philosophy control,
And sages calm the stream of life,
'T is he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling, at the trumpet's breath,
Rose, thistle, harp; 't is she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero, when thy pall
Is cross'd with mournful sword and plume,
When public grief begins to fade,
And only tears of kindred fall,
Who but the Bard shall dress thy tomb,
And greet with fame thy gallant shade?

Such was the soldier—BURNS, forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude
In strains to thy great memory due.
In verse like thine, oh! could he live,
The friend I mourn'd—the brave, the good—
Edward that died at Waterloo![2]

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song!
That couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong;
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell! and ne'er may Envy dare
To wring one baneful poison drop
From the crush'd laurels of thy bust:
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop
To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

1 Burns was born in Clay-cottage, which his father had built with his own hands.

2 Major Edward Hodge of the 7th Hussars, who fell at the head of his squadron in the attack of the Polish Lancers.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lour'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'T was Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back

I flew to the pleasant fields travérsed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part:
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fullness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay:
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

AT the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree:
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been.
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew
From each wandering sun-beam, a lonely embrace;
For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the place
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
That remains in this desolate heart!
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart!

Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combined
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon'd my soul, like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean, that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore!
Through the perils of chance and the scowl of disdain,
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate!
Yea! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again:
To bear is to conquer our fate.

TO THE RAINBOW.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art—

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight,
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first made anthem rang,
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

THE LAST MAN.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'T is Mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
The vassals of his will;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go—let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack

Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine;
By him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the Night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

VALEDICTORY STANZAS

To J. P. KEMBLE, Esq.

Composed for a Public Meeting, held June 1817.

Pride of the British stage,
A long and last adieu!
Whose image brought th' heroic age
Revived to Fancy's view.
Like fields refresh'd with dewy light
When the sun smiles his last,
Thy parting presence makes more bright
Our memory of the past;
And memory conjures feelings up
That wine or music need not swell,
As high we lift the festal cup
To Kemble—fare thee well!

His was the spell o'er hearts
Which only Acting lends,
The youngest of the sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends:
For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.

But by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come,—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive,
But ne'er eclipse the charm,
When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm.
What soul was not resign'd entire
To the deep sorrows of the Moor,—
What English heart was not on fire
With him at Azincour?
And yet a majesty possess'd
His transport's most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of his breast
The Graces gave their zone.

High were the task—*too* high,
Ye conscious bosoms here!
In words to paint your memory
Of Kemble and of Lear;
But who forgets that white discrowned head,
Those bursts of Reason's half-extinguish'd glare—
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair,
If 't was reality he felt?
Had Shakspeare's self amidst you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumph'd to have seen!

And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And sister magic came.
Together at the Muse's side
The tragic paragons had grown—
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne;
And undivided favor ran
From heart to heart in their applause,
Save for the gallantry of man
In lovelier woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome,
Robust and richly graced,
Your Kemble's spirit was the home
Of genius and of taste:
Taste, like the silent dial's power,
That when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in heaven.
At once ennobled and correct,
His mien survey'd the tragic page,
And what the actor could effect,
The scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth:—
And must we lose them now!
And shall the scene no more show forth
His sternly-pleasing brow!
Alas, the moral brings a tear!—
'T is all a transient hour below;
And we that would detain thee here,
Ourselves as fleetly go!

Yet shall our latest age
  This parting scene review:
Pride of the British stage,
  A long and last adieu!

A DREAM.

WELL may sleep present us fictions,
  Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
  As make life itself a dream.—
Half our daylight faith's a fable;
  Sleep disports with shadows too,
Seeming in their turn as stable
  As the world we wake to view.
Ne'er by day did Reason's mint
Give my thoughts a clearer print
Of assured reality,
Than was left by Phantasy,
Stamp'd and color'd on my sprite
In a dream of yester-night.

In a bark, methought, lone steering,
  I was cast on Ocean's strife;
This, 't was whisper'd in my hearing,
  Meant the sea of life.
Sad regrets from past existence
  Came, like gales of chilling breath;
Shadow'd in the forward distance
  Lay the land of Death.
Now seeming more, now less remote,
On that dim-seen shore, methought,
I beheld two hands a space
Slow unshroud a spectre's face;
And my flesh's hair upstood,—
'T was mine own similitude.

But my soul revived at seeing
  Ocean, like an emerald-spark,
Kindle, while an air-dropt being
  Smiling steer'd my bark.
Heaven-like—yet he look'd as human
  As supernal beauty can,
More compassionate than woman,
  Lordly more than man.
And as some sweet clarion's breath
Stirs the soldier's scorn of death—
So his accents bade me brook
The spectre's eyes of icy look,
Till it shut them—turn'd its head,
Like a beaten foe, and fled.

"Types not this," I said, "fair spirit!
  That my death-hour is not come?
Say, what days shall I inherit?—
  Tell my soul their sum."
"No," he said, "yon phantom's aspect,
  Trust me, would appal thee worse,
Held in clearly measured prospect:—
  Ask not for a curse?
Make not, for I overhear
Thine unspoken thoughts as clear
As thy mortal ear could catch
The close-brought tickings of a watch—
Make not the untold request
That's now revolving in thy breast.

"'T is to live again, remeasuring
  Youth's years like a scene rehearsed,
In thy second life-time treasuring
  Knowledge from the first.
Hast thou felt, poor self-deceiver!
  Life's career so void of pain,
As to wish its fitful fever
  New begun again?
Could experience, ten times thine,
Pain from Being disentwine—
Threads by Fate together spun?
Could thy flight Heaven's lightning shun?
No, nor could thy foresight's glance
'Scape the myriad shafts of chance.

"Wouldst thou bear again Love's trouble—
  Friendship's death-dissever'd ties;
Toil to grasp or miss the bubble
  Of Ambition's prize?
Say thy life's new-guided action
  Flow'd from Virtue's fairest springs—
Still would Envy and Detraction
  Double not their stings?
Worth itself is but a charter
To be mankind's distinguish'd martyr."
—I caught the moral, and cried, "Hail!
Spirit! let us onward sail,
Envying, fearing, hating none,—
Guardian Spirit, steer me on!"

LINES

Written at the request of the Highland Society in London, when met to commemorate the 21st of March, the day of victory in Egypt.

PLEDGE to the much-loved land that gave us birth!
  Invincible romantic Scotia's shore!
Pledge to the memory of her parted worth!
  And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore!

And be it deem'd not wrong that name to give,
  In festive hours, which prompts the patriot's sigh!
Who would not envy such as Moore to live?
  And died he not as heroes wish to die?

Yes, though too soon attaining glory's goal,
  To us his bright career too short was given;
Yet in a mighty cause his phœnix soul
  Rose on the flames of victory to Heaven!

How oft (if beats in subjugated Spain
  One patriot heart) in secret shall it mourn
For him!—How oft on far Corunna's plain
  Shall British exiles weep upon his urn!

Peace to the mighty dead!—our bosom thanks
  In sprightlier strains the living may inspire!
Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks,
  Of Roman garb, and more than Roman fire!

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurl'd,
  Dear symbol wild! on freedom's hills it grows,
Where Fingal stemm'd the tyrants of the world,
  And Roman eagles found unconquer'd foes.

Joy to the band[1] this day on Egypt's coast,
  Whose valor tamed proud France's tricolor,
And wrench'd the banner from her bravest host,
  Baptized Invincible in Austria's gore!

Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand,
  When, bayonet to bayonet opposed,
First of Britannia's host her Highland band
  Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost closed!

Is there a son of generous England here,
  Or fervid Erin?—he with us shall join,
To pray that in eternal union dear,
  The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine!

Types of a race who shall th' invader scorn,
  As rocks resist the billows round their shore;
Types of a race who shall to time unborn
  Their Country leave unconquer'd as of yore!

STANZAS

To the memory of the Spanish Patriots latest killed in resisting the Regency and the Duke of Angoulême.

Brave men who at the Trocadero fell—
Beside your cannons conquer'd not, though slain,
There is a victory in dying well
For Freedom,—and ye have not died in vain;
For come what may, there shall be hearts in Spain
To honor, aye embrace your martyr'd lot,
Cursing the Bigot's and the Bourbon's chain,
And looking on your graves, though trophied not,
As holier, hallow'd ground than priests could make the spot!

What though your cause be baffled—freemen cast
In dungeons—dragg'd to death, or forced to flee;
Hope is not wither'd in affliction's blast—
The patriot's blood's the seed of Freedom's tree;
And short your orgies of revenge shall be,
Cowl'd Demons of the Inquisitorial cell!
Earth shudders at your victory,—for ye
Are worse than common fiends from Heaven that fell,
The baser, ranker sprung, *Autochthones* of Hell!

Go to your bloody rites again—bring back
The hall of horrors and the assessor's pen,
Recording answers shriek'd upon the rack;
Smile o'er the gaspings of spine-broken men;—
Preach, perpetrate damnation in your den;—
Then let your altars, ye blasphemers! peal
With thanks to Heaven, that let you loose again,
To practise deeds with torturing fire and steel
No eye may search—no tongue may challenge or reveal!

Yet laugh not in your carnival of crime
Too proudly, ye oppressors!—Spain was free;
Her soil has felt the foot-prints, and her clime
Been winnow'd by the wings of Liberty;
And these even parting scatter as they flee
Thoughts—influences, to live in hearts unborn,
Opinions that shall wrench the prison-key
From Persecution—show her mask off-torn,
And tramp her bloated head beneath the foot of Scorn.

Glory to them that die in this great cause!
Kings, Bigots, can inflict no brand of shame,
Or shape of death, to shroud them from applause:—
No!—manglers of the martyr's earthly frame!
Your hangmen fingers cannot touch his fame.
Still in your prostrate land there shall be some
Proud hearts, the shrines of Freedom's vestal flame.
Long trains of ill may pass unheeded, dumb,
But vengeance is behind, and justice is to come.

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

Again to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free:
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the foot-prints of Mahomet's slaves
May be wash'd out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretch'd in our aid—be the combat our own!
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone:
For we've sworn by our Country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragg'd from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we shall be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not;
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not!
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide—waves engulf—fire consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us:
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves;
But we've smote them already with fire on the waves
And new triumphs on land are before us.
To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day shall ye blush for its story,
Or brighten your lives with its glory.
Our women, oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken
Till we've trampled the turban and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from and named for the godlike of earth
Strike home, and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion
Her inlands, her isles of the Ocean;
Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring:
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold and extinguish'd in sadness;

1 The 42d regiment.

Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that deliver'd their charms,
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

SONG OF HYBRIAS THE CRETAN.

My wealth 's a burly spear and brand,
And a right good shield of hides untann'd,
Which on my arm I buckle:
With these I plow, I reap, I sow,
With these I make the sweet vintage flow,
And all around me truckle.

But your wights that take no pride to wield
A massy spear and well-made shield,
Nor joy to draw the sword:
Oh, I bring those heartless, hapless drones,
Down in a trice on their marrow-bones,
To call me King and Lord.

FRAGMENT

FROM THE GREEK OF ALCMAN.

The mountain summits sleep:—glens, cliffs, and caves,
Are silent—all the black earth's reptile brood—
The bees—the wild beasts of the mountain wood:
In depths beneath the dark-red ocean's waves
Its monsters rest, whilst wrapt in bower and spray
Each bird is hush'd that stretch'd its pinions to the day.

MARTIAL ELEGY

FROM THE GREEK OF TYRTÆUS.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land!
But oh! what ills await the wretch that yields,
A recreant outcast from his country's fields!
The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
An aged father at his side shall roam;
His little ones shall weeping with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe;
While scorn'd and scowl'd upon by every face,
They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed! dishonoring manhood's form,
All ills shall cleave to him:—Affliction's storm
Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children, like himself, inured to shame.

But we will combat for our fathers' land,
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand
To save our children:—fight ye side by side,
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,
Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem th' unequal fight,
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might;
Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
Permit the man of age (a sight unbless'd)
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head dishevell'd in the dust,
And venerable bosom bleeding bare.

But youth's fair form, though fall'n, is ever fair,
And beautiful in death the boy appears,
The hero boy, that dies in blooming years:
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears,
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far,
For having perish'd in the front of war.

SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATION

FROM MEDEA.

Σκαιους δε λεγων, κουδέν τι σοφους
Τους προσθε βροτους ουκ αν αμαρτοις.
Medea, v. 194, p. 63, Glasg. edit.

Tell me, ye bards, whose skill sublime
First charm'd the ear of youthful Time,
With numbers wrapt in heavenly fire,
Who bade delighted echo swell
The trembling transports of the lyre,
The murmur of the shell—
Why to the burst of Joy alone
Accords sweet Music's soothing tone?
Why can no bard, with magic strain,
In slumbers steep the heart of pain?
While varied tones obey your sweep,
The mild, the plaintive, and the deep,
Bends not despairing Grief to hear
Your golden lute, with ravish'd ear?
Oh! has your sweetest shell no power to bind
The fiercer pangs that shake the mind,
And lull the wrath at whose command
Murder bares her gory hand?
When, flush'd with joy, the rosy throng
Weave the light dance, ye swell the song!
Cease ye vain warblers! cease to charm
The breast with other raptures warm!
Cease! till your hand with magic strain
In slumbers steep the heart of pain!

SPEECH OF THE CHORUS IN THE SAME TRAGEDY,

TO DISSUADE MEDEA FROM HER PURPOSE OF PUTTING HER CHILDREN TO DEATH, AND FLYING FOR PROTECTION TO ATHENS.

STROPHE I.

O haggard queen! to Athens dost thou guide
Thy glowing chariot, steep'd in kindred gore;
Or seek to hide thy damned parricide
Where Peace and Mercy dwell for evermore?

The land where Truth, pure, precious, and sublime,
Wooes the deep silence of sequester'd bowers,
And warriors, matchless since the first of time,
Rear their bright banners o'er unconquer'd towers!

Where joyous youth, to Music's mellow strain,
Twines in the dance with nymphs for ever fair,
While spring eternal, on the lilied plain,
Waves amber radiance through the fields of air!

The tuneful Nine (so sacred legends tell)
  First waked their heavenly lyre these scenes among;
Still in your greenwood bowers they love to dwell;
  Still in your vales they swell the choral song!

But there the tuneful, chaste, Pierian fair,
  The guardian nymphs of green Parnassus, now
Sprung from Harmonia, while her graceful hair
  Waved in bright auburn o'er her polish'd brow!

ANTISTROPHE I.

Where silent vales, and glades of green array,
  The murmuring wreaths of cool Cephisus lave,
There, as the muse hath sung, at noon of day,
  The Queen of Beauty bow'd to taste the wave;

And blest the stream, and breathed across the land
  The soft sweet gale that fans yon summer bowers;
And there the sister Loves, a smiling band,
  Crown'd with the fragrant wreaths of rosy flowers!

"And go," she cries, "in yonder valleys rove,
  With Beauty's torch the solemn scenes illume;
Wake in each eye the radiant light of Love,
  Breathe on each cheek young Passion's tender bloom!

"Entwine, with myrtle chains, your soft control,
  To sway the hearts of Freedom's darling kind!
With glowing charms enrapture Wisdom's soul,
  And mould to grace ethereal Virtue's mind"

STROPHE II.

The land where Heaven's own hallow'd waters play,
  Where friendship binds the generous and the good,
Say, shall it hail thee from thy frantic way,
  Unholy woman! with thy hands imbrued

In thine own children's gore? Oh! ere they bleed,
  Let Nature's voice thy ruthless heart appal!
Pause at the bold, irrevocable deed—
  The mother strikes—the guiltless babes shall fall!

Think what remorse thy maddening thoughts shall sting,
  When dying pangs their gentle bosoms tear!
Where shalt thou sink, when lingering echoes ring
  The screams of horror in thy tortured ear?

No! let thy bosom melt to Pity's cry,—
  In dust we kneel—by sacred Heaven implore—
O! stop thy lifted arm, ere yet they die,
  Nor dip thy horrid hands in infant gore!

ANTISTROPHE II.

Say, how shalt thou that barbarous soul assume,
  Undamp'd by horror at the daring plan?
Hast thou a heart to work thy children's doom?
  Or hands to finish what thy wrath began?

When o'er each babe you look a last adieu,
  And gaze on Innocence that smiles asleep,
Shall no fond feeling beat to Nature true,
  Charm thee to pensive thought—and bid thee weep?

When the young suppliants clasp their parent dear,
  Heave the deep sob, and pour the artless prayer,—
Ay, thou shalt melt;—and many a heart-shed tear
  Gush o'er the harden'd features of despair!

Nature shall throb in every tender string,—
  Thy trembling heart the ruffian's task deny;—
Thy horror-smitten hands afar shall fling
  The blade, undrench'd in blood's eternal dye.

Hallow'd Earth! with indignation
  Mark, oh mark, the murderous deed!
Radiant eye of wide creation,
  Watch the damned parricide!

Yet, ere Colchia's rugged daughter
  Perpetrate the dire design,
And consign to kindred slaughter
  Children of thy golden line!

Shall thy hand, with murder gory,
  Cause immortal blood to flow?
Sun of Heaven! array'd in glory
  Rise, forbid, avert the blow!

In the vales of placid gladness
  Let no rueful maniac range;
Chase afar the fiend of Madness,
  Wrest the dagger from Revenge!

Say, hast thou, with kind protection,
  Rear'd thy smiling race in vain;
Fostering Nature's fond affection,
  Tender cares, and pleasing pain?

Hast thou on the troubled ocean
  Braved the tempest loud and strong,
Where the waves, in wild commotion,
  Roar Cyanean rocks among?

Didst thou roam the paths of danger
  Hymenean joys to prove?
Spare, O sanguinary stranger,
  Pledges of thy sacred love!

Shall not Heaven, with indignation,
  Watch thee o'er the barbarous deed?
Shalt thou cleanse, with expiation,
  Monstrous, murd'rous parricide?

ODE TO WINTER.

When first the fiery-mantled Sun
His heavenly race began to run;
Round the earth and ocean blue,
His children four the Seasons flew.
First, in green apparel dancing,
  The young Spring smiled with angel grace;
Rosy Summer next advancing,
  Rush'd into her sire's embrace:
Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
  For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
  On India's citron-cover'd isles:
More remote and buxom-brown
  The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne;
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
  A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar,
To hills that prop the polar star,

And loves on deer-borne car to ride,
With barren darkness by his side.
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
   Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Odin
   Howls his war-song to the gale;
Save when adown the ravaged globe
   He travels on his native storm,
Deflow'ring Nature's grassy robe,
   And trampling on her faded form:—
Till light's returning lord assume
   The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume,
   And crystal-cover'd shield.

O sire of storms! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy, with her blood-shot eye,
Implores thy dreadful deity,
Archangel! power of desolation!
   Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
   Spells to touch thy stony heart?
Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,
   And gently rule the ruin'd year;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
   Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;—
To shuddering want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lead,
And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend.

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds!
The sailor on his airy shrouds;
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep.
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
   Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes
   Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
Oh, winds of Winter! list ye there
   To many a deep and dying groan;
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
   At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.
Alas! ev'n your unhallow'd breath
   May spare the victim fallen low;
But man will ask no truce to death,—
   No bounds to human woe.[1]

LINES

*Spoken by Mr. ****, at Drury-Lane Theatre, on the first opening of the house after the death of the Princess Charlotte,* 1817.

Britons! although our task is but to show
The scenes and passions of fictitious woe,
Think not we come this night without a part
In that deep sorrow of the public heart,
Which like a shade hath darken'd every place,
And moisten'd with a tear the manliest face!
The bell is scarcely hush'd in Windsor's piles,
That toll'd a requiem from the solemn aisles,
For her, the royal flower, low laid in dust,
That was your fairest hope, your fondest trust.
Unconscious of the doom, we dreamt, alas!
That ev'n these walls, ere many months should pass,
Which but return sad accents for her now,
Perhaps had witness'd her benignant brow,
Cheer'd by the voice you would have raised on high,
In bursts of British love and loyalty.
But, Britain! now thy chief, thy people mourn,
And Claremont's home of love is left forlorn:—
There, where the happiest of the happy dwelt,
The 'scutcheon glooms, and royalty hath felt
A wound that every bosom feels its own,—
The blessing of a father's heart o'erthrown—
The most beloved and most devoted bride
Torn from an agonized husband's side,
Who "long as Memory holds her seat" shall view
That speechless, more than spoken, last adieu,
When the fix'd eye long look'd connubial faith,
And beam'd affection in the trance of death.
Sad was the pomp that yester-night beheld,
As with the mourner's heart the anthem swell'd,
While torch succeeding torch illumed each high
And banner'd arch of England's chivalry.
The rich plumed canopy, the gorgeous pall,
The sacred march and sable-vested wall,—
These were not rites of inexpressive show,
But hallow'd as the types of real woe!
Daughter of England! for a nation's sighs,
A nation's heart went with thine obsequies!—
And oft shall time revert a look of grief
On thine existence, beautiful and brief.
Fair spirit! send thy blessing from above
On realms where thou art canonized by love!
Give to a father's, husband's bleeding mind,
The peace that angels lend to human kind;
To us, who in thy loved remembrance feel
A sorrowing, but a soul-ennobling zeal—
A loyalty that touches all the best
And loftiest principles of England's breast!
Still may thy name speak concord from the tomb—
Still in the Muse's breath thy memory bloom!
They shall describe thy life—thy form portray;
But all the love that mourns thee swept away,
'T is not in language or expressive arts
To paint—yet feel it, Britons, in your hearts!

LINES

ON THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE.

By strangers left upon a lonely shore,
   Unknown, unhonor'd, was the friendless dead;
For child to weep, or widow to deplore,
   There never came to his unburied head:
   All from his dreary habitation fled.
Nor will the lantern'd fisherman at eve
   Launch on that water by the witches' tow'r,
Where hellebore and hemlock seem to weave
   Round its dark vaults a melancholy bow'r,
   For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted hour.

They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate!
   Whose crime it was, on life's unfinish'd road
To feel the stepdame buffetings of fate,
   And render back thy being's heavy load.
   Ah! once, perhaps, the social passions glow'd

1 This ode was written in Germany, at the close of 1800, before the conclusion of hostilities.

In thy devoted bosom—and the hand
That smote its kindred heart might yet be prone
To deeds of mercy. Who may understand
Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown?—
He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone.

REULLURA.[1]

STAR of the morn and eve,
Reullura shone like thee,
And well for her might Aodh grieve,
The dark-attired Culdee.[2]
Peace to their shades! the pure Culdees
Were Albyn's earliest priests of God,
Ere yet an island of her seas
By foot of Saxon monk was trode,
Long ere her churchmen by bigotry
Were barr'd from holy wedlock's tie,
'T was then that Aodh, famed afar,
In Iona preach'd the word with power,
And Reullura, beauty's star,
Was the partner of his bower.

But, Aodh, the roof lies low,
And the thistle-down waves bleaching,
And the bat flits to and fro
Where the Gael once heard thy preaching;
And fallen is each column'd aisle
Where the chiefs and the people knelt.
'T was near that temple's goodly pile
That honor'd of men they dwelt.
For Aodh was wise in the sacred law,
And bright Reullura's eyes oft saw
The veil of fate uplifted.
Alas, with what visions of awe
Her soul in that hour was gifted—

When pale in the temple and faint,
With Aodh she stood alone
By the statue of an aged Saint!
Fair sculptured was the stone,
It bore a crucifix;
Fame said it once had graced
A Christian temple, which the Picts
In the Britons' land laid waste:
The Pictish men, by St. Columb taught,
Had hither the holy relic brought.
Reullura eyed the statue's face,
And cried, "It is he shall come,
Even he, in this very place,
To avenge my martyrdom.

"For, woe to the Gael people!
Ulvfagre is on the main,
And Iona shall look from tower and steeple
On the coming ships of the Dane;
And, dames and daughters, shall all your locks
With the spoiler's grasp entwine?
No! some shall have shelter in caves and rocks,
And the deep sea shall be mine.
Baffled by me shall the Dane return,
And here shall his torch in the temple burn,
Until that holy man shall plow
The waves from Innisfail.
His sail is on the deep e'en now,
And swells to the southern gale."

"Ah! knowest thou not, my bride,"
The holy Aodh said,
"That the Saint whose form we stand beside
Has for ages slept with the dead?"
"He liveth, he liveth," she said again,
"For the span of his life tenfold extends
Beyond the wonted years of men.
He sits by the graves of well-loved friends
That died ere thy grandsire's grandsire's birth;
The oak is decayed with old age on earth,
Whose acorn-seed had been planted by him;
And his parents remember the day of dread
When the sun on the cross look'd dim,
And the graves gave up their dead.

"Yet, preaching from clime to clime,
He hath roam'd the earth for ages,
And hither he shall come in time
When the wrath of the heathen rages,
In time a remnant from the sword—
Ah! but a remnant to deliver;
Yet, blest be the name of the Lord!
His martyrs shall go into bliss for ever.
Lochlin,[1] appall'd, shall put up her steel,
And thou shalt embark on the bounding keel;
Safe shalt thou pass through her hundred ships,
With the Saint and a remnant of the Gael,
And the Lord will instruct thy lips
To preach in Innisfail."[2]

The sun, now about to set,
Was burning o'er Tiriee,
And no gathering cry rose yet
O'er the isles of Albyn's sea.
Whilst Reullura saw far rowers dip
Their oars beneath the sun,
And the phantom of many a Danish ship,
Where ship there yet was none.
And the shield of alarm[3] was dumb,
Nor did their warning till midnight come,
When watch-fires burst from across
From Rona and Uist and Skey,
To tell that the ships of the Dane
And the red-hair'd slayers were nigh.

Our islesmen arose from slumbers,
And buckled on their arms;
But few, alas! were their numbers
To Lochlin's mailed swarms.
And the blade of the bloody Norse
Has fill'd the shores of the Gael
With many a floating corse,
And with many a woman's wail.

1 Reullura, in Gaelic, signifies "beautiful star."

2 The Culdees were the primitive clergy of Scotland, and apparently her only clergy from the sixth to the eleventh century. They were of Irish origin; and their monastery, on the island of Iona or Icolmkill, was the seminary of Christianity in North Britain. Presbyterian writers have wished to prove them to have been a sort of Presbyters, strangers to the Roman Church and Episcopacy. It seems to be established that they were not enemies to Episcopacy; but that they were not slavishly subjected to Rome, like the clergy of later periods, appears by their resisting the Papal ordinances respecting the celibacy of religious men, on which account they were ultimately displaced by the Scottish sovereigns to make way for more Popish canons.

1 Denmark. 2 Ireland.

3 Striking the shield was an ancient mode of convocation to war among the Gael.

They have lighted the islands with Ruin's torch,
And the holy men of Iona's church
In the temple of God lay slain;
All but Aodh, the last Culdee,
But bound with many an iron chain,
Bound in that church was he.

And where is Aodh's bride?
Rocks of the ocean flood!
Plunged she not from your heights in pride,
And mock'd the men of blood?
Then Ulvfagre and his bands
In the temple lighted their banquet up,
And the print of their blood-red hands
Was left on the altar-cup.
'T was then that the Norseman to Aodh said,
"Tell where thy church's treasure 's laid,
Or I 'll hew thee limb from limb."
As he spoke the bell struck three,
And every torch grew dim
That lighted their revelry.

But the torches again burnt bright,
And brighter than before,
When an aged man of majestic height
Enter'd the temple door.
Hush'd was the revellers' sound,
They were struck as mute as the dead,
And their hearts were appall'd by the very sound
Of his footstep's measured tread,
Nor word was spoken by one beholder,
While he flung his white robe back on his shoulder,
And stretching his arms—as eath
Unriveted Aodh's bands,
As if the gyves had been a wreath
Of willows in his hands.

All saw the stranger's similitude
To the ancient statue's form;
The Saint before his own image stood,
And grasp'd Ulvfagre's arm.
Then uprose the Danes at last to deliver
Their chief, and shouting with one accord,
They drew the shaft from its rattling quiver,
They lifted the spear and sword,
And levell'd their spears in rows.
But down went axes and spears and bows,
When the Saint with his crosier sign'd,
The archer's hand on the string was stopt,
And down, like reeds laid flat by the wind,
Their lifted weapons dropt.

The Saint then gave a signal mute,
And though Ulvfagre will'd it not,
He came and stood at the statue's foot,
Spell-riveted to the spot,
Till hands invisible shook the wall,
And the tottering image was dash'd
Down from its lofty pedestal.
On Ulvfagre's helm it crash'd—
Helmet, and skull, and flesh, and brain,
It crush'd as millstone crushes the grain.
Then spoke the Saint, whilst all and each
Of the Heathen trembled round,
And the pauses amidst his speech
Were as awful as the sound:

"Go back, ye wolves, to your dens," he cried,
"And tell the nations abroad,
How the fiercest of your herd has died
That slaughter'd the flock of God.
Gather him bone by bone,
And take with you o'er the flood
The fragments of that avenging stone
That drank his Heathen blood.
These are the spoils from Iona's sack,
The only spoils ye shall carry back;
For the hand that uplifteth spear or sword
Shall be wither'd by palsy's shock,
And I come in the name of the Lord
To deliver a remnant of his flock.

A remnant was call'd together,
A doleful remnant of the Gael,
And the Saint in the ship that had brought him hither
Took the mourners to Innisfail.
Unscathed they left Iona's strand,
When the opal morn first flush'd the sky,
For the Norse dropt spear, and bow, and brand,
And look'd on them silently;
Save from their hiding-places came
Orphans and mothers, child and dame:
But alas! when the search for Reullura spread,
No answering voice was given,
For the sea had gone o'er her lovely head,
And her spirit was in Heaven.

THE TURKISH LADY.

'T WAS the hour when rites unholy
Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly
Left to dews the freshen'd air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose:
Ev'n a captive spirit tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 't was from an Emir's palace
Came an eastern lady bright:
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and loved an English knight.

"Tell me, captive, why in anguish
Foes have dragg'd thee here to dwell,
Where poor Christians as they languish
Hear no sound of sabbath bell?"—

"'T was on Transylvania's Bannat,
When the Crescent shone afar,
Like a pale disastrous planet
O'er the purple tide of war—

"In that day of desolation,
Lady, I was captive made;
Bleeding for my Christian nation
By the walls of high Belgrade."

"Captive! could the brightest jewel
From my turban set thee free?"—
"Lady, no!—the gift were cruel,
Ransom'd, yet if reft of thee.

"Say, fair princess! would it grieve thee
Christian climes should we behold?"
"Nay, bold knight! I would not leave thee
Were thy ransom paid in gold!"

Now in Heaven's blue expansion
Rose the midnight star to view,
When to quit her father's mansion
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu!

"Fly we then, while none discover!
Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride!"
Soon at Rhodes the British lover
Clasp'd his blooming Eastern Bride.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

Alone to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er:—
"Oh whither," she cried, "hast thou wander'd, my lover?
Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?

"What voice did I hear? 't was my Henry that sigh'd!"
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
When bleeding, and low, on the heath she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar!

From his bosom, that heaved, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar!
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war!

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
"Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar?"

"Thou shalt live," she replied, "Heaven's mercy, relieving
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn."
"Ah, no! the last pang of my bosom is heaving!
No light of the morn shall to Henry return!

"Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar!"
His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded Hussar!

LINES

INSCRIBED ON THE MONUMENT LATELY FINISHED BY MR. CHANTREY,

Which has been erected by the Widow of Admiral Sir G. Campbell, K. C. B. to the memory of her Husband.

To him, whose loyal, brave, and gentle heart,
Fulfill'd the hero's and the patriot's part,—
Whose charity, like that which Paul enjoin'd,
Was warm, beneficent, and unconfined,—
This stone is rear'd: to public duty true,
The seaman's friend, the father of his crew—
Mild in reproof, sagacious in command,
He spread fraternal zeal throughout his band,
And led each arm to act, each heart to feel,
What British valor owes to Britain's weal.
These were his public virtues:—but to trace
His private life's fair purity and grace,
To paint the traits that drew affection strong
From friends, an ample and an ardent throng,
And, more, to speak his memory's grateful claim
On her who mourns him most, and bears his name—
O'ercomes the trembling hand of widow'd grief,
O'ercomes the heart, unconscious of relief,
Save in Religion's high and holy trust,
Whilst placing their memorial o'er his dust.

THE BRAVE ROLAND.[1]

The brave Roland!—the brave Roland!—
False tidings reach'd the Rhenish strand
That he had fall'n in fight;
And thy faithful bosom swoon'd with pain
O loveliest maiden of Allemayne!
For the loss of thine own true knight.

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil,
In yon Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale?
For her vow had scarce been sworn,
And the fatal mantle o'er her flung,
When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung—
'T was her own dear warrior's horn!

Woe! woe! each heart shall bleed—shall
She would have hung upon his neck,
Had he come but yester-even:
And he had clasp'd those peerless charms
That shall never, never fill his arms,
Or meet him but in heaven.

Yet Roland the brave—Roland the true—
He could not bid that spot adieu;
It was dear still 'midst his woes;
For he loved to breathe the neighboring air
And to think she blest him in her prayer,
When the Halleluiah rose.

There 's yet one window of that pile,
Which he built above the Nun's green isle;
Thence sad and oft look'd he
(When the chant and organ sounded slow)
On the mansion of his love below,
For herself he might not see.

She died!—He sought the battle-plain!
Her image fill'd his dying brain,
When he fell and wish'd to fall:
And her name was in his latest sigh,
When Roland, the flower of chivalry,
Expired at Roncevall.

1 The tradition which forms the substance of these stanzas is still preserved in Germany. An ancient tower on a height, called the Rolandseck, a few miles above Bonn on the Rhine, is shown as the habitation which Roland built in sight of a nunnery, into which his mistress had retired, on having heard an unfounded account of his death. Whatever may be thought of the credibility of the legend, its scenery must be recollected with pleasure by every one who has visited the romantic landscape of the Drachenfels, the Rolandseck, and the beautiful adjacent islet of the Rhine, where a nunnery still stands.

THE SPECTRE BOAT.

A BALLAD.

Light rued false Ferdinand to leave a lovely maid forlorn,
Who broke her heart and died to hide her blushing cheek from scorn.
One night he dreamt he woo'd her in their wonted bower of love,
Where the flowers sprang thick around them, and the birds sang sweet above.

But the scene was swiftly changed into a churchyard's dismal view,
And her lips grew black beneath his kiss, from love's delicious hue.
What more he dreamt, he told to none; but, shuddering, pale, and dumb,
Look'd out upon the waves, like one that knew his hour was come.

'Twas now the dead-watch of the night—the helm was lash'd a-lee,
And the ship rode where Mount Ætna lights the deep Levantine sea;
When beneath its glare a boat came, row'd by a woman in her shroud,
Who, with eyes that made our blood run cold, stood up and spoke aloud:—

"Come, Traitor, down, for whom my ghost still wanders unforgiven!
Come down, false Ferdinand, for whom I broke my peace with Heaven!"—
It was vain to hold the victim, for he plunged to meet her call,
Like the bird that shrieks and flutters in the gazing serpent's thrall.

You may guess the boldest mariner shrunk daunted from the sight,
For the Spectre and her winding-sheet shone blue with hideous light;
Like a fiery wheel the boat spun with the waving of her hand,
And round they went, and down they went, as the cock crew from the land.

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

If any white-wing'd Power above
My joys and griefs survey,
The day when thou wert born, my love—
He surely bless'd that day.

I laugh'd (till taught by thee) when told
Of Beauty's magic powers,
That ripen'd life's dull ore to gold,
And changed its weeds to flowers.

My mind had lovely shapes portray'd;
But thought I earth had one
Could make ev'n Fancy's visions fade
Like stars before the sun?

I gazed, and felt upon my lips
Th' unfinish'd accents hang:
One moment's bliss, one burning kiss,
To rapture changed each pang.

And though as swift as lightning's flash
Those tranced moments flew,
Not all the waves of time shall wash
Their memory from my view.

But duly shall my raptured song,
And gladly shall my eyes,
Still bless this day's return, as long
As thou shalt see it rise.

LINES

ON RECEIVING A SEAL WITH THE CAMPBELL CREST FROM K. M——, BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

This wax returns not back more fair
Th' *impression* of the *gift you send*,
Than stamp'd upon my thoughts I bear
The image of your worth, my friend!—

We are not friends of yesterday;—
But poets' fancies are a little
Disposed to heat and cool (they say)
By turns impressible and brittle.

Well! should its frailty e'er condemn
My heart to prize or please you less,
Your type is still the sealing gem,
And *mine* the waxen brittleness.

What transcripts of my weal and woe
This little signet yet may lock,—
What utt'rances to friend or foe,
In reason's calm or passion's shock!

What scenes of life's yet curtain'd page
May own its confidential die,
Whose stamp awaits th' unwritten page
And feelings of futurity!—

Yet wheresoe'er my pen I lift
To date th' epistolary sheet,
The blest occasion of the gift
Shall make its recollection sweet:

Sent when the star that rules your fates
Hath reach'd its influence most benign—
When every heart congratulates,
And none more cordially than mine.

So speed my song—mark'd with the crest
That erst th' advent'rous Norman[1] wore
Who won the Lady of the West,
The daughter of Macaillain Mor.

Crest of my sires! whose blood it seal'd
With glory in the strife of swords,
Ne'er may the scroll that bears it yield
Degenerate thoughts or faithless words!

---

1 A Norman leader, in the service of the king of Scotland, married the heiress of Lochow in the twelfth century, and from him the Campbells are sprung.

Yet little might I prize the stone,
If it but typed the feudal tree
From whence, a scatter'd leaf, I'm blown
In Fortune's mutability.

No!—but it tells me of a heart,
Allied by friendship's living tie;
A prize beyond the herald's art—
Our soul-sprung consanguinity!

Kath'rine! to many an hour of mine
Light wings and sunshine you have lent;
And so adieu, and still be thine
The all-in-all of life—Content!

GILDEROY.

The last, the fatal hour is come,
That bears my love from me:
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows' tree!

The bell has toll'd: it shakes my heart;
The trumpet speaks thy name;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame?

No bosom trembles for thy doom;
No mourner wipes a tear;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier.

Oh, Gilderoy! bethought we then
So soon, so sad to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumph'd o'er my heart?

Your locks they glitter'd to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim;
And graceful was the riband green
That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore
Those limbs in fetters bound;
Or hear, upon the scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
The guiltless to pursue;
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you!

A long adieu! but where shall fly
Thy widow all forlorn,
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn?

Yes! they will mock thy widow's tears,
And hate thine orphan boy;
Alas! his infant beauty wears
The form of Gilderoy.

Then will I seek the dreary mound
That wraps thy mouldering clay,
And weep and linger on the ground,
And sigh my heart away.

ADELGITHA.

The ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad pale Adelgitha came,
When forth a valiant champion bounded,
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, deliver'd from her danger;
But when he knelt to claim her glove—
"Seek not," she cried, "oh! gallant stranger,
For hapless Adelgitha's love.

"For he is in a foreign far land
Whose arm should now have set me free;
And I must wear the willow garland
For him that's dead, or false to me."

"Nay! say not that his faith is tainted!"—
He raised his vizor—At the sight
She fell into his arms and fainted;
It was indeed her own true knight!

ABSENCE.

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,
It is not doubting what thou art,
But 'tis the too, too long endurance
Of absence, that afflicts my heart.

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
When each is lonely doom'd to weep,
Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
Or riches buried in the deep.

What though, untouch'd by jealous madness,
Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck;
Th' undoubting heart that breaks with sadness
Is but more slowly doom'd to break.

Absence! is not the soul torn by it
From more than light, or life, or breath?
'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,—
The pain without the peace of death!

THE RITTER BANN.

The Ritter Bann from Hungary
Came back, renown'd in arms,
But scorning jousts of chivalry
And love and ladies' charms.

While other knights held revels, he
Was wrapt in thoughts of gloom,
And in Vienna's hostelrie
Slow paced his lonely room.

There enter'd one whose face he knew,—
Whose voice, he was aware,
He oft at mass had listen'd to,
In the holy house of prayer.

'Twas the Abbot of St. James's monks,
A fresh and fair old man:
His reverend air arrested even
The gloomy Ritter Bann.

But seeing with him an ancient dame
Come clad in Scotch attire,
The Ritter's color went and came,
And loud he spoke in ire.

"Ha! nurse of her that was my bane,
Name not her name to me;
I wish it blotted from my brain:
Art poor?—take alms, and flee."

"Sir Knight," the abbot interposed,
"This case your ear demands;"
And the crone cried, with a cross inclosed
In both her trembling hands:

"Remember, each his sentence waits;
And he that shall rebut
Sweet Mercy's suit, on him the gates
Of Mercy shall be shut.

"You wedded undispensed by Church,
Your cousin Jane in Spring;—
In Autumn, when you went to search
For churchmen's pardoning,

"Her house denounced your marriage-band,
Betrothed her to De Grey,
And the ring you put upon her hand
Was wrench'd by force away.

"Then wept your Jane upon my neck,
Crying, 'Help me, nurse, to flee
To my Howel Bann's Glamorgan hills;'
But word arrived—ah me!—

"You were not there; and 't was their threat,
By foul means or by fair,
To-morrow morning was to set
The seal on her despair.

"I had a son, a sea-boy, in
A ship at Hartland bay;
By his aid, from her cruel kin
I bore my bird away.

"To Scotland from the Devon's
Green myrtle shores we fled;
And the Hand that sent the ravens
To Elijah, gave us bread.

"She wrote you by my son, but he
From England sent us word
You had gone into some far country,
In grief and gloom he heard.

"For they that wrong'd you, to elude
Your wrath, defamed my child;
And you—ay, blush, Sir, as you should—
Believed, and were beguiled.

"To die but at your feet, she vow'd
To roam the world; and we
Would both have sped and begg'd our bread,
But so it might not be.

"For when the snow-storm beat our roof,
She bore a boy, Sir Bann,
Who grew as fair your likeness proof
As child e'er grew like man.

"'T was smiling on that babe one morn,
While heath bloom'd on the moor,
Her beauty struck young Lord Kinghorn
As he hunted past our door.

"She shunn'd him, but he raved of Jane,
And roused his mother's pride;
Who came to us in high disdain,
'And where's the face,' she cried,

"'Has witch'd my boy to wish for one
So wretched for his wife?—
Dost love thy husband? Know, my son
Has sworn to seek his life.'

"Her anger sore dismay'd us,
For our mite was wearing scant,
And, unless that dame would aid us,
There was none to aid our want.

"So I told her, weeping bitterly,
What all our woes had been;
And, though she was a stern ladie,
The tears stood in her een.

"And she housed us both, when, cheerfully,
My child to her had sworn,
That even if made a widow, she
Would never wed Kinghorn."——

Here paused the nurse, and then began
The abbot, standing by:
"Three months ago, a wounded man
To our abbey came to die.

"He heard me long, with ghastly eyes
And hand obdurate clench'd,
Speak of the worm that never dies,
And the fire that is not quench'd.

"At last by what this scroll attests
He left atonement brief,
For years of anguish to the breasts
His guilt had wrung with grief.

"'There lived,' he said, 'a fair young dame
Beneath my mother's roof;
I loved her, but against my flame
Her purity was proof.

"'I feign'd repentance, friendship pure;
That mood she did not check,
But let her husband's miniature
Be copied from her neck.

"'As means to search him, my deceit
Took care to him was borne
Nought but his picture's counterfeit,
And Jane's reported scorn.

"'The treachery took; she waited wild;
My slave came back and lied
Whate'er I wished; she clasp'd her child,
And swoon'd, and all but died.

"'I felt her tears for years, and years
Quench not my flame, but stir;
The very hate I bore her mate
Increased my love for her.

"'Fame told us of his glory, while
Joy flush'd the face of Jane;
And while she bless'd his name, her smile
Struck fire unto my brain.

"'No fears could damp; I reach'd the camp,
Sought out its champion;
And if my broad-sword fail'd at last,
'T was long and well laid on.

"'This wound 's my meed, my name 's Kinghorn,
My foe 's the Ritter Bann.'——
The wafer to his lips was borne,
And we shrived the dying man.

"He died not till you went to fight
The Turks at Warradein;
But I see my tale has changed you pale."—
The abbot went for wine;

And brought a little page, who pour'd
It out, and knelt and smiled:—
The stunn'd knight saw himself restored
To childhood in his child;

And stoop'd and caught him to his breast,
Laugh'd loud and wept anon,
And with a shower of kisses press'd
The darling little one.

"And where went Jane?"—"To a nunnery, Sir—
Look not again so pale—
Kinghorn's old dame grew harsh to her."—
"And has she ta'en the veil?"

"Sit down, Sir," said the priest, "I bar
Rash words."—They sat all three,
And the boy play'd with the knight's broad star,
As he kept him on his knee.

"Think ere you ask her dwelling-place,"
The abbot further said;
"Time draws a veil o'er beauty's face
More deep than cloister's shade.

"Grief may have made her what you can
Scarce love perhaps for life."
"Hush, abbot," cried the Ritter Bann,
"Or tell me where 's my wife."

The priest undid two doors that hid
The inn's adjacent room,
And there a lovely woman stood,
Tears bathed her beauty's bloom.

One moment may with bliss repay
Unnumber'd hours of pain;
Such was the throb and mutual sob
Of the Knight embracing Jane.

THE HARPER.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah,
She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
Oh! remember your Sheelah when far, far away;
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
And he lick'd me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I play'd a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

SONG.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary laborer free!
If any star shed peace, 't is thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odors rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

SONG.

"MEN OF ENGLAND."

Men of England! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood:—

By the foes ye 've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye 've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquer'd—kingdoms won!

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the patriotism of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avail, in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arch and tomb?

Pageants!—Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russel's glory,
Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a hundred Azincours!

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crown'd and mitred tyranny:—
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights—so will we!

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

Never wedding, ever wooing,
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banish'd, bosoms plighted,
Still our days are disunited;
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
Now half quench'd appears,
Damp'd, and wavering, and benighted,
Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your caressing,
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
Soon you'll make them grow
Dim, and worthless your possessing,
Not with age, but woe!

SONG.

Drink ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

Enough, while memory tranced and glad
Paints silently the fair,
That each should dream of joys he's had,
Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
From hallow'd thoughts so dear;
But drink to them that we love most,
As they would love to hear.

SONG.

When Napoleon was flying
From the field of Waterloo,
A British soldier, dying,
To his brother bade adieu!

"And take," he said, "this token
To the maid that owns my faith,
With the words that I have spoken
In affection's latest breath."

Sore mourn'd the brother's heart,
When the youth beside him fell;
But the trumpet warn'd to part,
And they took a sad farewell.

There was many a friend to lose him,
For that gallant soldier sigh'd;
But the maiden of his bosom
Wept when all their tears were dried.

THE BEECH-TREE'S PETITION.

O leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Though bush or flowerot never grow
My dark unwarming shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive;
Yet leave this barren spot to me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour,
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made;
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground:
By all that Love has whisper'd here,
Or Beauty heard with ravish'd ear;
As Love's own altar honor me,
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

SONG.

Earl March look'd on his dying child,
And smit with grief to view her—
The youth, he cried, whom I exiled,
Shall be restored to woo her.

She's at the window many an hour,
His coming to discover;
And her love look'd up to Ellen's bower,
And she look'd on her lover—

But ah! so pale, he knew her not,
Though her smile on him was dwelling.
And am I then forgot—forgot?—
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
Her cheek is cold as ashes;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

LOVE AND MADNESS.

AN ELEGY, WRITTEN IN 1795.

Hark! from the battlements of yonder tower[1]
The solemn bell has toll'd the midnight hour!
Roused from drear visions of distemper'd sleep,
Poor B———k wakes—in solitude to weep!

"Cease, Memory, cease, (the friendless mourner cried)
To probe the bosom too severely tried!
Oh! ever cease, my pensive thoughts, to stray
Through the bright fields of Fortune's better day,
When youthful Hope, the music of the mind,
Tuned all its charms, and E——n was kind!

"Yet, can I cease, while glows this trembling frame,
In sighs to speak thy melancholy name?
I hear thy spirit wail in every storm!
In midnight shades I view thy passing form!
Pale as in that sad hour when doom'd to feel,
Deep in thy perjured heart, the bloody steel!

"Demons of Vengeance! ye at whose command
I grasp'd the sword with more than woman's hand,
Say ye, did Pity's trembling voice control,
Or horror damp, the purpose of my soul?
No! my wild heart sat smiling o'er the plan,
Till Hate fulfill'd what baffled Love began!

"Yes; let the clay-cold breast that never knew
One tender pang to generous Nature true,
Half-mingling pity with the gall of scorn,
Condemn this heart, that bled in love forlorn!

"And ye, proud fair, whose soul no gladness warms,
Save Rapture's homage to your conscious charms!
Delighted idols of a gaudy train,
Ill can your blunter feelings guess the pain,
When the fond faithful heart, inspired to prove
Friendship refined, the calm delight of love,
Feels all its tender strings with anguish torn,
And bleeds at perjured Pride's inhuman scorn!

"Say, then, did pitying Heaven condemn the deed
When Vengeance bade thee, faithless lover! bleed?
Long had I watch'd thy dark foreboding brow,
What time thy bosom scorn'd its dearest vow!
Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover changed,
Still thy cold look was scornful and estranged,
Till, from thy pity, love, and shelter thrown,
I wander'd hopeless, friendless, and alone!

"Oh! righteous Heaven! 'twas then my tortured soul
First gave to wrath unlimited control!
Adieu the silent look! the streaming eye!
The murmur'd plaint! the deep heart-heaving sigh!
Long-slumbering Vengeance wakes to bitter deeds;
He shrieks, he falls, the perjured lover bleeds!
Now the last laugh of agony is o'er,
And pale in blood he sleeps, to wake no more!

"'Tis done! the flame of hate no longer burns:
Nature relents, but, ah! too late returns!
Why does my soul this gush of fondness feel?
Trembling and faint, I drop the guilty steel!
Cold on my heart the hand of terror lies,
And shades of horror close my languid eyes!
"Oh! 'twas a deed of Murder's deepest grain!
Could B———k's soul so true to wrath remain?
A friend long true, a once fond lover fell!—
Where Love was foster'd could not Pity dwell?

"Unhappy youth, while yon pale crescent glows
To watch on silent Nature's deep repose,
Thy sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb,
Foretells my fate, and summons me to come!
Once more I see thy sheeted spectre stand,
Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand!

"Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid melancholy frame!
Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close,
Welcome the dreamless night of long repose!
Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne
Where, lull'd to slumber, Grief forgets to mourn!"

1 Warwick Castle.

SONG.

Oh, how hard it is to find
The one just suited to our mind;
  And if that one should be
False, unkind, or found too late,
What can we do but sigh at fate,
  And sing Woe's me—Woe's me!

Love's a boundless burning waste,
Where Bliss's stream we seldom taste,
  And still more seldom flee
Suspense's thorns, Suspicion's stings;
Yet somehow Love a something brings
  That's sweet—ev'n when we sigh 'Woe's me!'

STANZAS

ON THE THREATENED INVASION, 1803.

Our bosoms we'll bare for the glorious strife,
  And our oath is recorded on high,
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
  Or crush'd in its ruins to die!
Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

'Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust—
  God bless the green Isle of the brave!
Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,
  It would rouse the old dead from their grave!
Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

In a Briton's sweet home shall a spoiler abide—
  Profaning its loves and its charms?
Shall a Frenchman insult the loved fair at our side?
  To arms! oh, my country, to arms!
Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

Shall a tyrant enslave us, my countrymen!—No!
His head to the sword shall be given—
A death-bed repentance be taught the proud foe,
And his blood be an offering to Heaven!
Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

SONG.

Withdraw not yet those lips and fingers,
Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell!
Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
And death seems in the word—farewell.
The hour that bids us part and go,
It sounds not yet—oh! no, no, no!

Time, whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness,
Flies like a courser nigh the goal;
To-morrow where shall be his fleetness,
When thou art parted from my soul?
Our hearts shall beat, our tears shall flow,
But not together,—no, no, no!

HALLOWED GROUND.

What 's hallow'd ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image o his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallow'd ground—where, mourn'd and miss d,
The lips repose our love has kiss'd;—
But where 's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon church-yard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound:
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er e riven,
Is hallow'd down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould;
And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He 's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend Heaven's reeking space!
The colors planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven!—but Heaven rebukes my zeal!
The cause of Truth and human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine—
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not—
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt,
That man can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan!
But there 's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
Its space is Heaven!

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspéct above?
Ye must be Heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time;
That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
Immortal dawn.

What's hallow'd ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth 's compass'd round;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallow'd ground.

CAROLINE.

PART I.

I'll bid the hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be;
And sing my true love, all below
The holly bower and myrtle-tree.

There all his wild-wood sweets to bring,
The sweet south wind shall wander by
And with the music of his wing
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,
Thou spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
Of mountain-heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd,
Whatever isles of ocean fann'd,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wandering wind of fairy-land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,
Where Heaven and Love their sabbath holds,
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould;

From some green Eden of the deep,
Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endear'd, undoubting, undeceived;

From some sweet paradise afar,
Thy music wanders, distant, lost—
Where Nature lights her leading star,
And love is never cross'd.

Oh gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless Hours
In Nature's more propitious home.

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves,
And let the name be Caroline.

PART II.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Gem of the crimson-color'd Even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of Heaven,
Beloved star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
When soft the tear of twilight flows;
So due thy plighted love returns,
To chambers brighter than the rose;

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamour'd orb above
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,
When all unheavenly passions fly,
Chased by the soul-subduing power
Of Love's delicious witchery.

O! sacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious stars, appear,
And early rise, and long delay,
When Caroline herself is here!

Shine on her chosen green resort,
Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
And wanton flowers, that well may court
An Angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guidest the pilgrim to his home.

Shine, where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

Where, winnow'd by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converse sweet, to wander far,
O bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my Ruling Star!

FIELD FLOWERS.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of birchen glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June.
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Ev'n now what affection the violet awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore!
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
In the vetches that tangled their shore!

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

STANZAS

ON THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

Hearts of oak that have bravely deliver'd the brave,
And uplifted old Greece from the brink of the grave,
'T was the helpless to help, and the hopeless to save,
That your thunderbolts swept o'er the brine;
And as long as yon sun shall look down on the wave,
The light of your glory shall shine.

For the guerdon ye sought with your bloodshed and toil,
Was it slaves, or dominion, or rapine, or spoil?
No! your lofty emprize was to fetter and foil
The uprooter of Greece's domain!
When he tore the last remnant of food from her soil,
Till her famish'd sank pale as the slain!

Yet, Navarin's heroes! does Christendom breed
The base hearts that will question the fame of your deed?
Are they men?—let ineffable scorn be their meed,
And oblivion shadow their graves!—
Are they women?—to Turkish serails let them speed!
And be mothers of Mussulman slaves.

Abettors of massacre! dare ye deplore
That the death-shriek is silenced on Hellas's shore?
That the mother aghast sees her offspring no more
By the hand of Infanticide grasp'd?
And that stretch'd on yon billows distain'd by their gore
Missolonghi's assassins have gasp'd?

Prouder scene never hallow'd war's pomp to the mind,
Than when Christendom's pennons woo'd social the wind,
And the flower of her brave for the combat combined,
Their watch-word, humanity's vow;—
Not a sea-boy that fought in that cause, but mankind
Owes a garland to honor his brow!

Nor grudge, by our side, that to conquer or fall,
Came the hardy rude Russ, and the high-mettled Gaul;
For whose was the genius, that plann'd at its call,
Where the whirlwind of battle should roll?
All were brave! but the star of success over all
Was the light of our Codrington's soul.

That star of thy day-spring, regenerate Greek!
Dimm'd the Saracen's moon, and struck pallid his cheek:
In its fast flushing morning thy Muses shall speak
When their lore and their lutes they reclaim:
And the first of their songs from Parnassus's peak
Shall be "*Glory to Codrington's name!*"

LINES

ON LEAVING A SCENE IN BAVARIA.

Adieu the woods and waters' side,
Imperial Danube's rich domain!
Adieu the grotto, wild and wide,
The rocks abrupt, and grassy plain!
For pallid Autumn once again
Hath swell'd each torrent of the hill;
Her clouds collect, her shadows sail,
And watery winds, that sweep the vale
Grow loud and louder still.

But not the storm, dethroning fast
Yon monarch oak of massy pile;
Nor river roaring to the blast
Around its dark and desert isle;
Nor church-bell [1] tolling to beguile
The cloud-born thunder passing by,
Can sound in discord to my soul:
Roll on, ye mighty waters, roll!
And rage, thou darken'd sky!

Thy blossoms, now no longer bright;
Thy wither'd woods, no longer green;
Yet, Eldurn shore, with dark delight
I visit thy unlovely scene!
For many a sunset hour serene
My steps have trod thy mellow dew,
When his green light the fire-fly gave,
When Cynthia from the distant wave
Her twilight anchor drew,

And plow'd, as with a swelling sail,
The billowy clouds and starry sea:
Then, while thy hermit nightingale
Sang on his fragrant apple-tree,—
Romantic, solitary, free,
The visitant of Eldurn's shore,
On such a moonlight mountain stray'd
As echo'd to the music made
By Druid harps of yore.

Around thy savage hills of oak,
Around thy waters bright and blue,
No hunter's horn the silence broke,
No dying shriek thine echo knew;
But safe, sweet Eldurn woods, to you
The wounded wild deer ever ran,
Whose myrtle bound their grassy cave,
Whose very rocks a shelter gave
From blood-pursuing man.

Oh, heart effusions, that arose
From nightly wanderings cherish'd here;
To him who flies from many woes,
Even homeless deserts can be dear!
The last and solitary cheer
Of those that own no earthly home,
Say—is it not, ye banish'd race,
In such a loved and lonely place
Companionless to roam?

Yes! I have loved thy wild abode,
Unknown, unplow'd, untrodden shore,
Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
And scarce the fisher plies an oar:
For man's neglect I love thee more;
That art nor avarice intrude
To tame thy torrent's thunder-shock,
Or prune thy vintage of the rock
Magnificently rude.

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1 In Catholic countries you often hear the church-bells rung to propitiate Heaven during thunder-storms.

Unheeded spreads thy blossom'd bud
Its milky bosom to the bee;
Unheeded falls along the flood
Thy desolate and aged tree.
Forsaken scene, how like to thee
The fate of unbefriended Worth!
Like thine her fruit dishonor'd falls;
Like thee in solitude she calls
A thousand treasures forth.

O! silent spirit of the place,
If lingering with the ruin'd year,
Thy hoary form and awful face
I yet might watch and worship here!
Thy storm were music to mine ear,
Thy wildest walk a shelter given
Sublimer thoughts on earth to find,
And share, with no unhallow'd mind,
The majesty of Heaven.

What though the bosom friends of Fate,—
Prosperity's unweaned brood,—
Thy consolations cannot rate,
O self-dependent solitude!
Yet with a spirit unsubdued,
Though darken'd by the clouds of Care,
To worship thy congenial gloom,
A pilgrim to the Prophet's tomb
Misfortune shall repair.

On her the world hath never smiled,
Or look'd but with accusing eye;—
All-silent goddess of the wild,
To thee that misanthrope shall fly!
I hear her deep soliloquy,
I mark her proud but ravaged form,
As stern she wraps her mantle round,
And bids, on winter's bleakest ground,
Defiance to the storm.

Peace to her banish'd heart, at last,
In thy dominions shall descend,
And, strong as beechwood in the blast,
Her spirit shall refuse to bend;
Enduring life without a friend,
The world and falsehood left behind,
Thy votary shall bear elate
(Triumphant o'er opposing Fate),
Her dark inspired mind.

But dost thou, Folly, mock the muse
A wanderer's mountain walk to sing,
Who shuns a warring world, nor wooes
The vulture cover of its wing?
Then fly, thou cowering, shivering thing,
Back to the fostering world beguiled,
To waste in self-consuming strife
The loveless brotherhood of life,
Reviling and reviled!

Away, thou lover of the race
That hither chased yon weeping deer!
If nature's all majestic face
More pitiless than man's appear;
Or if the wild winds seem more drear
Than man's cold charities below,
Behold around his peopled plains,
Where'er the social savage reigns,
Exuberance of woe!

His art and honors wouldst thou seek
Emboss'd on grandeur's giant walls?
Or hear his moral thunders speak
Where senates light their airy halls,
Where man his brother man enthrals;
Or sends his whirlwind warrants forth
To rouse the slumbering fiends of war,
To dye the blood-warm waves afar,
And desolate the earth?

From clime to clime pursue the scene,
And mark in all thy spacious way,
Where'er the tyrant man has been,
There Peace, the cherub, cannot stay;
In wilds and woodlands far away
She builds her solitary bower,
Where only anchorites have trod,
Or friendless men, to worship God,
Have wander'd for an hour.

In such a far, forsaken vale,—
And such, sweet Eldurn vale, is thine,—
Afflicted nature shall inhale
Heaven-borrow'd thoughts and joys divine
No longer wish, no more repine
For man's neglect or woman's scorn;—
Then wed thee to an exile's lot,
For if the world hath loved thee not,
Its absence may be borne.

STANZAS TO PAINTING.

O thou by whose expressive art
Her perfect image Nature sees
In union with the Graces start,
And sweeter by reflection please!

In whose creative hand the hues
Fresh from yon orient rainbow shine,
I bless thee, Promethéan Muse!
And call thee brightest of the Nine!

Possessing more than vocal power,
Persuasive more than poet's tongue;
Whose lineage, in a raptured hour,[1]
From Love, the Sire of Nature, sprung.

Does Hope her high possession meet?
Is Joy triumphant, Sorrow flown?
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,
When all we love is all our own.

But oh! thou pulse of pleasure dear,
Slow throbbing, cold, I feel thee part;
Lone absence plants a pang severe,
Or death inflicts a keener dart.

1 Alluding to the well-known tradition respecting the origin of painting, that it arose from a young Corinthian female tracing the shadow of her lover's profile on the wall, as he lay asleep.

Then for a beam of joy to light
  In Memory's sad and wakeful eye!
Or banish from the noon of night
  Her dreams of deeper agony.

Shall song its witching cadence roll?
  Yes, even the tenderest air repeat,
That breathed when soul was knit to soul,
  And heart to heart responsive beat?

What visions rise! to charm, to melt!
  The lost, the loved, the dead, are near!
Oh, hush that strain, too deeply felt!
  And cease that solace, too severe!

But thou serenely silent art!
  By heaven and love was taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart,
  The sacred image of a friend.

All is not lost! if, yet possest,
  To me that sweet memorial shine:—
If close and closer to my breast
  I hold that idol all divine.

Or, gazing through luxurious tears,
  Melt o'er the loved departed form,
Till death's cold bosom half appears
  With life, and speech, and spirit warm.

She looks! she lives! this tranced hour
  Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power,
  Or glory's wealthy diadem.

Yes, Genius, yes! thy mimic aid
  A treasure to my soul has given,
Where Beauty's canonized shade
  Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled,
  Thy soft'ning, sweet'ning tints restore;
For thou canst give us back the dead,
  E'en in the loveliest looks they wore.

Then blest be Nature's guardian Muse,
  Whose hand her perish'd grace redeems!
Whose tablet of a thousand hues
  The mirror of creation seems.

From Love began thy high descent;
  And lovers, charm'd by gifts of thine,
Shall bless thee mutely eloquent,
  And call thee brightest of the Nine!

DRINKING-SONG OF MUNICH.

Sweet Iser! were thy sunny realm
  And flowery gardens mine,
Thy waters I would shade with elm
  To prop the tender vine:
My golden flagons I would fill
With rosy draughts from every hill;
  And under every myrtle bower,
My gay companions should prolong
The laugh, the revel, and the song,
  To many an idle hour.

Like rivers crimson'd with the beam
  Of yonder planet bright,
Our balmy cups should ever stream
  Profusion of delight;
No care should touch the mellow heart,
And sad or sober none depart;
  For wine can triumph over woe,
And Love and Bacchus, brother powers,
Could build in Iser's sunny bowers
  A paradise below.

LINES

ON REVISITING A SCOTTISH RIVER.

And call they this Improvement?—to have changed
My native Clyde, thy once romantic shore,
Where Nature's face is banish'd and estranged,
And Heaven reflected in thy wave no more;
Whose banks, that sweeten'd May-day's breath before
Lie sere and leafless now in summer's beam,
With sooty exhalations cover'd o'er;
And for the daisied green-sward, down thy stream
Unsightly brick-lanes smoke, and clanking engines gleam.

Speak not to me of swarms the scene sustains;
One heart free tasting Nature's breath and bloom
Is worth a thousand slaves to Mammon's gains.
But whither goes that wealth, and gladd'ning whom?
See, left but life enough, and breathing-room
The hunger and the hope of life to feel,
Yon pale Mechanic bending o'er his loom,
And Childhood's self as at Ixion's wheel,
From morn till midnight task'd to earn its little meal.

Is this Improvement?—where the human breed
Degenerates as they swarm and overflow,
Till Toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed,
And man competes with man, like foe with foe,
Till Death, that thins them, scarce seems public woe?
Improvement!—smiles it in the poor man's eyes,
Or blooms it on the cheek of Labor?—No—
To gorge a few with Trade's precarious prize,
We banish rural life, and breathe unwholesome skies.

Nor call that evil slight; God has not given
This passion to the heart of man in vain,
For Earth's green face, th' untainted air of Heaven,
And all the bliss of Nature's rustic reign.
For not alone our frame imbibes a stain
From fetid skies; the spirit's healthy pride
Fades in their gloom—And therefore I complain
That thou no more through pastoral scenes shouldst glide,
My Wallace's own stream, and once romantic Clyde!

LINES

ON REVISITING CATHCART.

Oh! scenes of my childhood, and dear to my heart,
Ye green-waving woods on the margin of Cart,
How blest in the morning of life I have stray'd
By the stream of the vale and the grass-cover'd glade!

Then, then, every rapture was young and sincere,
Ere the sunshine of bliss was bedimm'd by a tear,
And a sweeter delight every scene seem'd to lend,
That the mansion of peace was the house of a FRIEND.

Now the scenes of my childhood and dear to my heart,
All pensive I visit, and sigh to depart;
Their flowers seem to languish, their beauty to cease,
For a *stranger* inhabits the mansion of peace.

But hush'd be the sigh that untimely complains,
While Friendship and all its enchantment remains,
While it blooms like the flower of a winterless clime,
Untainted by chance, unabated by time.

THE "NAME UNKNOWN;"

IN IMITATION OF KLOPSTOCK.

PROPHETIC pencil! wilt thou trace
A faithful image of the face,
Or wilt thou write the "Name Unknown,"
Ordain'd to bless my charmed soul,
And all my future fate control,
Unrivall'd and alone?

Delicious Idol of my thought!
Though sylph or spirit hath not taught
My boding heart thy precious name;
Yet musing on my distant fate,
To charms unseen I consecrate
A visionary flame.

Thy rosy blush, thy meaning eye,
Thy virgin voice of melody,
Are ever present to my heart;
Thy murmur'd vows shall yet be mine,
My thrilling hand shall meet with thine,
And never, never part!

Then fly, my days, on rapid wing,
Till Love the viewless treasure bring;
While I, like conscious Athens, own
A power in mystic silence seal'd,
A guardian angel unreveal'd,
And bless the "Name Unknown!"

TRAFALGAR.

WHEN Frenchmen saw, with coward art,
The assassin shot of war
That pierced Britain's noblest heart,
And quench'd her brightest star,

Their shout was heard,—they triumph'd now,
Amidst the battle's roar,
And thought the British oak would bow,
Since Nelson was no more.

But fiercer flamed old England's pride,
And—mark the vengeance due,
"Down, down, insulting ship," she cried,
"To death, with all thy crew!

"So perish ye for Nelson's blood,—
If deaths like thine can pay
For blood so brave, or ocean wave
Can wash that crime away!"

LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

OH, death! if there be quiet in thine arms,
And I must cease—gently, oh, gently come,
To me! and let my soul learn no alarms,
But strike me, ere a shriek can echo, dumb,
Senseless, and breathless.—And thou, sickly life,
If the decree be writ, that I must die,
Do thou be guilty of no needless strife,
Nor pull me downwards to mortality,
When it were fitter I should take a flight—
But whither? Holy Pity, hear, oh hear!
And lift me to some far-off skyey sphere,
Where I may wander in celestial light:
Might it be so—then would my spirit fear
To quit the things I have so loved, when seen—
The air, the pleasant sun, the summer green,—
Knowing how few would shed one kindly tear,
Or keep in mind that I had ever been!

LINES ON THE STATE OF GREECE,

OCCASIONED BY BEING PRESSED TO MAKE IT A SUBJECT OF POETRY, 1827.

IN Greece's cause the Muse, you deem,
Ought still to plead, persisting strong;
But feel you not, 't is now a theme
That wakens thought too deep for song?

The Christian world has seen you, Greeks,
Heroic on your ramparts fall;
The world has heard your widows' shrieks,
And seen your orphans dragg'd in thrall.

Even England brooks that, reeking hot,
The ruffian's sabre drinks your veins,
And leaves your thinning remnant's lot
The bitter choice of death or chains.

Oh! if we have nor hearts nor swords
To snatch you from the assassins' brand,
Let not our pity's idle words
Insult your pale and prostrate land.

No! be your cause to England now,
That by permitting acts the wrong,
A thought of horror to her brow,
A theme for blushing—not for song,

To see her unavenging ships
Ride fast by Greece's funeral pile,
'T is worth a curse from Sibyl lips!
'T is matter for a demon's smile!

LINES

ON JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND, WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

'TWAS he that ruled his country's heart
With more than royal sway;
But Scotland saw her James depart,
And sadden'd at his stay.
She heard his fate—she wept her grief—
That James, her loved, her gallant chief,
Was gone for evermore:
But this she learnt, that, ere he fell,
(O men! O patriots! mark it well),

His fellow-soldiers round his fall
Inclosed him like a living wall,
Mixing their kindred gore!
Nor was the day of Flodden done,
Till they were slaughter'd one by one;
And this may serve to show:
When kings are patriots, none will fly—
When such a king was doom'd to die,
Oh who would death forego?

TO JEMIMA, ROSE, AND ELEANORE,

THREE CELEBRATED SCOTTISH BEAUTIES.

Adieu, romance's heroines!
Give me the nymphs, who this good hour
May charm me, not in fiction's scenes,
But teach me beauty's living power;—
My harp, that has been mute too long,
Shall sleep at beauty's name no more,
So but your smiles reward my song,
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore,—

In whose benignant eyes are beaming
The rays of purity and truth;
Such as we fancy woman's seeming,
In the creation's golden youth;—
The more I look upon thy grace,
Rosina, I could look the more,
But for Jemima's witching face,
And the sweet voice of Eleanore.

Had I been Lawrence, kings had wanted
Their portraits, till I'd painted yours;
And these had future hearts enchanted
When this poor verse no more endures;
I would have left the congress faces,
A dull-eyed diplomatic corps,
Till I had grouped you as the graces—
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore.

The Catholic bids fair saints befriend him;
Your poet's heart is Catholic too,—
His rosary shall be flowers ye send him,
His saint-days when he visits you.
And my sere laurels for my duty,
Miraculous at your touch would rise,
Could I give verse one trace of beauty
Like that which glads me from your eyes.

Unseal'd by you, these lips have spoken,
Disused to song for many a day;
Ye've tuned a harp whose strings were broken,
And warm'd a heart of callous clay;
So, when my fancy next refuses
To twine for you a garland more,
Come back again and be my muses,
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore.

SONG.

'T is now the hour—'t is now the hour
To bow at beauty's shrine;
Now, whilst our hearts confess the power
Of women, wit, and wine;
And beaming eyes look on so bright,
Wit springs, wine sparkles in their light.

In such an hour—in such an hour,
In such an hour as this,
While pleasure's fount throws up a shower
Of social sprinkling bliss,
Why does my bosom heave the sigh
That mars delight?—She is not by!

There was an hour—there was an hour
When I indulged the spell,
That love wound round me with a power
Words vainly try to tell;—
Though love has fill'd my chequer'd doom
With fruits and thorns, and light and gloom—

Yet there's an hour—there's still an hour
Whose coming sunshine may
Clear from the clouds that hang and lour
My fortune's future day:
That hour of hours beloved will be
That hour that gives thee back to me!

LINES TO EDWARD LYTTON BULWER,

ON THE BIRTH OF HIS CHILD.

My heart is with you, Bulwer! and portrays
The blessings of your first paternal days;
To clasp the pledge of purest, holiest faith,
To taste one's own and love-born infant's breath,
I know, nor would for worlds forget the bliss.
I've felt that to a father's heart that kiss,
As o'er its little lips you smile and cling,
Has fragrance which Arabia could not bring.

Such are the joys, ill mock'd in ribald song,
In thought, ev'n fresh'ning life our life-time long,
That give our souls on earth a heaven-drawn bloom
Without them we are weeds upon a tomb.

Joy be to thee, and her whose lot with thine
Propitious stars saw truth and passion twine:
Joy be to her who in your rising name
Feels love's bower brighten'd by the beams of fame
I lack'd a father's claim to her—but knew
Regard for her young years so pure and true,
That, when she at the altar stood your bride,
A sire could scarce have felt more sire-like pride.

SONG.

When Love came first to Earth, the Spring
Spread rose-buds to receive him,
And back he vow'd his flight he'd wing
To heaven, if she should leave him.

But Spring, departing, saw his faith
Pledged to the next new-comer—
He revell'd in the warmer breath
And richer bowers of Summer.

Then sportive Autumn claim'd by rights
An archer for her lover,
And even in Winter's dark, cold nights
A charm he could discover.

Her routs and balls, and fireside joy,
For this time were his reasons—
In short, young Love's a gallant boy,
That likes all times and seasons.

DIRGE OF WALLACE.

They lighted a taper at the dead of night,
And chanted their holiest hymn;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright,
Her eye was all sleepless and dim!
And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had shook of its own accord;
And the raven had flapp'd at her window-board,
To tell of her warrior's doom!

"Now sing you the death-song, and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear;
And call me a widow this wretched day,
Since the warning of God is here!
For night-mare rides on my strangled sleep:—
The lord of my bosom is doom'd to die:
His valorous heart they have wounded deep;
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep,
For Wallace of Elderslie!"

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
Ere the loud matin-bell was rung,
That a trumpet of death on an English tower
Had the dirge of her champion sung!
When his dungeon light look'd dim and red
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed:
No weeping was there when his bosom bled—
And his heart was rent in twain!

Oh, it was not thus when his oaken spear
Was true to that knight forlorn;
And the hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,
At the blast of the hunter's horn;
When he strode on the wreck of each well-fought field
With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shiver'd on helmet or shield—
And the sword that seem'd fit for Archangel to wield,
Was light in his terrible hand!

Yet bleeding and bound, though her Wallace wight
For his long-loved country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
Than Wallace of Elderslie!
But the day of his glory shall never depart,
His head unentomb'd shall with glory be balm'd,
From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start:
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalm'd!

SONG.

My mind is my kingdom, but if thou wilt deign
To sway there a queen without measure,
Then come, o'er its wishes and homage to reign,
And make it an empire of pleasure.

Then of thoughts and emotions each mutinous crowd
That rebell'd at stern reason and duty,
Returning shall yield all their loyalty proud
To the halcyon dominion of Beauty.

SONG.

O cherub Content! at thy moss-cover'd shrine,
I'd all the gay hopes of my bosom resign,
I'd part with ambition thy vot'ry to be,
And breathe not a sigh but to friendship and thee!

But thy presence appears from my wishes to fly,
Like the gold-color'd clouds on the verge of the sky;
No lustre that hangs on the green willow-tree,
Is so sweet as the smile of thy favor to me.

In the pulse of my heart I have nourish'd a care
That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share,
The noon of my life slow departing I see,
But its years as they pass bring no tidings of thee

O cherub Content! at thy moss-cover'd shrine,
I would offer my vows if Matilda were mine;
Could I call her my own, whom enraptured I see,
I would breathe not a sigh but to friendship and thee.

THE FRIARS OF DIJON.

A TALE.

When honest men confess'd their sins,
And paid the church genteelly,
In Burgundy two capuchins
Lived jovially and freely.

They march'd about from place to place,
With shrift and dispensation;
And mended broken consciences,
Soul-tinkers by vocation.

One friar was Father Boniface,
And he ne'er knew disquiet,
Save when condemn'd to saying grace
O'er mortifying diet.

The other was lean Dominick,
Whose slender form, and sallow,
Would scarce have made a candlewick
For Boniface's tallow.

Albeit, he tippled like a fish,
Though not the same potation;
And mortal man ne'er clear'd a dish
With nimbler mastication.

Those saints without the shirts arrived,
One evening late, to pigeon
A country pair for alms, that lived
About a league from Dijon;

Whose supper-pot was set to boil
On fagots briskly crackling:
The friars enter'd with a smile
To Jacquez and to Jacqueline.

They bow'd and bless'd the dame, and then
In pious terms besought her
To give two holy-minded men
A meal of bread and water.

: water and a crust they crave,
Those mouths that, even on Lent days,
Scarce knew the taste of water, save
When watering for dainties.

Quoth Jacquez, "That were sorry cheer
For men fatigued and dusty;
And if you supp'd on crusts, I fear
You'd go to bed but crusty."

So forth he brought a flask of rich
Wine fit to feast Silenus,
And viands, at the sight of which
They laugh'd like two hyenas.

Alternately, the host and spouse
Regaled each pardon-gauger,
Who told them tales right marvellous,
And lied as for a wager—

'Bout churches like balloons convey'd
With aëronautic martyrs;
And wells made warm, where holy maid
Had only dipt her garters.

And if their hearers gaped, I guess,
With jaws three inch asunder,
'T was partly out of weariness,
And partly out of wonder.

Then striking up duets, the frères
Went on to sing in matches,
From psalms to sentimental airs,
From these to glees and catches.

At last they would have danced outright,
Like a baboon and tame bear,
If Jacquez had not drunk Good Night,
And shown them to their chamber.

The room was high, the host's was nigh:
Had wife or he suspicion
That monks would make a raree-show
Of chinks in the partition?—

Or that two confessors would come,
Their holy ears outreaching
To conversations as humdrum
Almost as their own preaching?

Shame on you, friars of orders grey,
That peeping knelt, and wriggling,
And when ye should have gone to pray,
Betook yourselves to giggling!

But every deed will have its meed:
And hark! what information
Has made the sinners, in a trice,
Look black with consternation.

The farmer on a hone prepares
His knife, a long and keen one;
And talks of killing both the frères,
The fat one and the lean one.

To-morrow by the break of day,
He orders, too, saltpetre
And pickling tubs——But, reader, stay,
Our host was no man-eater.

The priests knew not that country-folks
Gave pigs the name of friars;
But startled, witless of the joke,
As if they trod on briers.

Meanwhile, as they perspired with dread,
The hair of either craven
Had stood erect upon his head,
But that their heads were shaven.

"What! pickle and smoke us limb by limb?
God curse him and his larders!
St. Peter will bedevil him
If he saltpetre friars.

"Yet, Dominick, to die!—the bare
Idea shakes one oddly;
Yes, Boniface, 'tis time we were
Beginning to be godly.

"Would that, for absolution's sake,
Of all our sins and cogging,
We had a whip to give and take
A last kind mutual flogging.

"O Dominick! thy nether end
Should bleed for expiation,
And thou shouldst have, my dear fat friend,
A glorious flagellation."

But having ne'er a switch, poor souls!
They bow'd like weeping willows,
And told the Saints long rigmaroles
Of all their peccadilloes.

Yet, 'midst this penitential plight,
A thought their fancies tickled;
'T were better brave the window's height
Than be at morning pickled.

And so they girt themselves to leap,
Both under breath imploring
A regiment of saints, to keep
Their host and hostess snoring.

The lean one 'lighted like a cat,
Then scamper'd off like Jehu,
Nor stopp'd to help the man of fat,
Whose cheek was of a clay hue—

Who, being by nature more design'd
For resting than for jumping,
Fell heavy on his parts behind,
That broaden'd with the plumping.

There long beneath the window's sconce
His bruises he sat pawing,
Squat as the figure of a bonze
Upon a Chinese drawing.

At length he waddled to a sty;
The pigs, you'd thought for game-sake,
Came round and nosed him lovingly,
As if they'd known their namesake.

Meanwhile the other flew to town,
And with short respiration
Bray'd like a donkey up and down,
"Ass-ass-ass-assination!"

Men left their beds, and night-capp'd heads
  Popp'd out from every casement;
The cats ran frighten'd on the leads;
  Dijon was all amazement.

Doors bang'd, dogs bay'd, and boys hurra'd,
  Throats gaped aghast in bare rows,
Till soundest sleeping watchmen woke,
  And even at last the mayor rose—

Who, charging him before police,
  Demands of Dominick surly,
What earthquake, fire, or breach of peace
  Made all this hurly-burly?

          quoth the priest, "ass-assins, sir,
  Are (hence a league, or nigher)
About to salt, scrape, massacre,
  And barrel up a friar."

Soon, at the magistrate's command,
  A troop from the gens-d'armes' house
Of twenty men rode sword in hand,
  To storm the bloody farm's house.

As they were cantering toward the place,
  Comes Jacquez to the swine-yard,
But started when a great round face
  Cried, "Rascal! hold thy whinyard."

'T was Boniface, as mad 's King Lear,
  Playing antics in the piggery:
"And what the devil brought you here,
  You mountain of a friar, eh?"

Ah! once how jolly, now how wan
  And blubber'd with the vapors,
That frantic capuchin began
  To cut fantastic capers—

Crying, "Help! hollo! the bellows blow,
  The pot is on to stew me;
I am a pretty pig—but no!
  They shall not barbacue me."

Nor was this raving fit a sham;
  In truth he was hysterical,
Until they brought him out a dram,
  And that wrought like a miracle.

Just as the horsemen halted near,
  Crying, "Murderer, stop, ohoy, oh!"
Jacquez was comforting the frère
  With a good glass of noyau—

Who beckon'd to them not to kick up
  A row; but waxing mellow,
Squeezed Jacquez' hand, and with a hickup
  Said, "You 're a damn'd good fellow"

Explaining lost but little breath:—
  Here ended all the matter;
So God save Queen Elizabeth,
  And long live Henri Quatre!

The gens-d'armes at the story broke
  Into horse-fits of laughter,
And, as if they had known the joke,
  Their horses neigh'd thereafter.

Lean Dominick, methinks, his chaps
  Yawn'd weary, worn, and moody,
So may my readers' too, perhaps,
  And thus I wish 'em good day

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THE END OF CAMPBELL'S WORKS.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES MONTGOMERY

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Memoir of James Montgomery.

The little port of Irvine in the county of Ayrshire, North Britain, was the place where James Montgomery first saw the day. He was born on the 4th of November, 1771. His father was one of that singular and exemplary body of Christians denominated Moravians, a sect by no means numerous in Great Britain, and least of all in Scotland: the religious tenets with which the subject of the present memoir was thus impressed in his earliest youth, have tinged his writings, and been reflected in his subsequent conduct through life. He did not long remain in his native town, for, at four years of age, his father took him over to Ireland, his parents having fixed their residence at Gracehill in the county of Antrim. He sojourned, however, but a short time in Ireland, for his father, most probably with the view of affording him the benefits either of a better education, or one more consistent with his own religious tenets, sent him to England, and he was placed at a Moravian seminary at Fulnick in Yorkshire, where he remained ten years.

Soon after the establishment of Montgomery at Fulnick, his father and mother left Ireland for the West Indies. The elder Montgomery had undertaken the duty of a missionary to instruct the negroes in the doctrines of Christianity. Both father and mother fell victims to that pestilential climate, the one in Barbadoes, and the other in Tobago. To their fate it is the poet so beautifully alludes when he writes—

My father—mother—parents, are no more!
Beneath the Lion star they sleep
Beyond the western deep;
And when the sun's noon glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves!—

Montgomery was not the only offspring thus left to the wide world; his parents had two other children, who were, it is said, placed under the guardianship of the benevolent body of Christians to which their parents had belonged. During the time the subject of the present memoir was at Fulnick, he was carefully excluded from the world. The institutions of the Moravian brethren are almost monastically rigid. For ten years that he was in this seminary, he scarcely saw or conversed with any individual who was not of their own faith. His instruction was, however, carefully attended to, and he was taught assiduously the Greek, Latin, French, and German languages, independently of the common and inferior acquirements deemed necessary to pupils in every station of life.

Before Montgomery had attained his tenth year, he exhibited his inclination for poetry The peculiar opinions and discipline of the Moravians were calculated to cherish his propensity for the Muse. The monotony of his life, the well-nigh cloistered seclusion of the scholars, and the system which inculcated the doctrines of the brethren, nurtured that sombre and melancholy bias which is always inherent in the poetical temperament. The indulgence of the imagination under such circumstances tends to render the mind exquisitely susceptible of external impressions. The love of Jesus Christ, to which every instruction of the Moravian brethren directs the mind of the pupil, and which is the chief awakener of their feelings, they making the second Person of the Trinity the object of brotherly affection as well as of adoration, was a captivating theme for the young poet. The hymns of the Moravians were the seducers of Montgomery into the flowery paths of poesy. Religious aspirations, the tender affection, the beauty of holiness, kindled the love of sacred song in his callow bosom. A little volume was soon filled with the effusions of his young imagination, and first developed that genius to which the virtuous part of mankind have since not hesitated to do the justice it merits. He knew nothing at this time of the English poets, for they were carefully kept out of sight by his instructors, lest some dangerous passage should give a pruriency for unhallowed and contagious principles. The little volume was therefore wholly his own. The father of one of the boys had sent a volume of selected poems from Milton, Thomson, and Young, to his son, yet, though the choicest and most moral passages only were selected, it was clipt and mangled by the good brethren before it was delivered to its owner. The natural consequence ensued,—Montgomery clandestinely borrowed books, and read them by stealth.

At fourteen years of age, besides two manuscript volumes of his verses, he had composed a mock-heroic poem of a thousand lines, in three cantos: it was an imitation of "The Frogs and Mice" of Homer. From his companions and friends he received praises which excited him to fresh exertions. He planned several epic poems, for nothing short of an epic would satisfy his craving desire for literary fame, till after much of resolve and re-resolve, he began one under the title of "Alfred the Great." Of this poem he completed two books; the boldness of the attempt seems to have alarmed the good fathers of the Fulnick academy. Such a flight by a youth destined for the study of divinity (the profession which they had in prospect for their pupil being that of a minister), was by no means suitable to their ideas of the fitness of things. The young poet panted for the great world, to live among and study mankind; the brethren strove to stifle these desires, and to lead back the erring imagination of their pupil to serious realities, and devotional resignation. The world to him was yet a pure mystery, while his longing desire to mingle in it no discipline could repress. His health became affected in the contest. The irresistible promptings of genius, however, were ultimately triumphant. The Moravian brethren, finding they could not succeed in recalling him to the line of conduct and study which they deemed proper for a minister of their persuasion, and seeing that an opposite desire was fixing itself deeper and deeper in his heart, had the good sense to give up their object, and to place him in trade with a brother believer, who was in business at Mirfield, near Wakefield, in the same county.

Montgomery thus affords another instance of the triumph of genius over almost insuperable obstacles. Nature awoke in his bosom those mysterious impulses which have been developed in many other minds similarly constituted—in many other master spirits, which have made to themselves immortal names in all ages and countries, breaking the gloom in which the accidents of birth and fortune may have placed them, and becoming shining lights to the world. In his new situation, little congenial to an aspiring mind, Montgomery continued but a year. He had formed in his imagination the most elevated and erroneous ideas of the great world; he saw it in perspective, all glorious and honorable; he panted to be distinguished among men; and full of the delusions of youth in this respect, in which we are all more or less prone to indulge in the morning of life, he penned a letter to his master, and with a few clothes and three shillings and sixpence in money in his pocket, he left his domicile, to plunge into that paradise of honor and fame which fancy had so gorgeously depicted. He was not an articled apprentice, and therefore he violated no contract by his elopement. He was at this time but sixteen years of age, and thus young he cast himself upon fortune, a wild and inexperienced adventurer.

The usual result followed. The world had appeared a fairy picture in his imagination, but it proved in reality to be just what it is, a region of struggles and disappointments. On the fourth day after his departure from Fulnick, he found himself obliged to enter into a situation similar to that which he had held but a short time previously, at a place called Wash. From thence he wrote to his late employer and demanded a character, for he had hitherto preserved his own without the slightest moral taint. The master consulted his Moravian friends, who respected the virtues and talents of Montgomery, and agreed to give him any character necessary, but desired that he might be invited to return to them. The worthy man set off accordingly, and met Montgomery in an inn-yard, on his arrival at Wash, and they rushed at once by a sort of kindred sympathy into each other's arms. It was in vain, however, that the master invited his late pupil to return, by the most flattering offers of profit; the young poet resisted them all. The benefactor was not the less kind. He supplied his wants; sent him the clothes and property he had left in his possession, and gave him a testimonial of his esteem in a written document to exhibit when required. In his new situation he remained about a year, during which period he punctually fulfilled the duties of his station; but nursed at the same time the sombre character which his peculiar religious education, and the bent of his genius, both contributed to encourage.

Mr. Harrison, a bookseller of Paternoster-row, having received a volume of his poems in manuscript, before he quitted Wash for London, took him on his arrival into his employ, and recommended him to cultivate his talents, which in time, he told him, he had no doubt would render him distinguished. The toil of a bookseller's clerk, in the dingy purlieus of the Row, was a complete cure for Montgomery's delusion respecting the great world, its glorious honors, and all its bright dreams of immortality. Having in vain endeavored to induce a bookseller to treat with him for a prose tale, he left Mr. Harrison's employ at the end of eight months, and returned into Yorkshire to the situation he had previously held. It is no slight proof of Montgomery's excellent character and disposition, that he won the affection of his employers succes-

siety, who all treated him like a son. So strong was the attachment of his master at Wash, that even in the future troubles of the poet's life he supported him, not merely with empty consolation, but with more solid and substantial aid. The master sought out his former servant when he was on the point of being tried in a court of law for libel, and comforted and consoled him.

The bent of Montgomery's mind was still towards literature. A newspaper which had been very popular, published at Sheffield by a Mr. Gales, had received many of the young poet's contributions. This paper was called the "Sheffield Register." It does not appear that Montgomery contributed any political writing to its pages, his communications being chiefly poetical; but he assisted Mr. Gales in his occupation, and removed to Sheffield for that purpose in 1792. In the following year Montgomery was assailed by illness, during which he was nursed, and most kindly treated, in the family of Mr. Gales, having been, as usual, successful in winning the sympathies of those around him. It was not long after this that a political prosecution was instituted against the proprietor of the "Sheffield Register," and Mr. Gales left England to avoid a prosecution. At that time the quailing cause of arbitrary authority, and divine political right, was making its last struggles against freedom and common sense. Libels were sought for, and prosecuted with rigor, and not even the most cautious individual of honest principles could be deemed safe from attack. Montgomery, on the departure of Mr. Gales, being assisted by a friend, became the publisher of the newspaper himself; the name of which he changed to that of the "Iris." It was now conducted with less party violence than before, while a greater variety of miscellaneous matter was to be found in its columns. The cause supported by Montgomery was always that of political independence, humanity, and freedom. The tone of his paper was exceedingly temperate, but firm: indeed it was so moderate as to give offence to all violent party men who dealt in extremes, and imagined the cause of liberty could only be supported by noisy declamation. In his newspaper he had a series of articles inserted under the title of "The Enthusiast," which attracted particular attention from being pictures of his own mind. There were other articles which drew much notice, from the impress of genius they exhibited.

Notwithstanding the moderation of our poet-editor, it was not long before the fangs of the harpies of the law were upon him. A song written and prepared for publication before Mr. Gales quitted England, was unluckily published from his office. It was written by a clergyman to commemorate the destruction of the Bastile in 1789, and was sung openly at Belfast in 1792. The war broke out nine months after it was written, and half the newspapers in the kingdom had printed it; yet the unlucky ballad-singer, at whose suggestion it was carried to the press to strike off a few copies, was arrested selling them at Wakefield, became evidence against the printer, and in 1795 Montgomery was found "guilty of publishing." This would not do for the servile judges, who made the jury re-consider their verdict, and, after an hour's hesitation, they brought in a verdict of guilty. Montgomery was fined twenty pounds, and imprisoned for three months in the Castle of York. As always happens in a country like England, when freedom of mind is interfered with, the sufferer is borne above persecution by those honest sympathizing spirits that step forward to his support. Montgomery found his newspaper and business carefully superintended by a friend, and he was welcomed from prison as the victim of an unjust sentence. On his deliverance from his incarceration, he resumed his professional labors, and avoided every extreme in politics. He printed numerous essays in his paper, under different heads; some humorous, others serious, but all agreeable and entertaining. These essays were published in a volume, long out of print, and now not easily attainable.

When the emissaries of the law lie in wait to entangle a victim, they never fail to discover some charge, that may be twisted to bear them out in their object. Montgomery had scarcely resumed his duties, when two men were killed in a riot in the streets of Sheffield by the soldiery. He gave a narrative of the circumstances, correct enough, there is no doubt; but a volunteer officer, who was also a magistrate, feeling his dignity or honor hurt by the statement, preferred a bill of indictment for libel against the printer. It was tried at Doncaster in January 1796. The defence made justified the truth of the statement on very satisfactory testimony; but in vain—Montgomery was found guilty, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of thirty pounds. It is remarkable, that before the death of the individual who was the cause of this prosecution, he seemed conscious of the injustice he had done Montgomery, by treating him with sedulous attention after the expiration of his term of imprisonment; and once, when presiding in a court of justice, calling him from among the crowd to sit by his side on the bench, that he might be kept from

the annoyance and pressure of the mob. The poet took his seat accordingly; and it was, no doubt, a proud triumph to his feelings.

During this imprisonment it was that he wrote his poems entitled "Prison Amusements," though he did not publish them until 1797. In the prison he was well accommodated, and had every indulgence afforded him; a large yard supplied him with an airy promenade. He is also said to have amused himself in composing a work of some bulk of a humorous character, but which has not seen the light. He went to Scarborough for the benefit of his health, as soon as he was liberated. This happened in July 1796, his health having been much affected by anxiety and imprisonment. It was from a visit to the same place subsequently, that he composed his poem of "The Ocean" in 1805. It was singular that the author of the "Prison Amusements" should have suffered that and other published works to sleep from want of making them more known—he allowed them to drop into complete oblivion. In 1806 appeared "The Wanderer of Switzerland," which, in spite of a severe criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*, conferred upon him great and deserved celebrity. It was not until then that he took his station among the better order of his country's poets. It is said he was on the point of publishing another poem in preference, which has not yet been given to the world, though nearly ready for the press at the time "The Wanderer of Switzerland" appeared. Mr. Bowyer printed Montgomery's next work, "The West Indies," in a most expensive form, with superb embellishments: nearly ten thousand copies of the different editions were sold. The humane feelings of the author appear to predominate in this work; it is harmoniously and touchingly written. The "[illegible] before the Flood," which appeared in 1812, is perhaps the least popular of his productions. In this work his wonted piety and the effects of his early education strongly appear, while he has introduced various enlivening incidents to break the uniformity of the subject. Since this poem, "Greenland," "The Pelican Island," and numerous occasional pieces, have dropped from his pen. His thoughts are all remarkable for their purity. He is the poet of religion and morality. His political principles are those of a free Englishman.

In person, Montgomery is below the middle height, and of slender frame; his complexion fair, and hair yellow. His limbs are well proportioned. There is a cast of melancholy over his features, unless when they are lighted up by conversation, and then his eyes show all the fire of genius. In manner he is singularly modest and unobtrusive, especially among strangers. It is only in intercourse with his friends that he opens with a power and eloquence which few would expect of him. Though kind and amiable, he can wound keenly by wit and sarcasm in argument, but it is without a tincture of ill-nature, and he generally conveys himself the cure for the wounds he inflicts, by the kindness with which he winds up his conclusions. As a poet, he ranks only in the second class of British living writers. He never falls low, and rarely rises high; his character may be designated as that of the calm river, rather than the romantic torrent, but his course is peculiarly his own. He is very little of an imitator, and deserves immortal eulogy, in that he has written no line

which dying he could wish to blot.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Wanderer of Switzerland.

IN SIX PARTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE historical facts alluded to in THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND may be found in the *Supplement to Coxe's Travels*, in PLANTA'S *History of the Helvetic Confederacy*, and in ZSCHOKKE'S *Invasion of Switzerland by the French, in* 1798, *translated by Dr. Aikin.*

PART I.

Wanderer of Switzerland and his Family, consisting of his Wife, his Daughter, and her young Children, emigrating from their Country, in consequence of its subjugation by the French, in 1798, arrive at the Cottage of a Shepherd, beyond the Frontiers, where they are hospitably entertained.

SHEPHERD.

"WANDERER, whither dost thou roam?
Weary wanderer, old and grey;
Wherefore hast thou left thine home
In the sunset of thy day?"

WANDERER.

"In the sunset of my day,
Stranger! I have lost my home:
Weary, wandering, old and grey—
Therefore, therefore do I roam.

"Here mine arms a wife enfold,
Fainting in their weak embrace;
There my daughter's charms behold,
Withering in that widow'd face.

"These her infants—Oh their Sire,
Worthy of the race of TELL,
In the battle's fiercest fire,
—In his country's battle fell!"

SHEPHERD.

"Switzerland, then, gave thee birth?"

WANDERER.

"Ay—'t was Switzerland of yore;
But, degraded spot of Earth,
Thou art Switzerland no more:

"O'er thy mountains sunk in blood,
Are the waves of ruin hurl'd;
Like the waters of the flood
Rolling round a buried world."

SHEPHERD.

"Yet will Time the deluge stop:
Then may Switzerland be blest;
On St. Gothard's[1] hoary top
Shall the Ark of Freedom rest."

WANDERER.

"No!—Irreparably lost,
On the day that made us slaves,
Freedom's Ark, by tempest tost,
Founder'd in the swallowing waves."

SHEPHERD.

"Welcome, Wanderer as thou art,
All my blessings to partake;
Yet thrice welcome to my heart,
For thine injured country's sake.

"On the western hills afar
Evening lingers with delight,
While she views her favorite star
Brightening on the brow of night.

"Here, though lowly be my lot,
Enter freely, freely share
All the comforts of my cot,
Humble shelter, homely fare."

"Spouse, I bring a suffering guest,
With his family of grief;
Give the weary pilgrims rest,
Yield the Exiles sweet relief."

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1 St. Gothard is the name of the highest mountain in the canton of Uri, the birth-place of Swiss independence.

SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

"I will yield them sweet relief:
Weary pilgrims! welcome here;
Welcome, family of grief,
Welcome to my warmest cheer."

WANDERER.

"When in prayer the broken heart
Asks a blessing from above,
Heaven shall take the Wanderer's part,
Heaven reward the stranger's love."

SHEPHERD.

"Haste, recruit the failing fire,
High the winter-fagots raise;
See the crackling flames aspire;
O how cheerfully they blaze!

"Mourners, now forget your cares,
And, till supper-board be crown'd,
Closely draw your fireside chairs;
Form the dear domestic round."

WANDERER.

"Host, thy smiling daughters bring,
Bring those rosy lads of thine;
Let them mingle in the ring
With these poor lost babes of mine."

SHEPHERD.

"Join the ring, my girls and boys;
This enchanting circle, this
Binds the social loves and joys:
'T is the fairy ring of bliss!"

WANDERER.

"O ye loves and joys! that sport
In the fairy ring of bliss,
Oft with me ye held your court:
I had once a home like this!

"Bountiful my former lot
As my native country's rills;
The foundations of my cot
Were her everlasting hills.

"But those streams no longer pour
Rich abundance round my lands;
And my father's cot no more
On my father's mountain stands.

"By an hundred winters piled,
When the Glaciers,[1] dark with death,
Hang o'er precipices wild,
Hang—suspended by a breath:

"If a pulse but throb alarm,
Headlong down the steeps they fall;
—For a pulse will break the charm,—
Bounding, bursting, burying all.

"Struck with horror stiff and pale,
When the chaos breaks on high,
All that view it from the vale,
All that hear it coming, die:—

"In a day and hour accurst,
O'er the wretched land of TELL,
Thus the Gallic ruin burst,
Thus the Gallic glacier fell!"

SHEPHERD.

"Hush that melancholy strain;
Wipe those unavailing tears:"

WANDERER.

"Nay—I must, I will complain;
'T is the privilege of years:

"'T is the privilege of Woe
Thus her anguish to impart:
And the tears that freely flow
Ease the agonizing heart."

SHEPHERD.

"Yet suspend thy griefs awhile;
See the plenteous table crown'd;
And my wife's endearing smile
Beams a rosy welcome round.

"Cheese, from mountain dairies prest,
Wholesome herbs, nutritious roots,
Honey, from the wild-bee's nest,
Cheering wine and ripen'd fruits:

"These, with soul-sustaining bread,
My paternal fields afford:—
On such fare our fathers fed;
Holy pilgrim! bless the board."

PART II.

After supper, the Wanderer, at the desire of his Host, relates the sorrows and sufferings of his Country, during the Invasion and Conquest of it by the French, in connexion with his own Story.

SHEPHERD.

"WANDERER! bow'd with griefs and years,
Wanderer, with the cheek so pale,
Oh give language to those tears!
Tell their melancholy tale."

WANDERER.

"Stranger-friend, the tears that flow
Down the channels of this cheek,
Tell a mystery of woe
Which no human tongue can speak.

"Not the pangs of 'Hope deferr'd'
My tormented bosom tear:—
On the tomb of Hope interr'd
Scowls the spectre of Despair.

1 More properly the Avalanches; immense accumulations of ice and snow, balanced on the verge of the mountains in such subtle suspense, that, in the opinion of the natives, the tread of the traveller may bring them down in destruction upon him. The Glaciers are more permanent masses of ice, and formed rather in the valleys than on the summits of the Alps.

Where the Alpine summits rise,
Height o'er height stupendous hurl'd;
Like the pillars of the skies,
Like the ramparts of the world:

"Born in Freedom's eagle nest,
Rock'd by whirlwinds in their rage,
Nursed at Freedom's stormy breast,
Lived my sires from age to age.

"High o'er Underwalden's vale,
Where the forest fronts the morn;
Whence the boundless eye might sail
O'er a sea of mountains borne;

"There my little native cot
Peep'd upon my father's farm:—
Oh! it was a happy spot,
Rich in every rural charm!

"There my life, a silent stream,
Glid along, yet seem'd at rest;
Lovely as an infant's dream
On the waking mother's breast.

"Till the storm that wreck'd the world,
In its horrible career,
Into hopeless ruin hurl'd
All this aching heart held dear.

"On the princely towers of Berne
Fell the Gallic thunder-stroke;
To the lake of poor Lucerne,
All submitted to the yoke.

"Reding then his standard raised,
Drew his sword on Brunnen's plain;[1]
But in vain his banner blazed,
Reding drew his sword in vain.

"Where our conquering fathers died,
Where their awful bones repose,
Thrice the battle's fate he tried,
Thrice o'erthrew his country's foes.[2]

"Happy then were those who fell
Fighting on their fathers' graves!
Wretched those who lived to tell
Treason made the victors slaves![3]

"Thus my country's life retired,
Slowly driven from part to part,
Underwalden last expired,
Underwalden was the heart.[4]

"In the valley of their birth,
Where our guardian mountains stand;
In the eye of heaven and earth,
Met the warriors of our land.

"Like their sires in olden time,
Arm'd they met in stern debate;
While in every breast sublime
Glow'd the Spirit of the State.

"Gallia's menace fired their blood:
With one heart and voice they rose;
Hand in hand the heroes stood,
And defied their faithless foes.

"Then to heaven, in calm despair,
As they turn'd the tearless eye,
By their country's wrongs they sware
With their country's rights to die.

"Albert from the council came
(My poor daughter was his wife:
All the valley loved his name;
Albert was my staff of life).

"From the council-field he came:
All his noble visage burn'd;
At his look I caught the flame;
At his voice my youth return'd.

"Fire from heaven my heart renew'd,
Vigor beat through every vein;
All the powers, that age had hew'd,
Started into strength again.

"Sudden from my couch I sprang,
Every limb to life restored;
With the bound my cottage rang,
As I snatch'd my fathers' sword.

"This the weapon they did wield
On Morgarthen's dreadful day;
And through Sempach's[1] iron field
This the plowshare of their way.

"Then, my spouse! in vain thy fears
Strove my fury to restrain;
O my daughter! all thy tears,
All thy children's, were in vain.

"Quickly from our hastening foes,
Albert's active care removed,
Far amidst the eternal snows,
Those who loved us,—those beloved.[2]

1 Brunnen, at the foot of the mountains, on the borders of the Lake of Uri, where the first Swiss Patriots, Walter Furst of Uri, Werner Stauffacher of Schwitz, and Arnold of Melchtal in Underwalden, conspired against the tyranny of Austria in 1307, again in 1798, became the seat of the Diet of these three forest cantons.

2 On the plains of Morgarthen, where the Swiss gained their first decisive victory over the force of Austria, and thereby secured the independence of their country; Aloys Reding, at the head of the troops of the little cantons, Uri, Schwitz, and Underwalden, repeatedly repulsed the invading army of France.

3 By the resistance of these small cantons, the French General Schawenbourg was compelled to respect their independence, and gave them a solemn pledge to that purport; but no sooner had they disarmed, on the faith of this engagement, than the enemy came suddenly upon them with an immense force; and with threats of extermination compelled them to take the civic oath to the new constitution, imposed upon all Switzerland.

4 The inhabitants of the Lower Valley of Underwalden alone resisted the French message, which required submission to the new constitution, and the immediate surrender, *alive or dead*, of nine of their leaders. When the demand, accompanied by a menace of destruction, was read in the Assembly of the District, all the men of the Valley, fifteen hundred in number, took up arms, and devoted themselves to perish in the ruins of their country.

1 At the battle of Sempach, the Austrians presented so impenetrable a front with their projected spears, that the Swiss were repeatedly compelled to retire from the attack, till a native of Underwalden, named Arnold de Winkelried, commending his family to his countrymen, sprung upon the enemy, and burying as many of their spears as he could grasp in his body, made a breach in their line; the Swiss rushed in, and routed the Austrians with a terrible slaughter.

2 Many of the Underwalders, on the approach of the French army, removed their families and cattle among the Higher Alps; and themselves returned to join their brethren, who had en-

"Then our cottage we forsook;
Yet as down the steeps we pass'd,
Many an agonizing look
Homeward o'er the hills we cast.

"Now we reach'd the nether glen,
Where in arms our brethren lay;
Thrice five hundred fearless men,
Men of adamant were they!

"Nature's bulwarks, built by Time,
'Gainst Eternity to stand,
Mountains, terribly sublime,
Girt the camp on either hand.

"Dim behind, the valley brake
Into rocks that fled from view;
Fair in front the gleaming Lake
Roll'd its waters bright and blue.

"'Midst the hamlets of the dale,
Stantz,[1] with simple grandeur crown'd,
Seem'd the Mother of the vale,
With her children scatter'd round.

"'Midst the ruins of the dale
Now she bows her hoary head,
Like the Widow of the vale
Weeping o'er her children dead.

"Happier then had been her fate,
Ere she fell by such a foe,
Had an earthquake sunk her state,
Or the lightning laid her low!"

SHEPHERD.

"By the lightning's deadly flash
Would her foes had been consumed!
Or amidst the earthquake's crash
Suddenly, alive, entomb'd!

"Why did justice not prevail?"

WANDERER.

"Ah! it was not thus to be!"

SHEPHERD.

"Man of grief! pursue thy tale
To the death of Liberty."

PART III.

The Wanderer continues his Narrative, and describes the Battle and Massacre of Underwalden.

WANDERER.

"FROM the valley we descried,
As the Gauls approach'd our shores,
Keels that darken'd all the tide,
Tempesting the Lake with oars.

"Then the mountain-echoes rang
With the clangour of alarms:
Shrill the signal-trumpet sang;
All our warriors leapt to arms.

"On the margin of the flood,
While the frantic foe drew nigh,
Grim as watching wolves we stood,
Prompt as eagles stretch'd to fly.

"In a deluge upon land
Burst their overwhelming might;
Back we hurl'd them from the strand,
Oft returning to the fight.

"Fierce and long the combat held—
Till the waves were warm with blood,
Till the booming waters swell'd
As they sank beneath the flood.[1]

"For on that triumphant day
Underwalden's arms once more
Broke Oppression's black array,
Dash'd Invasion from her shore.

"Gaul's surviving barks retired,
Muttering vengeance as they fled;
Hope in us, by Conquest fired,
Raised our spirits from the dead.

"From the dead our spirits rose,
To the dead they soon return'd;
Bright, on its eternal close,
Underwalden's glory burn'd.

"Star of Switzerland! whose rays
Shed such sweet expiring light,
Ere the Gallic comet's blaze
Swept thy beauty into night:—

"Star of Switzerland! thy fame
No recording Bard hath sung;
Yet be thine immortal name
Inspiration to my tongue![2]

"While the lingering moon delay'd
In the wilderness of night,
Ere the morn awoke the shade
Into loveliness and light:—

"Gallia's tigers, wild for blood,
Darted on our sleeping fold;
Down the mountains, o'er the flood,
Dark as thunder-clouds they roll'd.

"By the trumpet's voice alarm'd,
All the valley burst awake;
All were in a moment arm'd,
From the barriers to the lake.

camped in their native Valley, on the borders of the Lake, and awaited the attack of the enemy.

1 The Capital of Underwalden.

1 The French made their first attack on the valley of Underwalden from the Lake: but, after a desperate conflict, they were victoriously repelled, and two of their vessels, containing five hundred men, perished in the engagement.

2 In the last and decisive battle, the Underwalders were overpowered by two French armies, which rushed upon them from the opposite mountains, and surrounded their camp, while an assault, at the same time, was made upon them from the Lake.

"In that valley, on that shore,
When the graves give up their dead,
At the trumpet's voice once more
Shall those slumberers quit their bed

'or the glen that gave them birth
Hides their ashes in its womb:
Oh! 't is venerable earth,
Freedom's cradle, Freedom's tomb.

"Then on every side begun
That unutterable fight;
Never rose the astonish'd sun
On so horrible a sight.

"Once an eagle of the rock
('T was an omen of our fate)
Stoop'd, and from my scatter'd flock
Bore a lambkin to his mate.

"While the Parents fed their young,
Lo! a cloud of vultures lean,
By voracious famine stung,
Wildly screaming, rush'd between.

"Fiercely fought the eagle-twain,
Though by multitudes opprest,
Till their little ones were slain,
Till they perish'd on their nest.

"More unequal was the fray
Which our band of brethren waged;
More insatiate o'er their prey
Gaul's remorseless vultures raged.

"In innumerable waves,
Swoln with fury, grim with blood,
Headlong roll'd the hordes of slaves,
And ingulf'd us with a flood.

"In the whirlpool of that flood,
Firm in fortitude divine,
Like the eternal rocks we stood,
In the cataract of the Rhine.[1]

"Till by tenfold force assail'd,
In a hurricane of fire,
When at length our phalanx fail'd,
Then our courage blazed the higher.

"Broken into feeble bands,
Fighting in dissever'd parts,
Weak and weaker grew our hands,
Strong and stronger still our hearts.

"Fierce amid the loud alarms,
Shouting in the foremost fray,
Children raised their little arms
In their country's evil day.

"On their country's dying bed,
Wives and husbands pour'd their breath;
Many a Youth and Maiden bled,
Married at thine altar, Death.[2]

1 At Schaffhausen.—See Coxe's Travels.

2 In this miserable conflict, many of the Women and Children of the Underwalders fought in the ranks by their Husbands, and Fathers, and Friends, and fell gloriously for their country.

"Wildly scatter'd o'er the plain,
Bloodier still the battle grew;—
Oh ye Spirits of the slain,
Slain on those your prowess slew:

"Who shall now your deeds relate?
Ye that fell unwept, unknown;
Mourning for your country's fate,
But rejoicing in your own.

"Virtue, valor, nought avail'd
With so merciless a foe;
When the nerves of heroes fail'd,
Cowards then could strike a blow

"Cold and keen the assassin's blade
Smote the father to the ground;
Through the infant's breast convey'd
To the mother's heart a wound.[1]

"Underwalden thus expired;
But at her expiring flame,
With fraternal feeling fired,
Lo, a band of Switzers came.[2]

"From the steeps beyond the lake,
Like a Winter's weight of snow,
When the huge Lavanges break,
Devastating all below;[3]

"Down they rush'd with headlong might,
Swifter than the panting wind;
All before them fear and flight,
Death and silence all behind.

"How the forest of the foe
Bow'd before the thunder-strokes,
When they laid the cedars low,
When they overwhelm'd the oaks.

"Thus they hew'd their dreadful way;
Till, by numbers forced to yield,
Terrible in death they lay,
The Avengers of the Field."

PART IV.

The Wanderer relates the circumstances attending the Death of Albert.

SHEPHERD.

"Pledge the memory of the Brave,
And the Spirits of the dead;
Pledge the venerable Grave,
Valor's consecrated bed.

"Wanderer, cheer thy drooping soul,
This inspiring goblet take;
Drain the deep delicious bowl,
For thy martyr'd brethren's sake."

1 An indiscriminate massacre followed the battle.

2 Two hundred self-devoted heroes from the Canton of Switz arrived, at the close of the battle, to the aid of their Brethren of Underwalden,—and perished to a man, after having slain thrice their number.

3 The Lavanges are tremendous torrents of melting snow

WANDERER.

"Hail!—all hail! the Patriot's grave,
Valor's venerable bed:
Hail! the memory of the Brave,
Hail! the spirits of the Dead.

"Time their triumphs shall proclaim,
And their rich reward be this,—
Immortality of fame,
Immortality of bliss."

SHEPHERD.

"On that melancholy plain,
In that conflict of despair,
How was noble Albert slain?
How didst thou, old Warrior, fare?"

WANDERER.

"In the agony of strife,
Where the heart of battle bled,
Where his country lost her life,
Glorious Albert bow'd his head.

"When our phalanx broke away,
And our stoutest soldiers fell,
—Where the dark rocks dimm'd the day,
Scowling o'er the deepest dell;

"There, like lions old in blood,
Lions rallying round their den,
Albert and his warriors stood;
We were few, but we were men.

"Breast to breast we fought the ground,
Arm to arm repell'd the foe;
Every motion was a wound,
And a death was every blow.

"Thus the clouds of sunset beam
Warmer with expiring light;
Thus autumnal meteors stream
Redder through the darkening night.

"Miracles our champions wrought—
Who their dying deeds shall tell!
Oh how gloriously they fought!
How triumphantly they fell!

"One by one gave up the ghost,
Slain, not conquer'd,—they died free.
Albert stood,—himself an host:
Last of all the Swiss was he.

"So, when night with rising shade
Climbs the Alps from steep to steep,
Till, in hoary gloom array'd,
All the giant mountains sleep.

"High in heaven their monarch[1] stands,
Bright and beauteous from afar,
Shining unto distant lands
Like a new-created star.

"While I struggled through the fight,
Albert was my sword and shield;
Till strange horror quench'd my sight,
And I fainted on the field.

"Slow awakening from that trance,
When my soul return'd to day,
Vanish'd were the fiends of France,
—But in Albert's blood I lay.

"Slain for me, his dearest breath
On my lips he did resign;
Slain for me, he snatch'd his death
From the blow that menaced mine.

"He had raised his dying head,
And was gazing on my face;
As I woke,—the spirit fled,
But I *felt* his last embrace."

SHEPHERD.

"Man of suffering! such a tale
Would wring tears from marble eyes!"

WANDERER.

"Ha! my daughter's cheek grows pale!"

WANDERER'S WIFE.

"Help! O help! my daughter dies!"

WANDERER.

"Calm thy transports, Oh my wife!
Peace! for these dear orphans' sake!"

WANDERER'S WIFE.

"Oh my joy, my hope, my life,
Oh my child, my child, awake!"

WANDERER.

"God! Oh God, whose goodness gives;
God! whose wisdom takes away—
Spare my child."

SHEPHERD.

"She lives, she lives!"

WANDERER.

"Lives?—my daughter, didst thou say?

"God Almighty, on my knees,
In the dust will I adore
Thine unsearchable decrees;
—She was dead:—she lives once more."

WANDERER'S DAUGHTER.

"When poor Albert died, no prayer
Call'd him back to hated life:
Oh that I had perish'd there,
Not his widow, but his wife!"

WANDERER.

"Dare my daughter thus repine?
Albert, answer from above;
Tell me,—are these infants thine,
Whom their mother does not love?"

WANDERER'S DAUGHTER.

"Does not love!—my father, hear;
Hear me, or my heart will break;
Dear is life, but only dear
For my parents', children's sake.

that tumble from the tops of the Alps, and deluge all the country before them.

1 Mont Blanc; which is so much higher than the surrounding Alps, that it catches and retains the beams of the sun *twenty minutes* earlier and later than they, and, crowned with eternal ice, may be seen from an immense distance, purpling with his eastern light, or crimsoned with his setting glory while mist and obscurity rest on the mountains below

"Bow'd to Heaven's mysterious will,
I am worthy yet of you;
Yes!—I am a mother still,
ιough I feel a widow too."

WANDERER.

"Mother, Widow, Mourner, all,
All kind names in one,—my child;
On thy faithful neck I fall;
Kiss me,—are we reconciled?"

WANDERER'S DAUGHTER.

"Yes, to Albert I appeal:
Albert, answer from above,
That my father's breast may feel
All his daughter's heart of love."

SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

"Faint and wayworn as they be
With the day's long journey, Sire,
Let thy pilgrim family
Now with me to rest retire."

WANDERER.

"Yes, the hour invites to sleep;
Till the morrow we must part:
—Nay, my daughter, do not weep,
Do not weep and break my heart.

"Sorrow-soothing sweet repose
On your peaceful pillows light;
Angel-hands your eye-lids close—
Dream of Paradise to-night."

PART V.

The Wanderer, being left alone with the Shepherd, relates his Adventures after the Battle of Underwalden.

SHEPHERD.

"When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies),
Bright, beyond the gulf of death,
Lo! the land of promise lies.

"Peace to Albert's awful shade,
In that land where sorrows cease;
And to Albert's ashes, laid
In the earth's cold bosom, peace."

WANDERER.

"On the fatal field I lay,
Till the hour when twilight pale,
Like the ghost of dying day,
Wander'd down the darkening vale.

"Then in agony I rose,
And with horror look'd around,
Where, embracing friends and foes,
Dead and dying, strew'd the ground.

"Many a widow fix'd her eye,
Weeping, where her husband bled,
Heedless, though her babe was by,
Prattling to his father dead.

"Many a mother, in despair,
Turning up the ghastly slain,
Sought her son, her hero there,
Whom she long'd to seek in vain.

"Dark the evening shadows roll'd
On the eye that gleam'd in death;
And the evening dews fell cold
On the lip that gasp'd for breath.

"As I gazed, an ancient dame,
—She was *childless* by her look,—
With refreshing cordials came;
Of her bounty I partook.

"Then, with desperation bold,
Albert's precious corpse I bore
On these shoulders weak and old,
Bow'd with misery before.

"Albert's angel gave me strength,
As I stagger'd down the glen;
And I hid my charge at length
In its wildest, deepest den.

"Then, returning through the shade
To the battle-scene, I sought,
'Mongst the slain, an ax and spade;
With such weapons Freemen fought.

"Scythes for swords our youth did wield,
In that execrable strife:
Plowshares in that horrid field
Bled with slaughter, breathed with life.

"In a dark and lonely cave,
While the glimmering moon arose,
Thus I dug my Albert's grave;
There his hallow'd limbs repose.

"Tears then, tears too long represt,
Gush'd:—they fell like healing balm,
Till the whirlwind in my breast,
Died into a dreary calm.

"On the fresh earth's humid bed,
Where my martyr lay enshrined,
This forlorn, unhappy head,
Crazed with anguish, I reclined.

"But while o'er my weary eyes
Soothing slumbers seem'd to creep,
Forth I sprang, with strange surprise,
From the clasping arms of sleep.

"For the bones of Albert dead
Heaved the turf with horrid throes,
And his grave beneath my head,
Burst asunder;—Albert rose!

"'Ha! my Son—my Son,' I cried,
'Wherefore hast thou left thy grave?'
—'Fly, my Father,' he replied;
'Save my wife—my children save.'

"In the passing of a breath
This tremendous scene was o'er:
Darkness shut the gates of Death,
Silence seal'd them as before.

"One pale moment fix'd I stood
In astonishment severe;
Horror petrified my blood,—
I was wither'd up with fear.

"Then a sudden trembling came
O'er my limbs; I felt on fire,
Burning, quivering like a flame
In the instant to expire."

SHEPHERD.

"Rather like the mountain-oak,
Tempest-shaken, rooted fast,
Grasping strength from every stroke.
While it wrestles with the blast."

WANDERER.

"Ay!—my heart, unwont to yield,
Quickly quell'd the strange affright,
And undaunted o'er the field
I began my lonely flight.

"Loud the gusty night-wind blew;—
Many an awful pause between,
Fits of light and darkness flew,
Wild and sudden o'er the scene.

"For the moon's resplendent eye
Gleams of transient glory shed;
And the clouds, athwart the sky,
Like a routed army, fled.

"Sounds and voices fill'd the vale,
Heard alternate loud and low;
Shouts of victory swell'd the gale,
But the breezes murmur'd woe.

"As I climb'd the mountain's side,
Where the Lake and Valley meet,
All my country's power and pride
Lay in ruins at my feet.

"On that grim and ghastly plain
Underwalden's heart-strings broke,
When she saw her heroes slain,
And her rocks receive the yoke.

"On that plain, in childhood's hours,
From their mothers' arms set free,
Oft those heroes gather'd flowers,
Often chased the wandering bee.

"On that plain, in rosy youth,
They had fed their fathers' flocks,
Told their love, and pledged their truth,
In the shadow of those rocks.

"There, with shepherd's pipe and song,
In the merry mingling dance,
Once they led their brides along,
Now!——Perdition seize thee, France!"

SHEPHERD.

"Heard not Heaven the accusing cries
Of the blood that smoked around,
While the life-warm sacrifice
Palpitated on the ground?"

"Wrath in silence heaps his store,
To confound the guilty foe;
But the thunder will not roar
Till the flash has struck the blow.

"Vengeance, vengeance will not stay:
It shall burst on Gallia's head,
Sudden as the judgment-day
To the unexpecting dead.

"From the Revolution's flood
Shall a fiery dragon start;
He shall drink his mother's blood,
He shall eat his father's heart.

"Nurst by Anarchy and Crime,
He——but distance mocks my sight,
Oh thou great avenger, TIME!
Bring thy strangest birth to light."

SHEPHERD.

"Prophet! thou hast spoken well,
And I deem thy words divine:
Now the mournful sequel tell
Of thy country's woes and thine."

WANDERER.

"Though the moon's bewilder'd bark,
By the midnight tempest tost,
In a sea of vapors dark,
In a gulf of clouds was lost;

"Still my journey I pursued,
Climbing many a weary steep,
Whence the closing scene I view'd
With an eye that would not weep.

"Stantz—a melancholy pyre—
And her hamlets blazed behind,
With ten thousand tongues of fire
Writhing, raging in the wind.[1]

"Flaming piles, where'er I turn'd,
Cast a grim and dreadful light;
Like funereal lamps they burn'd
In the sepulchre of night;

"While the red illumined flood,
With a hoarse and hollow roar,
Seem'd a lake of living blood,
Wildly weltering on the shore.

"'Midst the mountains far away,
Soon I spied the sacred spot,
Whence a slow consuming ray,
Glimmer'd from my native cot.

"At the sight my brain was fired,
And afresh my heart's wounds bled;
Still I gazed:——the spark expired—
Nature seem'd extinct:—I fled.

1 The town of Stantz, and the surrounding villages, burnt by the French on the night after the battle of Underwalden, and the beautiful valley was converted into a wil

"Fled; and, ere the noon of day,
Reach'd the lonely goat-herd's nest,
Where my wife, my children lay—
Husband—Father——think the rest."

PART VI.

The Wanderer informs the Shepherd that, after the example of many of his Countrymen flying from the tyranny of France, it is his intention to settle in some remote province of America.

SHEPHERD.

"Wanderer, whither wouldst thou roam;
To what region far away
Bend thy steps to find a home,
In the twilight of thy day?"

WANDERER.

"In the twilight of my day,
I am hastening to the West;
There my weary limbs to lay,
Where the sun retires to rest.

"Far beyond the Atlantic floods,
Stretch'd beneath the evening sky,
Realms of mountains, dark with woods,
In Columbia's bosom lie.

"There, in glens and caverns rude,
Silent since the world began,
Dwells the virgin Solitude,
Unbetray'd by faithless man;

"Where a tyrant never trod,
Where a slave was never known,
But where Nature worships God
In the wilderness alone:

"—Thither, thither would I roam;
There my children may be free;
I for them will find a home,
They shall find a grave for me.

"Though my fathers' bones afar
In their native land repose,
Yet beneath the twilight star
Soft on mine the turf shall close.

"Though the mould that wraps my clay
When this storm of life is o'er,
Never since creation lay
On a human breast before;—

"Yet in sweet communion there,
When she follows to the dead,
Shall my bosom's partner share
Her poor husband's lowly bed.

"Albert's babes shall deck our grave,
And my daughter's duteous tears
Bid the flowery verdure wave
Through the winter-waste of years."

SHEPHERD.

"Long before thy sun descend,
May thy woes and wanderings cease;
Late and lovely be thine end;
Hope and triumph, joy and peace!

"As our lakes, at day's decline,
Brighten through the gathering gloom,
May thy latest moments shine
Through the night-fall of the tomb."

WANDERER.

"Though our parent perish'd here,
Like the Phœnix on her nest,
Lo! new-fledged her wings appear,
Hovering in the golden West.

"Thither shall her sons repair,
And beyond the roaring main
Find their native country there,
Find their Switzerland again.

"Mountains, can ye chain the will?
Ocean, canst thou quench the heart?
No; I feel my country still,
Liberty! where'er thou art.

"Thus it was in hoary time,
When our fathers sallied forth,
Full of confidence sublime,
From the famine-wasted North.[1]

"'Freedom, in a land of rocks
Wild as Scandinavia, give,
Power Eternal! where our flocks
And our little ones may live.'

"Thus they pray'd;——a sacred hand
Led them by a path unknown,
To that dear delightful land
Which I yet must call my own.

"To the Vale of Switz they came
Soon their meliorating toil
Gave the forests to the flame,
And their ashes to the soil.

"Thence their ardent labors spread,
Till above the mountain-snows
Towering beauty show'd her head,
And a new creation rose!

"So, in regions wild and wide,
We will pierce the savage woods,
Clothe the rocks in purple pride,
Plow the valleys, tame the floods;

1 There is a tradition among the Swiss, that they are descended from the ancient Scandinavians; among whom, in a remote age, there arose so grievous a famine, that it was determined in the assembly of the Nation, that every tenth man and his family should quit their country, and seek a new possession. Six thousand, chosen by lot, thus emigrated at once from the North. They prayed to God to conduct them to a land like their own, where they might dwell in freedom and quiet, finding food for their families, and pasture for their cattle. God, says the tradition, led them to a valley among the Alps, where they cleared away the forests, built the town of Switz, and afterwards peopled and cultivated the cantons of Uri and Underwalden.

"Till a beauteous inland isle,
By a forest-sea embraced,
Shall make Desolation smile
In the depth of his own waste.

"There, unenvied and unknown,
We shall dwell secure and free,
In a country all our own,
In a land of Liberty."

SHEPHERD.

"Yet the woods, the rocks, the streams,
Unbeloved, shall bring to mind,
Warm with Evening's purple beams,
Dearer objects left behind;

"And thy native country's song,
Caroll'd in a foreign clime,
When new echoes shall prolong,
—Simple, tender, and sublime;

"How will thy poor cheek turn pale,
And, before thy banish'd eyes,
Underwalden's charming vale
And thine own sweet cottage rise!"

WANDERER.

"By the glorious ghost of TELL;
By Morgarthen's awful fray;
By the field where Albert fell
In thy last and bitter day;

"Soul of Switzerland, arise!
——Ha! the spell has waked the dead:
From her ashes to the skies
Switzerland exalts her head.

"See the Queen of Mountains stand
In immortal mail complete,
With the lightning in her hand,
And the Alps beneath her feet.

"Hark! her voice:—'My sons, awake!
Freedom dawns, behold the day:
From the bed of bondage break,
'T is your mother calls,—obey.'

"At the sound, our fathers' graves,
On each ancient battle-plain,
Utter groans, and toss like waves
When the wild blast sweeps the main.

"Rise, my Brethren! cast away
All the chains that bind you slaves:
Rise,—your mother's voice obey,
And appease your fathers' graves.

"Strike!—the conflict is begun;
Freemen, Soldiers, follow me.
Shout! the victory is won,—
SWITZERLAND AND LIBERTY!"

"Warrior, Warrior, stay thine arm!
Sheathe, O sheathe thy frantic sword!"

WANDERER.

"Ah! I rave—I faint:—the charm
Flies,——and memory is restored.

"Yes, to agony restored
From the too transporting charm:—
Sleep for ever, O my sword!
Be thou wither'd, O mine arm!

"Switzerland is but a name:
——Yet I feel, where'er I roam,
That my heart is still the same,
Switzerland is still my home."

The West Indies.

IN FOUR PARTS.

WRITTEN IN HONOR OF THE ABOLITION OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE BY THE BRITISH LEGISLATURE, IN 1807.

Receive him for ever; not now as a servant, but above a servant,—a brother beloved.
St. Paul's Epist. to Philemon, v. 15, 16.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THERE are objections against the title and plan of this poem, which will occur to almost every reader. The Author will not anticipate them: he will only observe, that the title seemed the best, and the plan the most eligible, which *he* could adapt to a subject so various and excursive, yet so familiar, and exhausted, as the African Slave Trade,—a subject which had become antiquated, by frequent, minute, and disgusting exposure; which afforded no opportunity to awaken, suspend, and delight curiosity, by a subtle and surprising developement of plot; and concerning which public feeling had been wearied into insensibility, by the agony of interest which the question excited, during three-and-twenty years of almost incessant discussion. That trade is at length abolished. May its memory be immortal, that henceforth it may be known only *by* its memory!

THE WEST INDIES.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction; on the Abolition of the Slave Trade.—The Mariner's Compass.—Columbus.—The Discovery of America.—The West Indian Islands.—The Caribs.—Their Extermination.

"Thy chains are broken, Africa: be free!"
Thus saith the island-empress of the sea;
Thus saith Britannia.—Oh, ye winds and waves!
Waft the glad tidings to the land of slaves;
Proclaim on Guinea's coast, by Gambia's side,
And far as Niger rolls his eastern tide,[1]
Through radiant realms, beneath the burning zone,
Where Europe's curse is felt, her name unknown,
Thus saith Britannia, empress of the sea,
"Thy chains are broken, Africa: be free!"

Long lay the ocean-paths from man conceal'd:
Light came from heaven,—the magnet was reveal'd,
A surer star to guide the seaman's eye
Than the pale glory of the northern sky;
Alike ordain'd to shine by night and day,
Through calm and tempest, with unsetting ray;
Where'er the mountains rise, the billows roll,
Still with strong impulse turning to the pole,
True as the sun is to the morning true,
Though light as film, and trembling as the dew.

Then man no longer plied with timid oar,
And failing heart, along the windward shore;
Broad to the sky he turn'd his fearless sail,
Defied the adverse, woo'd the favoring gale,
Bared to the storm his adamantine breast,
Or soft on Ocean's lap lay down to rest;
While free, as clouds the liquid ether sweep,
His white-wing'd vessels coursed the unbounded deep;
From clime to clime the wanderer loved to roam,
The waves his heritage, the world his home.

Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
Of grasping genius, weigh'd the sea and land;
The floods o'erbalanced:—where the tide of light,
Day after day, roll'd down the gulf of night,
There seem'd one waste of waters:—long in vain
His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantic main;
When sudden, as creation burst from nought,
Sprang a new world, through his stupendous thought,
Light, order, beauty!—While his mind explored
The unveiling mystery, his heart adored;
Where'er sublime imagination trod,
He heard the voice, he saw the face of God.

Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye
O'er the wide ocean stretching to the sky:

1 Mungo Park, in his travels, ascertained that "the great river of the Negroes" flows *eastward*. It is probable, therefore, that this river is either lost among the sands, or empties itself into some inland sea, in the undiscovered regions of Africa.—*See also Part II, line* 64.

In calm magnificence the sun declined,
And left a paradise of clouds behind:
Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
The billows in a sea of glory roll'd.

"—Ah! on this sea of glory might I sail,
Track the bright sun, and pierce the eternal veil
That hides those lands, beneath Hesperian skies,
Where day-light sojourns till our morrow rise!"

Thoughtful he wander'd on the beach alone;
Mild o'er the deep the vesper planet shone,
The eye of evening, brightening through the west
Till the sweet moment when it shut to rest:
"Whither, O golden Venus! art thou fled?
Not in the ocean-chambers lies thy bed;
Round the dim world thy glittering chariot drawn
Pursues the twilight, or precedes the dawn;
Thy beauty noon and midnight never see,
The morn and eve divide the year with thee."

Soft fell the shades, till Cynthia's slender bow
Crested the farthest wave, then sunk below:
"Tell me, resplendent guardian of the night,
Circling the sphere in thy perennial flight,
What secret path of heaven thy smiles adorn,
What nameless sea reflects thy gleaming horn?"

Now earth and ocean vanish'd, all serene
The starry firmament alone was seen;
Through the slow, silent hours, he watch'd the host
Of midnight suns in western darkness lost,
Till Night himself, on shadowy pinions borne,
Fled o'er the mighty waters, and the morn
Danced on the mountains:—"Lights of heaven!" he cried,
"Lead on;—I go to win a glorious bride;
Fearless o'er gulfs unknown I urge my way,
Where peril prowls, and shipwreck lurks for prey:
Hope swells my sail;—in spirit I behold
That maiden world, twin-sister of the old,
By nature nursed beyond the jealous sea,
Denied to ages, but betroth'd to me."[1]

1 When the Author of *The West Indies* conceived the plan of this introduction of Columbus, he was not aware that he was indebted to any preceding poet for a hint on the subject; but, some time afterwards, on a second perusal of Southey's Madoc, it struck him that the idea of Columbus walking on the shore at sunset, which he had hitherto imagined his own, might be only a reflection of the impression made upon his mind long before, by the first reading of the following splendid passage. He therefore gladly makes this acknowledgment, though at his own expense, in justice to the Author of the noblest narrative poem in the English language, after the Faerie Queen and Paradise Lost.

> When evening came, toward the echoing shore
> I and Cadwallon walk'd together forth;
> Bright with dilated glory shone the west;
> But brighter lay the ocean flood below,
> The burnish'd silver sea, that heaved and flash'd
> Its restless rays intolerably bright.
> "Prince!" quoth Cadwallon, "thou hast rode the waves
> In triumph when the Invader felt thine arm.
> Oh what a nobler conquest might be won
> There,—upon that wide field!" "What meanest thou?"
> I cried · "That yonder waters are not spread
> A boundless waste, a bourne impassable;
> That thou shouldst rule the elements,—that there
> Might manly courage, manly wisdom, find
> Some happy isle, some undiscover'd shore,

The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
The brave adventurer to the promised shore;
Far in the west, array'd in purple light,
Dawn'd the new world on his enraptured sight:
Not Adam, loosen'd from the encumbering earth,
Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,
With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
When life within, and light without he found;
When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,
He seem'd to live and breathe throughout the whole.
So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
At the last look of resolute despair,
The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly blue,
With gradual beauty open'd on his view.
In that proud moment, his transported mind
The morning and the evening worlds combined,
And made the sea, that sunder'd them before
A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore.

Vain, visionary hope! rapacious Spain
Follow'd her hero's triumph o'er the main,
Her hardy sons in fields of battle tried,
Where Moor and Christian desperately died.
A rabid race, fanatically bold,
And steel'd to cruelty by lust of gold,
Traversed the waves, the unknown world explored,
The cross their standard, but their faith the sword;
Their steps were graves; o'er prostrate realms they trod;
They worshipp'd Mammon while they vow'd to God.

Let nobler bards in loftier numbers tell
How Cortez conquer'd, Montezuma fell;
How fierce Pizarro's ruffian arm o'erthrew
The Sun's resplendent empire in Peru;
How, like a prophet, old Las Casas stood,
And raised his voice against a sea of blood,
Whose chilling waves recoil'd while he foretold
His country's ruin by avenging gold.
—That gold, for which unpitied Indians fell,
That gold, at once the snare and scourge of hell,
Thenceforth by righteous Heaven was doom'd to shed
Unmingled curses on the spoiler's head;
For gold the Spaniard cast his soul away,—
His gold and he were every nation's prey.

But themes like these would ask an angel-lyre,
Language of light and sentiment of fire;
Give me to sing, in melancholy strains,
Of Carib martyrdoms and Negro chains;
One race by tyrants rooted from the earth,
One doom'd to slavery by the taint of birth!

Where first his drooping sails Columbus furl'd,
And sweetly rested in another world,
Amidst the heaven-reflecting ocean, smiles
A constellation of elysian isles;
Fair as Orion, when he mounts on high,
Sparkling with midnight splendor from the sky:
They bask beneath the sun's meridian rays,
When not a shadow breaks the boundless blaze;
The breath of ocean wanders through their vales
In morning breezes and in evening gales:

Earth from her lap perennial verdure pours,
Ambrosial fruits, and amaranthine flowers;
O'er the wild mountains and luxuriant plains,
Nature in all the pomp of beauty reigns,
In all the pride of freedom.—NATURE FREE
Proclaims that MAN was born for liberty.
She flourishes where'er the sun-beams play
O'er living fountains, sallying into day;
She withers where the waters cease to roll,
And night and winter stagnate round the pole:
Man too, where freedom's beams and fountains rise,
Springs from the dust, and blossoms to the skies;
Dead to the joys of light and life, the slave
Clings to the clod; his root is in the grave:
Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair;
Freedom the sun, the sea, the mountains, and the air!

In placid indolence supinely blest,
A feeble race these beauteous isles possess'd;
Untamed, untaught, in arts and arms unskill'd,
Their patrimonial soil they rudely till'd,
Chased the free rovers of the savage wood,
Ensnared the wild-bird, swept the scaly flood,
Shelter'd in lowly huts their fragile forms
From burning suns and desolating storms;
Or when the halcyon sported on the breeze,
In light canoes they skimm'd the rippling seas:
Their lives in dreams of soothing languor flew,
No parted joys, no future pains, they knew,
The passing moment all their bliss or care;
Such as their sires had been the children were,
From age to age; as waves upon the tide
Of stormless time, they calmly lived and died.

Dreadful as hurricanes, athwart the main
Rush'd the fell legions of invading Spain;
With fraud and force, with false and fatal breath
(Submission bondage, and resistance death),
They swept the isles. In vain the simple race
Kneel'd to the iron sceptre of their grace,
Or with weak arms their fiery vengeance braved,
They came, they saw, they conquer'd, they enslaved
And they destroy'd;—the generous heart they broke,
They crush'd the timid neck beneath the yoke;
Where'er to battle march'd their fell array,
The sword of conquest plow'd resistless way;
Where'er from cruel toil they sought repose,
Around the fires of devastation rose.
The Indian, as he turn'd his head in flight,
Beheld his cottage flaming through the night,
And, 'midst the shrieks of murder on the wind,
Heard the mute blood-hound's death-step close behind

The conflict o'er, the valiant in their graves,
The wretched remnant dwindled into slaves;
Condemn'd in pestilential cells to pine,
Delving for gold amidst the gloomy mine.
The sufferer, sick of life-protracting breath,
Inhaled with joy the fire-damp blast of death.
—Condemn'd to fell the mountain palm on high,
That cast its shadow from the evening sky,
Ere the tree trembled to his feeble stroke,
The woodman languish'd, and his heart-strings broke;
—Condemn'd, in torrid noon, with palsied hand,
To urge the slow plow o'er the obdurate land,

**Some resting-place for peace. Oh! that my soul
Could seize the wings of morning! soon would I
Behold that other world, where yonder sun
Now speeds to dawn in glory."**

The laborer, smitten by the sun's quick ray,
A corpse along the unfinish'd furrow lay.
O'erwhelm'd at length with ignominious toil,
Mingling their barren ashes with the soil,
Down to the dust the Carib people pass'd,
Like autumn-foliage withering in the blast:
The whole race sunk beneath the oppressor's rod,
And left a blank among the works of God.

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

The Cane.—Africa.—The Negro.—The Slave-Carrying Trade.—The Means and Resources of the Slave Trade.—The Portuguese,—Dutch,—Danes,—French,—and English in America.

Among the bowers of paradise, that graced
Those islands of the world-dividing waste,
Where towering cocoas waved their graceful locks,
And vines luxuriant cluster'd round the rocks;
Where orange-groves perfumed the circling air,
With verdure, flowers, and fruit for ever fair;
Gay myrtle foliage track'd the winding rills,
And cedar forests slumber'd on the hills;
—An eastern plant, ingrafted on the soil,[1]
Was till'd for ages with consuming toil;
No tree of knowledge with forbidden fruit,
Death in the taste, and ruin at the root;
Yet in its growth were good and evil found,
It bless'd the planter, but it cursed the ground;
While with vain wealth it gorged the master's hoard,
And spread with manna his luxurious board,
Its culture was perdition to the slave,—
It sapp'd his life, and flourish'd on his grave.

When the fierce spoiler from remorseless Spain
Tasted the balmy spirit of the cane,
(Already had his rival in the west
From the rich reed ambrosial sweetness press'd),
Dark through his thoughts the miser purpose roll'd
To turn its hidden treasures into gold.
But at his breath, by pestilent decay,
The Indian tribes were swiftly swept away;
Silence and horror o'er the isles were spread,
The living seem'd the spectres of the dead.
The Spaniard saw; no sigh of pity stole,
No pang of conscience touch'd his sullen soul:
The tiger weeps not o'er the kid;—he turns
His flashing eyes abroad, and madly burns
For nobler victims, and for warmer blood:
Thus on the Carib shore the tyrant stood,
Thus cast his eyes with fury o'er the tide,
And far beyond the gloomy gulf descried
Devoted Africa: he burst away,
And with a yell of transport grasp'd his prey.

Where the stupendous Mountains of the Moon
Cast their broad shadows o'er the realms of noon;
From rude Caffraria, where the giraffes browse,
With stately heads, among the forest boughs,
To Atlas, where Numidian lions glow
With torrid fire beneath eternal snow:
From Nubian hills, that hail the dawning day,
To Guinea's coast, where evening fades away,
Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendor of the solar zone;
A world of wonders,—where creation seems
No more the works of Nature, but her dreams;
Great, wild, and beautiful, beyond control,
She reigns in all the freedom of her soul;
Where none can check her bounty when she showers
O'er the gay wilderness her fruits and flowers;
None brave her fury, when, with whirlwind breath,
And earthquake step, she walks abroad with death:
O'er boundless plains she holds her fiery flight,
In terrible magnificence of light;
At blazing noon pursues the evening breeze,
Through the dun gloom of realm-o'ershadowing trees,
Her thirst at Nile's mysterious fountain quells,
Or bathes in secrecy where Niger swells
An inland ocean, on whose jasper rocks
With shells and sea-flower-wreaths she binds her locks:
She slept on isles of velvet verdure, placed
'Midst sandy gulfs and shoals for ever waste;
She guides her countless flocks to cherish'd rills,
And feeds her cattle on a thousand hills;
Her steps the wild bees welcome through the vale,
From every blossom that embalms the gale;
The slow unwieldy river-horse she leads
Through the deep waters, o'er the pasturing meads;
And climbs the mountains that invade the sky,
To soothe the eagle's nestlings when they cry.
At sun-set, when voracious monsters burst
From dreams of blood, awaked by maddening thirst;
When the lorn caves, in which they shrunk from light,
Ring with wild echoes through the hideous night;
When darkness seems alive, and all the air
Is one tremendous uproar of despair,
Horror, and agony;—on her they call;
She hears their clamor, she provides for all,
Leads the light leopard on his eager way,
And goads the gaunt hyena to his prey.

In these romantic regions, man grows wild;
Here dwells the Negro, Nature's outcast child,
Scorn'd by his brethren; but his mother's eye,
That gazes on him from her warmest sky,
Sees in his flexile limbs untutor'd grace,
Power on his forehead, beauty in his face;
Sees in his breast, where lawless passions rove,
The heart of friendship and the home of love;
Sees in his mind, where desolation reigns
Fierce as his clime, uncultured as his plains,
A soil where virtue's fairest flowers might shoot,
And trees of science bend with glorious fruit;
Sees in his soul, involved with thickest night,
An emanation of eternal light,
Ordain'd, 'midst sinking worlds, his dust to fire,
And shine for ever when the stars expire.
Is he not *man*, though knowledge never shed
Her quickening beams on his neglected head?
Is he not *man*, though sweet religion's voice
Ne'er bade the mourner in his God rejoice?

[1] The Cane is said to have been first transplanted from Madeira to the Brazils, by the Portuguese, and afterwards introduced by the Spaniards into the Caribbee Islands.—*See also* *line 21, below.*

Is *he* not man, by sin and suffering tried?
Is *he* not man, for whom the Savior died?
Belie the Negro's powers;—in headlong will,
Christian, *thy* brother thou shalt prove him still:
Belie his virtues; since his wrongs began,
His follies and his crimes have stampt him Man.

The Spaniard found him such:—the island-race
His foot had spurn'd from earth's insulted face;
Among the waifs and foundlings of mankind,
Abroad he look'd, a sturdier stock to find;
A spring of life, whose fountains should supply
His channels, as he drank the rivers dry:
That stock he found on Afric's swarming plains,
That spring he open'd in the Negro's veins;
A spring, exhaustless as his avarice drew,
A stock that like Prometheus' vitals grew
Beneath the eternal beak his heart had tore,
Beneath the insatiate thirst that drain'd his gore.
Thus, childless as the Caribbeans died,
Afric's strong sons the ravening waste supplied;
Of hardier fibre to endure the yoke,
And self-renew'd beneath the severing stroke;
As grim Oppression crush'd them to the tomb,
Their fruitful parents' miserable womb
Teem'd with fresh myriads, crowded o'er the waves,
Heirs to their toil, their sufferings, and their graves.

Freighted with curses was the bark that bore
The spoilers of the west to Guinea's shore;
Heavy with groans of anguish blew the gales
That swell'd that fatal bark's returning sails;
Old Ocean shrunk, as o'er his surface flew
The human cargo and the demon crew.
—Thenceforth, unnumber'd as the waves that roll
From sun to sun, or pass from pole to pole,
Outcasts and exiles, from their country torn,
In floating dungeons o'er the gulf were borne:
—The valiant, seized in peril-daring fight;
The weak, surprised in nakedness and night;
Subjects by mercenary despots sold;
Victims of justice prostitute for gold;
Brothers by brothers, friends by friends betray'd;
Snared in her lover's arms the trusting maid;
The faithful wife by her false lord estranged,
For one wild cup of drunken bliss exchanged;
From the brute-mother's knee, the infant-boy,
Kidnapp'd in slumber, barter'd for a toy;
The father, resting at *his* father's tree,
Doom'd by the son to die beyond the sea:
—All bonds of kindred, law, alliance broke,
All ranks, all nations crouching to the yoke;
From fields of light, unshadow'd climes, that lie
Panting beneath the sun's meridian eye;
From hidden Ethiopia's utmost land;
From Zaara's fickle wilderness of sand;
From Congo's blazing plains and blooming woods;
From Whidah's hills, that gush with golden floods;
Captives of tyrant power and dastard wiles,
Dispeopled Africa, and gorged the isles.
Loud and perpetual o'er the Atlantic waves,
For guilty ages roll'd the tide of slaves;
A tide that knew no fall, no turn, no rest,
Constant as day and night from east to west;
Still widening, deepening, swelling in its course,
With boundless ruin and resistless force.

Quickly, by Spain's alluring fortune fired,
With hopes of fame, and dreams of wealth inspired
Europe's dread powers from ignominious ease
Started; their pennons stream'd on every breeze:
And still, where'er the wide discoveries spread,
The cane was planted, and the native bled;
While, nursed by fiercer suns, of nobler race,
The Negro toil'd and perish'd in his place.

First, Lusitania,—she whose prows had borne
Her arms triumphant round the car of morn,
—Turn'd to the setting sun her bright array,
And hung her trophies o'er the couch of day.

Holland,—whose hardy sons roll'd back the sea
To build the halcyon-nest of liberty,
Shameless abroad the enslaving flag unfurl'd,
And reign'd a despot in the younger world.

Denmark,—whose roving hordes, in barbarous times,
Fill'd the wide North with piracy and crimes,
Awed every shore, and taught their keels to sweep
O'er every sea, the Arabs of the deep,
—Embark'd, once more to western conquest led
By Rollo's spirit, risen from the dead.

Gallia,—who vainly aim'd, in depth of night,
To hurl old Rome from her Tarpeian height,
(But lately laid, with unprevented blow,
The thrones of kings, the hopes of freedom low),
Rush'd o'er the theatre of splendid toils,
To brave the dangers and divide the spoils.

Britannia,—she who scathed the crest of Spain,
And won the trident sceptre of the main,
When to the raging wind and ravening tide
She gave the huge Armada's scatter'd pride,
Smit by the thunder-wielding hand that hurl'd
Her vengeance round the wave-encircled world;
—Britannia shared the glory and the guilt,—
By her were Slavery's island-altars built,
And fed with human victims;—while the cries
Of blood demanding vengeance from the skies,
Assail'd her traders' grovelling hearts in vain,
—Hearts dead to sympathy, alive to gain,
Hard from impunity, with avarice cold,
Sordid as earth, insensible as gold.

Thus through a night of ages, in whose shade
The sons of darkness plied the infernal trade,
Wild Africa beheld her tribes, at home,
In battle slain; abroad, condemn'd to roam
O'er the salt waves, in stranger isles to bear
(Forlorn of hope, and sold into despair),
Through life's slow journey, to its dolorous close,
Unseen, unwept, unutterable woes.

PART III.

ARGUMENT.

The Love of Country, and of Home, the same in all Ages and among all Nations.—The Negro's Home and Country.—Mungo Park.—Progress of the Slave Trade.—The Middle Passage.—The Negro in the

West Indies.—The Guinea Captain.—The Creole Planter.—The Moors of Barbary.—Buccaneers.—Maroons.—St. Domingo.—Hurricanes.—The Yellow Fever.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?"
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's plains,
In pale Siberia's desolate domains;
When the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,
The reindeer's spoil, the ermine's treasure shares,
And feasts his famine on the fat of bears;
Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
Plunging down headlong through the whirling main;
—His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky,
And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
His cavern-shelter, and his cottage-home.

O'er China's garden-fields and peopled floods;
In California's pathless world of woods;
Round Andes' heights, where Winter from his throne,
Looks down in scorn upon the summer zone;
By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where Spring with everlasting verdure smiles,
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health;
In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink,
'Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink;
On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanish'd like a dream;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains and dishonor'd vales;
Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
Around the beauteous isle of Liberty;
—Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

And is the Negro outlaw'd from his birth?
Is he alone a stranger on the earth?
Is there no shed, whose peeping roof appears
So lovely that it fills his eyes with tears?
No land, whose name, in exile heard, will dart
Ice through his veins and lightning through his heart?
Ah! yes: beneath the beams of brighter skies,
His home amidst his father's country lies;
There with the partner of his soul he shares
Love-mingled pleasures, love-divided cares:
There, as with nature's warmest filial fire,
He soothes his blind, and feeds his helpless sire,
His children sporting round his hut behold
How they shall cherish him when he is old,
Train'd by example from their tenderest youth
To deeds of charity, and words of truth.[1]
—Is *he* not blest? Behold, at closing day,
The negro-village swarms abroad to play;
He treads the dance through all its rapturous rounds,
To the wild music of barbarian sounds;
Or, stretch'd at ease, where broad palmettoes shower
Delicious coolness in his shadowy bower,
He feasts on tales of witchcraft, that give birth
To breathless wonder, or ecstatic mirth:
Yet most delighted, when, in rudest rhymes,
The minstrel wakes the song of elder times,
When men were heroes, slaves to Beauty's charms,
And all the joys of life were love and arms.
—Is not the Negro blest? His generous soil
With harvest-plenty crowns his simple toil;
More than his wants his flocks and fields afford:
He loves to greet the stranger at his board:
"The winds were roaring, and the White Man fled;
The rains of night descended on his head;
The poor White Man sat down beneath our tree,
Weary and faint, and far from home, was he:
For him no mother fills with milk the bowl,
No wife prepares the bread to cheer his soul;
—Pity the poor White Man who sought our tree;
No wife, no mother, and no home, has he."
Thus sang the Negro's daughters;—once again,
O that the poor White Man might hear that strain!

1 Dr. Winterbotham says, "The respect which the Africans pay to *old people* is very great.—One of the severest insults which can be offered to an African is to speak disrespectfully of his mother." "The Negro race is, perhaps, the most prolific of all the human species. Their infancy and youth are singularly happy.—The mothers are passionately fond of their children."—*Goldbury's Travels.*—"'Strike me,' said my attendant, 'but do not curse my mother.'—The same sentiment I found universally to prevail.—One of the first lessons in which the Mandingo women instruct their children is the *practice of truth*. It was the only consolation for a Negro mother, whose son had been murdered by the Moors, that *the poor boy had never told a lie*."—*Park's Travels.* The description of African life and manners that follows, and the song of the Negro's daughters, are copied without exaggeration from the authentic accounts of Mungo Park.

—Whether the victim of the treacherous Moor,
Or from the Negro's hospitable door
Spurn'd as a spy from Europe's hateful clime,
And left to perish for thy country's crime;
Or destined still, when all thy wanderings cease,
On Albion's lovely lap to rest in peace;
Pilgrim! in heaven or earth, where'er thou be,
Angels of mercy guide and comfort thee!

Thus lived the Negro in his native land,
Till Christian cruisers anchor'd on his strand:
Where'er their grasping arms the spoilers spread,
The Negro's joys, the Negro's virtues, fled;
Till, far amidst the wilderness unknown,
They flourish'd in the sight of Heaven alone:
While from the coast, with wide and wider sweep,
The race of Mammon dragg'd across the deep
Their sable victims, to that western bourn,
From which no traveller might e'er return,
To blazon in the ears of future slaves
The secrets of the world beyond the waves.

When the loud trumpet of eternal doom
Shall break the mortal bondage of the tomb;
When with a mother's pangs the expiring earth
Shall bring her children forth to second birth;
Then shall the sea's mysterious caverns, spread
With human relics, render up their dead:
Though warm with life the heaving surges glow,
Where'er the winds of heaven were wont to blow,
In sevenfold phalanx shall the rallying hosts
Of ocean slumberers join their wandering ghosts,
Along the melancholy gulf, that roars
From Guinea to the Caribbean shores.
Myriads of slaves, that perish'd on the way,
From age to age the shark's appointed prey,
By livid plagues, by lingering tortures slain,
Or headlong plunged alive into the main,[1]
Shall rise in judgment from their gloomy beds,
And call down vengeance on their murderers' heads.

Yet small the number, and the fortune blest
Of those who in the stormy deep found rest,
Weigh'd with the unremember'd millions more,
That 'scaped the sea to perish on the shore,
By the slow pangs of solitary care,
The earth-devouring anguish of despair,[1]
The broken heart, which kindness never heals,
The home-sick passion which the Negro feels,
When toiling, fainting in the land of canes,
His spirit wanders to his native plains;
His little lovely dwelling there he sees,
Beneath the shade of his paternal trees,
The home of comfort: then before his eyes
The terrors of captivity arise.
—'T was night:—his babes around him lay at rest,
Their mother slumber'd on their father's breast:
A yell of murder rang around their bed;
They woke; their cottage blazed; the victims fled:
Forth sprang the ambush'd ruffians on their prey,
They caught, they bound, they drove them far away
The white man bought them at the mart of blood;
In pestilential barks they cross'd the flood;
Then were the wretched ones asunder torn,
To distant isles, to separate bondage borne,
Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief
That misery loves,—the fellowship of grief.
The Negro, spoil'd of all that nature gave
To freeborn man, thus shrunk into a slave:
His passive limbs, to measured tasks confined,
Obey'd the impulse of another mind;
A silent, secret, terrible control,
That ruled his sinews, and repress'd his soul.
Not for himself he waked at morning-light,
Toil'd the long day, and sought repose at night;
His rest, his labor, pastime, strength, and health,
Were only portions of a master's wealth;
His love—O, name not love, where Britons doom
The fruit of love to slavery from the womb!

Thus spurn'd, degraded, trampled, and oppress'd,
The Negro-exile languish'd in the West,
With nothing left of life but hated breath,
And not a hope except the hope, in death,
To fly for ever from the Creole-strand,
And dwell a freeman in his father-land.

Lives there a savage ruder than the slave!
—Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,

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1 On this subject the following instance of almost incredible cruelty was substantiated in a court of justice:—

"In this year (1783), certain underwriters desired to be heard against Gregson and others of Liverpool, in the case of the ship Zong, Captain Collingwood, alleging that the captain and officers of the said vessel threw overboard one hundred and thirty-two slaves alive into the sea, in order to defraud them, by claiming the value of the said slaves, as if they had been lost in a natural way. In the course of the trial, which afterwards came on, it appeared that the slaves on board the Zong were very sickly; that sixty of them had already died; and several were ill, and likely to die, when the captain proposed to James Kelsal, the mate, and others, to throw several of them overboard, stating, 'that if they died a natural death, the loss would fall upon the owners of the ship, but that, if they were thrown into the sea, it would fall upon the underwriters.' He selected, accordingly, one hundred and thirty-two of the most sickly of the slaves. Fifty-four of those were immediately thrown overboard, and forty-two were made to be partakers of their fate on the succeeding day. In the course of three days afterwards the remaining twenty-six were brought upon deck, to complete the number of victims. The first sixteen submitted to be thrown into the sea, but the rest, with a noble resolution, would not suffer the officers to touch them, but leaped after their companions, and shared their fate.

"The plea which was set up in behalf of this atrocious and unparalleled act of wickedness was, that the captain discovered, when he made the proposal, that he had only two hundred gallons of water on board, and that he had missed his port. It was proved, however, in answer to this, that no one had been put upon short allowance; and that, as if Providence had determined to afford an unequivocal proof of the guilt, a shower of rain fell, and continued for three days, immediately after the second lot of slaves had been destroyed, by means of which they might have filled many of their vessels (a) with water, and thus have prevented all necessity for the destruction of the third.

"Mr. Sharpe was present at this trial, and procured the attendance of a short-hand writer to take down the facts which should come out in the course of it. These he gave to the public afterwards. He communicated them also, with a copy of the trial, to the Lords of the Admiralty, as the guardians of justice upon the seas, and to the Duke of Portland, as principal minister of state. No notice, however, was taken by any of these of the information which had been thus sent them."—*Clarkson's History of the Abolition*, etc., page 95—97.

1 The Negroes sometimes, in deep and irrecoverable melancholy, waste themselves away, by secretly swallowing large quantities of earth. It is remarkable that "earth-eating," as it is called, is an *infectious*, and even a *social* malady: plantations have been occasionally almost depopulated, by the slaves, with one consent, betaking themselves to this strange practice which speedily brings them to a miserable and premature end.

(a) It appeared that they filled six.

False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below,
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,
A Christian broker in the trade of blood:
Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
He buys, he sells,—he steals, he kills, for gold.
At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,
Bend round his bark, one blue unbroken sphere;
When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,
And sunbeam circles o'er the waters shine;
He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
No soul-enchanting sweetness in the scene,
But, darkly scowling at the glorious day,
Curses the winds that loiter on their way.
When swoln with hurricanes the billows rise,
To meet the lightning midway from the skies;
When from the unburthen'd hold his shrieking slaves
Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves:
Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
Not for his crimes, the harden'd pirate weeps,
But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.[1]

Lives there a reptile baser than the slave?[2]
—Loathsome as death, corrupted as the grave,
See the dull Creole, at his pompous board,
Attendant vassals cringing round their lord:
Satiate with food, his heavy eye-lids close,
Voluptuous minions fan him to repose;
Prone on the noon-day couch he lolls in vain,
Delirious slumbers rock his maudlin brain;
He starts in horror from bewildering dreams,
His bloodshot eye with fire and frenzy gleams.
He stalks abroad; through all his wonted rounds,
The Negro trembles, and the lash resounds,
And cries of anguish, shrilling through the air,
To distant fields his dread approach declare.
Mark, as he passes, every head declined;
Then slowly raised,—to curse him from behind.
This is the veriest wretch on nature's face,
Own'd by no country, spurn'd by every race;
The tether'd tyrant of one narrow span,
The bloated vampire of a living man.
His frame,—a fungous form, of dunghill birth,
That taints the air, and rots above the earth:
His soul;—has *he* a soul, whose sensual breast
Of selfish passions is a serpent's nest?
Who follows, headlong, ignorant, and blind,
The vague brute-instinct of an idiot mind;
Whose heart, 'midst scenes of suffering senseless grown,
E'en from his mother's lap was chill'd to stone;
Whose torpid pulse no social feelings move;
A stranger to the tenderness of love;
His motley haram charms his gloating eye,
Where ebon, brown, and olive beauties vie;

1 See Note 1, page 16, col. 1.

2 The character of the Creole Planter here drawn is justified both by reason and fact: it is no monster of imagination, though, for the credit of human nature, we may hope that it is a monster as rare as it is shocking. It is the double curse of slavery to degrade all who are concerned with it, *doing or suffering*. The slave himself is the lowest in the scale of human beings,—except the slave-dealer. *Dr. Pinkard's Notes on the West Indies*, and *Captain Stedman's Account of Surinam*, afford examples of the cruelty, ignorance, sloth, and sensuality of Creole planters, particularly in Dutch Guiana, which fully equal the epitome of vice and abomination exhibited in these lines.

His children, sprung alike from sloth and vice,
Are born his slaves, and loved at market price.
Has *he* a soul?—With his departing breath,
A form shall hail him at the gates of death,
The spectre Conscience,—shrieking through the gloom,
"Man, we shall meet again beyond the tomb."

Oh, Africa! amidst thy children's woes,
Did earth and heaven conspire to aid thy foes?
No, thou hadst vengeance—From thy northern shores
Sallied the lawless corsairs of the Moors,
And back on Europe's guilty nations hurl'd
Thy wrongs and sufferings in the sister world:
Deep in thy dungeons Christians clank'd their chains,
Or toil'd and perish'd on thy parching plains.

But where thine offspring crouch'd beneath the yoke,
In heavier peals the avenging thunder broke.
—Leagued with rapacious rovers of the main,
Hayti's barbarian hunters harass'd Spain,[1]
A mammoth race, invincible in might,
Rapine and massacre their dire delight,
Peril their element; o'er land and flood
They carried fire, and quench'd the flames with blood;
Despairing captives hail'd them from the coasts,
They rush'd to conquest, led by Carib ghosts.

Tremble, Britannia! while thine islands tell
The appalling mysteries of Obi's spell;[2]
The wild Maroons, impregnable and free,
Among the mountain-holds of liberty,
Sudden as lightning darted on their foe,
Seen like the flash, remember'd like the blow.

While Gallia boasts of dread Marengo's fight,
And Hohenlinden's slaughter-deluged night,
Her spirit sinks;—the sinews of the brave,
That crippled Europe, shrunk before the Slave;
The Demon-spectres of Domingo rise,
And all her triumphs vanish from her eyes.

God is a Spirit, veil'd from human sight,
In secret darkness of eternal light;
Through all the glory of his works we trace
The hidings of his counsel and his face;
Nature, and time, and change, and fate fulfil,
Unknown, unknowing, his mysterious will;
Mercies and judgments mark him, every hour,
Supreme in grace, and infinite in power:
Oft o'er the Eden-islands of the West,
In floral pomp, and verdant beauty drest,
Roll the dark clouds of his awaken'd ire:
—Thunder and earthquake, whirlwind, flood, and fire,
'Midst reeling mountains and disparting plains,
Tell the pale world,—"the God of vengeance reigns."

Nor in the majesty of storms alone,[3]
The Eternal makes his dread displeasure known;

1 Alluding to the freebooters and buccaneers who infested the Caribbean seas during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and were equally renowned for their valor and brutality.

2 See *Dallas's History of the Maroons*, among the mountains of Jamaica; also, *Dr. Moseley's Treatise on Sugar*.

3 For minute and afflicting details of the origin and progress of the yellow fever in an individual subject, see *Dr. Pinkard's Notes on the West Indies*, vol. iii, particularly Letter XII, in which the writer, from experience, describes its horrors and sufferings.

At his command the pestilence abhorr'd
Spares the poor slave, and smites the haughty lord;
While to the tomb he sees his friend consign'd,
Foreboding melancholy sinks his mind.
Soon at his heart he feels the monster's fangs,
They tear his vitals with convulsive pangs:
The light is anguish to his eye, the air
Sepulchral vapors laden with despair;
Now frenzy-horrors rack his whirling brain,
Tremendous pulses throb through every vein;
The firm earth shrinks beneath his torture-bed,
The sky in ruins rushes o'er his head;
He rolls, he rages in consuming fires,
Till nature, spent with agony, expires.

PART IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Moravian Brethren.—Their missions in Greenland, North America, and the West Indies.—Christian Negroes.—The Advocates of the Negroes in England.—Granville Sharpe,—Clarkson,—Wilberforce,—Pitt,—Fox,—The Nation itself.—The Abolition of the Slave Trade.—The future State of the West Indies,—of Africa,—of the Whole World.—The Millennium.

Was there no mercy, mother of the slave!
No friendly hand to succor and to save,
While commerce thus thy captive tribes oppress'd,
And lowering vengeance linger'd o'er the west?
Yes, Africa! beneath the stranger's rod
They found the freedom of the sons of God.

When Europe languish'd in barbarian gloom,
Beneath the ghostly tyranny of Rome,
Whose second empire, cowl'd and mitred, burst
A phœnix from the ashes of the first;
From Persecution's piles, by bigots fired,
Among Bohemian mountains Truth retired;
There, 'midst rude rocks, in lonely glens obscure,
She found a people scatter'd, scorn'd, and poor,
A little flock through quiet valleys led,
A Christian Israel in the desert fed,
While ravening wolves, that scorn'd the shepherd's hand,
Laid waste God's heritage through every land.
With these the lovely exile sojourn'd long;
Soothed by her presence, solaced by her song,
They toil'd through danger, trials, and distress,
A band of Virgins in the wilderness,
With burning lamps, amid their secret bowers,
Counting the watches of the weary hours,
In patient hope the Bridegroom's voice to hear,
And see his banner in the clouds appear:
But when the morn returning chased the night,
These stars, that shone in darkness, sunk in light:
Luther, like Phosphor, led the conquering day,
His meek forerunners waned, and pass'd away.[1]

Ages roll'd by, the turf perennial bloom'd
O'er the lorn relics of those saints entomb'd;
No miracle proclaim'd their power divine,
No kings adorn'd, no pilgrims kiss'd their shrine;
Cold and forgotten in the grave they slept:
But God remember'd them:—their Father kept
A faithful remnant;—o'er their native clime
His Spirit moved in his appointed time;
The race revived at his almighty breath,
A seed to serve him, from the dust of death.
"Go forth, my sons, through heathen realms proclaim
Mercy to Sinners in a Savior's name:"
Thus spake the Lord; they heard, and they obey'd;
—Greenland lay wrapt in nature's heaviest shade;
Thither the ensign of the cross they bore;
The gaunt barbarians met them on the shore;
With joy and wonder hailing from afar,
Through polar storms, the light of Jacob's star.

Where roll Ohio's streams, Missouri's floods,
Beneath the umbrage of eternal woods,
The Red Man roam'd, a hunter-warrior wild;
On him the everlasting Gospel smiled;
His heart was awed, confounded, pierced, subdued,
Divinely melted, moulded, and renew'd;
The bold base savage, nature's harshest clod,
Rose from the dust the image of his God.

And thou, poor Negro! scorn'd of all mankind;
Thou dumb and impotent, and deaf and blind;
Thou dead in spirit! toil-degraded slave,
Crush'd by the curse on Adam to the grave;
The messengers of peace, o'er land and sea,
That sought the sons of sorrow, stoop'd to thee.
—The captive raised his slow and sullen eye;
He knew no friend, nor deem'd a friend was nigh,
Till the sweet tones of Pity touch'd his ears,
And Mercy bathed his bosom with her tears;
Strange were those tones, to him those tears were strange;
He wept and wonder'd at the mighty change,
Felt the quick pang of keen compunction dart,
And heard a small still whisper in his heart,
A voice from Heaven, that bade the outcast rise
From shame on earth to glory in the skies.

From isle to isle the welcome tidings ran;
The slave that heard them started into man:
Like Peter, sleeping in his chains, he lay,—
The angel came, his night was turn'd to day;
"Arise!" his fetters fall, his slumbers flee;
He wakes to life, he springs to liberty.

No more to demon-gods, in hideous forms,
He pray'd for earthquakes, pestilence, and storms,
In secret agony devour'd the earth,
And, while he spared his mother, cursed his birth:[1]

1 The context preceding and following this line alludes to the old Bohemian and Moravian Brethren, who flourished long before the Reformation, but afterwards were almost lost among the Protestants, till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when their ancient episcopal church was revived in Lusatia, by some refugees from Moravia.—See *Crantz's Ancient and Modern History of the Brethren.* Histories of the missions of the Brethren in Greenland, North America, and the West Indies, have been published in Germany: those of the two former have been translated into English.—See *Crantz's History of Greenland*, and *Loskiel's History of the Brethren among the Indians in North America.* It is only justice here to observe, that Christians of other denominations have exerted themselves with great success in the conversion of the negroes. No invidious preference is intended to be given to the Moravians; but, knowing them best, the author particularized this society.

1 See Notes, page 16.

To Heaven the Christian Negro sent his sighs,
In morning vows and evening sacrifice;
He pray'd for blessings to descend on those
That dealt to him the cup of many woes;
Thought of his home in Africa forlorn,
Yet, while he wept, rejoiced that he was born.
No longer burning with unholy fires,
He wallow'd in the dust of base desires;
Ennobling virtue fix'd his hopes above,
Enlarged his heart, and sanctified his love:
With humble steps the paths of peace he trod,
A happy pilgrim, for he walk'd with God.

Still slowly spread the dawn of life and day,
In death and darkness Pagan myriads lay:
Stronger and heavier chains than those that bind
The captive's limbs, enthrall'd his abject mind;
The yoke of man his neck indignant bore,
The yoke of sin his willing spirit wore.

Meanwhile, among the great, the brave, the free,
The matchless race of Albion and the sea,
Champions arose to plead the Negro's cause;
In the wide breach of violated laws,
Through which the torrent of injustice roll'd,
They stood:—with zeal unconquerably bold,
They raised their voices, stretch'd their arms to save
From chains the freeman, from despair the slave;
The exile's heart-sick anguish to assuage,
And rescue Afric from the spoiler's rage.
She, miserable mother, from the shore,
Age after age, beheld the barks that bore
Her tribes to bondage:—with distraction wrung,
Wild as the lioness that seeks her young,
She flash'd unheeded lightnings from her eyes;
Her inmost deserts echoing to her cries;
Till agony the sense of suffering stole,
And stern unconscious grief benumb'd her soul.
So Niobe, when all her race were slain,
In ecstacy of woe forgot her pain:
Cold in her eye serenest horror shone,
While pitying Nature soothed her into stone.

Thus Africa, entranced with sorrow, stood,
Her fix'd eye gleaming on the restless flood:
—When Sharpe, on proud Britannia's charter'd shore,[1]
From Libyan limbs the unsanction'd fetters tore,
And taught the world, that while she rules the waves,
Her soil is freedom to the feet of slaves:
—When Clarkson his victorious course began,[2]
Unyielding in the cause of God and man,
Wise, patient, persevering to the end,
No guile could thwart, no power his purpose bend.
He rose o'er Afric like the sun in smiles,—
He rests in glory on the western isles:
—When Wilberforce, the minister of grace,
The new Las Casas of a ruin'd race,[3]
With angel-might opposed the rage of hell,
And fought like Michael, till the dragon fell:

Las Casas has been accused of being *a promoter*, if not *the original projector*, of the Negro Slave Trade to the West Indies. The Abbé Gregoire some years ago published a defence of this great and good man against the degrading imputation. The following, among other arguments which he advances, are well worthy of consideration.

The slave trade between Africa and the West Indies commenced, according to Herrera himself, the first and indeed the only accuser of Las Casas, nineteen years before the epoch of his pretended project.

Herrera (from whom other authors have negligently taken the fact for granted, on his bare word) does not quote a single authority in support of his assertion, that Las Casas recommended the importation of Negroes into Hispaniola. The charge itself was *first* published thirty-five years after the death of Las Casas. All writers antecedent to Herrera, and contemporary with him, are silent on the subject, although several of these were the avowed enemies of Las Casas. Herrera's veracity on other points is much disputed, and he displays violent prejudices against the man whom he accuses. It may be added, that he was greatly indebted to him for information as an historian of the Indies.

In the numerous writings of Las Casas himself, still extant, there is not one word in favor of slavery of any kind, but they abound with reasoning and invective against it in every shape; and, among his eloquent appeals, and comprehensive plans on behalf of the oppressed Indians, there is not a solitary hint in recommendation of the African Slave Trade. He only twice mentions the Negroes through all his multifarious writings; in instance he merely names them as living in the islands (in a manuscript in the National Library at Paris); and in the same work he proposes *no other* remedy for the miseries of the aboriginal inhabitants, than the suppression of the *repartimientos*, or divisions of the *people*, with the soil on which they were born. In another memorial, after detailing at great length the measures which ought to be pursued for the redress of the Indians (the proper opportunity, certainly, to advocate the Negro Slave Trade, if he approved of it), he adds,—"The Indians are not more tormented by their masters and the different public officers, than by their servants *and by the Negroes*."

The original accusation of Las Casas, translated from the words of Herrera, is as follows:—"The licentiate Bartholomew Las Casas, perceiving that his plans experienced on all sides great difficulties, and that the expectations which he had formed from his connexion with the High Chancellor, and the favorable opinion the latter entertained of him, had not produced any effect, projected other expedients, such as, *to procure for the Castilians established in the Indies a cargo of Negroes*, to relieve the Indians in the culture of the earth and the labor of the mines; also to obtain *a great number of working men* (from Europe), who should pass over into those regions with certain privileges, and on certain conditions, which he detailed."

Let this statement be compared with Dr. Robertson's most exaggerated account, avowedly taken *from Herrera* alone, and let every man judge for himself, whether one of the most zealous and indefatigable advocates of freedom that ever existed, "while he contended earnestly for the liberty of the people born in one quarter of the globe, *labored* to enslave the inhabitants of another region, and, in his zeal to save the Americans from the yoke, pronounced it to be *lawful and expedient* to impose one *still heavier* on the Africans."—*Robertson's History of America*, Vol. I, Part III. But the circumstance *connected by Dr. Robertson with this supposed scheme* of Las Casas is unwarranted by any authority, and makes his own of no value. He adds,—"The plan of Las Casas was adopted. Charles V. granted a patent to one of his Flemish favorites, containing an exclusive right of importing four thousand Negroes into America." Herrera, the *only* author whom Dr. Robertson pretends to follow, does not, in any place, associate his random charge against Las Casas with this acknowledged and most infamous act. The crime of having first recommended the importation of African slaves into the American islands is attributed, by three writers of the life of Cardinal Ximenes (who rendered himself illustrious by his opposition to the trade in its infancy), *to Chievres*, and by two others, to *the Flemish nobility themselves*, who obtained the monopoly aforementioned, and which was sold to some "Genoese merchants for 25,000 ducats: and *they* were *the first* who brought into a regular form that commerce for slaves between Africa and America, which has since been carried on to such an amazing extent."—It is unnecessary to say more on this subject.—A translation of Gregoire's de-

1 Granville Sharpe, Esq. after a struggle of many years, against authority and precedent, established in our courts of justice the *law of the Constitution*, that there *are* no slaves in England, and that the fact of a Negro being found in this country is of itself a proof that he is a freeman.

2 No panegyric which a conscientious writer can bestow, or a good man may receive, will be deemed extravagant for the modest merits of Mr. Clarkson, by those who are acquainted with his labors.—See his *History of the Abolition*, etc., 2 vols.

3 The author of this poem confesses himself under many obligations to Mr. Wilberforce's eloquent letter on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, addressed to the Freeholders of Yorkshire, and published in 1807, previous to the decision of the question.

—When Pitt, supreme, amid the senate, rose
The Negro's friend, among the Negro's foes;
Yet while his tone like heaven's high thunder broke,
No fire descended to consume the yoke:
—When Fox, all eloquent, for freedom stood,
With speech resistless as the voice of blood,
The voice that cries through all the patriot's veins,
When at his feet his country groans in chains;
The voice that whispers in the mother's breast,
When smiles her infant in his rosy rest;
Of power to bid the storm of passion roll,
Or touch with sweetest tenderness the soul—
He spake in vain;—till, with his latest breath,
He broke the spell of Africa in death.

The Muse to whom the lyre and lute belong,
Whose song of freedom is her noblest song,
The lyre with awful indignation swept,
O'er the sweet lute in silent sorrow wept,
—When Albion's crimes drew thunder from her tongue,
—When Afric's woes o'erwhelm'd her while she sung,
Lamented Cowper! in thy path I tread;
O! that on me were thy meek spirit shed!
The woes that wring my bosom once were thine;
Be all thy virtues, all thy genius, mine!
Peace to thy soul! thy God thy portion be;
And in his presence may I rest with thee!

Quick at the call of Virtue, Freedom, Truth,
Weak withering Age and strong aspiring Youth
Alike the expanding power of pity felt!
The coldest, hardest hearts began to melt;
From breast to breast the flame of justice glow'd;
Wide o'er its banks the Nile of mercy flow'd;
Through all the isle the gradual waters swell'd;
Mammon in vain the encircling flood repell'd;
O'erthrown at length, like Pharaoh and his host,
His shipwreck'd hopes lay scatter'd round the coast.

High on her rock in solitary state,
Sublimely musing, pale Britannia sate:
Her awful forehead on her spear reclined,
Her robe and tresses streaming with the wind;
Chill through her frame foreboding tremors crept;
The Mother thought upon her sons, and wept:
—She thought of Nelson in the battle slain,
And his last signal beaming o'er the main;[1]
In Glory's circling arms the hero bled,
While Victory bound the laurel on his head;
At once immortal, in both worlds, became
His soaring spirit and abiding name;
—She thought of Pitt, heart-broken on his bier;
And "O my Country!" echoed in her ear;
—She thought of Fox;—she heard him faintly speak,
His parting breath grew cold upon her cheek,
His dying accents trembled into air;
"Spare injured Africa! the Negro spare!"

She started from her trance!—and round the shore,
Beheld her supplicating sons once more
Pleading the suit so long, so vainly tried,
Renew'd, resisted, promised, pledged, denied,
The Negro's claim to all his Maker gave,
And all the tyrant ravish'd from the slave.
Her yielding heart confess'd the righteous claim
Sorrow had soften'd it, and love o'ercame;
Shame flush'd her noble cheek, her bosom burn'd;
To helpless, hopeless Africa she turn'd;
She saw her sister in the mourner's face,
And rush'd with tears into her dark embrace:
All hail!" exclaim'd the empress of the sea,—
Thy chains are broken—Africa, be free!"

Muse! take the harp of prophecy:—behold!
The glories of a brighter age unfold:
Friends of the outcast! view the accomplish'd plan
The Negro towering to the height of man.
The blood of Romans, Saxons, Gauls, and Danes,
Swell'd the rich fountain of the Briton's veins;
Unmingled streams a warmer life impart,
And quicker pulses, to the Negro's heart:
A dusky race, beneath the evening sun,
Shall blend their spousal currents into one:
Is beauty bound to color, shape, or air?
No: God created all his offspring fair.
Tyrant and slave their tribes shall never see,
For God created all his offspring free;
When Justice, leagued with Mercy, from above
Shall reign in all the liberty of love;
And the sweet shores beneath the balmy west
Again shall be "the islands of the blest."

Unutterable mysteries of fate
Involve, O Africa! thy future state.
—On Niger's banks, in lonely beauty wild,
A Negro-mother carols to her child:
Son of my widow'd love, my orphan joy!
Avenge thy father's murder, O, my boy!"
Along those banks the fearless *infant* strays,
Bathes in the stream, among the eddies plays;
See the *boy*, bounding through the eager race;
The fierce *youth*, shouting foremost in the chase,
Drives the grim lion from his ancient woods,
And smites the crocodile amidst his floods.
To giant strength in unshorn *manhood* grown,
He haunts the wilderness, he dwells alone.
A tigress with her whelps to seize him sprung;
He tears the mother, and he tames the young
In the drear cavern of their native rock;
Thither wild slaves and fell banditti flock:
He heads their hordes; they burst, like torrid rains,
In death and devastation o'er the plains;
Stronger and bolder grows his ruffian band,
Prouder his heart, more terrible his hand.
He spreads his banner; crowding from afar,
Innumerable armies rush to war;
Resistless as the pillar'd whirlwinds fly
O'er Libyan sands, revolving to the sky,
In fire and wrath through every realm they run;
Where the noon-shadow shrinks beneath the sun;
Till at the Conqueror's feet, from sea to sea,
A hundred nations bow the servile knee,
And, throned in nature's unreveal'd domains,
The Jenghis Khan of Africa he reigns.

Dim through the night of these tempestuous years
A Sabbath dawn o'er Africa appears;

fence of Las Casas was published in 1803, by H. D. Symonds, Paternoster-Row.

1 "England expects every man to do his duty."

Then shall her neck from Europe's yoke be freed,
And healing arts to hideous arms succeed;
At home fraternal bonds her tribes shall bind,
Commerce abroad espouse them with mankind,
While Truth shall build, and pure Religion bless
The church of God amidst the wilderness.

Nor in the isles and Africa alone
Be the Redeemer's cross and triumph known:
Father of Mercies! speed the promised hour;
Thy kingdom come with all-restoring power;
Peace, virtue, knowledge, spread from pole to pole,
As round the world the ocean waters roll!

—Hope waits the morning of celestial light:
Time plumes his wings for everlasting flight;
Unchanging seasons have their march begun:
Millennial years are hastening to the sun;
Seen through thick clouds, by Faith's transpiercing eyes,
The New Creation shines in purer skies.
—All hail!—the age of crime and suffering ends;
The reign of righteousness from heaven descends;
Vengeance for ever sheathes the afflicting sword;
Death is destroy'd, and Paradise restored;
Man, rising from the ruins of his fall,
Is one with God, and God is All in All.

The World before the Flood.

PREFACE.

There is no authentic history of the world from the Creation to the Deluge, besides that which is found in the first chapters of Genesis. He, therefore, who fixes the date of a fictitious narrative within that period, is under obligation to no other authority whatever for conformity of manners, events, or even localities: he has full power to accommodate these to his peculiar purposes, observing only such analogy as shall consist with the brief information contained in the sacred records, concerning mankind in the earliest ages. The present writer acknowledges, that he has exercised this undoubted right with great freedom. Success alone sanctions bold innovation: if he has succeeded in what he has attempted, he will need no arguments to justify it; if he has miscarried, none will avail him. Those who imagine that he has exhibited the antediluvians as more skilful in arts and arms than can be supposed, in their stage of society, may read the *Eleventh* Book of Paradise Lost:—and those who think he has made the religion of the Patriarchs too evangelical, may read the *Twelfth*.

With respect to the personages and incidents of his story, the Author having deliberately adopted them, under the conviction, that in the characters of the one he was not stepping out of human nature, and in the construction of the other not exceeding the limits of poetical probability,—he asks no favor, he deprecates no censure, on behalf of either; nor shall the facility with which "much malice, and a little wit" might turn into ridicule every line that he has written, deter him from leaving the whole to the mercy of general Readers.

But,—here is a large web of fiction involving a small fact of Scripture! Nothing could justify a work of this kind, if it were, in any way, calculated to impose on the credulity, pervert the principles, or corrupt the affections, of its approvers. Here, then, the appeal lies to conscience rather than to taste: and the decision on this point is of infinitely more importance to the Poet than his name among men, or his interests on earth. It was his design, in this composition, to present a similitude of events, that might be imagined to have happened in the first age of the world, in which such Scripture-characters as are introduced would probably have acted and spoken as they are here made to act and speak. The story is told as a parable only; and its value, in this view, must be determined by its moral, or rather by its religious influence on the mind and on the heart. Fiction though it be, it is the fiction that represents Truth; and that *is* Truth,—Truth in the essence, though not in the name; Truth in the spirit, though not in the letter.

TO THE SPIRIT OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Many, my friend, have mourn'd for Thee,
And yet shall many mourn,
Long as thy name on earth shall be
In sweet remembrance borne,
By those who loved Thee here, and love
Thy spirit still in realms above.

For while thine absence they deplore,
'T is for themselves they weep;
Though they behold thy face no more,
In peace thine ashes sleep,
And o'er the tomb they lift their eye,
——Thou art *not* dead, Thou couldst not die.

In silent anguish, O my friend!
When I recall thy worth,
Thy lovely life, thine early end,
I feel estranged from earth;
My soul with thine desires to rest,
Supremely and for ever blest.

In loftier mood, I fain would raise,
With my victorious breath,
Some fair memorial of thy praise,
Beyond the reach of Death;
Proud wish, and vain!—I cannot give
The word, that makes the dead to live.

Thou art *not* dead, Thou couldst not die;
To nobler life new-born,
Thou look'st in pity from the sky
Upon a world forlorn,
Where glory is but dying flame,
And immortality a name.

Yet didst Thou prize the Poet's art;
And when to Thee I sung,
How pure, how fervent from the heart,
The language of thy tongue!
In praise or blame alike sincere,
But still most kind when most severe.

When first this dream of ancient times
Warm on my fancy glow'd,
And forth in rude spontaneous rhymes
The Song of Wonder flow'd;
Pleased but alarm'd, I saw Thee stand,
And check'd the fury of my hand.

That hand with awe resumed the lyre,
I trembled, doubted, fear'd,
Then did thy voice my hope inspire,
My soul thy presence cheer'd;
But suddenly the light was flown,
I look'd, and found myself alone.

Alone, in sickness, care, and woe,
Since that bereaving day,
With heartless patience, faint and low
I trill'd the secret lay,
Afraid to trust the bold design
To less indulgent ears than thine.

'T is done;—nor would I dread to meet
The world's repulsive brow,
Had I presented at thy feet
The Muse's trophy now,
And gain'd the smile I long'd to gain,
The pledge of favor *not* in vain.

Full well I know, *if Thou wert here,*
A pilgrim still with me,—
Dear as my theme was once, and dear
As I was once to Thee,—
Too mean to yield Thee pure delight,
The strains that now the world invite.

Yet could they reach Thee *where thou art,*
And sounds might Spirits move,
Their better, their diviner part,
Thou surely wouldst approve;
Though heavenly thoughts are all thy joy,
And Angel-Songs thy tongue employ.

My task is o'er; and I have wrought,
With self-rewarding toil,
To raise the scatter'd seed of thought
Upon a desert soil:
O for soft winds and clement showers!
I seek not fruit, I planted flowers.

Those flowers I train'd, of many a hue,
Along thy path to bloom,
And little thought, that I must strew
Their leaves upon thy tomb:
—Beyond that tomb I lift mine eye,
Thou art not dead, Thou couldst not die.

Farewell, but not a long farewell;
In heaven may I appear,
The trials of my faith to tell
In thy transported ear,
And sing with Thee the eternal strain,
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain."

January 23, 1813.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

No place having been found, in Asia, to correspond exactly with the Mosaic description of the site of Paradise, the Author of the following Poem has disregarded both the learned and the absurd hypotheses on the subject; and at once imagining an inaccessible tract of land at the confluence of four rivers, which after their junction take the name of the largest, and become the Euphrates of the ancient world, he has placed "the happy garden" there. Milton's noble fiction of the Mount of Paradise being removed by the deluge, and push'd

Down the great river to the opening gulf,

and there converted into a barren isle, implies such a change in the water-courses as will, poetically at least, account for the difference between the scene of this story and the present face of the country, at the point where the Tigris and Euphrates meet. On the eastern side of these waters, the Author supposes the descendants of the younger Children of Adam to dwell, possessing the land of Eden; the rest of the world having been gradually colonized by emigrants from these, or peopled by the posterity of Cain. In process of time, after the Sons of God had formed connexions with the daughters of men, and there were Giants in the earth, the latter assumed to be Lords and Rulers over mankind, till among themselves arose One, excelling all his brethren in knowledge and power, who became their King, and by their aid, in the course of a long life, subdued all the inhabited earth, except the land of Eden. This land, at the head of a mighty army, principally composed of the descendants of Cain, he has invaded and conquered, even to the banks of the Euphrates, at the opening of the action of the poem. It is only necessary to add, that for the sake of distinction, the invaders are frequently denominated from Cain, as "the host of Cain,"—"the force of Cain,"—"the camp of Cain;"—and the remnant of the defenders of Eden are, in like manner, denominated from Eden. —The Jews have an ancient tradition, that some of the Giants, at the Deluge, fled to the top of a high mountain, and escaped the ruin that involved the rest of their kindred. In the tenth Canto of the following Poem, a hint is borrowed from this tradition, but it is made to yield to the superior authority of Scripture-testimony.

THE

WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

CANTO I.

The Invasion of Eden by the Descendants of Cain. The Flight of Javan from the Camp of the Invaders to the Valley where the Patriarchs dwelt. The story of Javan's former life.

Eastward of Eden's early-peopled plain,
When Abel perish'd by the hand of Cain,
The murderer from his Judge's presence fled:
Thence to the rising sun his offspring spread;

But he, the fugitive of care and guilt,
Forsook the haunts he chose, the homes he built;
While filial nations hail'd him Sire and Chief,
Empire nor honor brought his soul relief:
He found, where'er he roam'd, uncheer'd, unblest,
No pause from suffering, and from toil no rest.

Ages meanwhile, as ages now are told,
O'er the young world in long succession roll'd;
For such the vigor of primeval man,
Through number'd centuries his period ran,
And the first Parents saw their hardy race,
O'er the green wilds of habitable space,
By tribes and kindred, scatter'd wide and far,
Beneath the track of every varying star.
But as they multiplied from clime to clime,
Embolden'd by their elder brother's crime,
They spurn'd obedience to the Patriarchs' yoke,
The bonds of Nature's fellowship they broke;
The weak became the victims of the strong,
And Earth was fill'd with violence and wrong.

Yet long on Eden's fair and fertile plain,
A righteous nation dwelt, that knew not Cain;
There fruits and flowers, in genial light and dew,
Luxuriant vines, and golden harvests, grew;
By freshening waters flocks and cattle stray'd,
While Youth and Childhood watch'd them from the Shade;
Age, at his fig-tree, rested from his toil,
And manly vigor till'd the unfailing soil;
Green sprang the turf, by holy footsteps trod,
Round the pure altars of the living God;
Till foul Idolatry those altars stain'd,
And lust and revelry through Eden reign'd.
Then fled the people's glory and defence,
The joys of home, the peace of innocence;
Sin brought forth sorrows in perpetual birth,
And the last light from heaven forsook the earth,
Save in one forest-glen, remote and wild,
Where yet a ray of lingering mercy smiled,
Their quiet course where Seth and Enoch ran,
And God and angels deign'd to walk with man.

Now from the east, supreme in arts and arms,
The tribes of Cain, awakening war-alarms,
Full in the spirit of their father, came
To waste their brethren's lands with sword and flame.
In vain the younger race of Adam rose,
With force unequal, to repel their foes;
Their fields in blood, their homes in ruins lay,
Their whole inheritance became a prey;
The stars, to whom as Gods they raised their cry,
Roll'd, heedless of their offerings, through the sky;
Till urged on Eden's utmost bounds, at length,
In fierce despair they rallied all their strength.
They fought, but they were vanquish'd in the fight,
Captured, or slain, or scatter'd in the flight:
The morning battle-scene at eve was spread
With ghastly heaps, the dying and the dead;
The dead unmourn'd, unburied left to lie,
By friends and foes, the dying left to die.
The victim, while he groan'd his soul away,
Heard the gaunt vulture hurrying to his prey,
Then strengthless felt the ravening beak, that tore
His widen'd wounds, and drank the living gore.

One sole-surviving remnant, void of fear,
Woods in their front, Euphrates in their rear,
Were sworn to perish at a glorious cost,
For all they once had known, and loved, and lost;
A small, a brave, a melancholy band,
The orphans, and the childless of the land.
The hordes of Cain, by giant-chieftains led,
Wide o'er the north their vast encampment spread
A broad and sunny champaign stretch'd between;
Westward a maze of waters girt the scene;
There, on Euphrates, in its ancient course,
Three beauteous rivers roll'd their confluent force,
Whose streams while man the blissful garden trod,
Adorn'd the earthly paradise of God;
But since he fell, within their triple bound,
Fenced a long region of forbidden ground;
Meeting at once, where high athwart their bed
Repulsive rocks a curving barrier spread,
The embattled floods, by mutual whirlpools crost,
In hoary foam and surging mist were lost;
Thence, like an Alpine cataract of snow,
White down the precipice they dash'd below;
There, in tumultuous billows broken wide,
They spent their rage, and yoked their fourfold tide
Through one majestic channel, calm and free,
The sister-rivers sought the parent-sea.

The midnight watch was ended; down the west
The glowing moon declined towards her rest;
Through either host the voice of war was dumb;
In dreams the hero won the fight to come;
No sound was stirring, save the breeze that bore
The distant cataract's everlasting roar,
When from the tents of Cain, a Youth withdrew;
Secret and swift, from post to post he flew,
And pass'd the camp of Eden, while the dawn
Gleam'd faintly o'er the interjacent lawn;
Skirting the forest, cautiously and slow,
He fear'd at every step to start a foe;
Oft leap'd the hare across his path, up-sprung
The lark beneath his feet, and soaring sung;
What time, o'er eastern mountains seen afar,
With golden splendor, rose the morning star,
As if an Angel-sentinel of night,
From earth to heaven, had wing'd his homeward flight,
Glorious at first, but lessening by the way,
And lost insensibly in higher day.

From track of man and herd his path he chose,
Where high the grass, and thick the copsewood rose;
Then by Euphrates' banks his course inclined,
Where the grey willows trembled to the wind;
With toil and pain their humid shade he clear'd,
When at the porch of heaven the sun appear'd,
Through gorgeous clouds that streak'd the orient sky,
And kindled into glory at his eye;
While dark amidst the dews that glitter'd round,
From rock and tree, long shadows traced the ground
Then climb'd the fugitive an airy height,
And resting, back o'er Eden cast his sight.

Far on the left, to man for ever closed,
The Mount of Paradise in clouds reposed:
The gradual landscape open'd to his view;
From Nature's face the veil of mist withdrew,

And left, in clear and purple light reveal'd,
The radiant river, and the tented field;
The black pine-forest, in whose girdle lay
The patriot phalanx, hemm'd in close array;
The verdant champaign narrowing to the north,
Whence from their dusky quarters sallied forth
The proud invaders, early roused to fight,
Tribe after tribe emerging into light;
Whose shields and lances, in the golden beams,
Flash'd o'er the restless scene their flickering gleams,
As when the breakers catch the morning glow,
And ocean rolls in living fire below;
So round the unbroken border of the wood,
The Giants pour'd their army like a flood,
Eager to force the covert of their foe,
And lay the last defence of Eden low.

From that safe eminence, absorb'd in thought,
Even till the wind the shout of legions brought,
He gazed,—his heart recoil'd—he turn'd his head,
And o'er the southern hills his journey sped.

Who was the fugitive?—in infancy
A youthful Mother's only hope was he,
Whose spouse and kindred, on a festal day,
Precipitate destruction swept away;
Earth trembled, open'd, and entomb'd them all;
She saw them sinking, heard their voices call
Beneath the gulf,—and, agonized, aghast,
On the wild verge of eddying ruin cast,
Felt in one pang, at that convulsive close,
A Widow's anguish, and a Mother's throes:
A Babe sprang forth, an inauspicious birth,
Where all had perish'd that she loved on earth.
Forlorn and helpless, on the upriven ground,
The parent, with her offspring, Enoch found:
And thence, with tender care and timely aid,
Home to the Patriarchs' glen his charge convey'd.

Restored to life, one pledge of former joy,
One source of bliss to come, remain'd,—her boy!
Sweet in her eye the cherish'd infant rose,
At once the seal and solace of her woes;
When the pale widow clasp'd him to her breast,
Warm gush'd the tears, and would not be represt;
In lonely anguish, when the truant child
Leap'd o'er the threshold, all the mother smiled.
In him, while fond imagination view'd
Husband and parents, brethren, friends, renew'd,
Each vanish'd look, each well-remember'd grace,
That pleased in them, she sought in Javan's face;
For quick his eye and changeable its ray,
As the sun glancing through a vernal day;
And like the lake, by storm or moonlight seen,
With darkening furrows or cerulean mien,
His countenance, the mirror of his breast,
The calm or trouble of his soul express'd.

As years enlarged his form, in moody hours,
His mind betray'd its weakness with its powers;
Alike his fairest hopes and strangest fears
Were nursed in silence, or divulged with tears;
The fullness of his heart repress'd his tongue,
Though none might rival Javan when he sung.
He loved, in lonely indolence reclined,
To watch the clouds, and listen to the wind.
But from the north, when snow and tempest came,
His nobler spirit mounted into flame;
With stern delight he roam'd the howling woods,
Or hung in ecstacy o'er headlong floods,
Meanwhile excursive fancy long'd to view
The world, which yet by fame alone he knew;
The joys of freedom were his daily theme,
Glory the secret of his midnight dream;
That dream he told not; though his heart would ache,
His home was precious for his mother's sake.
With her the lowly paths of peace he ran,
His guardian angel, till he verged to man;
But when her weary eye could watch no more,
When to the grave her timeless corse he bore,
Not Enoch's counsels could his steps restrain;
He fled, and sojourn'd in the land of Cain.
There when he heard the voice of Jubal's lyre,
Instinctive Genius caught the ethereal fire;
And soon, with sweetly-modulating skill,
He learn'd to wind the passions at his will,
To rule the chords with such mysterious art,
They seem'd the life-strings of the hearer's heart
Then Glory's opening field he proudly trod,
Forsook the worship and the ways of God,
Round the vain world pursued the phantom Fame,
And cast away his birthright for a name.

Yet no delight the Minstrel's bosom knew,
None save the tones that from his harp he drew,
And the warm visions of a wayward mind,
Whose transient splendor left a gloom behind
Frail as the clouds of sun-set, and as fair,
Pageants of light, resolving into air.
The world, whose charms his young affections stole
He found too mean for an immortal soul;
Wound with his life, through all his feelings wrought,
Death and eternity possess'd his thought;
Remorse impell'd him, unremitting care
Harass'd his path, and stung him to despair.
Still was the secret of his griefs unknown,
Amidst the universe he sigh'd alone;
The fame he follow'd, and the fame he found,
Heal'd not his heart's immedicable wound;
Admired, applauded, crown'd, where'er he roved
The Bard was homeless, friendless, unbeloved.
All else that breathed below the circling sky,
Were link'd to earth by some endearing tie;
He only, like the ocean-weed uptorn,
And loose along the world of waters borne,
Was cast companionless, from wave to wave,
On life's rough sea,—and there was none to save.

The Giant King, who led the hosts of Cain,
Delighted in the Minstrel and his vein;
No hand, no voice, like Javan's, could control
With soothing concords, his tempestuous soul.
With him the wandering Bard, who found no rest
Through ten years' exile, sought his native west;
There from the camp retiring, he pursued
His journey to the Patriarchs' solitude.,
This son of peace no martial armor wore,
A scrip for food, a staff in hand he bore;
Flaxen his robe; and o'er his shoulder hung,
Broad as a warrior's shield, his harp unstrung,
A shell of tortoise, exquisitely wrought
With hieroglyphics of embodied thought;

Jubal himself enchased the polish'd frame;
And Javan won it in the strife for fame,
Among the sons of Music, when their Sire
To his victorious skill adjudged the lyre.

'T was noon, when Javan climb'd the bordering hill,
By many an old remembrance hallow'd still,
Whence he beheld, by sloping woods inclosed,
The hamlet where his Parent's dust reposed,
His home of happiness in early years,
And still the home of all his hopes and fears,
When from ambition struggling to break free,
He mused on joys and sorrows yet to be.
Awhile he stood, with rumination pale,
Casting an eye of sadness o'er the vale,
When, suddenly abrupt, spontaneous prayer
Burst from his lips for One who sojourn'd there;
For One, whose cottage, far appearing, drew,
Even from his Mother's grave, his transient view;
One, whose unconscious smiles were wont to dart
Ineffable emotion through his heart;
A nameless sympathy, more sweet, more dear
Than friendship, solaced him when she was near;
And well he guess'd, while yet a timorous boy,
That Javan's artless songs were Zillah's joy.
But when ambition, with a fiercer flame
Than untold love, had fired his soul for fame,
This infant passion, cherish'd yet represt,
Lived in his pulse, but died within his breast;
For oft, in distant lands, when hope beat high,
Westward he turn'd his eager glistening eye,
And gazed in spirit on her absent form,
Fair as the moon emerging through the storm,
Till sudden, strange, bewildering horrors cross'd
His thought,—and every glimpse of joy was lost.
Even then, when melancholy numb'd his brain,
And life itself stood still in every vein,
While his cold, quivering lips sent vows above,
—Never to curse her with his bitter love!
His heart, espoused with hers, in secret sware
To hold its truth unshaken by despair:
The vows dispersed that from those lips were borne,
But never, never, was that heart forsworn;
Throughout the world, the charm of Zillah's name
Repell'd the touch of every meaner flame.
Jealous and watchful of the Sex's wiles,
He trembled at the light of Woman's smiles!
So turns the mariner's mistrusting eye
From proud Orion bending through the sky,
Beauteous and terrible, who shines afar,
At once the brightest and most baneful star.[1]

Where Javan from that eastern hill survey'd
The circling forest and embosom'd glade,
Earth wore one summer robe of living green,
In heaven's blue arch the sun alone was seen;
Creation slumber'd in the cloudless light,
And noon was silent as the depth of night.
Oh what a throng of rushing thoughts oppress'd,
In that vast solitude, his anxious breast!
—To wither in the blossom of renown,
And unrecorded to the dust go down,
Or for a name on earth, to quit the prize
Of immortality beyond the skies,
Perplex'd his wavering choice:—when Conscience fail'd,
Love rose against the World, and Love prevail'd;
Passion, in aid of Virtue, conquer'd Pride,
And Woman won the heart to Heaven denied.

CANTO II.

Javan, descending through the Forest, arrives at the Place where he had formerly parted with Zillah, when he withdrew from the Patriarchs' Glen. There he again discovers her in a Bower formed on the Spot. Their strange Interview, and abrupt Separation.

Steep the descent, and wearisome the way,
The twisted boughs forbade the light of day;
No breath from heaven refresh'd the sultry gloom,
The arching forest seem'd one pillar'd tomb,
Upright and tall the trees of ages grow,
While all is loneliness and waste below;
There, as the massy foliage, far aloof
Display'd a dark impenetrable roof,
So, gnarl'd and rigid, claspt and interwound,
An uncouth maze of roots emboss'd the ground:
Midway beneath, the sylvan wild assumed
A milder aspect, shrubs and flowerets bloom'd;
Openings of sky, and little plots of green,
And showers of sun-beams through the leaves were seen.

Awhile the traveller halted at the place,
Where last he caught a glimpse of Zillah's face,
One lovely eve, when in that calm retreat
They met, as they were often wont to meet,
And parted, not as they were wont to part,
With gay regret, but heaviness of heart;
Though Javan named for his return the night,
When the new moon had roll'd to full-orb'd light.
She stood, and gazed through tears that forced their way,
Oft as from steep to steep, with fond delay,
Lessening at every view, he turn'd his head,
Hail'd her with weaker voice, then forward sped.
From that sad hour, she saw his face no more
In Eden's woods, or on Euphrates' shore:
Moons wax'd and waned; to *her* no hope appear'd,
Who much his death, but more his falsehood fear'd.

Now, while he paused, the lapse of years forgot,
Remembrance eyed her lingering near the spot.
Onward he hasten'd; all his bosom burn'd,
As if that eve of parting were return'd;
And she, with silent tenderness of woe,
Clung to his heart, and would not let him go.
Sweet was the scene! apart the cedars stood,
A sunny islet open'd in the wood;
With vernal tints the wild-brier thicket glows,
For here the desert flourish'd as the rose;
From sapling trees, with lucid foliage crown'd,
Gay lights and shadows twinkled on the ground;
Up the tall stems luxuriant creepers run
To hang their silver blossoms in the sun;
Deep velvet verdure clad the turf beneath,
Where trodden flowers their richest odors breathe.

1 Cosi gl' infausti rai
Spande Oridne, e i naviganti attrista,
Oridn, chie tra gli astri in ciel risplende
Vie più d' ogni altro, e più d' ogni altro offende.
Filicaja.

O'er all the bees, with murmuring music, flew
From bell to bell, to sip the treasured dew;
While insect myriads, in the solar gleams,
Glanced to and fro, like intermingling beams;
So fresh, so pure, the woods, the sky, the air,
It seem'd a place where angels might repair,
And tune their harps beneath those tranquil shades,
To morning songs, or moonlight serenades.

He paused again, with memory's dream entranced;
Again his foot unconsciously advanced,
For now the laurel-thicket caught his view,
Where he and Zillah wept their last adieu.
Some curious hand, since that bereaving hour,
Had twined the copse into a covert bower,
With many a light and fragrant shrub between,
Flowering aloft amidst perennial green.
As Javan search'd this blossom-woven shade,
He spied the semblance of a sleeping Maid;
'T is she; 't is Zillah, in her leafy shrine;
O'erwatched in slumber by a power divine,
In cool retirement from the heat of day,
Alone, unfearing, on the moss she lay,
Fair as the rainbow shines through darkening showers,
Pure as a wreath of snow on April flowers.

O youth! in later times, whose gentle ear
This tale of ancient constancy shall hear;
If thou hast known the sweetness and the pain,
To love with secret hope, yet love in vain;
If months and years in pining silence worn,
Till doubt and fear might be no longer borne,
In evening shades thy faltering tongue confess'd
The last dear wish that trembled in thy breast,
While at each pause the streamlet purl'd along
And rival woodlands echoed song for song;
Recall the Maiden's look—the eye, the cheek,
The blush that spoke what language could not speak;
Recall her look, when at the altar's side
She seal'd her promise, and became thy bride.
Such were to Javan, Zillah's form and face,
The flower of meekness on a stem of grace;
O, she was all that Youth of Beauty deems,
All that to Love the loveliest object seems.

Moments there are, that, in their sudden flight,
Bring the slow mysteries of years to light;
Javan, in one transporting instant, knew,
That all he wish'd, and all he fear'd, was true;
For while the harlot-world his soul possess'd,
Love seem'd a crime in his apostate breast;
How could he tempt her innocence to share
His poor ambition, and his fix'd despair!
But now the phantoms of a wandering brain,
And wounded spirit, cross'd his thoughts in vain:
Past sins and follies, cares and woes forgot,
Peace, virtue, Zillah, seem'd his present lot;
Where'er he look'd, around him or above,
All was the pledge of Truth, the work of Love,
At whose transforming hand, where last they stood,
Had sprung that lone memorial in the wood.

Thus on the slumbering maid while Javan gazed,
With quicker swell her hidden bosom raised
The shadowy tresses, that profusely shed
Their golden wreaths from her reclining head;
A deeper crimson mantled o'er her cheek,
Her close lip quiver'd, as in act to speak,
While broken sobs, and tremors of unrest,
The inward trouble of a dream express'd:
At length, amidst imperfect murmurs, fell
The name of "Javan!" and a low "farewell!"
Tranquil again, her cheek resumed its hue,
And soft as infancy her breath she drew.

When Javan's ear those startling accents thrill'd,
Wonder and ecstacy his bosom fill'd;
But quick compunction humbler feelings wrought,
He blush'd to be a spy on Zillah's thought:
He turn'd aside; within the neighboring brake,
Resolved to tarry till the nymph awake,
There, as in luxury of thought reclined,
A calm of tenderness composed his mind;
His stringless harp upon the turf was thrown,
And on a pipe of most mellifluous tone,
Framed by himself, the musing Minstrel play'd,
To charm the slumberer, cloister'd in the shade.
Jubal had taught the lyre's responsive string,
Beneath the rapture of his touch to sing;
And bade the trumpet wake, with bolder breath,
The joy of battle in the field of death;
But Javan first, whom pure affection fired,
With Love's clear eloquence the flute inspired;
At once obedient to the lip and hand,
It utter'd every feeling at command.
Light o'er the stops his airy fingers flew,
A spirit spoke in every tone they drew;
'T was now the skylark on the wings of morn,
Now the night-warbler leaning on her thorn;
Anon through every pulse the music stole,
And held sublime communion with the soul,
Wrung from the coyest breast the unprison'd sigh,
And kindled rapture in the coldest eye.

Thus on his dulcet pipe while Javan play'd,
Within her bower awoke the conscious maid;
She, in her dream, by varying fancies crost,
Had hail'd her wanderer found, and mourn'd him lost;
In one wild vision, 'midst a land unknown
By a dark river, as she sat alone,
Javan beyond the stream dejected stood;
He spied her soon, and leapt into the flood;
The thwarting current urged him down its course,
But Love repell'd it with victorious force;
She ran to help him landing, where at length
He struggled up the bank with failing strength;
She caught his hand;—when, downward from the day,
A water-monster dragg'd the youth away;
She follow'd headlong, but her garments bore
Her form, light floating, till she saw no more:
For suddenly the dream's delusion changed,
And through a blooming wilderness she ranged;
Alone she seem'd, but not alone she walk'd—
Javan, invisible, beside her talk'd.
He told how he had journey'd many a year
With changing seasons in their swift career,
Danced with the breezes in the bowers of morn,
Slept in the valley where new moons are born,
Rode with the planets, on their golden cars,
Round the blue world inhabited by stars,
And, bathing in the sun's crystalline streams,
Became ethereal spirit in the beams,

Whence were his lineaments, from mortal sight,
Absorb'd in pure transparency of light;
But now, his pilgrimage of glory past,
In Eden's vale he sought repose at last.
The voice was mystery to Zillah's ear,
Not speech, nor song, yet full, melodious, clear;
No sounds of winds or waters, birds or bees,
Were e'er so exquisitely tuned to please.
Then while she sought him with desiring eyes,
The airy Javan darted from disguise—
Full on her view a stranger's visage broke;
She fled, she fell, he caught her,—she awoke.

Awoke from sleep,—but in her solitude
Found the enchantment of her dream renew'd;
That living voice, so full, melodious, clear,
That voice of mystery warbled in her ear.
Yet words no longer wing the trembling notes,
Unearthly, inexpressive music floats,
In liquid tones so voluble and wild,
Her senses seem by slumber still beguiled:
Alarm'd, she started from her lonely den,
But, blushing, instantly retired again;
The viewless phantom came in sound so near,
The stranger of her dream might next appear.
Javan, conceal'd behind the verdant brake,
Felt his lip fail, and strength his hand forsake;
Then dropt his flute, and while he lay at rest
Heard every pulse that travell'd through his breast.
Zillah, who deem'd the strange illusion fled,
Now from the laurel-arbor show'd her head,
Her eye quick-glancing round, as if in thought
Recoiling from the object that she sought:
By slow degrees, to Javan in the shade,
The emerging nymph her perfect shape display'd.
Time had but touch'd her form to finer grace,
Years had but shed their favors on her face,
While secret Love, and unrewarded Truth,
Like cold clear dew upon the rose of youth,
Gave to the springing flower a chasten'd bloom,
And shut from rifling winds its coy perfume.

Words cannot paint the wonder of her look,
When once again his pipe the Minstrel took,
And soft in under-tones began to play,
Like the caged woodlark's low-lamenting lay:
Then loud and shrill, by stronger breath impell'd,
To higher strains the undaunted music swell'd,
Till new-born echoes through the forest rang,
And birds, at noon, in broken slumbers sang.
Bewildering transport, infantine surprise,
Throbb'd in her bosom, sparkled in her eyes.
O'er every feature every feeling shone,
Her color changed as Javan changed his tone;
While she, between the bower and brake entranced,
Alternately retreated or advanced;
Sometimes the lessening cadence seem'd to fly,
Then the full melody came rolling nigh;
She shrunk, or follow'd still, with eye and feet,
Afraid to lose it, more afraid to meet;
For yet through Eden's land, by fame alone,
Jubal's harmonious minstrelsy was known,
Though nobler songs than cheer'd the Patriarchs' glen
Never resounded from the lips of men.

Silence, at length, the listening Maiden broke;
The heart of Javan check'd him while she spoke;
Though sweeter than his pipe her accents stole,
He durst not learn the tumult of her soul,
But, closely cowering in his ambuscade,
With sprightlier breath and nimbler finger play'd.
—"'T is not the nightingale that sang so well,
When Javan left me near this lonely cell;
'T is not indeed the nightingale;—her voice
Could never since that hour my soul rejoice:
Some bird from Paradise hath lost her way,
And carols here a long-forbidden lay;
For ne'er since Eve's transgression, mortal ear
Was privileged such heavenly sounds to hear;
Perhaps an Angel, while he rests his wings,
On earth alighting, here his descant sings;
Methinks those tones, so full of joy and love,
Must be the language of the world above!
Within this brake he rests:" With curious ken,
As if she fear'd to stir a lion's den,
Breathless, on tiptoe, round the copse she crept;
Her heart beat quicker, louder, as she stept,
Till Javan rose, and fix'd on her his eyes,
In dumb embarrassment, and feign'd surprise.
Upright she started, at the sudden view,
Back from her brow the scatter'd ringlets flew;
Paleness a moment overspread her face;
But fear to frank astonishment gave place,
And with the virgin-blush of innocence,
She ask'd,—"Who art thou, Stranger, and from whence?"

With mild demeanor, and with downcast eye,
Javan, advancing, humbly made reply:
—"A Wretch, escaping from the tribes of men,
Seeks an asylum in the Patriarchs' glen;
As through the forest's breathless gloom I stray'd,
Up-sprang the breeze in this delicious shade;
Then, while I sate beneath the rustling tree,
I waked this pipe to wildest minstrelsy,
Child of my fancy, framed with Jubal's art,
To breathe at will the fullness of my heart:
Fairest of Women! if the clamor rude
Hath scared the quiet of thy solitude,
Forgive the innocent offence, and tell
How far beyond these woods the righteous dwell."—

Though changed his voice, his look and stature changed,
In air and garb, in all but love estranged,
Still in the youthful exile Zillah sought
A dear lost friend, for ever near her thought!
Yet answer'd coldly,—jealous and afraid
Her heart might be mistaken, or betray'd.
—"Not far from hence the faithful race reside;
Pilgrim! to whom shall I thy footsteps guide?
Alike to all, if thou an alien be,
My father's home invites thee: follow me."

She spoke with such a thought-divining look,
Color his lip, and power his tongue forsook;
At length, in hesitating tone, and low,
—"Enoch," said he, "the friend of God, I know.
To him I bear a message full of fear;
I may not rest till he vouchsafe to hear."

He paused: his cheek with red confusion burn'd;
Kindness through her relenting breast return'd:
'Behold the path," she cried, and led the way;
Ere long the vale unbosom'd to the day:

—"Yonder, where two embracing oaks are seen,
Arch'd o'er a cottage-roof, that peeps between,
Dwells Enoch; Stranger! peace attend thee there,
My father's sheep demand his daughter's care."

Javan was so rebuked beneath her eye,
She vanish'd ere he falter'd a reply,
And sped, while he in cold amazement stood,
Along the winding border of the wood;
Now lost, now re-appearing, as the glade
Shone to the sun, or darken'd in the shade.
He saw, but might not follow, where her flock
Were wont to rest at noon, beneath a rock.
He knew the willowy champaign, and the stream,
Of many an early lay the simple theme,
Chanted in Boyhood's unsuspecting hours,
When Zillah join'd the song, or praised his powers.
Thither he watch'd her, while her course she bore,
Nor ceased to gaze, when she was seen no more.

CANTO III.

Javan's Soliloquy on Zillah's Desertion of him.—He reaches the Ruins of his Mother's Cottage.—Thence he proceeds to Enoch's Dwelling.—His Reception there.—Enoch and Javan proceed together towards the Place of Sacrifice.—Description of the Patriarchs' Glen;—Occasion of the Family of Seth retiring thither at first.

"Am I so changed by suffering, so forgot,
That Love disowns me, Zillah knows me not?
Ah! no; she shrinks from my disastrous fate,
She dare not love me, and she cannot hate:
'T is just; I merit this:—When Nature's womb
Ingulf'd my kindred in one common tomb,
Why was I spared?—A reprobate by birth,
To heaven rebellious, unallied on earth,
Whither, O whither shall the outcast flee?
There is no home, no peace, no hope for me.
I hate the worldling's vanity and noise,
I have no fellow-feeling in his joys:
The saint's serener bliss I cannot share,
My Soul, alas! hath no communion there.
This is the portion of my cup below,
Silent, unmingled, solitary woe;
To bear from clime to clime the curse of Cain,
Sin with remorse, yet find repentance vain;
And cling, in blank despair, from breath to breath,
To nought in life, except the fear of Death."—

While Javan gave his bitter passion vent,
And wander'd on, unheeding where he went,
His feet, instinctive, led him to the spot
Where rose the ruins of his Childhood's cot;
Here, as he halted in abrupt surprise,
His Mother seem'd to vanish from his eyes,
As if her gentle form, unmark'd before,
Had stood to greet him at the wonted door;
Yet did the pale retiring Spirit dart
A look of tenderness that broke his heart:
'T was but a thought, arrested on its flight,
And bodied forth with visionary light,
But chill the life-blood ran through every vein,
The fire of frenzy faded from his brain.
He cast himself in terror on the ground:
—Slowly recovering strength, he gazed around,
In wistful silence, eyed those walls decay'd,
Between whose chinks the lively lizard play'd;
The moss-clad timbers, loose and lapsed awry,
Threatening ere long in wider wreck to lie;
The fractured roof, through which the sun-beams shone,
With rank unflowering verdure overgrown;
The prostrate fragments of the wicker-door,
And reptile traces on the damp green floor.
This mournful spectacle while Javan view'd,
Life's earliest scenes and trials were renew'd;
O'er his dark mind, the light of years gone by,
Gleam'd, like the meteors of a northern sky.
He moved his lips, but strove in vain to speak,
A few slow tears stray'd down his cold wan cheek,
Till from his breast a sigh convulsive sprung,
And "O my Mother!" trembled from his tongue.
That name, though but a murmur, that dear name
Touch'd every kind affection into flame;
Despondency assumed a milder form,
A ray of comfort darted through the storm;
"O God! be merciful to me!"—He said,
Arose, and straight to Enoch's dwelling sped.

Enoch, who sate, to taste the freshening breeze,
Beneath the shadow of his cottage-trees,
Beheld the youth approaching; and his eye,
Instructed by the light of prophecy,
Knew from afar, beneath the stranger's air,
The orphan-object of his tenderest care;
Forth, with a father's joy, the holy man
To meet the poor returning pilgrim ran,
Fell on his neck, and kiss'd him, wept, and cried,
"My son! my son!"—but Javan shrunk aside;
The Patriarch raised, embraced him, oft withdrew
His head to gaze, then wept and clasp'd anew.
The mourner bow'd with agony of shame,
Clung round his knees, and call'd upon his name.
—"Father! behold a supplicant in me,
A sinner in the sight of Heaven and thee;
Yet for thy former love, may Javan live:
O, for the mother's sake, the son forgive!—
The meanest office, and the lowest seat,
In Enoch's house be mine, at Enoch's feet."

"Come to my home, my bosom and my rest,
Not as a stranger, and wayfaring guest:
My bread of peace, my cup of blessings share,
Child of my faith! and answer to my prayer!
O, I have wept through many a night for thee,
And watch'd through many a day *this* day to see.
Crown'd is the hope of my desiring heart;
I am resign'd, and ready to depart:
With joy I hail my course of nature run,
Since I have seen thy face, my son! my son!"

So saying, Enoch led to his abode
The trembling penitent, along the road
That through the garden's gay inclosure wound;
'Midst fruits and flowers the Patriarch's spouse they found,
Plucking the purple clusters from the vine,
To crown the cup of unfermented wine.

She came to meet them;—but in strange surmise
Stopt, and on Javan fix'd her earnest eyes;
He kneel'd to greet her hand with wonted grace—
Ah! then she knew him!—as he bow'd his face,
His mother's features in a glimpse she caught,
And the son's image rush'd upon her thought;
Pale she recoil'd with momentary fright,
As if a spirit had ris'n before her sight;
Returning, with a heart too full to speak,
She pour'd a flood of tears upon his cheek,
Then laugh'd for gladness,—but her laugh was wild;
— Where hast thou been, my own, my orphan child?
Child of my soul! bequeath'd in death to me,
By her who had no other wealth than thee!"
She cried, and with a Mother's love caress'd
The Youth, who wept in silence on her breast.

This hasty tumult of affection o'er,
They pass'd within the hospitable door;
There on a grassy couch, with joy o'ercome,
Pensive with awe, with veneration dumb,
Javan reclined, while kneeling at his seat,
The humble Patriarch wash'd the traveller's feet.
Quickly the Spouse her plenteous table spread
With homely viands, milk and fruits and bread.
Ere long the guest, grown innocently bold,
With simple eloquence his story told;
His sins, his follies, frankly were reveal'd,
And nothing but his nameless love conceal'd.
—"While thus," he cried, "I proved the world a snare,
Pleasure a serpent, Fame a cloud in air;
While with the sons of men my footsteps trod,
My home, my heart, was with the Sons of God."

"Went not my spirit with thee," Enoch said,
"When from the Mother's grave the Orphan fled?
Others believed thee slain by beasts of blood,
Or self-devoted to the strangling flood,
(Too plainly in thy grief-bewilder'd mien,
By every eye, a breaking heart was seen:)
I mourn'd in secret thine apostasy,
Nor ceased to intercede with Heaven for thee.
Strong was my faith: in dreams or waking thought,
Oft as thine image o'er my mind was brought,
I deem'd thee living by this conscious sign,
The deep communion of my soul with thine.
This day a voice, that thrill'd my breast with fear
(Methought 't was Adam's), whisper'd in mine ear,
—'Enoch! ere thrice the morning meet the sun,
Thy joy shall be fulfill'd, thy rest begun.'
While yet those tones were murmuring in air,
I turn'd to look,—but saw no speaker there:
Thought I not then of thee, my long-lost joy?
Leapt not my heart abroad to meet my boy?
Yes! and while still I sate beneath the tree,
Revolving what the signal meant to me,
I spied thee coming, and with eager feet
Ran, the returning fugitive to greet:
Nor less the welcome art thou, since I know
By this high warning, that from earth I go;
My days are number'd; peace on thine attend!
The trial comes,—be faithful to the end."

"O live the years of Adam!" cried the youth;
"Yet seem thy words to breathe prophetic truth:
Sire! while I roam'd the world, a transient guest,
From sun-rise to the ocean of the west,
I found that sin, where'er the foot of man
Nature's primeval wilderness o'erran,
Had track'd his steps, and through advancing Time
Urged the deluded race from crime to crime,
Till wrath and strife, in fratricidal war,
Gather'd the force of nations from afar,
To deal and suffer Death's unheeded blow,
As if the curse on Adam were too slow:
Even now an host, like locusts on their way,
That desolate the earth, and dim the day,
Led by a Giant king, whose arm hath broke
Remotest realms to wear his iron yoke,
Hover o'er Eden, resolute to close
His final triumph o'er his latest foes;
A feeble band, that in their covert lie,
Like cowering doves beneath the falcon's eye.
That easy and ignoble conquest won,
There yet remains one fouler deed undone.
Oft have I heard the tyrant in his ire,
Devote this glen to massacre and fire,
And swear to root, from Earth's dishonor'd face,
The last least relic of the faithful race;
Thenceforth he hopes, on God's terrestrial throne,
To rule the nether universe alone.
Wherefore, O Sire! when evening shuts the sky,
Fly with thy kindred, from destruction fly;
Far to the south, unpeopled wilds of wood
Skirt the dark borders of Euphrates' flood;
There shall the Patriarchs find secure repose,
Till Eden rest, forsaken of her foes."

At Javan's speech the Matron's cheek grew pale
Her courage, not her faith, began to fail:
Eve's youngest daughter she; the silent tear
Witness'd her patience, but betray'd her fear.
Then answer'd Enoch, with a smile serene,
That shed celestial beauty o'er his mien;
"Here is mine earthly habitation: here
I wait till my Redeemer shall appear:
Death and the face of man I dare not shun,
God is my refuge, and His will be done."

The Matron check'd her uncomplaining sigh,
And wiped the drop that trembled in her eye.
Javan with shame and self-abasement blush'd,
But every care at Enoch's smile was hush'd:
He felt the power of truth; his heart o'erflow'd,
And in his look sublime devotion glow'd.
Westward the Patriarch turn'd his tranquil face;
"The Sun," said he, "hath well-nigh run his race.
I to the yearly sacrifice repair,
Our Brethren meet me at the place of prayer."

"I follow: O, my father! I am thine;
Thy God, thy people, and thine altar mine!"
Exclaim'd the youth, on highest thoughts intent,
And forth with Enoch through the valley went.

Deep was that valley, girt with rock and wood;
In rural groups the scatter'd hamlet stood;
Tents, arbors, cottages, adorn'd the scene,
Gardens and fields, and shepherds' walks between;
Through all, a streamlet, from its mountain-source,
Seen but by stealth, pursued its willowy course.

When first the mingling sons of God and man
The demon-sacrifice of war began,
Self-exiled here, the family of Seth
Renounced a world of violence and death,
Faithful alone amidst the faithless found,[1]
And innocent while murder cursed the ground.
Here, in retirement from profane mankind,
They worshipp'd God with purity of mind,
Fed their small flocks, and till'd their narrow soil,
Like parent Adam, with submissive toil,
—Adam, whose eyes their pious hands had closed,
Whose bones beneath their quiet turf reposed.
No glen like this, unstain'd with human blood,
Could youthful Nature boast before the flood;
Far less shall Earth, now hastening to decay,
A scene of sweeter loneliness display,
Where nought was heard but sounds of peace and love,
Nor seen but woods around, and heaven above.

Yet not in cold and unconcern'd content,
Their years in that delicious range were spent;
Oft from their haunts the fervent Patriarchs broke,
In strong affection to their kindred spoke,
With tears and prayers reproved their growing crimes,
Or told the impending judgments of the times.
In vain; the world despised the warning word,
With scorn belied it, or with mockery heard;
Forbade the zealous monitors to roam,
And stoned, or chased them to their forest home.
There, from the depth of solitude, their sighs
Pleaded with Heaven in ceaseless sacrifice,
And long did righteous Heaven the guilty spare,
Won by the holy violence of prayer.

Yet sharper pangs of unavailing woe,
Those Sires in secrecy were doom'd to know;
Oft by the world's alluring snares misled,
Their youth from that sequester'd valley fled,
Join'd the wild herd, increased the godless crew,
And left the virtuous remnant weak and few.

CANTO IV.

Enoch relates to Javan the Circumstances of the Death of Adam, including his Appointment of an annual Sacrifice on the Day of his Transgression and Fall in Paradise.

Thus through the valley while they held their walk,
Enoch of former days began to talk:
—"Thou know'st our place of sacrifice and prayer,
Javan! for thou wert wont to worship there:
Built by our father's venerable hands,
On the same spot our ancient altar stands,
Where, driven from Eden's hallow'd groves, he found
An home on earth's unconsecrated ground;
Whence too, his pilgrimage of trial o'er,
He reach'd the rest which sin can break no more.
Oft hast thou heard our elder Patriarchs tell
How Adam once by disobedience fell;

[1] So spoke the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he.
Par. Lost, Book V.

Would that my tongue were gifted to display
The terror and the glory of that day,
When, seized and stricken by the hand of Death,
The first transgressor yielded up his breath!
Nigh threescore years, with interchanging light,
The host of heaven have measured day and night,
Since we beheld the ground, from which he rose,
On his returning dust in silence close.

"With him his noblest sons might not compare,
In godlike feature and majestic air;
Not out of weakness rose his gradual frame,
Perfect from his Creator's hand he came;
And as in form excelling, so in mind
The Sire of men transcended all mankind;
A soul was in his eye, and in his speech
A dialect of heaven no art could reach;
For oft of old to him, the evening breeze
Had borne the voice of God among the trees;
Angels were wont their songs with his to blend,
And talk with him as their familiar friend.
But deep remorse for that mysterious crime,
Whose dire contagion through elapsing time
Diffused the curse of death beyond control,
Had wrought such self-abasement in his soul,
That he, whose honors were approach'd by none,
Was yet the meekest man beneath the sun.
From sin, as from the serpent that betray'd
Eve's early innocence, he shrunk afraid;
Vice he rebuked with so austere a frown,
He seem'd to bring an instant judgment down;
Yet, while he chid, compunctious tears would start,
And yearning tenderness dissolve his heart;
The guilt of all his race became his own,
He suffer'd as if *he* had sinn'd alone.
Within our glen to filial love endear'd,
Abroad for wisdom, truth, and justice fear'd,
He walk'd so humbly in the sight of all,
The vilest ne'er reproach'd him with his fall.
Children were his delight;—they ran to meet
His soothing hand, and clasp'd his honored feet;
While, 'midst their fearless sports supremely blest
He grew in heart a child among the rest:
Yet, as a Parent, nought beneath the sky
Touch'd him so quickly as an infant's eye:
Joy from its smile of happiness he caught;
Its flash of rage sent horror through his thought
His smitten conscience felt as fierce a pain,
As if he fell from innocence again.

"One morn I track'd him on his lonely way,
Pale as the gleam of slow-awakening day;
With feeble step he climb'd yon craggy height,
Thence fix'd on distant Paradise his sight;
He gazed awhile in silent thought profound,
Then falling prostrate on the dewy ground,
He pour'd his spirit in a flood of prayer,
Bewail'd his ancient crime with self-despair,
And claim'd the pledge of reconciling grace,
The promised Seed, the Savior of his race.
Wrestling with God, as Nature's vigor fail'd,
His faith grew stronger and his plea prevail'd;
The prayer from agony to rapture rose,
And sweet as Angel accents fell the close.
I stood to greet him: when he raised his head,
Divine expression o'er his visage spread;

His presence was so saintly to behold,
He seem'd in sinless Paradise grown old.

"—'This day,' said he, 'in Time's star-lighted round,
Renews the anguish of that mortal wound
On me inflicted, when the Serpent's tongue
My Spouse with his beguiling falsehood stung.
Though years of grace through centuries have pass'd,
Since my transgression, this may be the last;
Infirmities without, and fears within,
Foretell the consummating stroke of sin;
'he hour, the place, the form to me unknown,
ut God, who lent me life, *will* claim his own;
Then, lest I sink as suddenly in death,
As quicken'd into being by his breath,
Once more I climb'd these rocks with weary pace,
And but once more, to view my native place,
To bid yon garden of delight farewell,
The earthly Paradise from which I fell.
This mantle, Enoch! which I yearly wear
To mark the day of penitence and prayer,—
These skins, the covering of my first offence,
When, conscious of departed innocence,
Naked and trembling, from my Judge I fled,
A hand of mercy o'er my vileness spread;—
Enoch! this mantle, thus vouchsafed to me
At my dismission, I bequeath to thee;
Wear it in sad memorial on this day,
And yearly at mine earliest altar slay
A lamb immaculate, whose blood be spilt
In sign of wrath removed and cancell'd guilt:
So be the sins of all my race confest,
So on their heads may peace and pardon rest.'
—Thus spake our Sire, and down the steep descent
With strengthen'd heart and fearless footstep went:
O Javan! when we parted at his door,
I loved him as I never loved before.

"Ere noon, returning to his bower, I found
Our father laboring in his harvest ground
(For yet he till'd a little plot of soil,
Patient and pleased with voluntary toil);
But O how changed from him, whose morning eye
Outshone the star, that told the sun was nigh!
Loose in his feeble grasp the sickle shook;
I mark'd the ghastly dolor of his look,
And ran to help him; but his latest strength
Fail'd;—prone upon his sheaves he fell at length:
I strove to raise him; sight and sense were fled,
Nerveless his limbs, and backward sway'd his head.
Seth pass'd; I call'd him, and we bore our Sire
To neighboring shades from noon's afflictive fire:
Ere long he 'woke to feeling, with a sigh,
And half unclosed his hesitating eye;
Strangely and timidly he peer'd around,
Like men in dreams whom sudden lights confound;
—'Is this a new Creation?—Have I pass'd
The bitterness of death?'—He look'd aghast,
Then sorrowful;—'No; men and trees appear;
'T is not a new Creation,—pain is here:
From Sin's dominion is there no release?
Lord! let thy Servant *now* depart in peace.'
—Hurried remembrance crowding o'er his soul,
He knew us; tears of consternation stole
Down his pale cheeks:—'Seth!—Enoch! Where is Eve?
How could the spouse her dying consort leave?'

"Eve look'd that moment from their cottage-door
In quest of Adam, where he toil'd before;
He was not there, she call'd him by his name;
Sweet to his ear the well-known accents came;
—'Here am I,' answer'd he, in tone so weak,
That we who held him scarcely heard him speak;
But resolutely bent to rise, in vain
He struggled till he swoon'd away with pain.
Eve call'd again, and turning towards the shade,
Helpless as infancy, beheld him laid;
She sprang, as smitten with a mortal wound,
Forward, and cast herself upon the ground
At Adam's feet; half-rising in despair,
Him from our arms she wildly strove to tear;
Repell'd by gentle violence, she press'd
His powerless hand to her convulsive breast,
And kneeling, bending o'er him, full of fears
Warm on his bosom shower'd her silent tears.
Light to his eyes at that refreshment came,
They open'd on her in a transient flame;
—'And art thou here, my Life! my Love!' he cried
'Faithful in death to this congenial side?
Thus let me bind thee to my breaking heart,
One dear, one bitter moment, ere we part.'
—'Leave me not, Adam! leave me not below;
With thee I tarry, or with thee I go,'
She said, and yielding to his faint embrace,
Clung round his neck, and wept upon his face.
Alarming recollection soon return'd,
His fever'd frame with growing anguish burn'd:
Ah! then, as nature's tenderest impulse wrought,
With fond solicitude of love she sought
To soothe his limbs upon their grassy bed,
And make the pillow easy to his head;
She wiped his reeking temples with her hair;
She shook the leaves to stir the sleeping air;
Moisten'd his lips with kisses: with her breath
Vainly essay'd to quell the fire of Death,
That ran and revell'd through his swollen veins
With quicker pulses, and severer pains.

"The sun, in summer majesty on high,
Darted his fierce effulgence down the sky;
Yet dimm'd and blunted were the dazzling rays,
His orb expanded through a dreary haze,
And, circled with a red portentous zone,
He look'd in sickly horror from his throne:
The vital air was still; the torrid heat
Oppress'd our hearts, that labor'd hard to beat.
When higher noon had shrunk the lessening shade,
Thence to his home our father we convey'd,
And stretch'd him, pillow'd with his latest sheaves,
On a fresh couch of green and fragrant leaves.
Here, though his sufferings through the glen were known,
We chose to watch his dying bed alone,
Eve, Seth, and I.——In vain he sigh'd for rest,
And oft his meek complainings thus express'd:
—'Blow on me, Wind! I faint with heat! O bring
Delicious water from the deepest spring;
Your sunless shadows o'er my limbs diffuse,
Ye cedars! wash me cold with midnight dews.
—Cheer me, my friends! with looks of kindness cheer;
Whisper a word of comfort in mine ear;
Those sorrowing faces fill my soul with gloom;
This silence is the silence of the tomb.

Thither I hasten; help me on my way;
O sing to soothe me, and to strengthen pray!'
We sang to soothe him,—hopeless was the song;
We pray'd to strengthen him,—he grew not strong.
In vain from every herb, and fruit, and flower,
Of cordial sweetness, or of healing power,
We press'd the virtue; no terrestrial balm
Nature's dissolving agony could calm.
Thus, as the day declined, the fell disease
Eclipsed the light of life by slow degrees:
Yet while his pangs grew sharper, more resign'd,
More self-collected, grew the sufferer's mind;
Patient of heart, though rack'd at every pore,
The righteous penalty of sin he bore;
Not his the fortitude that mocks at pains,
But that which feels them most, and yet sustains.
—'T is just, 't is merciful,' we heard him say;
'Yet wherefore hath He turn'd his face away?
I see Him not; I hear Him not; I call;
My God! my God! support me, or I fall.'

"The sun went down, amidst an angry glare
Of flushing clouds, that crimson'd all the air;
The winds brake loose; the forest boughs were torn,
And dark aloof the eddying foliage borne;
Cattle to shelter scudded in affright;
The florid evening vanish'd into night:
Then burst the hurricane upon the vale,
In peals of thunder, and thick-volley'd hail;
Prone rushing rains with torrents whelm'd the land,
Our cot amidst a river seem'd to stand,
Around its base the foamy crested streams
Flash'd through the darkness to the lightning's gleams,
With monstrous throes an earthquake heaved the ground,
The rocks were rent, the mountains trembled round;
Never, since Nature into being came,
Had such mysterious motion shook her frame:
We thought, ingulf'd in floods, or wrapt in fire,
The world itself would perish with our Sire.

"Amidst this war of elements, within
More dreadful grew the sacrifice of sin,
Whose victim on his bed of torture lay,
Breathing the slow remains of life away.
Erewhile, victorious faith sublimer rose
Beneath the pressure of collected woes:
But now his spirit waver'd, went and came,
Like the loose vapor of departing flame,
Till at the point, when comfort seem'd to die
For ever in his fix'd unclosing eye,
Bright through the smouldering ashes of the man,
The saint brake forth, and Adam thus began:

"—'O ye, that shudder at this awful strife,
This wrestling agony of Death and Life,
Think not that He, on whom my soul is cast,
Will leave me thus forsaken to the last.
Nature's infirmity alone you see;
My chains are breaking, I shall soon be free;
Though firm in God the Spirit holds her trust,
The flesh is frail, and trembles into dust.
Horror and anguish seize me;—'t is the hour
Of darkness, and I mourn beneath its power;
The Tempter plies me with his direst art,
I feel the Serpent coiling round my heart;
He stirs the wound he once inflicted there,
Instils the deadening poison of despair,
Belies the truth of God's delaying grace,
And bids me curse my Maker to his face.
—I will not curse Him, though his grace delay
I will not cease to trust Him, though he slay;
Full on his promised mercy I rely,
For God hath spoken,—God, who cannot lie.
—Thou, of my faith the Author and the End!
Mine early, late, and everlasting Friend!
The joy, that once thy presence gave, restore
Ere I am summon'd hence, and seen no more.
Down to the dust returns this earthly frame,
Receive my Spirit, Lord! from whom it came;
Rebuke the Tempter, show thy power to save;
O let thy glory light me to the grave,
That these, who witness my departing breath,
May learn to triumph in the grasp of death.'

"He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile,
And seem'd to rest in silent prayer awhile:
Around his couch with filial awe we kneel'd,
When suddenly a light from heaven reveal'd
A Spirit, that stood within the unopen'd door;—
The sword of God in his right hand he bore;
His countenance was lightning, and his vest
Like snow at sun-rise on the mountain's crest;
Yet so benignly beautiful his form,
His presence still'd the fury of the storm;
At once the winds retire, the waters cease;
His look was love, his salutation, 'Peace!'

"Our Mother first beheld him, sore amazed,
But terror grew to transport, while she gazed:
—'T is He, the Prince of Seraphim, who drove
Our banish'd feet from Eden's happy grove;[1]
Adam, my Life, my Spouse, awake!' she cried;
'Return to Paradise; behold thy Guide!
O let me follow in this dear embrace!'
She sunk, and on his bosom hid her face.
Adam look'd up; his visage changed its hue,
Transform'd into an Angel's at the view:
'I come!' he cried, with faith's full triumph fired,
And in a sigh of ecstacy expired.
The light was vanish'd, and the vision fled;
We stood alone, the living with the dead;
The ruddy embers, glimmering round the room,
Display'd the corpse amidst the solemn gloom;
But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,
The gate of heaven had open'd there, and closed.

"Eve's faithful arm still clasp'd her lifeless Spouse,
Gently I shook it, from her trance to rouse;
She gave no answer; motionless and cold,
It fell like clay from my relaxing hold;
Alarm'd, I lifted up the locks of grey
That hid her cheek; her soul had passed away:
A beauteous corse, she graced her partner's side;
Love bound their lives, and Death could not divide

"Trembling astonishment of grief we felt,
Till Nature's sympathies began to melt;
We wept in stillness through the long dark night;
—And O how welcome was the morning light!"

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1 *Paradise Lost*, Book XI, v. 238.

CANTO V.

The Burying-Place of the Patriarchs.—The sacrifice on the Anniversary of the Fall of Adam.—Enoch's Prophecy.

"And here," said Enoch, with dejected eye,
"Behold the grave, in which our Parents lie."
They stopt, and o'er the turf inclosure wept,
There, side by side, the First-Created slept:
It seem'd as if a voice, with still small sound,
Heard in their bosoms, issued from that mound:
—"From earth we came, and we return'd to earth;
Descendants! spare the dust that gave you birth;
Though Death, the pain for my transgression due,
By sad inheritance we left to you,
O let our children bless us in our grave,
And man forgive the wrong that God forgave!"

Thence to the altar Enoch turn'd his face;
But Javan linger'd in that burying-place,
A scene sequester'd from the haunts of men,
The loveliest nook of all that lovely glen,
Where weary pilgrims found their last repose:
The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,
With walks between, by friends and kindred trod,
Who dress'd with duteous hands each hallow'd sod:
No sculptured monument was taught to breathe
His praises whom the worm devour'd beneath;
The high, the low, the mighty, and the fair,
Equal in death, were undistinguish'd there:
Yet not a hillock moulder'd near that spot,
By one dishonor'd, or by all forgot;
To some warm heart the poorest dust was dear,
From some kind eye the meanest claim'd a tear;
And oft the living, by affection led,
Were wont to walk in spirit with their dead,
Where no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom,
No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb,
But, white and red with intermingling flowers,
The graves look'd beautiful in sun and showers.
Green myrtles fenced it, and beyond their bound
Ran the clear rill with ever-murmuring sound;
'T was not a scene for Grief to nourish care—
It breathed of Hope, and moved the heart to prayer.

Why linger'd Javan in that lone retreat?
The shrine of her that bare him drew his feet;
Trembling he sought it, fearing to behold
A bed of thistles, or unsightly mould;
But lo! the turf, which his own hands had piled,
With choicest flowers and richest verdure smiled:
By all the glen, his mother's couch of rest,
In his default, was visited and blest.
He kneel'd, he kiss'd it, full of love and woe;
His heart was where his treasure lay, below;
And long he tarried, ere, with heav'nward eyes,
He rose, and hasten'd to the sacrifice.

Already on a neighboring mount, that stood
Apart amidst the valley, girt with wood,
Whose open summit, rising o'er the trees,
Caught the cool fragrance of the evening breeze,
The Patriarchal worshippers were met;
The Lamb was brought, the wood in order set
On Adam's rustic altar, moss-o'ergrown,
An unwrought mass of earth-imbedded stone,
Long known and hallow'd, where, for man's offence,
The earth first drank the blood of innocence,
When God himself ordain'd the typic rite
To Eden's Exiles, resting on their flight.
Foremost, amidst the group, was Enoch seen,
Known by his humble port, and heavenly mien:
On him the Priest's mysterious office lay,
For't was the eve of Man's transgression-day
And him had Adam, with expiring breath,
Ordain'd to offer yearly, from his death,
A victim on that mountain, whence the skies
Had first inhaled the fumes of sacrifice.
In Adam's coat of skins array'd he stands,
Spreading to Heaven his supplicating hands,
Ere from his robe the deadly steel he drew
To smite the victim sporting in his view.
Behind him Seth, in majesty confest,
The World's great Elder, tower'd above the rest.
Serenely shone his sweet and solemn eye,
Like the sun reigning in the western sky;
Though nine slow centuries by stealth had shed
Grey hairs, the crown of glory, on his head,
In hardy health he rear'd his front sublime,
Like the green aloe, in perennial prime,
When full of years it shoots forth all its bloom,
And glads the forest through the inmost gloom;
So, in the blossom of a good old age,
Flourish'd amidst his sons that peerless sage.

Around him, in august succession, stood
The fathers of the World before the Flood:
—Enos, who taught mankind, on solemn days,
In sacred groves, to meet for prayer and praise,
And warn'd idolaters to lift their eye,
From sun and stars, to Him who made the sky:
—Canaan and Malaliel, of whom alone,
Their age, of all that once they were, is known:
—Jared, who, full of hope beyond the tomb,
Hallow'd his offspring from the Mother's womb,[1]
And Heaven received *the Son* that Parent gave,
He walk'd with God, and overstept the grave;
—A mighty pilgrim in the vale of tears,
Born to the troubles of a thousand years,
Mothuselah, whose feet unhalting ran
To the last circle of the life of man:
—Lamech, from infancy inured to toil,
To wring slow blessings from the accursed soil,
Ere yet to dress his vineyards, reap his corn,
And comfort him in care, was Noah born,[2]
Who in a later age, by signal grace,
Survived to renovate the human race;
Both worlds, by sad reversion, were his due,
The Orphan of the old, the Father of the new

These, with their families on either hand,
Aliens and exiles in their native land,
The few who loved their Maker from their youth,
And worshipp'd God in spirit and in truth;
These stood with Enoch:—All had fix'd their eyes
On him, and on the Lamb of sacrifice,

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1 The name of *Enoch*, the son of Jared, is derived from *cha nac*, to *dedicate*.

2 And he called his name Noah, saying, This name shall comfort us concerning our work, and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed.—*Gen.* v. v. 29.

For now with trembling hand he shed the blood,
And placed the slaughter'd victim on the wood;
Then kneeling, as the sun went down, he laid
His hand upon the hallow'd pyre, and pray'd:—
"Maker of heaven and earth! supreme o'er all
That live, and move, and breathe, on Thee we call:
Our father sinn'd and suffer'd;—we, who bear
Our father's image, his transgression share;
Humbled for his offences, and our own,
Thou, who art holy, wise, and just alone,
Accept, with free confession of our guilt,
This victim slain, this blood devoutly spilt,
While through the veil of sacrifice we see
Thy mercy smiling, and look up to Thee;
O grant forgiveness; power and grace are thine;
God of salvation! cause thy face to shine;
Hear us in Heaven! fulfil our soul's desire,
God of our father! answer now with fire."

He rose; no light from Heaven around him shone,
No fire descended from the eternal throne;
Cold on the pile the offer'd victim lay,
Amidst the stillness of expiring day:
The eyes of all that watch'd in vain to view
The wonted sign, distractedly withdrew;
Fear clipt their breath, their doubling pulses raised,
And each by stealth upon his neighbor gazed;
From heart to heart a strange contagion ran,
A shuddering instinct crowded man to man;
Even Seth with secret consternation shook,
And cast on Enoch an imploring look.
Enoch, in whose sublime, unearthly mien,
No change of hue, no cloud of care, was seen,
Full on the mute assembly turn'd his face,
Clear as the sun prepared to run his race.
He spoke; his words, with awful warning fraught,
Rallied and fix'd the scatter'd powers of thought:
"Men, brethren, fathers! wherefore do ye fear?
Hath God departed from us?—God is here;
Present in every heart, with sovereign power,
He tries, he proves his people in this hour;
Naked as light to his all-searching eye,
The thoughts that wrong, the doubts that tempt Him lie;
Yet slow to anger, merciful as just,
He knows our frame, remembers we are dust,
And spares our weakness:—In this truth believe,
Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive.
What, though no flame on Adam's altar burn,
No signal of acceptance yet return?
God is not man, who to our father sware,
All times, in every place, to answer prayer.
He cannot change; though heaven and earth decay,
The word of God shall never pass away.

"But mark the season:—from the rising sun,
Westward, the race of Cain the world o'errun;
Their monarch, mightiest of the sons of men,
Hath sworn destruction to the Patriarchs' glen;
Hither he hastens; carnage strews his path:
—Who will await the giant in his wrath?
Or who will take the wings of silent night,
And seek deliverance from his sword by flight?
Thus saith the Lord:—Ye weak of faith and heart!
Who dare not trust the living God, depart;
The Angel of his presence leads your way,
Your lives are safe, and given you as a prey:
But ye who, unappall'd at earthly harm,
Lean on the strength of his Almighty arm,
Prepared for life or death, with firm accord,
—Stand still, and see the glory of the Lord."

A pause, a dreary pause, ensued:—then cried
The holy man,—"On either hand divide;
The feeble fly; with me the valiant stay:
Choose now your portion; whom will ye obey,
God, or your fears? His counsel, or your own?"
—"The LORD, the LORD, for HE is GOD ALONE!"
Exclaim'd at once, with consentaneous choice,
The whole assembly, heart, and soul, and voice.
Then light from Heaven with sudden beauty came,
Pure on the altar blazed the unkindled flame,
And upwards to their glorious source return'd
The sacred fires in which the victim burn'd:
While through the evening gloom, to distant eyes,
Morn o'er the Patriarchs' mountain seem'd to rise.

Awe-struck, the congregation kneel'd around,
And worshipp'd with their faces to the ground;
The peace of God, beyond expression sweet,
Fill'd every spirit humbled at his feet,
And love, joy, wonder, deeply mingling there,
Drew from the heart unutterable prayer.

They rose:—as if his soul had pass'd away,
Prostrate before the altar Enoch lay,
Entranced so deeply, all believed him dead:
At length he breathed, he moved, he raised his head;
To Heaven in ecstacy he turn'd his eyes;
—With such a look the dead in Christ shall rise,
When the last trumpet calls them from the dust,
To join the resurrection of the just:
Yea, and from earthly grossness so refined,
(As if the soul had left the flesh behind,
Yet wore a mortal semblance), upright stood
The great Evangelist before the Flood;
On him the vision of the Almighty broke,
And future times were present while he spoke.[1]

"The Saints shall suffer; righteousness shall fail,
O'er all the world iniquity prevail;
Giants, in fierce contempt of man and God,
Shall rule the nations with an iron rod;
On every mountain idol-groves shall rise,
And darken Heaven with human sacrifice.
But God the Avenger comes,—a judgment-day,
A flood shall sweep his enemies away.
How few, whose eyes shall then have seen the sun,
—One righteous family, and only one,—
Saved from that wreck of Nature, shall behold
The new Creation rising from the old!

"O, that the world of wickedness, destroy'd,
Might lie for ever without form and void!
Or, that the earth, to innocence restored,
Might flourish as the garden of the Lord!
It will not be:—among the sons of men,
The Giant-Spirit shall go forth again,
From clime to clime shall kindle murderous rage,
And spread the plagues of sin from age to age;
Yet shall the God of mercy, from above,
Extend the golden sceptre of his love,

1 Numbers, xxiv, v. 4.

And win the rebels to his righteous sway,
Till every mouth confess, and heart obey.

"Amidst the visions of ascending years,
What mighty Chief, what Conqueror appears![1]
His garments roll'd in blood, his eyes of flame,
And on his thigh the unutterable name?[2]
—'T is I, that bring deliverance: strong to save,
I pluck'd the prey from death, and spoil'd the grave.'
—Wherefore, O Warrior! are thy garments red,
Like those whose feet amidst the vintage tread?
—'I trod the wine-press of the field alone;
I look'd around for succor; there was none;
Therefore my wrath sustain'd me while I fought,
And mine own arm my Saints' salvation wrought.'
—Thus may thine arm for evermore prevail;
Thus may thy foes, O Lord! for ever fail;
Captive by thee captivity be led;
Seed of the woman! bruise the serpent's head;
Redeemer! promised since the world began,
Bow the high heavens, and condescend to man.

"Hail to the Day-spring! dawning from afar,
Bright in the east I see his natal star:
Prisoners of hope! lift up your joyful eyes;
Welcome the King of Glory from the skies:
Who is the King of Glory?—Mark his birth:
In deep humility he stoops to earth,
Assumes a Servant's form, a Pilgrim's lot,
Comes to his own, his own receive him not,
Though angel-choirs his peaceful advent greet,
And Gentile-sages worship at his feet.

"Fair as that sovereign Plant, whose scions shoot
With healing verdure, and immortal fruit,
The Tree of Life, beside the stream that laves
The fields of Paradise with gladdening waves;
Behold him rise from infancy to youth,
The Father's image, full of grace and truth;
Tried, tempted, proved in secret, till the hour,
When, girt with meekness, but array'd with power,
Forth in the spirit of the Lord, at length,
Like the sun shining in meridian strength,
He goes:—to preach good tidings to the poor;
To heal the wounds that nature cannot cure;
To bind the broken-hearted; to control
Disease and death; to raise the sinking soul;
Unbar the dungeon, set the captive free,
Proclaim the joyous year of liberty,
And from the depth of undiscover'd night,
Bring life and immortality to light.

"How beauteous on the mountains are thy feet,
Thy form how comely, and thy voice how sweet,
Son of the Highest!—Who can tell thy fame?
The Deaf shall hear it, while the Dumb proclaim;
Now bid the Blind behold their Savior's light,
The Lame go forth rejoicing in thy might;
Cleanse with a touch yon kneeling Leper's skin;
Cheer this pale Penitent, forgive her sin;
O, for that Mother's faith, her Daughter spare;
Restore the Maniac to a Father's prayer;
Pity the tears those mournful Sisters shed,
And be the RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD!

"What scene is this?—Amidst involving gloom,
The moonlight lingers on a lonely tomb;
No noise disturbs the garden's hallow'd bound,
But the watch walking on their midnight round:
Ah! who lies here, with marr'd and bloodless mien,
In whom no form or comeliness is seen;
His livid limbs with nails and scourges torn,
His side transpierced, his temples wreathed with thorn?
'T is He, the Man of Sorrows! he who bore
Our sins and chastisement:—His toils are o'er.
On earth erewhile a suffering life he led,
Here hath he found a place to lay his head;
Rank'd with transgressors, he resign'd his breath,
But with the rich he made his bed in death.
Sweet is the grave where Angels watch and weep,
Sweet is the grave, and sanctified his sleep;
Rest, O my spirit! by this martyr'd form,
This wreck, that sunk beneath the Almighty storm,
When floods of wrath, that weigh'd the world to hell,
On him alone, in righteous vengeance, fell;
While men derided, demons urged his woes,
And God forsook him,—till the awful close;
Then, in triumphant agony, he cried,
—'T is finish'd!'—bow'd his sacred head, and died.
Death, as he struck that noblest victim, found
His sting was lost for ever in the wound;
The Grave, that holds his corse, her richest prize,
Shall yield him back, victorious, to the skies.
He lives:—ye bars of steel! ye gates of brass!
Give way, and let the King of Glory pass;
He lives;—ye golden portals of the spheres!
Open, the Sun of Righteousness appears.
But, ah! my Spirit faints beneath the blaze,
That breaks, and brightens o'er the latter days,
When every tongue his trophies shall proclaim,
And every knee shall worship at his name;
For He shall reign with undivided power,
To Earth's last bounds, to Nature's final hour.

"'T is done:—again the conquering Chief appears
In the dread vision of dissolving years;
His vesture dipt in blood, his eyes of flame,
The WORD OF GOD his everlasting name:[1]
Throned in mid-heaven, with clouds of glory spread,
He sits in judgment on the quick and dead;
Strong to deliver; Saints! your songs prepare;
Rush from your tombs to meet him in the air;
But terrible in vengeance; Sinners! bow[2]
Your haughty heads, the grave protects not now.
He who alone in mortal conflict trod
The mighty wine-press of the wrath of God,
Shall fill the cup of trembling to his foes,
The unmingled cup of inexhausted woes;
The proud shall drink it in that dreadful day,
While Earth dissolves, and Heaven is roll'd away."

Here ceased the Prophet:—From the altar broke
The last dim wreaths of fire-illumined smoke;
Darkness had fall'n around; but o'er the streams
The Moon, new-ris'n, diffused her brightening beams,
Homeward, with tears, the worshippers return'd,
Yet while they wept, their hearts within them burn'd

1 Isa. lxiii. v. 1—6. 2 Rev. xix, v. 12.

1 Rev. xix, v. 13. 2 Jude, v. 14—16.

CANTO VI.

Javan's second Interview with Zillah. He visits the various Dwellings scattered throughout the Glen, and in the Evening sings to his Harp, amidst the assembled inhabitants:—Address to Twilight; Jubal's Song of the Creation: the Power of Music exemplified.

Spent with the toils of that eventful day,
All night in dreamless slumber Javan lay;
But early springing from his bed of leaves,
Waked by the songs of swallows on the eaves,
From Enoch's cottage, in the cool grey hour,
He wander'd forth to Zillah's woodland bower;
There, in his former covert, on the ground,
The frame of his forsaken harp he found;
He smote the boss; the convex orb unstrung,
Instant with sweet reverberation rung:
The minstrel smiled, at that sonorous stroke,
To find the spell of harmony unbroke;
Trickling with dew, he bore it to the cell;
There, as with leaves he dried the sculptured shell,
He thought of Zillah, and resolved too late
To plead his constancy, and know his fate.

She, from the hour, when, in a pilgrim's guise,
Javan return'd,—a stranger to her eyes,
Not to her heart,—from anguish knew no rest,
Love, pride, resentment, struggling in her breast.
All day she strove to hide her misery,
In vain;—a mother's eye is quick to see,
Slow to rebuke, a daughter's bashful fears,
And Zillah's mother only chid with tears:
Night came, but Javan came not with the night;
Light vanish'd, Hope departed with the light;
Her lonely couch conceal'd her sleepless woes,
But with the morning star the maiden rose.
The soft refreshing breeze, the orient beams,
The dew, the mist unrolling from the streams,
The light, the joy, the music of the hour,
Stole on her spirit with resistless power,
With healing sweetness soothed her fever'd brain,
And woke the pulse of tenderness again.
Thus while she wander'd, with unconscious feet,
Absent in thought, she reach'd her sylvan seat:
The youth descried her not amidst the wood,
Till, like a vision, at his side she stood.
Their eyes encounter'd; both at once exclaim'd,
"Javan!" and "Zillah!"—each the other named;
Those sounds were life or death to either heart:
He rose; she turn'd in terror to depart;
He caught her hand;—"O do not, do not flee!"
—It was a moment of eternity,
And now or never must he plight his vow,
Win or abandon her for ever now.

"Stay:—hear me, Zillah!—every power above,
Heaven, earth, thyself, bear witness to my love!
Thee have I loved from earliest infancy,
Loved with supreme affection only thee.
Long in these shades my timid passion grew,
Through every change, in every trial true;
I loved thee through the world in dumb despair,
Loved *thee*, that I might love no other fair;
Guilty, yet faithful still, to thee I fly,
Receive me, love me, Zillah! or I die."

Thus Javan's lips, so long in silence seal'd,
With sudden vehemence his soul reveal'd;
Zillah meanwhile recover'd power to speak,
While deadly paleness overcast her cheek:
—"Say not, 'I love thee!'—Witness every tree
Around this bower, thy cruel scorn of me!
Could Javan love me through the world, yet leave
Her whom he loved, for hopeless years, to grieve?
Returning, could he find her here alone,
Yet pass her by, unknowing, as unknown?
All day was she forsaken, or forgot?
Did Javan seek her at her father's cot?
That cot of old so much his soul's delight,
His mother's seem'd not fairer in his sight:
No! Javan mocks me; none could love so well,
So long, so painfully,—and never tell."

"Love owns no law," rejoin'd the pleading youth,
"Except obedience to eternal truth:
Deep streams are silent; from the generous breast,
The dearest feelings are the last confest:
Erewhile I strove in vain to break my peace,
Now I could talk of love and never cease:
—Still had my trembling passion been conceal'd
Still but in parables by stealth reveal'd,
Had not thine instantaneous presence wrung,
By swift surprise, the secret from my tongue.
Yet hath Affection language of her own,
And mine in every thing but words was shown;
In childhood, as the bird of nature free,
My song was gladness, when I sung to thee:
In youth, whene'er I mourn'd a bosom flame,
And praised a maiden whom I durst not name,
Couldst thou not then my hidden thought divine?
Didst thou not feel that I was wholly thine?
When for vain-glory I forsook thee here,
Dear as thou wert, unutterably dear,
From virtue, truth, and innocence estranged,
To thee, thee only, was my heart unchanged;
And as I loved without a hope before,
Without a hope I loved thee yet the more.
At length, when, weary of the ways of men,
Refuge I sought in this maternal glen,
Thy sweet remembrance drew me from afar,
And Zillah's beauty was my leading star.
Here when I found thee, fear itself grew bold,
Methought my tale of love already told;
But soon thine eyes the dream of folly broke,
And I from bliss, as they from slumber, woke;
My heart, my tongue, were chill'd to instant stone.
I durst not speak thy name, nor give my own.
When thou wert vanish'd, horror and affright
Seized me, my sins uprose before my sight;
Like fiends they rush'd upon me; but Despair
Wrung from expiring Faith a broken prayer;
Strength came; the path to Enoch's bower I trod;
He saw me, met me, led me back to God.
O Zillah! while I sought my Maker's grace,
And flesh and spirit fail'd before His face,
Thy tempting image from my breast I drove,
It was no season then for earthly love."—

"For earthly love it is no season now,"
Exclaim'd the maiden with reproachful brow,

And eyes through tears of tenderness that shone,
And voice, half peace, half anger, in its tone:
"Freely thy past unkindness I forgive,
Content to perish here, so Javan live;
The tyrant's menace to our tribe we know;
The Patriarchs never seek, nor shun a foe:
Thou, while thou mayest, from swift destruction fly;
I and my father's house resolve to die."

"With thee and with thy father's house, to bear
Death or captivity, is Javan's prayer;
Remorse for ever be the recreant's lot:
If I forsake thee now, I love thee not."

Thus while he vow'd, a gentle answer sprung
To Zillah's lips, but died upon her tongue;
Trembling she turn'd, and hasten'd to the rock,
Beyond those woods, that hid her folded flock,
Whose bleatings reach'd her ear, with loud complaint
Of her delay; she loosed them from restraint;
Then, bounding headlong forth, with antic glee,
They roam'd in all the joy of liberty.
Javan beside her walk'd as in a dream,
Nor more of love renew'd the fruitless theme.

Forthwith from home to home throughout the glen,
The friends whom once he knew he sought again;
Each hail'd the stranger welcome at his board,
As lost but found, as dead to life restored.
From Eden's camp no tidings came, the day
In awful expectation pass'd away.
At eve his harp the fond enthusiast strung,
On Adam's mount, and to the Patriarchs sung;
While youth and age, an eager throng, admire
The mingling music of the voice and lyre.

"I love thee, Twilight! as thy shadows roll,
The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
I love thee, Twilight! for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And Joy and Sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And Hope and Memory sweep the chords by turns,
While Contemplation, on seraphic wings,
Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings.
Twilight! I love thee; let thy glooms increase
Till every feeling, every pulse is peace:
Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,
Revealing, in the hour of Nature's rest,
A world of wonders in the poet's breast:
Deeper, O twilight! then thy shadows roll,
An awful vision opens on my soul.

"On such an evening, so divinely calm,
The woods all melody, the breezes balm,
Down in a vale, where lucid waters stray'd,
And mountain-cedars stretch'd their downward shade,
Jubal, the Prince of Song (in youth unknown),
Retired to commune with his harp alone;
For still he nursed it, like a secret thought,
Long cherish'd, and to late perfection wrought,—
And still, with cunning hand and curious ear,
Enrich'd, ennobled, and enlarged its sphere,
Till he had compass'd, in that magic round,
A soul of harmony, a heaven of sound.
Then sang the minstrel, in his laurel bower,
Of Nature's origin, and Music's power:
—'He spake, and it was done;—Eternal Night,
At God's command, awaken'd into light;
He called the elements, Earth, Ocean, Air,
He call'd them when they were not, and they were:
He look'd through space, and kindling o'er the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars, came forth to meet his eye:
His spirit moved upon the desert earth,
And sudden life through all things swarm'd to birth
Man from the dust he raised to rule the whole;
He breathed, and man became a living soul:
Through Eden's groves the Lord of Nature trod,
Upright and pure, the image of his God.
Thus were the heavens and all their host display'd,
In wisdom thus were earth's foundations laid:
The glorious scene a holy sabbath closed;
Amidst his works the Omnipotent reposed;
And while he view'd, and bless'd them from his seat,
All worlds, all beings, worshipp'd at his feet:
The morning stars in choral concert sang,
The rolling deep with hallelujahs rang,
Adoring angels from their orbs rejoice,
The voice of music was Creation's voice.

"'Alone along the lyre of Nature sigh'd
The master-chord, to which no chord replied:
For Man, while bliss and beauty reign'd around,
For man alone, no fellowship was found,
No fond companion, in whose dearer breast
His heart, repining in his own, might rest;
For, born to love, the heart delights to roam,
A kindred bosom is its happiest home.
On earth's green lap, the Father of mankind,
In mild dejection, thoughtfully reclined;
Soft o'er his eyes a sealing slumber crept,
And Fancy soothed him while Reflection slept.
Then God—who thus would make his counsel known,
Counsel that will'd not man to dwell alone,
Created Woman with a smile of grace,
And left the smile that made her on her face.
The Patriarch's eyelids open'd on his bride,
—The morn of beauty risen from his side!
He gazed with new-born rapture on her charms,
And Love's first whispers won her to his arms.
Then, tuned to all the chords supremely sweet,
Exulting Nature found her lyre complete,
And from the key of each harmonious sphere,
Struck music worthy of her Maker's ear'

"Here Jubal paused; for grim before him lay,
Couch'd like a lion watching for his prey,
With blood-red eye of fascinating fire,
Fix'd, like the gazing serpent's, on the lyre,
An awful form, that through the gloom appear'd,
Half brute, half human; whose terrific beard,
And hoary flakes of long dishevell'd hair,
Like eagle's plumage ruffled by the air,
Veil'd a sad wreck of grandeur and of grace,
Limbs torn and wounded, a majestic face
Deep-plowed by Time, and ghastly pale with woes,
That goaded till remorse to madness rose;

Haunted by phantoms, he had fled his home,
With savage beasts in solitude to roam;
Wild as the waves, and wandering as the wind,
No art could tame him, and no chains could bind:
Already seven disastrous years had shed
Mildew and blast on his unshelter'd head;
His brain was smitten by the sun at noon,
His heart was wither'd by the cold night moon.

"'Twas Cain, the sire of nations:—Jubal knew
His kindred looks, and tremblingly withdrew;
He, darting like the blaze of sudden fire,
Leap'd o'er the space between, and grasp'd the lyre:
Sooner with life the struggling bard would part,
And, ere the fiend could tear it from his heart,
He hurl'd his hand, with one tremendous stroke,
O'er all the strings; whence in a whirlwind broke
Such tones of terror, dissonance, despair,
As till that hour had never jarr'd in air.
Astonish'd into marble at the shock,
Backward stood Cain, unconscious as a rock,
Cold, breathless, motionless through all his frame:
But soon his visage quicken'd into flame,
When Jubal's hand the crashing jargon changed
To melting harmony, and nimbly ranged
From chord to chord, ascending sweet and clear,
Then rolling down in thunder on the ear;
With power the pulse of anguish to restrain,
And charm the evil spirit from the brain.

"Slowly recovering from that trance profound,
Bewilder'd, touch'd, transported with the sound,
Cain view'd himself, the bard, the earth, the sky,
While wonder flash'd and faded in his eye,
And reason, by alternate frenzy crost,
Now seem'd restored, and now for ever lost.
So shines the moon, by glimpses, through her shrouds,
When windy Darkness rides upon the clouds,
Till through the blue, serene, and silent night,
She reigns in full tranquillity of light.
Jubal, with eager hope, beheld the chase
Of strange emotions hurrying o'er his face,
And waked his noblest numbers to control
The tide and tempest of the maniac's soul:
Through many a maze of melody they flew,
They rose like incense, they distill'd like dew,
Pour'd through the sufferer's breast delicious balm,
And soothed remembrance till remorse grew calm,
Till Cain forsook the solitary wild,
Led by the minstrel like a weaned child.
Oh! had you seen him to his home restored,
How young and old ran forth to meet their lord;
How friends and kindred on his neck did fall,
Weeping aloud, while Cain outwept them all:
But hush!—thenceforward, when recoiling care
Lower'd on his brow, and sadden'd to despair,
The lyre of Jubal, with divinest art,
Repell'd the demon, and revived his heart.
Thus Song, the breath of heaven, had power to bind
In chains of harmony the mightiest mind;
Thus Music's empire in the soul began,
The first-born Poet ruled the first-born Man."

While Javan sung, the shadows fell around,
The moving glow-worm brighten'd on the ground,
He ceased: the mute assembly rose in tears;
Delight and wonder were chastised with fears;
That heavenly harmony, unheard before,
Awoke the feeling,—"Who shall hear it more?"
The sun had set in glory on their sight,
For them in vain might morn restore the light;
Though self-devoted, through each mortal frame,
At thought of Death, a cold sick shuddering came,
Nature's infirmity;—but faith was given,
The flame that lifts the sacrifice to Heaven:
Through doubt and darkness then beyond the skies
Eternal prospects open'd on their eyes;
Already seem'd the immortal spirit free,
And Death was swallowed up in victory.

CANTO VII.

The Patriarchs and their Families carried away captive by a Detachment from the Army of the Invaders,—The tomb of Abel: his Murder by Cain described.—The Origin of the Giants: the Infancy and early Adventures of their King: the Leader of their Host encamped in Eden.

The flocks and herds throughout the glen reposed;
No human eyelid there in slumber closed;
None, save the infant's on the mother's breast;—
With arms of love caressing and carest,
She, while her elder offspring round her clung,
Each eye intent on hers and mute each tongue,
The voice of Death in every murmur heard,
And felt his touch in every limb that stirr'd.

At midnight, down the forest hills, a train
Of eager warriors from the host of Cain,
Burst on the stillness of the scene:—they spread
In bands, to clutch the victims ere they fled;
Of flight unmindful, at their summons, rose
Those victims, meekly yielding to their foes;
Though woman wept to leave her home behind,
The weak were comforted, the strong resign'd,
And ere the moon descending o'er the vale,
Grew, at the bright approach of morning, pale,
Collected thus, the patriarchal clan,
With strengthen'd confidence, their march begun,
Since not in ashes were their dwellings laid,
And death, though threaten'd still, was still delay'd.
Struck with their fearless innocence, they saw
Their fierce assailants check'd with sacred awe;
The foe became a phalanx of defence,
And brought them, like a guard of Angels, thence.
A vista-path, that through the forest led
(By Javan shunn'd when from the camp he fled),
The pilgrims track'd till on the mountain's height
They met the sun new ris'n, in glorious light;
Empurpled mists along the landscape roll'd,
And all the orient flamed with clouds of gold.

Here, while they halted, on their knees they raise
To God the sacrifice of prayer and praise;
—Glory to Thee, for every blessing shed,
In days of peace, on our protected head;
Glory to Thee, for fortitude to bear
The wrath of man, rejoicing o'er despair;

ıry to Thee, whatever ill befall,
For faith and thy victorious name to call;
Thine own eternal purposes fulfil;
We come, O God! to suffer all thy will."

Refresh'd and rested, on their course they went,
Ere the clouds melted from the firmament;
Odors abroad the winds of morning breathe,
And fresh with dew the herbage sprang beneath;
Down from the hills, that gently sloped away
To the broad river shining into day,
They pass'd, along the brink the path they kept,
Where high aloof o'er-arching willows wept,
Whose silvery foliage glisten'd in the beam,
And floating shadows fringed the chequer'd stream.

Adjacent rose a myrtle-planted mound,
Whose spiry top a granite fragment crown'd;
Tinctured with many-color'd moss, the stone,
Rich as a cloud of summer evening, shone
Amidst encircling verdure, that array'd
The beauteous hillock with a cope of shade.

"Javan!" said Enoch, "on this spot began
The fatal curse;—man perish'd here by man:
The earliest death a son of Adam died
Was murder, and that murder fratricide!
Here Abel fell a corse along this shore;
Here Cain's recoiling footsteps reek'd with gore:
Horror upraised his locks, unloosed his knees;
He heard a voice; he hid among the trees;
—'Where is thy brother?'—From the whirlwind came
The voice of God, amidst enfolding flame:
—'Am I my brother's keeper?' hoarse and low,
Cain mutter'd from the copse,—'that I should know?'
—'What hast thou done?—For vengeance to the skies,
Lo! from the dust the blood of Abel cries:
Curst from the earth that drank his blood, with toil
Thine hand shall plow in vain her barren soil;
An exile and a wanderer thou shalt be;
A brother's eye shall never look on thee.'—

"The shuddering culprit answer'd in despair,
—'Greater the punishment than flesh can bear.'
—'Yet shalt thou bear it; on thy brow reveal'd,
Thus be thy sentence and thy safeguard seal'd.
Silently, swiftly as the lightning's blast,
A hand of fire athwart his temples pass'd;
He ran, as in the terror of a dream,
To quench his burning anguish in the stream;
But, bending o'er the brink, the swelling wave
Back to the eye his branded visage gave;
As soon on murder'd Abel durst he look;
Yet power to fly his palsied limbs forsook;
There, turn'd to stone for his presumptuous crime,
A monument of wrath to latest time,
Might Cain have stood; but Mercy raised his head
In prayer for help,—his strength return'd,—he fled.
That mount of myrtles, o'er their favorite child,
Eve planted, and the hand of Adam piled;
Yon mossy stone, above his ashes raised,
His altar once, with Abel's offering blazed,
When God well pleased beheld the flames arise,
And smiled acceptance on the sacrifice."

Enoch to Javan, walking at his side,
Thus held discourse apart: the youth replied;

"Relieved from toil, though Cain is gone to rest,
And the turf flowers on his disburthen'd breast,
Amongst his race the murdering spirit reigns,
But riots fiercest in the giants' veins.
—Sprung from false leagues, when monstrous love combined
The sons of God and daughters of mankind,
Self-styled the progeny of Heaven and earth,
Eden first gave the world's oppressors birth;
Thence, far away, beneath the rising moon,
Or where the shadow vanishes at noon,
The adulterous mothers from the sires withdrew:
—Nurst in luxuriant climes, their offspring grew;
Till, as in stature o'er mankind they tower'd,
And giant-strength all mortal strength o'erpower'd,
To Heaven the proud blasphemers raised their eyes,
And scorn'd the tardy vengeance of the skies:
On earth invincible, they sternly broke
Love's willing bonds, and Nature's kindred yoke;
Mad for dominion, with remorseless sway,
Compell'd their reptile-brethren to obey,
And doom'd their human herds, with thankless toil,
Like brutes, to grow and perish on the soil,
Their sole inheritance, through lingering years,
The bread of misery and the cup of tears,
The tasks of oxen, with the hire of slaves,
Dishonor'd lives, and desecrated graves.

"When war, that self-inflicted scourge of man,
His boldest crime and bitterest curse,—began;
As lions fierce, as forest-cedars tall,
And terrible as torrents in their fall,
Headlong from rocks, through vales and vineyards hurl'd,
These men of prey laid waste the eastern world.
They taught their tributary hordes to wield
The sword, red-flaming, through the death-strown field,
With strenuous arm the uprooted rock to throw,
Glance the light arrow from the bounding bow,
Whirl the broad shield to meet the darted stroke,
And stand to combat, like the unyielding oak.
Then eye from eye with fell suspicion turn'd,
In kindred breasts unnatural hatred burn'd!
Brother met brother in the lists of strife,
The son lay lurking for the father's life;
With rabid instinct, men who never knew
Each other's face before, each other slew;
All tribes, all nations learn'd the fatal art,
And every hand was arm'd to pierce a heart.
Nor man alone the giants' might subdued;
—The camel, wean'd from quiet solitude,
Grazed round their camps, or slow along the road,
'Midst marching legions, bore the servile load.
With flying forelock and dishevell'd mane,
They caught the wild steed prancing o'er the plain,
For war or pastime rein'd his fiery force;
Fleet as the wind he stretch'd along the course,
Or loudly neighing at the trumpet's sound,
With hoofs of thunder smote the indented ground
The enormous elephant obey'd their will,
And, tamed to cruelty with direst skill,
Roar'd for the battle, when he felt the goad,
And his proud lord his sinewy neck bestrode,
Through crashing ranks resistless havoc bore,
And writhed his trunk, and bathed his tusks in gore.

"Thus while the giants trampled friends and foes,
Amongst their tribe a mighty chieftain rose;
His birth mysterious, but traditions tell
What strange events his infancy befell.

"A goat-herd fed his flock on many a steep,
Where Eden's rivers swell the southern deep;
A melancholy man, who dwelt alone,
Yet far abroad his evil fame was known,
The first of woman born, that might presume
To wake the dead bones mouldering in the tomb,
And, from the gulf of uncreated night,
Call phantoms of futurity to light.
'T was said his voice could stay the falling flood,
Eclipse the sun, and turn the moon to blood,
Roll back the planets on their golden cars,
And from the firmament unfix the stars.
Spirits of fire and air, of sea and land,
Came at his call, and flew at his command;
His spells so potent, that his changing breath
Open'd or shut the gates of life and death.
O'er Nature's powers he claim'd supreme control,
And held communion with all Nature's soul:
The name and place of every herb he knew,
Its healing balsam, or pernicious dew:
The meanest reptile, and the noblest birth
Of ocean's caverns, or the living earth,
Obey'd his mandate:—lord of all the rest,
Man more than all his hidden art confess'd,
Cringed to his face, consulted, and revered
His oracles,—detested him, and fear'd.

"Once by the river, in a waking dream,
He stood to watch the ever-running stream,
In which, reflected upward to his eyes,
He giddily look'd down upon the skies,
For thus he feign'd, in his ecstatic mood,
To summon divination from the flood.
His steady view a floating object cross'd;
His eye pursued it till the sight was lost.—
An outcast infant in a fragile bark!
The river whirl'd the willow-woven ark
Down tow'rds the deep; the tide returning bore
The little voyager unharm'd to shore:
Him in his cradle-ship securely bound
With swathing skins, at eve the goat-herd found.
Nurst by that foster-sire, austere and rude,
'Midst rocks and glens, in savage solitude,
Among the kids, the rescued foundling grew,
Nutrition from whose shaggy dams he drew,
Till baby-curls his broader temples crown'd,
And torrid suns his flexile limbs embrown'd:
Then as he sprang from green to florid age,
And rose to giant-stature, stage by stage,
He roam'd the valleys with his browsing flock,
And leapt in joy of youth from rock to rock;
Climb'd the sharp precipice's steepest breast,
To seize the eagle brooding on her nest,
And rent his way through matted woods, to tear
The skulking panther from his hidden lair.
A trodden serpent, horrible and vast,
Sprang on the heedless rover as he pass'd;
Limb lock'd o'er limb, with many a straitening fold
Of orbs inextricably involved, he roll'd
On earth in vengeance, broke the twisted toils,
Strangled the hissing fiend, and wore the spoils.
With hardy exercise, and cruel art,—
To nerve the frame, and petrify the heart,—
The wizard train'd his pupil, from a span,
To thrice the bulk and majesty of man.
His limbs were sinewy strength: commanding grace
And dauntless spirit sparkled in his face;
His arm could pluck the lion from his prey,
And hold the horn'd rhinoceros at bay;
His feet o'er highest hills pursue the hind,
Or tire the ostrich buoyant on the wind.

"Yet 't was the stripling's chief delight to brave
The river's wrath, and wrestle with the wave;
When torrent rains had swoln the furious tide,
Light on the foamy surge he loved to ride;
When calm and clear the stream was wont to flow,
Fearless he dived to search the caves below.
His childhood's story, often told, had wrought
Sublimest hopes in his aspiring thought.
—Once on a cedar, from its mountain-throne
Pluck'd by the tempest, forth he sail'd alone,
And reach'd the gulf;—with eye of eager fire,
And flushing cheek, he watch'd the shores retire,
Till sky and water wide around were spread;
—Straight to the sun he thought his voyage led,
With shouts of transport hail'd its setting light,
And follow'd all the long and lonely night:
But ere the morning-star expired, he found
His stranded bark once more on earthly ground.—
Tears, wrung from secret shame, suffused his eyes
When in the east he saw the sun arise;
Pride quickly check'd them:—young ambition burn'd
For bolder enterprise, as he return'd.

"Through snares and deaths pursuing fame and power,
He scorn'd his flock from that adventurous hour,
And, leagued with monsters of congenial birth,
Began to scourge and subjugate the earth.
Meanwhile the sons of Cain, who till'd the soil,
By noble arts had learn'd to lighten toil;
Wisely their scatter'd knowledge he combined;
Yet had an hundred years matured his mind,
Ere with the strength that laid the forest low,
And skill that made the iron furnace glow,
His genius launch'd the keel, and sway'd the helm
(His throne and sceptre on the wat'ry realm),
While from the tent of his expanded sail,
He eyed the heavens and flew before the gale,
The first of men whose courage knew to guide
The bounding vessel through the refluent tide.
Then swore the Giant, in his pride of soul,
To range the universe from pole to pole,
Rule the remotest nations with his nod,
To live a hero, and to die a god.

"This is the king that wars in Eden:—now,
Fulfill'd at length he deems his early vow;
His foot hath overrun the world,—his hand
Smitten to dust the pride of every land:
The Patriarchs last, beneath his impious rod,
He dooms to perish or abjure their God.
—O God of truth! rebuke the tyrant's rage,
And save the remnant of thine heritage."

When Javan ceased, they stood upon the height
Where first he rested on his lonely flight.

Whence to the sacred mountain far away,
The land of Eden in perspective lay.
'Twas noon;—they tarried there, till milder hours
Woke with light airs the breath of evening flowers.

CANTO VIII.

The Scene changes to a Mountain, on the Summit of which, beneath the Shade of ancient Trees, the Giants are assembled round their King. A Minstrel sings the Monarch's Praises, and describes the Destruction of the Remnant of the Force of his enemies, in an Assault, by Land and Water, on their Encampment, between the Forest on the eastern Plain of Eden and the River to the West. The Captive Patriarchs are presented before the King and his Chieftains.

"There is a living spirit in the Lyre,
A breath of music and a soul of fire;
It speaks a language, to the world unknown;
It speaks that language to the Bard alone;
While warbled symphonies entrance his ears,
That spirit's voice in every tone he hears:
'Tis his the mystic meaning to rehearse,
To utter oracles in glowing verse,
Heroic themes from age to age prolong,
And make the dead in nature live in song.
Though graven rocks the warrior's deeds proclaim,
And mountains, hewn to statues, wear his name;
Though, shrined in adamant, his relics lie
Beneath a pyramid, that scales the sky;
All that the hand hath fashion'd shall decay;
All that the eye admires shall pass away;
The mouldering rocks, the hero's hope shall fail,
Earthquakes shall heave the mountains to the vale,
The shrine of adamant betray its trust,
And the proud pyramid resolve to dust:
The Lyre alone immortal fame secures,
For Song alone through Nature's change endures;—
Transfused like life, from breast to breast it glows,
From sire to son by sure succession flows,
Speeds its unceasing flight from clime to clime,
Outstripping Death upon the wings of Time.

"Soul of the Lyre! whose magic power can raise
Inspiring visions of departed days,
Or, with the glimpses of mysterious rhyme,
Dawn on the dreams of unawaken'd Time;
Soul of the Lyre! instruct thy bard to sing
The latest triumph of the Giant-king,
Who sees this day his orb of glory fill'd:
—In what creative numbers shall I build,
With what exalted strains of music crown,
His everlasting pillar of renown?
Though, like the rainbow, by a wondrous birth,
He sprang to light, the joy of heaven and earth;
Though, like the rainbow,—for he cannot die,—
His form shall pass unseen into the sky;
Say, shall the hero share the coward's lot,
Vanish from earth, ingloriously forgot?
No! the divinity that rules the Lyre,
And clothes these lips with eloquence of fire,
Commands the song to rise in quenchle
And light the world for ever with his fame."

Thus on a mountain's venerable head,
Where trees, coeval with creation, spread
Their massy-twisted branches, green and grey,
Mature below, their tops in dry decay,
A bard of Jubal's lineage proudly sung,
Then stay'd awhile the raptures of his tongue:
A shout of horrible applause, that rent
The echoing hills and answering firmament,
Burst from the Giants,—where in barbarous state,
Flush'd with new wine, around their king they sate
A chieftain each, who, on his brazen car,
Had led an host of meaner men to war;
And now from recent fight on Eden's plain,
Where fell their foes, in helpless conflict slain,
Victoriously return'd, beneath the trees
They rest from toil, carousing at their ease.

Adjacent, where the mountain's spacious breast
Open'd in airy grandeur to the west,
Huge piles of fragrant cedars, on the ground,
As altars blazed, while victims bled around,
To gods, whose worship vanish'd with the Flood.
—Divinities of brass, and stone, and wood,
By man himself in his own image made;
The fond creator to the creature pray'd!
And he, who from the forest or the rock
Hew'd the rough mass, adored the shapen block!
Then seem'd his flocks ignoble in his eyes,
His choicest herds too mean for sacrifice,
He pour'd his brethren's blood upon the pyre,
And pass'd his sons to demons through the fire.

Exalted o'er the vassal chiefs, behold
Their sovereign, cast in Nature's mightiest mould;
Beneath an oak, whose woven boughs display'd
A verdant canopy of light and shade,
Throned on a rock the Giant-king appears,
In the full manhood of five hundred years;
His robe, the spoils of lions, by his might
Dragg'd from their dens, or slain in chase or fight;
His raven locks, unblanch'd by withering Time,
Amply dishevell'd o'er his brow sublime;
His dark eyes, flush'd with restless radiance, gleam
Like broken moonlight rippling on the stream.
Grandeur of soul, which nothing might appal,
And nothing satisfy if less than all,
Had stamp'd upon his air, his form, his face,
The character of calm and awful grace;
But direst cruelty, by guile represt,
Lurk'd in the dark volcano of his breast,
In silence brooding, like the secret power
That springs the earthquake at the midnight hour.

From Eden's summit, with obdurate pride,
Red from afar, the battle scene he eyed,
Where late he crush'd, with one remorseless blow,
The remnant of his last and noblest foe;
At hand he view'd the trophies of his toils,
Herds, flocks, and steeds, the world's collected spoils
Below, his legions march'd in war array,
Unstain'd with blood in that unequal fray:
—An hundred tribes, whose sons their arms had borne,
Without contention, from the field at morn,
Their bands dividing, when the fight was won,
Darken'd the region towards the slanting sun,

Like clouds, whose shadows o'er the landscape sail,
—While to their camp, that fill'd the northern vale,
A waving sea of tents, immensely spread,
The trumpet summon'd, and the banners led.
With these a train of captives, sad and slow,
Moved to a death of shame, or life of woe,
A death on altars hateful to the skies,
Or life in chains, a slower sacrifice.
Fair smiled the face of Nature;—all serene,
And lovely, Evening tranquillized the scene;
The furies of the fight were gone to rest,
The cloudless sun grew broader down the west,
The hills beneath him melted from the sight,
Receding through the heaven of purple light;
Along the plain the maze of rivers roll'd,
And verdant shadows gleam'd in waves of gold.

Thus while the tyrant cast his haughty eye
O'er the broad landscape and incumbent sky,
His heart exulting whisper'd—"All is mine,"
And heard a voice from all things answer "Thine."
Such was the matchless chief, whose name of yore
Fill'd the wide world;—his name is known no more.
O that for ever from the rolls of fame,
Like his, had perish'd every conqueror's name!
Then had mankind been spared, in after-times,
Their greatest sufferings and their greatest crimes.
The hero scourges not his age alone,
His curse to late posterity is known:
He slays his thousands with his living breath,
His tens of thousands by his fame in death.
Achilles quench'd not all his wrath on Greece,
Through Homer's song its miseries never cease;
Like Phœbus' shafts, the bright contagion brings
Plagues on the people for the feuds of kings.
'T was not in vain the son of Philip sigh'd
For worlds to conquer,—o'er the western tide,
His spirit, in the Spaniard's form, o'erthrew
Realms, that the Macedonian never knew.
The steel of Brutus struck not Cæsar dead;
Cæsar in other lands hath rear'd his head,
And fought, of friends and foes, on many a plain,
His millions, captured, fugitive, and slain;
Yet seldom suffer'd, where his country died,
A Roman vengeance for his parricide.

The sun was sunk; the sacrificial pyres
From smouldering ashes breathed their last blue fires.
The smiling star, that lights the world to rest,
Walk'd in the rosy gardens of the west,
Like Eve erewhile through Eden's blooming bowers,
A lovelier star amidst a heaven of flowers.
Now in the freshness of the falling shade,
Again the minstrel to the monarch play'd.
—"Where is the youth renown'd?—the youth whose voice
Was wont to make the listening camp rejoice,
When to his harp, in many a peerless strain,
He sang the wonders of the Giant's reign;
Oh where is Javan?"—Thus the bard renew'd
His lay, and with a rival's transport view'd
The cloud of sudden anger, that o'ercame
The tyrant's countenance, at Javan's name;
Javan, whose song was once his soul's delight,
Now doom'd a traitor recreant by his flight.
The envious minstrel smiled; then boldly ran
His prelude o'er the chords, and thus began:—
"'T was on the morn that faithless Javan fled,
'o yonder plain the king of nations led
His countless hosts, and stretch'd their wide array
long the woods, within whose shelter lay
'he sons of Eden:[1]—these, with secret pride,
'n ambush thus the invincible defied:
—'Girt with the forest, wherefore should we fear?
The Giant's sword shall never reach us here:
Behind, the river rolls its deep defence;
The Giant's hand shall never pluck us hence.'
Vain boast of fools! who to that hand prepare
For their own lives the inevitable snare:
His legions smote the standards of the wood,
And with her prostrate strength controll'd the flood;
Lopt off their boughs, and jointed beam to beam,
The pines and oaks were launch'd upon the stream,
An hundred rafts.—Yet still within a zone
Of tangled coppices,—a waste, o'ergrown
With briors and thorns,—the dauntless victims lie,
Scorn to surrender, and prepare to die.
The second sun went down; the monarch's plan
Was perfected: the dire assault began.

Marshall'd by twilight, his obedient bands
Engirt the wood, with torches in their hands;
The signal given, they shoot them through the air;
The blazing brands in rapid volleys glare,
Descending through the gloom with spangled light,
As if the stars were falling through the night.
Along the wither'd grass the wild-fire flew,
Higher and hotter with obstruction grew;
The green wood hiss'd; from crackling thickets broke
Light glancing flame, and heavy rolling smoke;
Till all the breadth of forest seem'd to rise
In raging conflagration to the skies.
Fresh o'er our heads the winds propitious blow,
But roll the fierce combustion on the foe.
Awhile they paused, of every hope bereft,
Choice of destruction all their refuge left:
If from the flames they fled, behind them lay
The river roaring to receive his prey;
If through the stream they sought the farther strand,
Our rafts were moor'd to meet them ere they land;
With triple death environ'd thus they stood,
Till nearer peril drove them to the flood.
Safe on a hill, where sweetest moonlight slept,
As o'er the changing scene my watch I kept,
I heard their shrieks of agony; I hear
Those shrieks still ring in my tormented ear;
I saw them leap the gulf with headlong fright;
O that mine eyes could now forget that sight!
They sank in multitude; but, prompt to save,
Our warriors snatch'd the stragglers from the wave,
And on the rafts a noble harvest bore
Of rescued heroes, captive, to the shore.

"One little troop their lessening ground maintain'd,
Till space to perish in alone remain'd;
Then with a shout that rent the echoing air,
More like the shout of victory than despair,
Wedged in a solid phalanx, man by man,
Right through the scorching wilderness they ran,

[1] Vide Canto I, p. 23, and Canto III, p. 28.

Where half-extinct the smouldering fuel glow'd,
And levell'd copses strew'd the open road.
Unharm'd as spirits while they seem'd to pass,
Their lighted features flared like molten brass;
Around the flames in writhing volumes spread,
Thwarted their path, or mingled o'er their head;
Beneath their feet the fires to ashes turn'd,
But in their wake with mounting fury burn'd.
Our host recoil'd from that amazing sight;
Scarcely the king himself restrain'd their flight;
He, with his chiefs, in brazen armor, stood
Unmoved, to meet the maniacs from the wood.
Dark as a thunder-cloud their phalanx came,
But split like lightning into forms of flame;
Soon as in purer air their heads they raised
To taste the breath of heaven, their garments blazed;
Then blind, distracted, weaponless, yet flush'd
With dreadful valor, on their foes they rush'd;
The Giants met them midway on the plain;
'T was but a struggle of a moment;—slain,
They fell; their relics, to the flames return'd,
As offerings to the immortal gods were burn'd;
And never did the light of morning rise
Upon the clouds of such a sacrifice."

Abruptly here the minstrel ceased to sing,
And every face was turn'd upon the king;
He, while the stoutest hearts recoil'd with fear,
And Giants trembled their own deeds to hear,
Unmoved and unrelenting, in his mind
Deeds of more impious enterprise design'd:
A dire conception labor'd in his breast;
His eye was sternly pointed to the west,
Where stood the mount of Paradise sublime,
Whose guarded top, since man's presumptuous crime,
By noon, a dusky cloud appear'd to rise,
But blazed a beacon through nocturnal skies.
As Ætna, view'd from ocean far away,
Slumbers in blue revolving smoke by day,
Till darkness, with terrific splendor, shows
The eternal fires that crest the eternal snows;[1]
So where the cherubim in vision turn'd
Their flaming swords, the summit lower'd or burn'd.
And now, conspicuous through the twilight gloom,
The glancing beams the distant hills illume,
And, as the shadows deepen o'er the ground,
Scatter a red and wavering lustre round.

Awhile the monarch, fearlessly amazed,
With jealous anger on the glory gazed;
Already had his arm in battle hurl'd
His thunders round the subjugated world;
Lord of the nether universe, his pride
Was rein'd, while Paradise his power defied.
An upland isle, by meeting streams embraced,
It tower'd to heaven amidst a sandy waste;
Below, impenetrable woods display'd
Depths of mysterious solitude and shade;
Above, with adamantine bulwarks crown'd,
Primeval rocks in hoary masses frown'd;

1 Sorge nel sen de la Sicilia aprica
Monte superbo al cielo,
Che d'atro incendio incoronato ha il crine;
Sparso il tergo è di neve, e fatta amica
Lambe la fiamma il gielo,
E tra discreti ardor duran le brine.—*F. Testi.*

O'er all were seen the cherubim of light,
Like pillar'd flames amidst the falling night:
So high it rose, so bright the mountain shone,
It seem'd the footstool of Jehovah's throne.

The Giant panted with intense desire
To scale those heights, and storm the walls of fire:
His ardent soul, in ecstasy of thought,
Even now with Michael and his angels fought,
And saw the seraphim, like meteors, driven
Before his banners through the gates of heaven,
While he secure the glorious garden trod,
And sway'd his sceptre from the mount of God.

When suddenly the bard had ceased to sing,
While all the chieftains gazed upon their king,
Whose changing looks a rising storm bespoke,
Ere from his lips the dread explosion broke,
The trumpets sounded, and before his face
Were led the captives of the Patriarchs' race,
—A lovely and a venerable band
Of young and old, amidst their foes they stand;
Unawed they see the fiery trial near;
They fear'd their God, and knew no other fear.[1]

To light the dusky scene, resplendent fires,
Of pine and cedar, blazed in lofty pyres;
While from the east the moon with doubtful gleams
Now tipt the hills, now glanced athwart the streams,
Till, darting through the clouds her beauteous eye,
She open'd all the temple of the sky;
The Giants, closing in a narrower ring,
By turns survey'd the prisoners and the king.
Javan stood forth;—to all the youth was known,
And every eye was fix'd on him alone.

CANTO IX.

The King's Determination to sacrifice the Patriarchs and their Families to his Demon-Gods.—His Sentence on Javan.—Zillah's Distress.—The Sorcerer pretends to declare the Secret of the Birth of the King, and proposes his Deification.—Enoch appears

A GLEAM of joy, at that expected sight,
Shot o'er the monarch's brow with baleful light:
"Behold," thought he, "the great decisive hour;
Ere morn, the sons of God shall prove my power:
Offer'd by me, their blood shall be the price
Of demon-aid to conquer Paradise."
Thus while he threaten'd, Javan caught his view,
And instantly his visage changed its hue;
Inflamed with rage past utterance, he frown'd,
He gnash'd his teeth, and wildly glared around,
As one who saw a spectre in the air,
And durst not look upon it, nor forbear;
Still on the youth, his eye, wherever cast,
Abhorrently return'd, and fix'd at last:
"Slaves! smite the traitor; be his limbs consign'd
To flames, his ashes scatter'd to the wind!"
He cried in tone so vehement, so loud,
Instinctively recoil'd the shuddering crowd;

1 Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.
Racine.

And ere the guards to seize their victim rush'd,
The youth was pleading, every breath was hush'd;
Pale, but undauntedly, he faced his foes;
Warm as he spoke his kindling spirit rose;
Well pleased, on him the Patriarch-fathers smiled,
And every mother loved him as her child.

"Monarch! to thee no traitor, here I stand;
These are my brethren, this my native land;
My native land, by sword and fire consumed,
My brethren captive, and to death foredoom'd;
To these indeed a rebel in my youth,
A fugitive apostate from the truth,
Too late repentant, I confess my crime,
And mourn o'er lost irrevocable time.
—When from thy camp by conscience urged to flee,
I plann'd no wrong, I laid no snare for thee:
Did I provoke these sons of innocence,
Against thine arms to rise, in vain defence?
No; I conjured them, ere this threaten'd hour,
In sheltering forests to escape thy power.
Firm in their rectitude, they scorn'd to fly;
Thy foes they were not,—they resolved to die.
Yet think not thou, amidst thy warlike bands,
They lie beyond redemption in thine hands:
The God in whom they trust may help them still,
They know he *can* deliver, and HE WILL:
Whether by life or death, afflicts them not,
On His decree, not thine, they rest their lot.
For me, unworthy with the just to share
Death or deliverance, this is Javan's prayer:
Mercy, O God! to these in life be shown,—
I die rejoicing, if I die alone."

"Thou shalt not die alone," a voice replied,
A well-known voice—'t was Zillah at his side;
She, while he spake, with eagerness to hear,
Step after step, unconsciously drew near;
Her bosom with severe compunction wrung,
Pleased or alarm'd, on every word she hung.
He turn'd his face;—with agonizing air,
In all the desolation of despair,
She stood; her hands to heaven uplift and claspt,
Then suddenly unloosed, his arm she grasp'd,
And thus, in wild apostrophes of woe,
Vented her grief while tears refused to flow.

"Oh, I have wrong'd thee, Javan!—Let us be
Espoused in death:—No, I will die for thee.
—Tyrant! behold thy victim; on my head
Be all the bitterness of vengeance shed,
But spare the innocent; let Javan live,
Whose crime was love:—Can Javan too forgive
Love's lightest, fondest weakness, maiden shame,
—It was not pride,—that hid my bosom-flame?
And wilt thou mourn the poor transgressor's death,
Who says, 'I love thee,' with her latest breath?
And when thou think'st of days and years gone by,
Will thoughts of Zillah sometimes swell thine eye?
If ever thou hast cherish'd in thine heart
Visions of hope in which I bore a part;
If ever thou hast long'd with me to share
One home-born joy, one home-endearing care;
If thou didst ever love me;—speak the word,
Which late with feign'd indifferency I heard;
Tell me, thou lovest me still;—haste, Javan, r
How high those ruffians pile the fagots,—mark
How the flames crackle,—see, how fierce they glare,
Like fiery serpents hissing through the air.
Farewell; I fear them not.—Now seize me, bind
These willing limbs,—ye cannot touch the mind:
Unawed, I stand on Nature's failing brink:
—Nay, look not on me, Javan, lest I shrink;
Give me thy prayers, but turn away thine eye,
That I may lift my soul to Heaven, and die."

Thus Zillah raved in passionate distress,
Till frenzy soften'd into tenderness;
Sorrow and love, with intermingling grace,
Terror and beauty, lighten'd o'er her face;
Her voice, her eye, in every soul was felt,
And Giant-hearts were moved, unwont to melt.
Javan, in wonder, pity, and delight,
Almost forgot his being at the sight;
That bending form, those suppliant accents, seem
The strange illusions of a lover's dream;
And while she clung upon his arm, he found
His limbs, his lips, as by enchantment bound;
He dare not touch her, lest the charm should break
He dare not move, lest he himself should wake.

But when she ceased to speak and he to hear,
The silence startled him;—cold, shivering fear,
Crept o'er his nerves;—in thought he cast his eye
Back on the world, and heaved a bitter sigh,
Thus from life's sweetest pleasures to be torn,
Just when he seem'd to new existence born,
And cease to feel, when feeling ceased to be
A fever of protracted misery,
And cease to love, when love no more was pain:
'T was but a pang of transient weakness:—"Vain
Are all thy sorrows," falteringly he said;
"Already I am number'd with the dead;
But long and blissfully may Zillah live!
—And canst thou 'Javan's cruel scorn' forgive?
And wilt thou mourn the poor transgressor's death,
Who says, 'I love thee,' with his latest breath?
And when thou think'st of days and years gone by,
Will thoughts of Javan sometimes swell thine eye?
Ah! while I wither'd in thy chilling frown,
'T was easy then to lay life's burthen down;
When singly sentenced to these flames, my mind
Gloried in leaving all I loved behind.
How hast thou triumph'd o'er me in this hour!
One look has crush'd my soul's collected power:
Thy scorn I might endure, thy pride defy,
But O thy kindness makes it hard to die!"

"Then we will die together."—"Zillah! no,
Thou shalt not perish; let me, let me go;
Behold thy parents! calm thy father's fears:
Thy mother weeps; canst thou resist her tears?"

"Away with folly!" in tremendous tone,
Exclaim'd a voice more horrid than the groan
Of famish'd tiger leaping on his prey;
—Crouch'd at the monarch's feet the speaker lay,
But starting up, in his ferocious mien
That monarch's ancient foster-sire was seen,
The goat-herd,—he who snatch'd him from the flood,
The sorcerer who nursed him up to blood:

, still his evil genius, fully bent
purpose, went where'er he went;
That purpose, long in his own bosom seal'd,
Ripe for fulfilment now, he thus reveal'd.
Full in the midst he rush'd; alarm'd, aghast,
Giants and captives trembled as he pass'd,
For scarcely seem'd he of the sons of earth;
Unchronicled the hour that gave him birth;
Though shrunk his cheek, his temples deeply plow'd,
Keen was his vulture-eye, his strength unbow'd;
Swarthy his features; venerable grey,
His beard dishevell'd o'er his bosom lay:
Bald was his front; but white as snow behind
His ample locks were scatter'd to the wind;
Naked he stood, save round his loins a zone
Of shagged fur, and o'er his shoulders thrown
A serpent's skin, that cross'd his breast, and round
His body thrice in glittering volumes wound.

All gazed with horror—deep unutter'd thought
In every muscle of his visage wrought;
His eye, as if his eye could see the air,
Was fix'd: up-writhing rose his horrent hair;
His limbs grew dislocate, convulsed his frame;
Deep from his chest mysterious noises came;
Now purring, hissing, barking, then they swell'd
To hideous dissonance; he shriek'd, he yell'd,
As if the Legion-fiend his soul possess'd,
And a whole hell were worrying in his breast;
Then down he dash'd himself on earth, and roll'd
In agony, till powerless, stiff, and cold,
With face upturn'd to Heaven, and arms outspread,
A ghastly spectacle, he lay as dead;
The living too stood round like forms of death,
And every pulse was hush'd, and every breath.

Meanwhile the wind arose, the clouds were driven
In wat'ry masses through the waste of Heaven,
The groaning woods foretold a tempest nigh,
And silent lightning skirmish'd in the sky.

Ere long the wizard started from the ground,
Giddily reel'd, and look'd bewilder'd round,
Till on the king he fix'd his hideous gaze;
Then rapt with ecstacy and broad amaze,
He kneel'd in adoration, humbly bow'd
His face upon his hands, and cried aloud;
Yet so remote and strange his accents fell,
They seem'd the voice of an invisible:
—"Hail! king and conqueror of the peopled earth,
And more than king and conqueror! Know thy birth:
Thou art a ray of uncreated fire,
The sun himself is thy celestial sire;
The moon thy mother, who to me consign'd
Her babe in secrecy, to bless mankind.
These eyes have watch'd thee rising, year by year,
More great, more glorious, in thine high career.
As the young eagle plies his growing wings
In bounded flights, and sails in wider rings,
Till to the fountain of meridian day,
Full plumed and perfected, he soars away;
Thus have I mark'd thee, since thy course begun,
Still upward tending to thy sire the sun:
Now midway meet him; from yon flaming height,
Chase the vain phantoms of cherubic light;
There build a tower, whose spiral top shall rise,
Circle o'er circle, lessening to the skies;
The stars, thy brethren, in their spheres shall stand,
To hail thee welcome to thy native land;
The moon shall clasp thee in her glad embrace,
The sun behold his image in thy face,
And call thee, as his offspring and his heir,
His throne, his empire, and his orb, to share."

Rising, and turning his terrific head,
That chill'd beholders, thus the enchanter said:
—"Prepare, prepare the piles of sacrifice,
The power that rules on earth shall rule the skies;
Hither, O chiefs! the captive Patriarchs bring,
And pour their blood an offering to your king;
He, like his sire the sun, in transient clouds,
His veil'd divinity from mortals shrouds,
Too pure to shine till these his foes are slain,
And conquer'd Paradise hath crown'd his reign.
Haste, heap the fallen cedars on the pyres,
And give the victims living to the fires:
Shall He, in whom they vainly trust, withstand
Your sovereign's wrath, or pluck them from his hand?
We dare him;—if He saves his servants now,
To Him let every knee in Nature bow,
For He is GOD"——at that most awful name,
A spasm of horror wither'd up his frame,
Even as he stood and look'd;—he looks, he stands,
With heaven-defying front, and clenched hands,
And lips half-open'd, eager from his breast
To bolt the blasphemy, by force represt;
For not in feign'd abstraction, as before,
He practised foul deceit by damned lore;
A frost was on his nerves, and in his veins
A fire, consuming with infernal pains;
Conscious, though motionless, his limbs were grown,
Alive to suffering, but alive in stone.

In silent expectation, sore amazed,
The king and chieftains on the sorcerer gazed;
Awhile no sound was heard, save through the woods,
The wind deep-thundering, and the dashing floods:
At length, with solemn step, amidst the scene,
Where that false prophet show'd his frantic mien,
Where lurid flames from green-wood altars burn'd,
Enoch stood forth;—on him all eyes were turn'd;
O'er his dim form and saintly visage fell
The light that glared upon that priest of hell.
Unutterably awful was his look;
Through every joint the Giant-monarch shook;
Shook, like Belshazzar, in his festive hall,
When the hand wrote his judgment on the wall;[1]
Shook, like Eliphaz, with dissolving fright,[2]
In thoughts amidst the visions of the night,
When as the spirit pass'd before his face,
Nor limb nor lineament his eye could trace;
A form of mystery, that chill'd his blood,
Close at his couch, in living terror stood,
And death-like silence, till a voice more drear,
More dreadful than the silence, reach'd his ear:
Thus from surrounding darkness Enoch brake,
And thus the Giant trembled while he spake.

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1 Dan. v, v. 1—31. 2 Job, iv, v. 12—21.

CANTO X.

The Prophecy of Enoch concerning the Sorcerer, the King, and the Flood.—His translation to Heaven.—The Conclusion.

"The Lord is jealous:—He, who reigns on high,
Upholds the earth, and spreads abroad the sky;
His voice the moon and stars by night obey,
He sends the sun his servant forth by day:
From Him all beings came, on Him depend,
To Him return, their Author, Sovereign, End.
Who shall destroy when He would save? or stand,
When He destroys, the stroke of his right hand?
With none his name and power will He divide,
For He is God, and there is none beside.

"The proud shall perish:—mark how wild his air
In impotence of malice and despair!
What frenzy fires the bold blasphemer's cheek!
He looks the curses which he cannot speak.
A hand hath touch'd him that he once defied;
Touch'd, and for ever crush'd him in his pride:
Yet shall he live, despised as fear'd before;
The great deceiver shall deceive no more;
Children shall pluck the beard of him whose arts
Palsied the boldest hands, the stoutest hearts;
His vaunted wisdom fools shall laugh to scorn,
When muttering spells, a spectacle forlorn,
A drivelling idiot, he shall fondly roam
From house to house, and never find a home."

The wizard heard his sentence, nor remain'd
A moment longer; from his trance unchain'd,
He plunged into the woods;—the Prophet then
Turn'd, and took up his parable again.

"The proud shall perish:—monarch! know thy doom:
Thy bones shall lack the shelter of a tomb;
Not in the battle-field thine eyes shall close,
Slain upon thousands of thy slaughter'd foes;
Not on the throne of empire, nor the bed
Of weary Nature, thou shalt bow thine head:
Death lurks in ambush; Death, without a name,
Shall pluck thee from thy pinnacle of fame;
At eve, rejoicing o'er thy finish'd toil,
Thy soul shall deem the universe her spoil;
The dawn shall see thy carcass cast away,
The wolves at sunrise slumber on their prey.
Cut from the living, whither dost thou go?
Hades is moved to meet thee from below;[1]
The kings thy sword had slain, the mighty dead,
Start from their thrones at thy descending tread;
They ask in scorn,—'Destroyer! is it thus?
Art thou,—thou too,—become like one of us?
Torn from the feast of music, wine, and mirth,
The worms thy covering, and thy couch the earth:
How art thou fallen from thine ethereal height,
Son of the morning! sunk in endless night:
How art thou fall'n, who saidst in pride of soul,
I will ascend above the starry pole,
Thence rule the adoring nations with my nod,
And set my throne above the Mount of God!
Spilt in the dust, thy blood pollutes the ground;
Sought by the eyes that fear'd thee, yet not found;
Thy chieftains pause, they turn thy relics o'er,
Then pass thee by,—for thou art known no more.
Hail to thine advent! Potentate, in hell,
Unfear'd, unflatter'd, undistinguish'd, dwell;
On earth thy fierce ambition knew no rest,
A worm, a flame for ever in thy breast;
Here feel the rage of unconsuming fire,
Intense, eternal, impotent desire;
Here lie, the deathless worm's unwasting prey,
In chains of darkness till the judgment-day.'

"Thus while the dead thy fearful welcome sing,
Thy living slaves bewail their vanish'd king.
Then, though thy reign with infamy expire,
Fulfill'd in death shall be thy vain desire;
The traitors, reeking with thy blood, shall swear
They saw their sovereign ravish'd through the air,
And point thy star revolving o'er the night,
A baleful comet with portentous light,
'Midst clouds and storms denouncing from afar
Famine and havoc, pestilence and war.
Temples, not tombs, thy monuments shall be,
And altars blaze on hills and groves to thee;
A pyramid shall consecrate thy crimes,
Thy name and honors, to succeeding times;
There shall thine image hold the highest place
Among the gods of man's revolted race!

"That race shall perish:—Men and Giants, all
Thy kindred and thy worshippers shall fall.
The babe, whose life with yesterday began,
May spring to youth, and ripen into man;
But ere his locks are tinged with fading grey,
This world of sinners shall be swept away.
Jehovah lifts his standard to the skies,
Swift at the signal winds and vapors rise;
The sun in sackcloth veils his face at noon,—
The stars are quench'd, and turn'd to blood the moon
Heaven's fountains open, clouds dissolving roll
In mingled cataracts from pole to pole.
Earth's central sluices burst, the hills uptorn,
In rapid whirlpools down the gulf are borne:
The voice that taught the Deep his bounds to know.
'Thus far, O Sea! nor farther shalt thou go,'—

1 This passage, the reader will perceive, is an imitation of some verses in the fourteenth Chapter of the Prophecy of Isaiah, which are applied to the fall of the King of Babylon. The following extract from Bishop Lowth's note on the original will elucidate the paraphrase. "The regions of the Dead are laid open, and Hades is represented as rousing up the shades of the departed monarchs; they rise from their thrones to meet the King of Babylon at his coming; and insult him on his being reduced to the same low state of impotence and dissolution with themselves. * * * * * The image of the state of the Dead, or the *Infernum Poeticum* of the Hebrews, is taken from their custom of burying, those at least of the highest rank, in large sepulchral vaults hewn in the rock. Of this kind of sepulchres there are remains at Jerusalem now extant; and some that are said to be the sepulchres of the kings of Judah. See Maundrell, p. 76. You are to form to yourself the idea of an immense subterraneous vault, a vast gloomy cavern, all round the sides of which there are cells to receive the dead bodies: here the deceased monarchs lie in a distinguished sort of state, suitable to their former rank, each on his own couch, with his arms beside him, his sword at his head, and the bodies of his chiefs and companions around him. * * * * * Those illustrious shades rise at once from their couches, as from their thrones; and advance to the entrance of the cavern to meet the King of Babylon, and to receive him with insults on his fall."—*Lowth's Isaiah*, ch. xiv, v. 9, *et seq.*

s forth the floods, commission'd to devour,
 boundless license and resistless power;
They own no impulse but the tempest's sway,
Nor find a limit but the light of day.

"The vision opens:—sunk beneath the wave,
The guilty share an universal grave:
One wilderness of water rolls in view,
And heaven and ocean wear one turbid hue;
Still stream unbroken torrents from the skies,
Higher beneath the inundations rise;
A lurid twilight glares athwart the scene,
Low thunders peal, faint lightnings flash between.
—Methinks I see a distant vessel ride,
A lonely object on the shoreless tide;
Within whose ark the innocent have found
Safety, while stay'd Destruction ravens round;
Thus, in the hour of vengeance, God, who knows
His servants, spares them, while he smites his foes.

"Eastward I turn;—o'er all the deluged lands,
Unshaken yet, a mighty mountain stands,
Where Seth, of old, his flock to pasture led,
And watch'd the stars at midnight, from its head;
An island now, its dark majestic form
Scowls through the thickest ravage of the storm;
While on its top, the monument of fame,
Built by thy murderers to adorn thy name,
Defies the shock;—a thousand cubits high,
The sloping pyramid ascends the sky.
Thither, their latest refuge in distress,
Like hunted wolves, the rallying Giants press;
Round the broad base of that stupendous tower,
The shuddering fugitives collect their power,
Cling to the dizzy cliff, o'er ocean bend,
And howl with terror as the deeps ascend.
The mountain's strong foundations still endure,
The heights repel the surge.—A while secure,
And cheer'd with frantic hope, thy votaries climb
The fabric, rising step by step sublime.
Beyond the clouds they see the summit glow
In heaven's pure daylight, o'er the gloom below;
There too thy worshipp'd image shines like fire,
In the full glory of thy fabled sire.
They hail the omen, and with heart and voice,
Call on thy name, and in thy smile rejoice:
False omen! on thy name in vain they call;
Fools in their joy;—a moment, and they fall.
Rent by an earthquake of the buried plain,
And shaken by the whole disrupted main,
The mountain trembles on its failing base,
It slides, it stoops, it rushes from its place;
From all the Giants bursts one drowning cry;
Hark! 't is thy name—they curse it as they die;
Sheer to the lowest gulf the pile is hurl'd,
The last sad wreck of a devoted world.

"So fall transgressors:—Tyrant! now fulfil
Thy secret purposes, thine utmost will;
Here crown thy triumphs:—life or death decree,
The weakest here disdains thy power and thee."

Thus when the Patriarch ceased, and every ear
Still listen'd in suspense of hope and fear,
Sublime, ineffable, angelic grace
Beam'd in his meek and venerable face;
And sudden glory, streaming round his head,
O'er all his robes with lambent lustre spread;
His earthly features grew divinely bright,
His essence seem'd transforming into light.
Brief silence, like the pause between the flash,
At midnight, and the following thunder-crash,
Ensued:—Anon, with universal cry,
The Giants rush'd upon the prophet—"Die!"
The king leapt foremost from his throne;—he drew
His battle-sword, as on his mark he flew;
With aim unerring, and tempestuous sound,
The blade descended deep along the ground;
The foe was fled, and, self-o'erwhelm'd, his strength
Hurl'd to the earth his Atlantean length;
But ere his chiefs could stretch the helping arm,
He sprang upon his feet in pale alarm;
Headlong and blind with rage he search'd around,
But *Enoch walk'd with God, and was not found.*

Yet where the captives stood, in holy awe,
Rapt on the wings of cherubim, they saw
Their sainted sire ascending through the night;
He turn'd his face to bless them in his flight;
Then vanish'd:—Javan caught the prophet's eye,
And snatch'd his mantle falling from the sky;
O'er him the Spirit of the Prophet came,
Like rushing wind awakening hidden flame:
"Where is the God of Enoch now?" he cried:[1]
"Captives, come forth! Despisers, shrink aside."
He spake, and bursting through the Giant-throng,
Smote with the mantle as he moved along;
A power invisible their rage controll'd,
Hither and thither as he turn'd they roll'd;
Unawed, unharm'd, the ransom'd prisoners pass'd
Through ranks of foes astonished and aghast:
Close in the youth's conducting steps they trod
—So Israel march'd when Moses raised his rod,
And led their host, enfranchised, through the wave
The people's safeguard, the pursuers' grave.

Thus from the wolves this little flock was torn,
And sheltering in the mountain-caves till morn,
They join'd to sing, in strains of full delight,
Songs of deliverance through the dreary night.

The Giants' frenzy, when they lost their prey,
No tongue of man or angel might portray:
First on their idol-gods their vengeance turn'd,
Those gods on their own altar-piles they burn'd;
Then, at their sovereign's mandate, sallied forth
To rouse their host to combat, from the north;
Eager to risk their uttermost emprize,
Perish ere morn, or reign in Paradise.
Now the slow tempest, that so long had lower'd,
Keen in their faces sleet and hailstones shower'd,
The winds blew loud, the waters roar'd around,
An earthquake rock'd the agonizing ground;
Red in the west the burning mount, array'd
With tenfold terror by incumbent shade
(For moon and stars were wrapt in dunnest gloom),
Glared like a torch amidst creation's tomb:

1 "And he (*Elisha*) took the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and smote the waters (*of Jordan*), and said,—Where is the Lord God of Elijah?—and when he had smitten the waters, they parted hither and thither; and Elisha went over." II Kings, ii, v. 14.

So Sinai's rocks were kindled when they felt
Their Maker's footstep, and began to melt;
Darkness was his pavilion, when He came,
Hid in the brightness of descending flame,
While storm, and whirlwind, and the trumpet's blast,
Proclaim'd his law in thunder, as he pass'd.

The Giants reach'd their camp:—the night's alarms
Meanwhile had startled all their slaves to arms;
They grasp'd their weapons as from sleep they sprang,
From tent to tent the brazen clangor rang:
The hail, the earthquake, the mysterious light
Unnerved their strength, o'erwhelm'd them with affright.
"Warriors! to battle—summon all your powers;
Warriors! to conquest—Paradise is ours!"
Exclaim'd their monarch:—not an arm was raised;
In vacancy of thought, like men amazed,
And lost amidst confounding dreams, they stood,
With palsied eyes, and horror-frozen blood.
The Giants' rage to instant madness grew;
The king and chiefs on their own legions flew,
Denouncing vengeance;—then had all the plain
Been heap'd with myriads by their leaders slain;
But ere a sword could fall,—by whirlwinds driven,
In mighty volumes, through the vault of heaven,
From Eden's summit, o'er the camp accurst,
The darting fires with noon-day splendor burst;
And fearful grew the scene above, below,
With sights of mystery, and sounds of woe
The embattled cherubim appear'd on high,
And coursers, wing'd with lightning, swept the sky;
Chariots, whose wheels with living instinct roll'd,
Spirits of unimaginable mould,
Powers, such as dwell in heaven's serenest light,
Too pure, too terrible for mortal sight,
From depth of midnight suddenly reveal'd,
In arms, against the Giants took the field.
On such an host Elisha's servant gazed,
When all the mountain round the Prophet blazed:[1]
With such an host, when war in heaven was wrought,
Michael against the Prince of Darkness fought.

Roused by the trumpet, that shall wake the dead,
The torpid foe in consternation fled;
The Giants headlong in the uproar ran,
The king himself the foremost of the van,
Nor e'er his rushing squadrons led to fight
With swifter onset, than he led that flight.
Homeward the panic-stricken legions flew;
Their arms, their vestments, from their limbs they threw;
O'er shields and helms the reinless camel strode,
And gold and purple strew'd the desert road.

When through the Assyrian army, like a blast,
At midnight, the destroying angel pass'd,
The tyrant that defied the living God,
Precipitately thus his steps retrod;
Even by the way he came, to his own land,
Return'd to perish by his offspring's hand.[1]
So fled the Giant-monarch;—but unknown
The hand that smote his life—he died alone;
Amidst the tumult treacherously slain,
At morn his chieftains sought their lord in vain,
Then, reckless of the harvest of their toils,
Their camp, their captives, all their treasured spoils,
Renew'd their flight o'er eastern hills afar,
With life alone escaping from that war,
In which their king had hail'd his realm complete,
The world's last province bow'd beneath his feet.

As, when the waters of the flood declined,
Rolling tumultuously before the wind,
The proud waves shrunk from low to lower beds,
And high the hills and higher raised their heads,
Till ocean lay, enchased with rock and strand,
As in the hollow of the Almighty's hand,
While earth with wrecks magnificent was strew'd,
And stillness reign'd o'er Nature's solitude:
—Thus in a storm of horror and dismay,
All night the Giant-army sped away;
Thus on a lonely, sad, and silent scene,
The morning rose in majesty serene.

Early and joyful o'er the dewy grass,
Straight to their glen the ransom'd Patriarchs pass;
As doves released their parent-dwelling find,
They fly for life, nor cast a look behind;
And when they reach'd the dear sequester'd spot,
Enoch alone of all their train "*was not.*"
With them the bard, who from the world withdrew,
Javan, from folly and ambition flew;
Though poor his lot, within that narrow bound,
Friendship, and home, and faithful love, he found:
There did his wanderings and afflictions cease,
His youth was penitence, his age was peace.

Meanwhile the scatter'd tribes of Eden's plain
Turn'd to their desolated fields again,
And join'd their brethren, captives once in fight,
But left to freedom in that dreadful flight:
Thenceforth redeem'd from war's unnumber'd woes,
Rich with the spoils of their retreated foes,
By Giant-tyranny no more opprest,
The people flourish'd, and the land had rest.

Greenland.

PREFACE.

In this Poem the Author frankly acknowledges that he has so far failed, as to be under the necessity of sending it forth incomplete, or suppressing it altogether. Why he has not done the latter is of little importance to the Public, which will assuredly award him no more credit than his performance, taken as it is, can command; while the consequences of his temerity, or his misfortune, must remain wholly with himself.

The original plan was intended to embrace the most prominent events in the annals of ancient and

[1] II. Kings, vi, v. 17.

[1] II. Kings, xix, v. 35—37.

modern Greenland;—incidental descriptions of whatever is sublime or picturesque in the seasons and scenery, or peculiar in the superstitions, manners, and character of the natives—with a rapid retrospect of that moral revolution, which the gospel has wrought among these people, by reclaiming them, almost universally, from idolatry and barbarism.

Of that part of the projected Poem which is here exhibited, the first three Cantos contain a sketch of the history of the ancient Moravian Church, the origin of the missions by that people to Greenland, and the voyage of the first three brethren who went thither in 1733. The fourth Canto refers principally to traditions concerning the Norwegian colonies, which are said to have existed on both shores of Greenland from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries. In the fifth Canto the Author has attempted, in a series of episodes, to sum up and exemplify the chief causes of the extinction of those colonies, and the abandonment of Greenland, for several centuries, by European voyagers. Although this Canto is entirely a work of imagination, the fiction has not been adopted merely as a substitute for lost facts, but as a vehicle for illustrating many of the most splendid and striking phenomena of the climate, for which a more appropriate place might not have been found, even if the Poem had been carried on to a successful conclusion. But having proceeded thus far, personal circumstances, and considerations which it would be impertinent to particularize here, compelled the Author to relinquish his enterprise. Whether he may ever have courage or opportunity to resume it, must depend on contingencies utterly beyond his power.

The principal subjects introduced in the course of the Poem, will be found in *Crantz's* Histories of the Brethren and of Greenland, or in *Risler's* Select Narratives, extracted from the records of the ancient *Unitas Fratrum*, or United Brethren. To the accounts of Iceland, by various travellers, the Author is also much indebted.

SHEFFIELD, *March* 27, 1819.

GREENLAND.

CANTO I.

The three first Moravian Missionaries are represented as on their voyage to Greenland, in the year 1733.—Sketch of the descent, establishment, persecutions, extinction, and revival of the Church of the United Brethren, from the tenth to the beginning of the eighteenth century.—The origin of their Missions to the West Indies and to Greenland.

THE moon is watching in the sky; the stars
Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars;
Ocean, outstretch'd with infinite expanse,
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance;
The tide, o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath;
Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,
A ship above and ship below appear;
A double image, pictured on the deep,
The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep;
Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,
With evanescent motion to the west,
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.

Hark! through the calm and silence of the scene,
Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,
Celestial music swells along the air!
—No—'t is the evening hymn of praise and prayer
From yonder deck, where, on the stern retired,
Three humble voyagers, with looks inspired,
And hearts enkindled with a holier flame
Than ever lit to empire or to fame,
Devoutly stand:—their choral accents rise
On wings of harmony beyond the skies;
And, 'midst the songs that Seraph-Minstrels sing,
Day without night, to their immortal King,
These simple strains,—which erst Bohemian hills
Echoed to pathless woods and desert rills,
Now heard from Shetland's azure bound,—are known
In heaven; and He, who sits upon the throne
In human form, with mediatorial power,
Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour,
When, by th' Almighty Father's high decree,
The utmost north to Him shall bow the knee,
And, won by love, an untamed rebel race
Kiss the victorious Sceptre of His grace.
Then to *His* eye, whose instant glance pervades
Heaven's heights, Earth's circle, Hell's profoundest shades,
Is there a group more lovely than those three
Night-watching pilgrims on the lonely sea?
Or to *His* ear, that gathers in one sound
The voices of adoring worlds around,
Comes there a breath of more delightful praise
Than the faint notes his poor disciples raise,
Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,
Secure as leaning on their Master's breast?

They sleep; but memory wakes: and dreams array
Night in a lively masquerade of day;
The land they seek, the land they leave behind,
Met on mid-ocean in the plastic mind;
One brings forsaken home and friends so nigh,
That tears in slumber swell th' unconscious eye;
The other opens, with prophetic view,
Perils, which e'en their fathers never knew,
(Though school'd by suffering, long inured to toil,
Outcasts and exiles from their natal soil);
—Strange scenes, strange men; untold, untried distress;
Pain, hardships, famine, cold, and nakedness,
Diseases; death in every hideous form,
On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm;
Wild beasts, and wilder men:—unmoved with fear
Health, comfort, safety, life, they count not dear,
May they but hope a Savior's love to show,
And warn one spirit from eternal woe:
Nor will they faint, nor can they strive in vain,
Since thus—to live is Christ, to die is gain.

'T is morn:—the bathing moon her lustre shrouds:
Wide o'er the east impends an arch of clouds,
That spans the ocean; while the infant dawn
Peeps through the portal o'er the liquid lawn,
That ruffled by an April gale appears,
Between the gloom and splendor of the spheres,
Dark purple as the moorland-heath, when rain
Hangs in low vapors o'er th' autumnal plain:

Till the full Sun, resurgent from the flood,
Looks on the waves, and turns them into blood;
But quickly kindling, as his beams aspire,
The lambent billows play in forms of fire.
—Where is the Vessel?—Shining through the light,
Like the white sea-fowl's horizontal flight,
Yonder she wings, and skims, and cleaves her way
Through refluent foam and iridescent spray.

Lo! on the deck, with patriarchal grace,
Heaven in his bosom opening o'er his face,
Stands Christian David—venerable name!
Bright in the records of celestial fame,
On earth obscure;—like some sequester'd star,
That rolls in its Creator's beams afar,
Unseen by man, till telescopic eye,
Sounding the blue abysses of the sky,
Draws forth its hidden beauty into light,
And adds a jewel to the crown of night.
Though hoary with the multitude of years,
Unshorn of strength, between his young compeers,
He towers;—with faith, whose boundless glance can see
Time's shadows brightening through eternity;
Love,—God's own love in his pure breast enshrined;
Love,—love to man the magnet of his mind;
Sublimer schemes maturing in his thought
Than ever statesman plann'd, or warrior wrought;
While, with rejoicing tears, and rapturous sighs,
To heaven ascends their morning sacrifice.[1]

Whence are the pilgrims? whither would they roam?
Greenland their port—Moravia *was* their home.
Sprung from a race of martyrs, men who bore
The cross on many a Golgotha of yore;
When first Sclavonian tribes the truth received,
And princes at the price of thrones believed;[2]
—When Waldo, flying from the apostate west,[1]
In German wilds his righteous cause confess'd:
—When Wickliffe, like a rescuing Angel, found
The dungeon where the word of God lay bound,
Unloosed its chains, and led it by the hand,
In its own sunshine, through his native land:[2]
—When Huss, the victim of perfidious foes,
To heaven upon a fiery chariot rose;
And ere he vanish'd, with a prophet's breath,
Foretold th' immortal triumphs of his death:[3]

1 The names of the three first Moravian Missionaries to Greenland were, *Christian David*, *Matthew Stach*, and *Christian Stach*.

2 The Church of the United Brethren (first established under that name about the year 1460) traces its descent from the Sclavonian branch of the Greek Church, which was spread throughout Bohemia and Moravia, as well as the ancient Dalmatia. The Bulgarians were once the most powerful tribe of the Sclavic nations; and among them the gospel was introduced in the ninth century.

The story of the introduction of Christianity among the Sclavonic tribes is interesting. The Bulgarians, being borderers on the Greek empire, frequently made predatory incursions on the Imperial territory. On one occasion the sister of *Bogaris*, King of the Bulgarians, was taken prisoner, and carried to Constantinople. Being a royal captive, she was treated with great honor, and diligently instructed in the doctrines of the gospel, of the truth of which she became so deeply convinced, that she desired to be baptized: and when, in 845, the Emperor Michael III. made peace with the Bulgarians, she returned to her country a pious and zealous Christian. Being earnestly concerned for the conversion of her brother and his people, she wrote to Constantinople for teachers to instruct them in the way of righteousness. Two distinguished bishops of the Greek Church, *Cyrillus* and *Methodius*, were accordingly sent into Bulgaria. The king *Bogaris*, who heretofore had resisted conviction, conceived a particular affection for *Methodius*, who being a skilful painter, was desired by him, in the spirit of a barbarian, to compose a picture exhibiting the most horrible devices. *Methodius* took a happy advantage of this strange request, and painted the day of judgment in a style so terrific, and explained its scenes to his royal master in language so awful and affecting, that *Bogaris* was awakened, made a profession of the true faith, and was baptized by the name of *Michael*, in honor of his benefactor, the Greek Emperor. His subjects, according to the fashion of the times, some by choice, and others from constraint, adopted their master's religion. To *Cyrillus* is attributed the translation of the Scriptures still in use among the descendants of the Sclavonian tribes, which adhere to the Greek Church; and this is probably the most ancient European version of the Bible in a living tongue.

But notwithstanding this triumphant introduction of Christianity among these fierce nations (including the Bohemians and Moravians), multitudes adhered to idolatry, and among the nobles especially many continued Pagans, and in open or secret enmity against the new religion and its professors. In Bohemia, Duke *Borziwog*, having embraced the gospel, was expelled by his chieftains, and one *Stoymirus*, who had been thirteen years in exile, and who was believed to be a heathen, was chosen by them as their prince. He being, however, soon detected in Christian worship, was deposed, and *Borziwog* recalled. The latter died soon after his restoration, leaving his widow, *Ludomilla*, regent during the minority of her son *Wratislaus*, who married a noble lady, named *Drahomira*. The young duchess, to ingratiate herself with her husband and her mother-in-law, affected to embrace Christianity, while in her heart she remained an implacable enemy to it. Her husband, dying early, left her with two infant boys. *Wenceslaus*, the elder, was taken by his grandmother, the pious *Ludomilla*, and carefully educated in Christian principles; the younger, *Boleslas*, was not less carefully educated in hostility against them by *Drahomira;* who, seizing the government during the minority of her children, shut up the churches, forbade the clergy either to preach or teach in schools, and imprisoned, banished, or put to death those who disobeyed her edicts against the gospel. But when her eldest son, *Wenceslaus*, became of age, he was persuaded by his grandmother and the principal Christian nobles to take possession of the government, which was his inheritance. He did so, and began his reign by removing his pagan mother and brother to a distance from the metropolis. *Drahomira*, transported with rage, resolved to rid herself of her mother-in-law, whose influence over *Wenceslaus* was predominant. She found two heathen assassins ready for her purpose, who, stealing unperceived into *Ludomilla's* oratory, fell upon her as she entered it for evening prayers, threw a rope round her neck, and strangled her. The remorseless *Drahomira* next plotted against *Wenceslaus*, to deprive him of the government: but her intrigues miscarrying, she proposed to her heathen son to murder him. An opportunity soon offered. On the birth of a son, *Boleslas* invited his Christian brother to visit him, and be present at a pretended ceremony of blessing the infant. *Wenceslaus* attended, and was treated with unwonted kindness; but suspecting treachery, he could not sleep in his brother's house. He therefore went to spend the night in the church. Here, as he lay defenceless in an imagined sanctuary, *Boleslas*, instigated by their unnatural mother, surprised and slew him with his sabre. The murderer immediately usurped the sovereignty, and commenced a cruel persecution against the Christians, which was terminated by the interference of the Roman Emperor *Otto* I, who made war upon *Boleslas*, reduced him to the condition of a vassal, and gave peace to his persecuted subjects. This happened in the year 943.

1 With the Waldenses, the Bohemian and Moravian Churches, which never properly submitted to the authority of the Pope, held intimate communion for ages; and from *Stephen*, the last bishop of the Waldenses, in 1467, the United Brethren received their episcopacy. Almost immediately afterwards those ancient confessors of the truth were dispersed by a cruel persecution, and *Stephen* himself suffered martyrdom, being burnt as a heretic at Vienna.

2 *Wickliffe's* writings were early translated into the Bohemian tongue, and eagerly read by the devout and persecuted people, who never had given up the Bible in their own language, nor consented to perform their church service in Latin. Archbishop *Sbinek*, of Prague, ordered the works of *Wickliffe* to be burnt by the hands of the hangman. He himself could scarcely read!

3 It is well known that *John Huss* (who might be called a disciple of our *Wickliffe*), though furnished with a safe-conduct

—When Ziska, burning with fanatic zeal,
Exchanged the Spirit's sword for patriot steel,
And through the heart of Austria's thick array
To Tabor's summit stabb'd resistless way;
But there (as if transfigured on the spot
The world's Redeemer stood), his rage forgot;
Deposed his arms and trophies in the dust,
Wept like a babe, and placed in God his trust,
While prostrate warriors kiss'd the hallow'd ground,
And lay, like slain, in silent ranks around:[1]
—When mild Gregorius, in a lowlier field,
As brave a witness, as unwont to yield
As Ziska's self, with patient footsteps trod
A path of suffering, like the Son of God,
And nobler palms, by meek endurance won,
Than if his sword had blazed from sun to sun:[2]
Though nature fail'd him on the racking wheel,
He felt the joys which parted spirits feel;
Rapt into bliss from ecstacy of pain,
Imagination wander'd o'er a plain:
Fair in the midst, beneath a morning sky,
A tree its ample branches bore on high,
With fragrant bloom, and fruit delicious hung,
While birds beneath the foliage fed and sung;
All glittering to the sun with diamond dew,
O'er sheep and kine a breezy shade it threw;
A lovely boy, the child of hope and prayer,
With crook and shepherd's pipe, was watching there;
At hand three venerable forms were seen,
In simple garb, with apostolic mien,
Who mark'd the distant fields convulsed with strife,
—The guardian Cherubs of that Tree of Life;
Not arm'd, like Eden's host, with flaming brands,
Alike to friends and foes they stretch'd their hands,
In sign of peace; and while Destruction spread
His path with carnage, welcomed all who fled:
—When poor Comenius, with his little flock,
Escaped the wolves, and from the boundary rock,
Cast o'er Moravian hills a look of woe,
Saw the green vales expand, the waters flow,
And, happier years revolving in his mind,
Caught every sound that murmur'd on the wind;
As if his eye could never thence depart,
As if his ear was seated in his heart,
And his full soul would thence a passage break,
To leave the body, for his country's sake;
While on his knees he pour'd the fervent prayer,
That God would make that martyr-land his care,
And nourish in its ravaged soil a root
Of Gregor's Tree, to bear perennial fruit.[1]

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by the emperor *Sigismund*, was burnt by a decree of the council of Constance. Several sayings, predictive of retribution to the priests, and reformation in the Church, are recorded, as being uttered by him in his last hours. Among others;—"A hundred years hence," said he, addressing his judges, "ye shall render an account of your doings to God and to me."—*Luther* appeared at the period thus indicated.

1 After the martyrdom of *John Huss*, his followers and countrymen took up arms for the maintenance of their civil and religious liberties. The first and most distinguished of their leaders was *John Ziska*. He seized possession of a high mountain, which he fortified, and called *Tabor*. Here he and his people (who were hence called *Taborites*) worshipped God according to their consciences and his holy word; while in the plains they fought and conquered their persecutors and enemies.

2 The genuine followers of *John Huss* never approved of the war for religion carried on by *Ziska*, though many of them were incidentally involved in it. *Rokyzan*, a Calixtine, having with his party made a compromise with their sovereign and the priests, by which they were allowed the use of the cup in the sacrament, was made archbishop of Prague in the year 1435; and thenceforward, though he had been fully convinced of the truth of the doctrines promulgated by *Huss*, he became a treacherous friend or an open enemy of his followers, as it happened to serve the purposes of his ambition. The Pope, however, refused to confirm him in his new dignity, unless he would relinquish the cup; on which, for a time, he made great pretensions of undertaking a thorough reform in the church. All who hoped any thing good of him were disappointed, and none more than his pious nephew *Gregorius*, who in vain, on behalf of the peace-loving Hussites, besought him to proceed in the work of church-regeneration. He refused peremptorily, at length, after having greatly dissimulated and temporized. His refusal was the immediate cause of the commencement of the Church of the United Brethren, in that form in which it has been recognised for nearly 400 years. They were no sooner known, however, as "*Fratres legis Christi*," *Brethren according to the rule of Christ*, than they were persecuted as heretics. Among others, *Gregorius*, who is styled the "*Patriarch of the Brethren*," was apprehended at a private meeting with a number of his people. The judge who executed the royal authority, on entering the room, used these remarkable words: "*It is written, all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution; therefore follow me, by command of the higher powers.*" They followed, and were sentenced to the torture. On the rack, *Gregorius* fell into a swoon, and all present supposed him to be dead. Hereupon his apostate uncle *Rokyzan* hastened to the spot, and falling upon his neck, with tears and loud lamentations, bewailed him, exclaiming—"*O, my dear Gregorius! would to God I were where thou art!*" His nephew, however, revived, and was set at liberty. He afterwards, according to tradition, declared that in his trance he had seen a vision;—a tree, covered with leaves and blossoms and fruits, on which many beautiful birds were feeding and melodiously singing. Under it, was a shepherd's boy; and near at hand, three venerable old men (as guardians of the tree), whose habiliments and countenances were those of the three persons who, several years afterwards, were consecrated the first bishops of the Church of the United Brethren, by *Stephen*, the last bishop of the Waldenses.

1 *John Amos Comenius*, one of the most learned as well as pious men of his age, was minister of the Brethren's congregation at Fulneck, in Moravia, from 1618 to 1627, when the Protestant nobility and clergy being expatriated, he fled with a part of his people through Silesia into Poland. On the summit of the mountains forming the boundary, he turned his sorrowful eyes towards Bohemia and Moravia, and kneeling down with his brethren there, implored God, with many tears, that he would not take away the light of his holy word from those two provinces, but preserve in them a remnant for himself. A remnant *was* saved.

Comenius afterwards visited and resided in various parts of Germany, Holland, and England; everywhere, on his travels, recommending, with earnestness and importunity, the case of his oppressed brethren in Bohemia and Moravia to men in power. But his appeals were in vain; and when, at the peace of Westphalia, in 1648, he found that nothing was provided for their protection in the free exercise of their religion, he published an affecting representation of the peculiar hardships of their church, in which he observed:—"We justly, indeed, deserve to bear the wrath of Almighty God; but will such men (alluding to the Protestant diplomatists and their constituent authorities) be able to justify their actions before God, who, forgetting the common cause of all Protestants, and the old covenants amongst us, neglect to assist those who are oppressed in the same engagements? Having made peace for themselves, they never gave it a thought, that the Bohemians and Moravians, who *at the first, and for so many centuries*, asserted the truth in opposition to Popery, were likewise worthy to be mutually considered by them; that the light of the gospel, which first was enkindled and put upon the candlestick in the Brethren's church, might not now be extinguished, as it appears to be. This afflicted people, therefore, which on account of its faithful adherence to the apostolic doctrines, following the footsteps of the primitive church, and the instructions of the holy fathers has been so much hated, persecuted, tossed to and fro, and even forsaken by those of its own household, and now finds mercy from no man;—this afflicted people has nothing left, but to cast itself upon the aid of the eternally merciful Lord God, and with the ancient prophet, when his nation was overthrown by its enemies, to exclaim—'For these things I weep; mine eye, mine eye runneth down with water, because the Comforter that should relieve my soul is far from me.' Lam. i, 16.—But Thou,

His prayer was heard:—that Church, through ages past,
Assail'd and rent by persecution's blast;
Whose sons no yoke could crush, no burthen tire,
Unawed by dungeons, tortures, sword, and fire,
(Less proof against the world's alluring wiles,
Whose frowns have weaker terrors than its smiles);
—That Church o'erthrown, dispersed, unpeopled, dead,
Oft from the dust of ruin raised her head,
And rallying round her feet, as from their graves,
Her exiled orphans, hid in forest-caves,
Where, 'midst the fastnesses of rocks and glens,
Banded like robbers, stealing from their dens,
By night they met, their holiest vows to pay,
As if their deeds were dark, and shunn'd the day;
While Christ's revilers, in his seamless robe,
And parted garments, flaunted round the globe;
From east to west while Priestcraft's banners flew,
And harness'd kings his iron chariot drew,
—That Church advanced triumphant o'er the ground
Where all her conquering martyrs had been crown'd,
Fearless her foe's whole malice to defy,
And worship God in liberty, or die:
For truth and conscience oft she pour'd her blood,
And firmest in the fiercest conflict stood,
Wresting from bigotry the proud control
Claim'd o'er the sacred empire of the soul,
Where God, the Judge of all, should fill the throne,
And reign, as in his universe, alone.[1]

'T was thus through centuries she rose and fell:
At length victorious seem'd the gates of hell:
But, founded on a rock, which cannot move—
Th' eternal rock of her Redeemer's love—
That Church, which Satan's legions thought destroy'd,
Her name extinct, her place for ever void,
Alive once more, respired her native air,
But found no freedom for the voice of prayer:
Again the cowl'd oppressor clank'd his chains,
Flourish'd his scourge, and threaten'd bonds and pains
(His arm enfeebled could no longer kill,
But in his heart he was a murderer still):
Then Christian David, strengthen'd from above,
Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove;
Bold as a lion on his Master's part,
In zeal a seraph, and a child in heart;
Pluck'd from the gripe of antiquated laws
—(Even as a mother from the felon-jaws
Of a lean wolf, that bears her babe away,
With courage beyond nature, rends the prey),
The little remnant of that ancient race:
—Far in Lusatian woods they found a place;
There,—where the sparrow builds her busy nest,
And the clime-changing swallow loves to rest,
Thine altar, God of Hosts!—*there* still appear
The tribes to worship, unassail'd by fear;
Not like their fathers, vex'd from age to age
By blatant Bigotry's insensate rage,
Abroad in every place,—in every hour
Awake, alert, and ramping to devour.
No: peaceful as the spot where Jacob slept,
And guard all night the journeying angels kept,
Herrnhut yet stands amidst her shelter'd bowers;
—The Lord hath set his watch upon her towers.[1]

O Lord God! who abidest for ever and ever, and whose throne is eternal, why wilt thou forget us, and even forsake us in this extremity? O bring us, Lord, again to thyself, that we may return to our homes. Renew our days as of old." In 1649, *Comenius* published a History of the Brethren's Church, which he dedicated, as his "last will and testament," to *the Church of England*, to preserve for the successors of the brethren in future ages, as to the last hour of his life he cherished the hope of their revival and establishment in peace and freedom.—This work was translated from the original Latin, and published in London in 1661.

1 *Previous* to the Reformation, for about fifty years, the prisons in Bohemia, and especially at Prague, were filled, from time to time, in consequence of special decrees, with members of the Brethren's Church. *Michael*, one of their first bishops, was long under rigorous confinement. Many perished in deep dungeons, with cold and hunger; others were cruelly tortured. The remainder were obliged to seek refuge in thick forests, and to hide themselves by day in caverns and recesses among the rocks. Fearing to be betrayed in the day-time by the smoke, they kindled their fires only at night, around which they employed their time in reading the Scriptures, and in prayer. If they were under the necessity of going out in the snow, either to seek provisions or to visit their neighbors, they always walked behind one another, each in his turn treading in the footsteps of the first, and the last dragging a piece of brushwood after him, to obliterate the track, or to make it appear as if some poor peasant had been to the woods to fetch a bundle of sticks. With the Reformers, *Luther*, *Calvin*, *Zwinglius*, *Melancthon*, *Bucer*, and *Capito*, the Brethren held the most friendly correspondence, and by all were acknowledged to be a true apostolical church. The strictness of their church-discipline, however, and the difference which subsisted among these great men themselves on that general subject, as well as the insulated locality of the Brethren, probably were the causes why they remained still totally distinct from any of the new Christian societies which were then instituted. *After* the Reformation, especially about the beginning and till the middle of the seventeenth century, they were exposed to the same kind of persecutions and proscriptions which their ancestors had suffered. After the death of the Emperor *Rudolph*, in 1612, the resolutions of the Council of Trent were decreed to be put in force against all Protestants in Bohemia. This occasioned a civil war, like that of the Hussites. The Brethren, though they are understood to have taken very little share in this defence of the truth, by weapons of carnal warfare, were nevertheless exposed to all the vindictive cruelty, by which the Protestants in Bohemia were nearly extirpated, after their defeat by the Imperialists, on the White Mountain, near Prague, in 1620. On the 21st June 1621, no less than *twenty-seven* of the Patrons (*Defensores*) of the Protestant cause, principally nobles and men of distinction, were beheaded, who all died as faithful witnesses and martyrs to the religion of Christ. This execution was followed by a decree of banishment against all ministers of the Brethren's churches in Bohemia and Moravia. Many hundred families, both noble and plebeian, fled into the neighboring provinces. Emigration, however, was rendered as difficult as possible to the common people, who were strictly watched by the emissaries of persecution. Many thousands, notwithstanding, gradually made their escape, and joined their ministers in exile; others, who from age, infirmity, or the burthen of large families, could not do the same, remained in their country, but were compelled to worship God, after the manner of their forefathers, in secret only, for thenceforward neither churches nor schools for Protestants were allowed to exist in Bohemia and Moravia. Search was made for their Bibles and religious books, which were burnt in piles, and in some places under the gallows.

1 In 1721 (ninety-four years after the flight of *Comenius*), the Church of the United Brethren was revived by the persecuted refugees from Moravia (descendants of the old confessors of that name), who were led from time to time by *Christian David* (himself a Moravian, but educated in the Lutheran persuasion), to settle on an uncultivated piece of land, on an estate belonging to *Count Zinzendorf*, in Lusatia. *Christian David*, who was a carpenter, began the work of building a church in this wilderness, by striking his ax into a tree, and exclaiming—"*Here hath the sparrow found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself; even thine altars, O Lord God of Hosts!*" They named the settlement *Herrnhut*, or *The Lord's Watch*.

After the lapse of nearly a century, during which the refugees of the Brethren's churches, in Saxony, Poland, and Prussia, were nearly lost among the people with whom they associated, and the small remnant that continued in Moravia kept up the fire on their family-altars, while in their churches it was utterly extinct, a new persecution against this small remnant drove many of them from their homes, who, under the conduct of *Christian David*, finding an asylum on the estates of *Count Zinzendorf*, founded near Bertholsdorf the first congregation

Soon, homes of humble form, and structure rude,
Raised sweet society in solitude:
And the lorn traveller there, at fall of night,
Could trace from distant hills the spangled light,
Which now from many a cottage-window stream'd,
Or in full glory round the chapel beam'd;
While hymning voices, in the silent shade,
Music of all his soul's affections made:
Where through the trackless wilderness erewhile,
No hospitable ray was known to smile;
Or if a sudden splendor kindled joy,
'T was but a meteor dazzling to destroy:
While the wood echoed to the hollow owl,
The fox's cry, or wolf's lugubrious howl.

Unwearied as the camel, day by day,
Tracks through unwater'd wilds his doleful way,
Yet in his breast a cherish'd draught retains,
To cool the fervid current in his veins,
While from the sun's meridian realms he brings
The gold and gems of Ethiopian Kings:
So Christian David, spending yet unspent,
On many a pilgrimage of mercy went;
Through all their haunts his suffering brethren sought,
And safely to that land of promise brought;
While in his bosom, on the toilsome road,
A secret well of consolation flow'd,
Fed from the fountain near th' eternal throne,
—Bliss to the world unyielded and unknown.

In stillness thus the little Zion rose;
But scarcely found those fugitives repose,
Ere to the west with pitying eyes they turn'd;
Their love to Christ beyond th' Atlantic burn'd.
Forth sped their messengers, content to be
Captives themselves, to cheer captivity:
Soothe the poor negro with fraternal smiles,
And preach deliverance in those prison-isles,
Where man's most hateful forms of being meet,
—The tyrant and the slave that licks his feet.[1]

O'er Greenland next two youths in secret wept;
And where the sabbath of the dead was kept,
With pious forethought, while their hands prepare
Beds which the living and unborn shall share
(For man so surely to the dust is brought,
His grave before his cradle may be wrought),
They told their purpose, each o'erjoy'd to find
His own idea in his brother's mind.
For counsel in simplicity they pray'd,
And vows of ardent consecration made:
—Vows heard in heaven; from that accepted hour,
Their souls were clothed with confidence and power,[1]
Nor hope deferr'd could quell their heart's desire;
The bush once kindled grew amidst the fire;
But ere its shoots a tree of life became,
Congenial spirits caught th' electric flame;
And for that holy service, young and old,
Their plighted faith and willing names enroll'd;
Eager to change the rest, so lately found,
For life-long labors on barbarian ground;
To break, through barriers of eternal ice,
A vista to the gates of Paradise;
And light beneath the shadow of the pole
The tenfold darkness of the human soul;
To man,—a task more hopeless than to bless
With Indian fruits that arctic wilderness;
With God,—as possible when unbegun
As though the destined miracle were done.

Three chosen candidates at length went forth,
Heralds of mercy to the frozen north;
Like mariners with seal'd instructions sent,
They went in faith, (as childless Abram went
To dwell by sufferance in a land, decreed
The future birthright of his promised seed),
Unknowing whither;—uninquiring why
Their lot was cast beneath so strange a sky,
Where cloud nor star appear'd, to mortal sense
Pointing the hidden path of Providence,
And all around was darkness to be felt;
—Yet in that darkness light eternal dwelt:
They knew,—and 't was enough for them to know
The still small voice that whisper'd them to go;
For He, who spake by that mysterious voice,
Inspired their will, and made His call their choice

See the swift vessel bounding o'er the tide,
That wafts, with Christian David for their guide,
Two young Apostles on their joyful way,
To regions in the twilight verge of day;
Freely they quit the clime that gave them birth,
Home, kindred, friendship, all they loved on earth;
What things were gain before, accounting loss,
And glorying in the shame, they bear the cross;

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of the revived Church of the United Brethren. On the 8th of June 1722, *Christian David*, with four of the first fugitives that arrived in Lusatia, were presented to *Count Zinzendorf's* grandmother, who instantly gave them protection, and promised to furnish them with the means of establishing themselves on one of her family-estates. *Count Zinzendorf* himself gives the following account of the circumstances under which he fixed upon the situation for those settlers. He proposed a district called the *Hutberg*, near the high road to Zittau. It was objected, by some who knew the place, that there was no water there: he answered "*God is able to help;*" and the following morning early he repaired thither to observe the rising of the vapors, that he might determine where a well might be dug. The next morning he again visited the place alone, and satisfied himself of its eligibility for a settlement. He adds, "I laid the misery and desire of these people before God with many tears; beseeching Him, that his hand might be with me and frustrate my measures, if they were in any way displeasing to Him. I said further to the Lord: *Upon this spot I will, in thy name, build the first house for them.* In the meantime the Moravians returned to the farm-house (where they had been previously lodged), having brought their families thither out of their native country. These I assisted to the best of my power, and then went to *Hennersdorf* to acquaint my lady (his grandmother aforementioned) with the resolution I had taken. She made no objection, and immediately sent the poor strangers a cow, that they might be furnished with milk for their little children; and she ordered me to show them the trees to be cut down for their building."

1 In 1732, when the congregation at Herrnhut consisted of about six hundred persons, including children, the two first missionaries sailed for the Danish island of St. Thomas, to preach the gospel to the negroes; and such was their devotion to the good work, that being told that they could not have intercourse otherwise with the objects of their Christian compassion, they determined to sell themselves for slaves on their arrival, and work with the blacks in the plantations. But this sacrifice was not required. Many thousand negroes have since been truly converted in the West Indies.

1 *Matthew Stach* and *Frederick Boenisch*, two young men, being at work together, preparing a piece of ground for a burial-place at Herrnhut, disclosed to each other their distinct desires to offer themselves to the congregation as missionaries to Greenland. They therefore became joint candidates. Considerable delay, however, occurred; and when it was at length determined to attempt the preaching of the gospel there, *Frederick Boenisch* being on a distant journey, *Christian David* was appointed to conduct thither *Matthew Stach* and his cousin *Christian Stach*, who sailed from Copenhagen on the 10th of April 1733 and landed in Ball's River on the 20th of May following.

—Not as the Spaniard, on his flag unfurl'd,
A bloody omen through a Pagan world:
—Not the vain image, which the Devotee
Clasps as the God of his idolatry;
But in their hearts, to Greenland's western shore,
That dear memorial of their Lord they bore,
Amidst the wilderness to lift the sign
Of wrath appeased by sacrifice divine;
And bid a serpent-stung and dying race
Look on their Healer, and be saved by grace. *

CANTO II.

Hopes and fears.—The Brethren pursue their Voyage.—A digression on Iceland.

What are thine hopes, Humanity?—thy fears?
Poor voyager, upon this flood of years,
Whose tide, unturning, hurries to the sea
Of dark unsearchable eternity,
The fragile skiffs, in which thy children sail
A day, an hour, a moment, with the gale,
Then vanish;—gone like eagles on the wind,
Or fish in waves, that yield and close behind?
Thine hopes,—lost anchors buried in the deep,
That rust, through storm and calm, in iron sleep;
Whose cables, loose aloft and fix'd below,
Rot with the sea-weed, floating to and fro!
Thy fears—are wrecks that strew the fatal surge,
Whose whirlpools swallow, or whose currents urge
Adventurous barks on rocks, that lurk at rest,
Where the blue halcyon builds her foam-light nest;
Or strand them on illumined shoals, that gleam
Like drifted gold in summer's cloudless beam.
Thus would thy race, beneath their parent's eye,
Live without knowledge, without prospect die.

But when Religion bids her spirit breathe,
And opens bliss above and woe beneath;
When God reveals his march through Nature's night,
His steps are beauty, and his presence light:
His voice is life:—the dead in conscience start;
They feel a new creation in the heart.
Ah! then, Humanity, thy hopes, thy fears,
How changed, how wondrous!—On this tide of years,
Though the frail barks, in which thine offspring sail
Their day, their hour, their moment, with the gale,
Must perish;—Shipwreck only sets them free;
With joys unmeasured as eternity,
They ply on seas of glass their golden oars,
And pluck immortal fruits along the shores;
Nor shall *their* cables fail, *their* anchors rust,
Who wait the resurrection of the just:
Moor'd on the rock of ages, though decay
Moulder the weak terrestrial frame away,
The trumpet sounds,—and lo! wherever spread,
Earth, air, and ocean, render back their dead,
And souls with bodies, spiritual and divine,
In the new heavens, like stars for ever shine.
These are thine Hopes;—thy Fears what tongue can tell?
Behold them graven on the gates of Hell:
"The wrath of God abideth here: his breath
Kindled the flames:—*this* is the second death."

'T was Mercy wrote the lines of judgment there;
None who from earth can read them may despair;
Man!—let the warning strike presumption dumb;—
Awake, arise, escape the wrath to come;
No resurrection from *that* grave shall be;
The worm within is—immortality.

The terrors of Jehovah, and his grace,
The Brethren bear to earth's remotest race.
And now, exulting on their swift career,
The northern waters narrowing in the rear,
They rise upon th' Atlantic flood, that rolls
Shoreless and fathomless between the poles,
Whose waves the east and western world divide,
Then gird the globe with one circumfluent tide;
For mighty Ocean, by whatever name
Known to vain man, is everywhere the same,
And deems all regions by his gulfs embraced
But vassal tenures of his sovereign waste.
Clear shines the sun; the surge, intensely blue,
Assumes by day heaven's own aerial hue:
Buoyant and beautiful, as through a sky,
On balanced wings, behold the vessel fly;
Invisibly impell'd, as though it felt
A soul, within its heart of oak that dwelt,
Which broke the billows with spontaneous force,—
Ruled the free elements, and chose its course.
Not so:—and yet along the trackless realm,
A hand unseen directs th' unconscious helm;
The Power that sojourn'd in the cloud by day,
And fire by night, on Israel's desert way;
That Power the obedient vessel owns:—His will,
Tempest and calm, and death and life, fulfil.

Day following day the current smoothly flows;
Labor is but refreshment from repose;
Perils are vanish'd; every fear resign'd;
Peace walks the waves, Hope carols on the wind;
And Time so sweetly travels o'er the deep,
They feel his motion like the fall of sleep
On weary limbs, that, stretch'd in stillness, seem
To float upon the eddy of a stream,
Then sink,—to wake in some transporting dream.
Thus, while the Brethren far in exile roam,
Visions of Greenland show their future home.
—Now a dark speck, but brightening as it flies,
A vagrant sea-fowl glads their eager eyes;
How lovely, from the narrow deck to see
The meanest link of nature's family,
Which makes us feel, in dreariest solitude,
Affinity with all that breathe renew'd!
At once a thousand kind emotions start,
And the blood warms and mantles round the heart!
—O'er the ship's lee, the waves, in shadow seen,
Change from deep indigo to beryl green,
And wreaths of frequent weed, that slowly float,
Land to the watchful mariner denote:
Ere long the pulse beats quicker through his breast,
When, like a range of evening clouds at rest,
Iceland's grey cliffs and ragged coast he sees,
But shuns them, leaning on the southern breeze;
And while they vanish far in distance, tells
Of lakes of fire and necromancers' spells.

Strange Isle! a moment to poetic gaze
Rise in thy majesty of rocks and bays,

Glens, fountains, caves, that seem not things of earth,
But the wild shapes of some prodigious birth;
As if the kraken, monarch of the sea,
Wallowing abroad in his immensity,
By polar storms and lightning shafts assail'd,
Wedged with ice mountains, here had fought and fail'd;
Perish'd—and in the petrifying blast,
His hulk became an island rooted fast:[1]
—Rather, from ocean's dark foundation hurl'd,
Thou art a type of his mysterious world,
Buoy'd on the desolate abyss, to show
What wonders of creation hide below.

Here Hecla's triple peaks, with meteor lights,
Nature's own beacons, cheer hybernal nights:
But when the orient flames in red array,
Like ghosts the spectral splendors flee the day;
Morn at her feet beholds supinely spread
The carcass of the old chimera dead,
That wont to vomit flames and molten ore,
Now cleft asunder to the inmost core;
In smouldering heaps, wide wrecks and cinders strown,
Lie like the walls of Sodom overthrown
(Ere from the face of blushing Nature swept,
And where the city stood, the Dead Sea slept);
While inaccessible, tradition feigns,
To human foot the guarded top remains,
Where birds of hideous shape and doleful note,
Fate's ministers, in livid vapors float.[2]

Far off, amidst the placid sunshine, glow
Mountains with hearts of fire and crests of snow,
Whose blacken'd slopes with deep ravines intrench'd,
Their thunders silenced, and their lightnings quench'd,
Still the slow heat of spent eruptions breathe,
While embryo earthquakes swell their wombs beneath.

Hark! from yon caldron cave, the battle sound,
Of fire and water warring under ground;
Rack'd on the wheels of an ebullient tide,
Here might some spirit, fallen from bliss, abide,
Such fitful wailings of intense despair,
Such emanating splendors fill the air.[3]

—He comes, he comes; th' infuriate Geyser springs
Up to the firmament on vapory wings;
With breathless awe the mounting glory view;
White whirling clouds his steep ascent pursue.
But lo! a glimpse;—refulgent to the gale,
He starts all naked through his riven veil;
A fountain-column, terrible and bright,
A living, breathing, moving form of light:
From central earth to heaven's meridian thrown,
The mighty apparition towers alone,
Rising, as though for ever he could rise,
Storm and resume his palace in the skies.
All foam, and turbulence, and wrath below,
Around him beams the reconciling bow,
(Signal of peace, whose radiant girdle binds,
Till nature's doom, the waters and the winds;)
While mist and spray, condensed to sudden dews,
The air illumine with celestial hues,
As if the bounteous sun were raining down
The richest gems of his imperial crown.
In vain the spirit wrestles to break free,
Foot-bound to fathomless captivity;
A power unseen, by sympathetic spell
For ever working,—to his flinty cell,
Recalls him from the ramparts of the spheres;
He yields, collapses, lessens, disappears;
Darkness receives him in her vague abyss,
Around whose verge light froth and bubbles hiss,
While the low murmurs of the refluent tide
Far into subterranean silence glide,
The eye still gazing down the dread profound,
When the bent ear hath wholly lost the sound.
—But is he slain and sepulchred?—Again
The deathless giant sallies from his den,
Scales with recruited strength the ethereal walls,
Struggles afresh for liberty,—and falls.
Yes, and for liberty the fight renew'd,
By day, by night, undaunted, unsubdued,
He shall maintain, till Iceland's solid base
Fail, and the mountains vanish from its face.

And can these fail?—Of Alpine height and mould
Schapta's unshaken battlements behold:
His throne an hundred hills; his sun-crown'd head
Resting on clouds; his robe of shadow spread
O'er half the isle; he pours from either hand
An unexhausted river through the land,
On whose fair banks, through valleys warm and green,
Cattle and flocks, and homes, and spires are seen.
Here Nature's earthquake pangs were never felt;
Here in repose hath man for ages dwelt;
The everlasting mountain seems to say,
"I am,—and I shall never pass away."

Yet fifty winters, and with huge uproar,
Thy pride shall perish;—thou shalt be no more;
Amidst chaotic ruins on the plain,
Those cliffs, these waters, shall be sought in vain![1]
—Through the dim vista of unfolding years,
A pageant of portentous woe appears.

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1 The most horrible of fabulous sea-monsters is the *kraken* or *hafgufa*, which many of the Norway fishers pretend to have seen in part, but none entire. They say, that when they find a place which is at one time 80 or 100 fathoms deep, and at another only 20 or 30, and also observe a multitude of fishes, allured by a delicious exhalation which the kraken emits, they conclude that there is one below them. They therefore hasten to secure a large draught of the fry around them; but as soon as they perceive the soundings to grow shallower, they scud away, and from a safe distance behold him rising in a chain of ridges and spires, that thicken as they emerge till they resemble the masts of innumerable vessels moored on a rocky coast. He then riots upon the fish that have been stranded and entangled in the forest of spikes upon his back, and having satiated his hunger, plunges into the depths with a violent agitation of the waters. See *Crantz's Greenland.*

2 Hecla is now the ruins of a volcano. The three peaks are said to be haunted by evil spirits in the shape of birds. The island abounds with volcanic mountains.

3 The Geysers, or boiling fountains, of Iceland, have been so frequently and so happily described, that their phenomena are sufficiently familiar to general readers not to require any particular illustration here. The Great Geyser, according to *Dr. Henderson* (the latest traveller who has published an account of Iceland), is seventy-eight feet in perpendicular depth, and from eight to ten feet in diameter: the mouth is a considerable basin, from which the column of boiling water is ejaculated to various heights; sometimes exceeding 100 feet.

1 This imaginary prophecy (1733) was fulfilled just fifty years afterwards, in 1783. The *Schapta*, *Schaptka*, or *Skaftar Yokul* and its adjacencies were the subjects of the most tremendous volcanic devastation on record. Two rivers were sunk or evaporated, and their channels filled up with lava; many villages were utterly destroyed; and *one-fourth* part of the island rendered nearly uninhabitable. Famine and pestilence followed.

Yon rosy groups, with golden locks, at play,
I see them,—few, decrepit, silent, grey;
Their fathers all at rest beneath the sod,
Whose flowerless verdure marks the House of God,
Home of the living and the dead;—where meet
Kindred and strangers, in communion sweet,
When dawns the Sabbath on the block-built pile;
The kiss of peace, the welcome, and the smile
Go round; till comes the Priest, a father there,
And the bell knolls his family to prayer;
Angels might stoop from thrones in heaven, to be
Co-worshippers in such a family,
Whom from their nooks and dells, where'er they roam,
The Sabbath gathers to their common home.
Oh! I would stand a keeper at this gate,
Rather than reign with kings in guilty state;
A day in such serene enjoyment spent
Were worth an age of splendid discontent!
—But whither am I hurried from my theme?
Schapta returns on the prophetic dream.

From eve till morn strange meteors streak the pole;
At cloudless noon mysterious thunders roll,
As if below both shore and ocean hurl'd
From deep convulsions of the nether world.
Anon the river, boiling from its bed,
Shall leap its bounds and o'er the lowlands spread,
Then waste in exhalation,—leaving void
As its own channel, utterly destroy'd,
Fields, gardens, dwellings, churches and their graves,
All wreck'd, or disappearing with the waves.
The fugitives that 'scape this instant death
Inhale slow pestilence with every breath;
Mephitic steams from Schapta's smouldering breast
With livid horror shall the air infest;
And day shall glare so foully on the sight,
Darkness were refuge from the curse of light.
Lo! far among the glaciers, wrapt in gloom,
The red precursors of approaching doom,
Scatter'd and solitary founts of fire,
Unlock'd by hands invisible, aspire;
Ere long more rapidly than eye can count,
Above, beneath, they multiply, they mount,
Converge, condense,—a crimson phalanx form,
And rage aloft in one unbounded storm;
From heaven's red roof the fierce reflections throw
A sea of fluctuating light below.
—Now the whole army of destroyers, fleet
As whirlwinds, terrible as lightnings, meet;
The mountains melt like wax along their course,
When downward, pouring with resistless force,
Through the void channel where the river roll'd,
To ocean's verge their flaming march they hold;
While blocks of ice, and crags of granite rent,
Half-fluid ore, and rugged minerals blent,
Float on the gulf, till molten or immersed,
Or in explosive thunderbolts dispersed.
Thus shall the Schapta, towering on the brink
Of unknown jeopardy, in ruin sink;
And, this wild paroxysm of frenzy past,
At her own work shall Nature stand aghast.

Look on this desolation:—mark yon brow,
Once adamant, a cone of ashes now:
Here rivers swamp'd; there valleys levell'd, plains
O'erwhelm'd;—one black-red wilderness remains,
One crust of lava, through whose cinder-heat
The pulse of buried streams is felt to beat;
These form the frequent fissures, eddying white
Sublimed to vapor, issue forth like light.
Amidst the sulphury fumes that, drear and dun,
Poison the atmosphere and blind the sun.
Above, as if the sky had felt the stroke
Of that volcano, and consumed to smoke,
One cloud appears in heaven, and one alone,
Hung round the dark horizon's craggy zone,
Forming at once the vast encircling wall,
And the dense roof of some Tartarean hall,
Propt by a thousand pillars, huge and strange,
Fantastic forms that every moment change,
As hissing, surging from the floor beneath,
Volumes of steam th' imprison'd waters breathe.
Then should the sun, ere evening gloom ascend,
Quick from the west the murky curtain rend,
And pour the beauty of his beams between
These hideous arches, and light up the scene;
At the sweet touch of his transforming rays
With amber lustre all the columns blaze,
And the thick folds of cumbrous fog aloof
Change to rich drapery of celestial woof:
With such enchantment air and earth were fraught,
Beyond the coloring of the wealthiest thought,
That Iceland Scalds, transported at the view,
Might deem the legends of their fathers true,
And here behold, illumining the waste,
The palace of immortal Odin placed;
Till rapt imagination joy'd to hear
The neigh of steeds, the clank of armor near,
And saw, in barbarous state, the tables spread
With shadowy food, and compass'd with the dead,
Weary from conflicts,—still the fierce delight
Of spectre-warriors, in the daily fight:
Then while they quaff'd the mead from sculls of foes,
By whirlwind gusts the din of battle rose;
The strife of tongues, the tournament of words
Following the shock of shields, the clash of swords;
Till, gorged and drunken at th' enormous feast,
Awhile their revels and their clamors ceased;
Ceased to the eye and ear;—yet where they lay,
Like sleeping lions, surfeited with prey,
In tawny groups, recumbent through the den,
In dreams the heroes drank and fought again.

Away with such Divinities! their birth
Man's brain-sick superstition, and their mirth
Lust, rapine, cruelty;—their fell employ
God's works and their own votaries to destroy.
—The Runic Bard to nobler themes shall string
His ancient harp, and mightier triumphs sing:
For glorious days are risen on Iceland:—clear
The gospel-trumpet sounds to every ear,
And deep in many a heart the Spirit's voice
Bids the believing soul in hope rejoice.
O'er the stern face of this tempestuous isle,
Though briefly Spring, and Autumn never, smile,
Truth walks with naked foot th' unyielding snows,
And the glad desert blossoms like the rose.
Though earthquakes heave, though torrents drown his cot,
Volcanoes waste his fields,—the peasant's lot
Is blest beyond the destiny of kings:
—Lifting his eyes above sublunar things,

Like dying Stephen, when he saw in prayer
Heaven open'd, and his Savior beckoning there,
He cries, and clasps his Bible to his breast,
"Let the earth perish,—*here* is not my rest."[1]

CANTO III.

The Voyage to Greenland concluded.—A Fog at Sea.—Ice-fields.—Eclipse of the Sun.—The Greenland fable of Malina and Aninga.—A Storm.—The Ice-Blink.—Northern Lights.—The Brethren land.

How speed the faithful witnesses, who bore
The Bible and its hopes to Greenland's shore?
—Like Noah's ark, alone upon the wave
(Of one lost world the immeasurable grave),
Yonder the ship, a solitary speck,
Comes bounding from the horizon; while on deck
Again imagination rests her wing,
And smoothes her pinions, while the Pilgrims sing
Their vesper-orisons.—The Sun retires,
Not as he wont, with clear and golden fires;
Bewilder'd in a labyrinth of haze,
His orb, redoubled with discolor'd rays,
Struggles and vanishes;—along the deep,
With slow array, expanding vapors creep,
Whose folds, in twilight's yellow glare uncurl'd,
Present the dreams of an unreal world;
Islands in air suspended; marching ghosts
Of armies, shapes of castles, winding coasts,
Navies at anchor, mountains, woods, and streams,
Where all is strange, and nothing what it seems;
Till deep involving gloom, without a spark
Of star, moon, meteor, desolately dark,
Seals up the vision:—then the Pilot's fears
Slacken his arm; a doubtful course he steers,
Till morning comes, but comes not clad in light;
Uprisen day is but a paler night,
Revealing not a glimpse of sea or sky;
The ship's circumference bounds the sailor's eye.
So cold and dense th' impervious fog extends,
He might have touch'd the point where being ends.
His bark is all the universe; so void
The scene,—as though creation were destroy'd,
And he and his few mates, of all their race,
Were here becalm'd in everlasting space.[2]

Silent and motionless, above, below,
The sails all struck, the waves unheard to flow,
In this drear blank of utter solitude,
Where life stands still, no faithless fears intrude;
Through that impervious veil the Brethren see
The face of omnipresent Deity:
Nor him alone;—whate'er his hand hath made;
His glory in the firmament display'd;
The sun majestic in his course, and sole;
The moon and stars rejoicing round the pole;
Earth o'er its peopled realms and wastes unknown,
Clad in the wealth of every varying zone;
Ocean through all th' enchantment of his forms,
From breathing calms to devastating storms;
Heaven in the vision of eternal bliss,
Death's terrors, hell's unsearchable abyss;
—Though rapt in secrecy from human eye,
These in the mind's profound sensorium lie,
And, with their Maker, by a glance of thought,
Are, in a moment to remembrance brought;
Then most, when most restrain'd th' imperfect sight
God and his works shine forth in his own light.
Yet clearest through that veil the Pilgrims trace
Their Father's image in their Savior's face;
A sigh can waft them to his feet in prayer,
Not Gabriel bends with more acceptance there,
Nor to the throne from heaven's pure altar rise
The odors of a sweeter sacrifice,
Than when before the mercy-seat they kneel,
And tell Him all they fear, or hope, or feel:
Perils without, and enemies within,
Satan, the world, temptation, weakness, sin;
Yet rest unshaken on his sure defence,
Invincible through his omnipotence.
"Oh! step by step," they cry "direct our way
And give thy grace, like manna, day by day;
The store of yesterday will not suffice,
To-morrow's sun to us may never rise;
Safe only, when our souls are staid on Thee;
Rich only, when we know our poverty."

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1 One of the finest specimens of Icelandic poetry extant is said to be the "*Ode to the British and Foreign Bible Society,*" composed by the *Rev. John Thorlakson*, of Bœgisâ, the translator of Milton's *Paradise Lost* into his native tongue. Of this Ode there is a Latin translation by the learned Iceland Professor, *Finn Magnusson*. A spirited English version has also appeared. *Thorlakson* is a venerable old man, and holds church preferment to the amount of six pounds five shillings per annum, out of which he allows a stipend to a curate.

2 The incidents described in this Canto are founded upon the real events of the voyage of the Missionaries, as given in *Crantz's* History.

He says:—"On the 10th of April the Brethren went on board the king's ship *Caritas*, Captain *Hildebrand*, accompanied with many sincere wishes for blessing from the court (of Denmark) and all benevolent minds. The congregation at Herrnhut had a custom, from the year 1729, before the commencement of a year, to compile a little manual, containing a text of Holy Scripture for every day in the same, and each illustrated or applied by a verse annexed, out of the hymn-book. This text was called the word of the day; it was given to be the subject of meditation with each member of the church in private, and of discourse by the ministers in the public meeting. Many a time it has been found that the word of the day, on which some peculiar event occurred, has remarkably coincided with it. Thus on this 10th of April, when our brethren set sail (from Copenhagen) on a mission, which often afterwards seemed to baffle all hope, the word was (*Heb.* xi, 1), '*Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.*'

We view Him, whom no eye can see,
With faith's perspective stedfastly.

In this confidence they set sail, nor did they suffer themselves to be confounded by any of the unspeakable difficulties of the following years, till they and we at last beheld the completion of what they hoped for by faith. They had a speedy, and, excepting some storms, a commodious voyage. They sailed by Shetland, April 22d, passing there out of the North into the West Sea, or long reach, and entered Davis's Straits about the beginning of May. On the 6th they fell among some floating ice, in a thick fog, and the next day were assailed by a terrible tempest; but this very tempest drove the ice so far asunder, that it also dissipated their fears. The 13th they descried land, but on the same day, after a total eclipse of the sun, there arose a violent storm, that lasted four days and nights, and drove them sixty leagues back. May the 20th, they entered Ball's River, after a voyage of six weeks. The word of the day was '*The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.*' By this they were frequently encouraged in the first years ensuing, amidst all the opposition which they encountered, and the small prospect of the conversion of the heathens."

And step by step the Lord those suppliants led;
He gave them daily grace like daily bread;
By sea, on shore, through all their pilgrimage,
In rest and labor, to their latest age.
Sharp though their trials, and their comforts scant,
God was their refuge, and they knew not want.

On rustling pinions, like an unseen bird,
Among the yards a stirring breeze is heard;
The conscious vessel wakes as from a trance,
Her colors float, the filling sails advance:
White from her prow the murmuring surge recedes:
—So the swan, startled from her nest of reeds,
Swells into beauty, and with curving chest
Cleaves the blue lake, with motion soft as rest.
Light o'er the liquid lawn the pageant glides;
Her helm the well-experienced pilot guides,
And whilst he threads the mist-enveloped maze,
Turns to the magnet his inquiring gaze,
In whose mute oracle, where'er he steers,
The pointing hand of Providence appears;
With this, though months of gloom the main enrobe,
His keel might plow a furrow round the globe.

Again the night ascends without a star;
Low sounds come booming o'er the waves afar,
As if conflicting navies shook the flood,
With human thunders, in the strife of blood,
That slay more victims in one brief campaign,
Than heaven's own bolts through centuries have slain.
The seaman hearkens;—color flies his cheek,
His stout heart throbs with fears he dare not speak:
No lightning-splendors streak th' unbroken gloom;
—His bark may shoot the gulf beyond the tomb,
And he, if ere it come, may meet a light,
Which never yet hath dawn'd on living sight.
Fresher and fresher blows th' insurgent gale;
He reefs his tops, he narrows sail by sail,
Yet feels the ship with swifter impulse sweep
O'er mightier billows, the recoiling deep;
While still, with doleful omen on his ear,
Come the deaf echoes of those sounds of fear,
Distant,—yet every volley rolls more near.

Oh! in that agony of thought forlorn
How longs th' impatient mariner for morn!
She wakes,—his eyes are wither'd to behold
The scene which her disastrous beams unfold;
The fog is vanish'd, but the welkin lowers,
Sharp hail descends, and sleet in blinding showers;
Ocean one bed of foam, with fury tost,
In undistinguishable whiteness lost,
Save where vast fields of ice their surface show,
Buoyant, but many a fathom sunk below:
Changing his station as the fragments pass,
Death stands the pilot of each ponderous mass;
Gathering his brow into the darkest frown,
He bolts his raft to run the victim down,
But shoots astern:—the shock the vessel feels,
A moment in the giddy whirlpool reels,
Then like an arrow soars, as through the air,
So high the salient waves their burthen bear.

Quick skirmishes with floating batteries past,
Ruin inevitable threats at last:
Athwart the north, like ships of battle spread,
Winter's flotilla, by their captain led,
(Who boasts with these to make his prowess known,
And plant his foot beyond the arctic zone),
Islands of ice, so wedged and grappled lie,
One moving continent appals the eye,
And to the ear renews those notes of doom,
That brought portentous warnings through the gloom;
For loud and louder, with explosive shocks,
Sudden convulsions split the frost-bound rocks,
And launch loose mountains on the frothing ooze,
As pirate-barks, on summer seas to cruise.
In front this perilous array;—behind,
Borne on the surges, driven by the wind,
The vessel hurries to the brink of fate;
All efforts fail,—but prayer is not too late:
Then, in the imminent and ghastly fall
Foul on destruction,—the disciples call
On Him, their Master, who, in human form,
Slept in the lap of the devouring storm;
On Him, who in the midnight watch was seen,
Walking the gulf ineffably serene,
At whose rebuke the tempest ceased to roar,
The winds caress'd the waves, the waves the shore
On Him they call;—their prayer, in faith prefer'd,
Amidst the frantic hurricane is heard.
He gives the sign, by none in earth or heaven
Known, but by him to whom the charge is given,
The Angel of the Waters;—he, whose wrath
Had hurl'd the vessel on that shipwreck path,
Becomes a minister of grace;—his breath
Blows,—and the enemies are scatter'd,—Death,
Reft of his quarry, plunges through the wave,
Buried himself where he had mark'd their grave
The line of battle broken, and the chain
Of that armada, which oppress'd the main,
Snapt hopelessly asunder, quickly all
Th' enormous masses in disruption fall,
And the weak vessel, through the chaos wild,
Led by the mighty Angel,—as a child,
Snatch'd from its crib, and in the mother's arms
Borne through a midnight tumult of alarms,—
Escapes the wrecks; nor slackens her career,
Till sink the forms, and cease the sounds of fear,
And He, who rules the universe at will,
Saith to the reinless elements, "Be still."

Then rise sweet hymns of gratulation; praise
From hearts and voices, in harmonious lays;—
So Israel sang deliverance, when he stood
By the Red Sea, and saw the morning flood,
That in its terrible embraces bore
The slain pursuers and their spoils on shore.

Light-breathing gales awhile their course propel,
The billows roll with pleasurable swell,
Till the seventh dawn; when o'er the pure expanse
The sun, like lightning, throws his earliest glance,
"Land! Land!" exclaims the ship-boy from the mast,
"Land! Land!" with one electric shock hath pass'd
From lip to lip, and every eye hath caught
The cheering glimpse so long, so dearly sought:
Yet must imagination half supply
The doubtful streak, dividing sea and sky;
Nor clearly known, till in sublimer day,
From icy cliffs refracted splendors play,

And clouds of sea-fowl high in ether sweep,
Or fall like stars through sunshine on the deep.
'T is Greenland! but so desolately bare,
Amphibious life alone inhabits there;
'T is Greenland! yet so beautiful the sight,
The brethren gaze with undisturb'd delight:
In silence (as before the Throne), they stand,
And pray, in prospect of that promised land,
That He who sends them thither may abide
Through the waste howling wilderness their guide;
And the good shepherd seek his straying flocks,
Lost on those frozen waves and herbless rocks.
By the still waters of his comforts lead,
And in the pastures of salvation feed.

Their faith must yet be tried:—the sun at noon
Shrinks from the shadow of the passing moon,
Till, ray by ray, of all his pomp bereft,
(Save one slight ring of quivering lustre left),
Total eclipse involves his peerless eye;
Portentous twilight creeps around the sky;
The frighted sea-birds to their haunts repair;
There is a freezing stillness in the air,
As if the blood through Nature's veins ran cold,
A prodigy so fearful to behold;
A few faint stars gleam through the dread serene,
Trembling and pale spectators of the scene;
While the rude mariners, with stern amaze,
As on some tragic execution, gaze,
When calm but awful guilt is stretch'd to feel
The torturing fire, or dislocating wheel,
And life, like light from yonder orb, retires,
Spark after spark, till the whole man expires.
Yet may the darken'd sun and mourning skies
Point to a higher, holier sacrifice;
The Brethren's thoughts to Calvary's brow ascend,
Round the Redeemer's Cross their spirits bend,
And while heaven frowns, earth shudders, graves disclose
The forms of sleepers, startled from repose,
They catch the blessing of his latest breath,
Mark his last look, and through the eclipse of death
See lovelier beams than Tabor's vision shed,
Wreathe a meek halo round his sacred head.
To Greenland then, with quick compassion, turn
Their deepest sympathies; their bosoms burn
To her barbarian race, with tongues of flame,
His love, his grief, his glory, to proclaim.

O could they view, in this alarming hour,
Those wretched ones, themselves beneath the power
Of darkness, while the shadow clips the sun!
How to their dens the fierce sea-hunters run,
Who death in every shape of peril brave,
By storms and monsters, on the faithless wave,
But now in speechless horror lie aghast,
Till the malignant prodigy be past:
While bolder females, with tormenting spells,
Consult their household dogs as oracles,
And by the yelping of their curs divine,
That still the earth may stand, the sun may shine.
Then forth they creep, and to their offspring tell
What fate of old a youth and maid befell:[1]
How, in the age of night, ere day was born
On the blue hills of undiscover'd morn,
Where one pale cresset twinkled through the shade,
Malina and her gay companions play'd
A thousand mimic sports, as children wont;
They hide, they seek, they shoot, harpoon and hunt;
When lo! Aninga, passionate and young,
Keen as a wolf, upon his sister sprung,
And pounced his victim;—gentler way to woo
He knew not, or he scorn'd it if he knew:
Malina snatch'd her lamp, and in the dark
Dash'd on his felon-front a hideous mark,
Slipp'd from his foul embrace (and laugh'd aloud),
Soft as the rainbow melting from the cloud;
Then shot to heaven, and in her wondrous flight
Transform'd her image, sparkled into light,
Became the sun, and through the firmament,
Forth in the glory of a goddess went.
Aninga baffled, madden'd, unsubdued,
By her own beams the fugitive pursued,
And when she set, his broad disfigured mien
As the dim moon among the stars was seen;
Thenceforward doom'd his sister's steps to chase,
But ne'er o'ertake in heaven's eternal race.
Yet when his vanish'd orb might seem to sleep,
He takes his monthly pastime on the deep,
Through storms, o'er cataracts, in his Kayak sails,
Strikes with unerring dart the polar whales,
Or o'er ice-mountains, in his dog-drawn car,
Pursues the reindeer to the farthest star.
But when eclipse his baneful disk invades,
He prowls for prey among the Greenland maids,
Till roaring drums, belaboring sticks, and cries
Repel the errant Demon to the skies.

The sun hath cast aside his veil;—he shines
With purest splendor till his orb declines;
Then landward, marshalling in black array,
Eruptive vapors drive him from the day;
And night again, with premature control,
Binds light in chains of darkness o'er the pole;
Heaven in one ebon mass of horror scowls;
—Anon a universal whirlwind howls:

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1 The Greenlanders believe that the sun and moon are sister and brother. They, with other children, were once playing together in the dark, when *Aninga* behaving rudely to his sister *Malina*, she rubbed her hands in the soot about the extinguished lamp, and smeared his face, that she might discover by daylight who was her tormentor; and thus the dusky spots on the moon had their origin; for she, struggling to escape, slipped out of his arms, soared aloft, and became the sun. He followed up into the firmament, and was transformed into the moon, but as he has never been able to rise so high as she, he continues running after her, with the vain hope of overtaking her. When he is tired and hungry, in his last quarter, he sets out from his house a seal-hunting, on a sledge drawn by four great dogs, and stays several days abroad to recruit and fatten, and this produces the full moon. He rejoices when the women die, and *Malina*, in revenge, rejoices when the men die: therefore the men keep at home during an eclipse of the sun, and the women during an eclipse of the moon. When he is in eclipse, *Aninga* prowls about the dwellings of the Greenlanders, to plague the females, and steal provisions and skins, nay even to kill those persons who have not duly observed the laws of temperance. At these times they hide their most precious goods; and the men carry kettles and chests to the tops of their houses, and rattle upon them with cudgels to frighten away the moon, and make him return to his place in the sky. During an eclipse of the sun, the men skulk in terror into the darkest corners, while the women pinch the ears of their dogs, and if these cry out, it is a sure omen that the end of the world is not yet come; for as dogs existed before men, according to Greenland logic, they must have a quicker foresight into futurity. Should the dogs be mute (which of course they never are, under such ill treatment), then the dissolution of all things must be at hand —See *Crantz*.

With such precipitation dash'd on high,
Not from one point, but from the whole dark sky,
The surges at the onset shrink aghast,
Borne down beneath the paralyzing blast;
But soon the mad tornado slants its course,
And rolls them into mountains by main force,
Then utterly embroil'd, through clouds and waves,
As 'twixt two oceans met in conflict, raves.
Now to the passive bark, alternate tost,
Above, below, both sea and sky are lost,
All but the giddy summit, where her keel
Hangs in light balance on the billowy wheel;
Then, as the swallow in his windward flight,
Quivers the wing, returns, and darts downright,
She plunges through the blind abyss, and o'er
Her groaning masts the cavern'd waters roar.
Ruled by the hurricane, no more the helm
Obeys the pilot;—seas on seas o'erwhelm
The deck; where oft embattled currents meet,
Foam in white whirlpools, flash to spray, retreat,
And rock the vessel with their huge turmoils,
Like the cork-float around the fisher's toils.
Three days of restless agony, that seem
Of one delirous night the waking dream,
The mariners in vain their labors ply,
Or sick at heart in pale despondence lie.
The Brethren weak, yet firm as when they faced
Winter's ice-legions on his own bleak waste,
In patient hope, that utters no complaint,
Pray without ceasing; pray, and never faint;
Assured that He, who from the tempest's neck
Hath loosed his grasp, still holds it at his beck,
And with a pulse too deep for mortal sense,
—The secret pulse of his omnipotence,
That beats through every motion of the storm,
—Can check destruction in its wildest form:
Bow'd to his will,—their lot how truly blest,
Who live to serve Him, and who die to rest!

To live and serve him is their Lord's decree;
He curbs the wind, he calms th' infuriate sea;
The sea and wind their Maker's yoke obey,
And waft his servants on their destined way.
Though many a league by that disaster driven
'Thwart from their course, with plank and cordage riven,
With hands disabled, and exhausted strength,
The active crew refit their bark at length;
Along the placid gulf, with heaving sails,
That catch from every point propitious gales,
Led like the moon, from infancy to age,
Round the wide zodiac of her pilgrimage,
Onward and smooth their voyage they pursue,
Till Greenland's coast again salutes their view.

'T is sunset: to the firmament serene,
Th' Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene;
Broad in the cloudless west, a belt of gold
Girds the blue hemisphere; above unroll'd,
The keen, clear air grows palpable to sight,
Embodied in a flush of crimson light,
Through which the evening star, with milder gleam,
Descends to meet her image in the stream.
Far in the east, what spectacle unknown
Allures the eye to gaze on it alone?
—Amidst black rocks, that lift on either hand
Their countless peaks, and mark receding land;
Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,
That shine around the arctic Cyclades;
Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,
In many a shapeless promontory rent;
—O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories, spread,
The Ice-Blink rears its undulated head,[1]
On which the sun, beyond the horizon shrined,
Hath left his richest garniture behind;
Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
O'er fix'd and fluid, strides the Alpine bridge,
Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
Hewn from cerulean quarries of the sky;
With glacier-battlements, that crowd the spheres,
The slow creation of six thousand years,
Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
—Winter's eternal palace, built by Time:
All human structures by his touch are borne
Down to the dust;—mountains themselves are worn
With his light footsteps; *here* for ever grows,
Amid the region of unmelting snows,
A monument; where every flake that falls,
Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
The sun beholds no mirror, in his race,
That shows a brighter image of his face;
The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
Like signal-fires on its illumined crest:
The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
And all its magic lights and shades reveals;
Beneath, the tide with idle fury raves
To undermine it through a thousand caves;
Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft
Plunge to the gulf, immovable aloft,
From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
Its turrets heighten, and its piers expand.

Midnight hath told his hour; the moon, yet young,
Hangs in the argent west her bow unstrung;
Larger and fairer, as her lustre fades,
Sparkle the stars amidst the deepening shades:
Jewels more rich than night's regalia gem
The distant Ice-Blink's spangled diadem;
Like a new morn from orient darkness, there
Phosphoric splendors kindle in mid air,
As though from heaven's self-opening portals came
Legions of spirits in an orb of flame,
—Flame, that from every point an arrow sends,
Far as the concave firmament extends:
Spun with the tissue of a million lines,
Glistening like gossamer the welkin shines:
The constellations in their pride look pale
Through the quick trembling brilliance of that veil
Then suddenly converged, the meteors rush
O'er the wide south; one deep vermilion blush
O'erspreads Orion glaring on the flood,
And rabid Sirius foams through fire and blood;
Again the circuit of the pole they range,
Motion and figure every moment change,

[1] The term *Ice-Blink* is generally applied by our mariners to the nocturnal illumination in the heavens, which denotes to them the proximity of ice mountains. In this place a description is attempted of the most stupendous accumulation of ice in the known world, which has been long distinguished by this peculiar name by the Danish navigators.

Through all the colors of the rainbow run,
Or blaze like wrecks of a dissolving sun;
Wide ether burns with glory, conflict, flight,
And the glad ocean dances in the light.

The seaman's jealous eye askance surveys
This pageantry of evanescent rays,
While in the horror of misgiving fear
New storms already thunder on his ear.
But morning comes, and brings him sweet release;
Day shines and sets; at evening all is peace:
Another and another day is past;
The fourth appears,—the loveliest and the last;
The sails are furl'd; the anchor drags the sand;
The boat hath cross'd the creek;—the Brethren land.

CANTO IV.

Retrospect of ancient Greenland:—The discovery of Iceland. of Greenland, of Wineland.—The Norwegian colonies on the eastern and western coasts of Greenland; the appearance of the Skraellings, or modern Greenlanders, in the west, and the destruction of the Norwegian settlers in that quarter.

Here while in peace the weary Pilgrims rest,
Turn we our voyage from the new-found west,
Sail up the current of departed time,
And seek along its banks that vanish'd clime,
By ancient scalds in Runic verse renown'd,
Now like old Babylon no longer found.
—"Oft was I weary when I toil'd at thee;"[1]
This on an oar abandon'd to the sea,
Some hand had graven:—From what founder'd boat
It fell—how long on ocean's waves afloat,
—Who mark'd it with that melancholy line,
No record tells:——Greenland! such fate was thine:
Whate'er thou wast, of thee remains no more
Than a brief legend on a foundling oar;
And he, whose song would now revive thy fame
Grasps but the shadow of a mighty name.

From Asia's fertile womb, when Time was young,
And earth a wreck, the sires of nations sprung;
In Shinar's land of rivers, Babel's tower
Stood the lorn relic of their scatter'd power;
A broken pillar, snapt as from the spheres,
Slow-wasting through the silent lapse of years,
While o'er the regions, by the flood destroy'd,
The builders breathed new life throughout the void,
Soul, passion, intellect; till blood of man
Through every artery of Nature ran;
O'er eastern islands pour'd its quickening stream,
Caught the warm crimson of the western beam,
Beneath the burning Line made fountains start
In the dry wilderness of Afric's heart,

And through the torpid north, with genial heat,
Taught love's exhilarating pulse to beat;
Till the great sun, in his perennial round,
Man, of all climes the restless native, found,
Pursuing folly in his vain career,
As if existence were immortal here;
While on the fathers' graves the sons, untaught
By their mischance, the same illusions sought,
By gleams and shadows measured woe and bliss,
As though unborn for any world but this.

Five thousand years, unvisited, unknown,
Greenland lay slumbering in the frozen zone,—
While heaven's resplendent host pursued their way
To light the wolf and eagle to their prey,
And tempests o'er the main their terrors spread
To rock Leviathan upon his bed;—
Ere Ingolf his undaunted flag unfurl'd
To search the secrets of the polar world.[1]
'T was Liberty, that fires the coldest veins,
And exile, famine, death, prefers to chains;
'T was Liberty, through floods unplow'd before,
That led his gallant crew from Norway's shore;
They cut their cable, and in thunder broke,
With their departing oars, the tyrant's yoke;
The deep their country, and their bark their home,
A floating isle, on which they joy'd to roam
Amidst immensity; with waves and wind,
Now sporting and now wrestling;—unconfined,
Save by the blue surrounding firmament,
Full, yet for ever widening, as they went:
Thus sail'd those mariners, unheeding where
They found a port, if Freedom anchor'd there.

By stars that never set, their course they steer'd.
And northward with indignant impulse veer'd,
For sloth had lull'd and luxury o'errun,
And bondage seized, the realms that loved the sun.
At length by mountain-ice, with perils strange,
Menaced, repell'd and forced their track to change,
They bade the unimprison'd raven fly,
A living compass through the chartless sky:
Up to the zenith, swift as fire, he soar'd,
Through the clear boundless atmosphere explored
The dim horizon stretch'd beneath his sight;
Then to the west full-onward shot his flight:
Thither they follow; till from Thule's rocks,
Around the bird of tempests rose the flocks
Of screaming sea-fowl, widening ring o'er ring,
Till heaven grew dark; then wheeling on the wing
Landward they whiten all the rocks below,
Or diving melt into the gulf like snow.
Pleased with the proud discovery, Ingolf gave
His lintel and his door-posts to the wave,

1 About the middle of the seventeenth century, an oar was drifted on the coast of Iceland, bearing this inscription in Runic characters:

Oft var ek dasa, dur ek dro thik.

"*Oft was I weary when I drew thee.*" This oar was conjectured to have been brought from East Greenland, a hundred and fifty years after the last ship sailed from Norway for that coast.

1 Among numerous incoherent traditions, it is recorded, that Iceland was first discovered by one *Flokko*, a pirate, who being bewildered at sea, let fly (as was the custom of the Nor wegians in such extremities) a raven, which, soaring to a great elevation, discerned land, and made for it. *Flokko* followed, and arriving at a mountainous coast covered with snow and glaciers, called it Iceland. Some time afterwards, about the year 874, *Ingolf*, a Norwegian earl, with his vassals, escaping from the tyranny of *Harold Harfagar*, pursued the same course as *Flokko*, and, by the same experiment with a raven, discovered Iceland; which he and his followers peopled, and there he established a commonwealth that reflected honor on an age of barbarism.

Divining as they drifted to the strand
The will of destiny,—the place to land.[1]
There on a homeless soil his foot he placed,
Framed his hut-palace, colonized the waste,
And ruled his horde with patriarchal sway;
—Where justice reigns, 't is freedom to obey:
And there his race, in long succession blest
(Like generations in the eagle's nest,
Upon their own hereditary rock),
Flourish'd, invincible to every shock
Of time, chance, foreign force, or civil rage;
A noble dynasty from age to age;
And Iceland shone, for generous lore renown'd,
A northern light, when all was gloom around.

Ere long by brave adventurers on the tide,
A new Hesperian region was descried,
Which fancy deem'd, or fable feign'd so fair,
Fleets from old Norway pour'd their settlers there,
Who traced and peopled far that double shore,
Round whose repelling rocks two oceans roar,
Till at the southern promontory, tost
By tempests, each is in its rival lost,
Thus Greenland (so that arctic world they named)
Was planted, and to utmost Calpe famed
For wealth exhaustless, which her seas could boast,
And prodigies of nature on her coast;
Where, in the green recess of every glen,
The House of Prayer o'ertopt th' abodes of men,
And flocks and cattle grazed by summer-streams,
That track'd the valleys with meandering gleams:
While on the mountains ice eternal frown'd,
And growing glaciers deepen'd tow'rds the ground,
Year after year, as centuries roll'd away,
Nor lost one moment till that judgment-day,
When eastern Greenland from the world was rent,
Ingulf'd,—or fix'd one frozen continent.[2]

'T were long and dreary to recount in rhyme
The crude traditions of that long-lost clime,
To sing of wars, by barbarous chieftains waged,
In which as fierce and noble passions raged,
Heroes as subtle, bold, remorseless, fought,
And deeds as dark and terrible were wrought,
As round Troy's walls became the splendid themes
Of Homer's song, and Jove's Olympian dreams;
When giant-prowess, in the iron field,
With single arm made phalanx'd legions yield;
When battle was but massacre,—the strife
Of murderers,—steel to steel, and life to life.
—Who follows Homer takes the field too late;
Though stout as Hector, sure of Hector's fate,
A wound as from Achilles' spear he feels,
Falls, and adorns the Grecian's chariot-wheels.

Nor stay we monkish legends to rehearse;
To build their cloister-walls in Gothic verse;
Of groves and gardens, wine and music tell;
Fresh roses breathing round the hermit's cell,
And baths, in which Diana's nymphs might lave,
—From earth's self-opening veins the blood-warm wave,
Whose genial streams, amidst disparted ice,
Made laps of verdure; like those isles of spice
In eastern seas; or rich oases, graced
With flowers and fountains, in the Libyan waste.

Rather the muse would stretch a mightier wing,
Of a new world the earliest dawn to sing;
How,—long ere Science, in a dream of thought,
Earth's younger daughter to Columbus brought,
And sent him, like the Faerie Prince, in quest
Of *that* "bright virgin throned in the west:"[1]
—Greenland's bold sons, by instinct, sallied forth
On barks, like ice-bergs drifting from the north,
Cross'd without magnet undiscover'd seas,
And, all surrendering to the stream and breeze,
Touch'd on the line of that twin-bodied land,
That stretches forth to either pole a hand,
From arctic wilds, that see no winter-sun,
To where the oceans of the world are one,

1 This device of superstition is borrowed from the tradition concerning *Ingolf*, and probably the same was frequently employed by the northern rovers, leaving their native country, and seeking a home in strange lands.

2 The extravagant accounts of the fertility of ancient Greenland need not be particularized here. Some of the annals state, that the best wheat grew to perfection in the valleys; that the forests were extensive and luxuriant; flocks and herds were numerous, and very large and fat, etc. At *St. Thomas's Cloister*, there was a natural fountain of hot water (*a geyser*) which, being conveyed by pipes into all the apartments of the monks, ministered to their comfort in many ways. Adjoining this cloister there was a richly cultivated garden, through which a warm rivulet flowed, and rendered the soil so fertile, that it produced the most beautiful flowers, and the most delicious fruits.

1 *Spenser* introduces *Prince Arthur* as traversing the world, in search of his mistress *Gloriana*, whom he had only seen in a dream. The discovery of a region in the west, by the Greenland Norwegians, about the year 1000, and intercourse maintained with it for 120 years afterwards, may be considered as the most curious fact or fable connected with the history of these colonists. The reason why it was called *Wineland*, is given in the sequel.

An Icelander, named *Bioern*, in the year 1001, following his father, who had emigrated to Greenland, is said to have been driven by a storm to the south-west, where he discovered a fine champaign country covered with forests. He did not tarry long there, but made the best of his way back again, north-east, for Greenland, which he reached in safety. The tidings of his adventure being rumored abroad there, one *Leif* the son of *Eric the Red*, a famous navigator, being ambitious of acquiring fame by discovering and planting new lands, fitted out a vessel, with thirty-five men, and sailed with *Bioern* on board, in search of the south-west country. They arrived, in due time, at a low woody coast, and sailed up a river to a spacious lake, which communicated by it with the sea. The soil was exceeding fruitful, the waters abounded with fish, particularly salmon, and the climate was mild. *Leif* and his party wintered there, and observed that on the shortest day the sun rose about eight o'clock, which may correspond with the forty-ninth degree of latitude, and denotes the situation of Newfoundland, or the river St. Lawrence in Canada.—When they had built their huts, after landing, they one day missed a German mariner named *Tyrker*, whom, after a long search, they found in the woods, dancing with delight. On being asked what made him so merry, he answered, that he had been eating such grapes of which wine was made in his native country. When *Leif* saw and tasted the fruit himself, he called the new region Vinland, or *Wineland*. *Crantz*, who gives this account, on various authorities, adds in a note, that "well flavored wild grapes are known to grow in the forests of Canada, but no good wine has been produced from them."—After the return of *Leif* to Greenland, many voyages were undertaken to Wineland, and some colonies established there. One *Thorfin*, an Icelander, who had married a Greenland heiress, *Gudrid*, the widow of the third son of *Eric the Red*, by whom he obtained the inheritance of Wineland, ventured thither with sixty-five men and five women; taking cattle and implements of husbandry with them, for the purpose of building and planting. The natives (probably the *Esquimaux*) found them thus settled, and were glad to barter with their furs and skins in exchange for iron instruments, etc. One of these barbarians, however, having stolen an ax, was dolt enough to try its edge on his companion's skull, which cost the poor wretch his life; whereupon a third, wiser than either, threw the murderous weapon into the sea.—Commerce with Wineland is reported to have been carried on for upwards of an hundred years afterwards.

And round Magellan's Straits, Fuego's shore,
Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific roar.

Regions of beauty there these rovers found,
The flowery hills with emerald woods were crown'd;
Spread o'er the vast savannas, buffalo herds
Ranged without master; and the bright-wing'd birds
Made gay the sunshine as they glanced along,
Or turn'd the air to music with their song.

Here from his mates a German youth had stray'd,
Where the broad river cleft the forest glade;
Swarming with alligator-shoals, the flood
Blazed in the sun, or moved in clouds of blood;
The wild boar rustled headlong through the brake;
Like a live arrow leapt the rattle-snake;
The uncouth shadow of the climbing bear
Crawl'd on the grass, while he aspired in air;
Anon with hoofs, like hail, the green-wood rang,
Among the scattering deer a panther sprang:
The stripling fear'd not,—yet he trod with awe,
As if enchantment breathed o'er all he saw,
Till in his path uprose a wilding vine;
—Then o'er his memory rush'd the noble Rhine;
Home and its joys, with fullness of delight,
So rapt his spirit, so beguiled his sight,
That in those glens of savage solitude,
Vineyards and corn-fields, towns and spires he view'd,
And through the image-chamber of his soul,
The days of other years like shadows stole;
All that he once had been again he grew,
Through every stage of life he pass'd anew;
The playmates of his infancy were there,
With dimpled cheeks, blue eyes, and flaxen hair;
The blithe companions of his riper youth,
And one whose heart was love, whose soul was truth.
—When the quick-mingling pictures of that dream
(Like broken scenery on a troubled stream,
Where sky and landscape, light and darkness, run
Through widening circles), harmonized in one;
His father's cot appear'd, with vine-leaves drest,
And clusters pendent round the swallow's nest;
In front the little garden, at whose gate,
Amidst their progeny his parents sate,
He only absent;—but his mother's eye
Look'd through a tear;—she reach'd him with a sigh:
Then in a moment vanish'd time and space,
And with a shout he rush'd to her embrace;
Round hills and dales the joyful tidings spread,
All ran to welcome Tyrker from the dead.
With bliss inebriate, in that giddy trance,
He led his waltzing partner through the dance;
And while he pluck'd the grapes that blush'd at hand,
Trod the rich wine-press in his native land,
Quaff'd the full flowing goblet, loosed his tongue,
And songs of vintage, harvest, battle sung.
At length his shipmates came; their laughter broke
The gay delusion; in alarm he 'woke;
Transport to silent melancholy changed;
At once from love, and joy, and hope estranged,
O'er his blank mind, with cold bereaving spell,
Came that heart-sickness, which no tongue can tell;
—Felt when, in foreign climes, 'midst sounds unknown,
We hear the speech or music of our own,
Roused to delight from drear abstraction start,
And feel our country beating at our heart;
The rapture of a moment;—in its birth
It perishes for ever from the earth;
And dumb, like shipwreck'd mariners, we stand,
Eyeing by turns the ocean and the land,
Breathless;—till tears the struggling thought release,
And the lorn spirit weeps itself to peace.

Wineland the glad discoverers call'd that shore,
And back the tidings of its riches bore;
But soon return'd with colonizing bands,
—Men that at home would sigh for unknown lands;
Men of all weathers, fit for every toil,
War, commerce, pastime, peace, adventure, spoil;
Bold master-spirits, where they touch'd they gain'd
Ascendance; where they fix'd their foot, they reign'd.
Both coasts they long inherited, though wide
Dissever'd; stemming to and fro the tide,
Free as the Syrian dove explores the sky,
Their helm their hope, their compass in their eye,
They found at will, where'er they pleased to roam,
The ports of strangers or their northern home,
Still 'midst tempestuous seas and zones of ice,
Loved as their own, their *unlost* Paradise.
—Yet was their Paradise for ever lost:
War, famine, pestilence, the power of frost,
Their woes combining, wither'd from the earth
This late creation, like a timeless birth,
The fruit of age and weakness, forced to light,
Breathing awhile,—relapsing into night.

Ages had seen the vigorous race, that sprung
From Norway's stormy forelands, rock'd when young
In ocean's cradle, hardening as they rose
Like mountain-pines amidst perennial snows;
—Ages had seen these sturdiest sons of Time
Strike root and flourish in that ruffian clime,
Commerce with lovelier lands and wealthier hold,
Yet spurn the lures of luxury and gold,
Beneath the umbrage of the Gallic vine,
For moonlight snows and cavern-shelter pine,
Turn from Campanian fields a lofty eye
To gaze upon the glorious Alps, and sigh,
Remembering Greenland; more and more endear'd,
As far and farther from its shores they steer'd;
Greenland their world,—and all was strange beside;
Elsewhere they wandered; here they lived and died.

At length a swarthy tribe, without a name,
Unknown the point of windward whence they came;
The power by which stupendous gulfs they cross'd,
Or compass'd wilds of everlasting frost,
Alike mysterious;—found their sudden way
To Greenland; pour'd along the western bay
Their straggling families; and seized the soil
For their domain, the ocean for their spoil.
Skraellings the Normans call'd these hordes in scorn,
That seem'd created on the spot,—though born
In trans-Atlantic climes, and thither brought
By paths as covert as the birth of thought;
They were at once;—the swallow-tribes in spring
Thus daily multiply upon the wing,
As if the air, their element of flight,
Brought forth new broods from darkness every night;
Slipp'd from the secret hand of Providence,
They come we see not how, nor know we whence.[1]

1 The ancestors of the modern inhabitants first appeared on

A stunted, stern, uncouth, amphibious stock,
Hewn from the living marble of the rock,
Or sprung from mermaids, and in ocean's bed,
With orcs and seals, in sunless caverns bred,
They might have held, from unrecorded time,
Sole patrimony in that hideous clime,
So lithe their limbs, so fenced their frames to bear
The intensest rigors of the polar air;
Nimble, and muscular, and keen to run
The reindeer down a circuit of the sun;
To climb the slippery cliffs, explore their cells,
And storm and sack the sea-birds' citadels;
In bands, through snows, the mother-bear to trace,
Slay with their darts the cubs in her embrace,
And while she lick'd their bleeding wounds, to brave
Her deadliest vengeance in her inmost cave:
Train'd with inimitable skill to float,
Each, balanced in his bubble of a boat,
With dexterous paddle steering through the spray,
With poised harpoon to strike his plunging prey,
As though the skiff, the seaman, oar, and dart
Were one compacted body, by one heart
With instinct, motion, pulse, empower'd to ride,
A human Nautilus upon the tide;
Or with a fleet of Kayaks to assail
The desperation of the stranded whale,
When wedged 'twixt jagged rocks he writhes and rolls
In agony among the ebbing shoals,
Lashing the waves to foam; until the flood,
From wounds, like geysers, seems a bath of blood,
Echo all night dumb-pealing to his roar;
Till morn beholds him slain along the shore.

Of these,—hereafter should the lyre be strung
To arctic themes,—may glorious days be sung;
Now be our task the sad reverse to tell,
How in their march the nobler Normans fell;[1]
—Whether by dire disease, that turn'd the breath
Of bounteous Heaven to pestilence and death,
In number, strength, and spirit worn away,
Their lives became the cool assassin's prey;
—Or in the battle-field, as Skraellings boast,
These pigmies put to flight their giant-host,
When front to front on scowling cliffs they stood,
And shot their barbs athwart the parting flood;
Arrow smote arrow, dart encounter'd dart,
From hand to hand, impaling heart for heart;
Till spent their missiles; quick as in a dream
The images are changed; across the stream
The Skraellings rush'd, the precipices scaled;—
—O'erwhelm'd by multitudes the Normans fail'd;
A scatter'd remnant to the south retired,
But one by one along their route expired:
They perish'd;—History can no more relate
Of their obscure and unlamented fate;
They perish'd;—yet along that western shore
Where Commerce spread her colonies of yore,
Ruins of temples and of homes are traced,
—Steps of magnificence amidst the waste,
Where time hath trod, and left those wrecks to show
That life hath been, where all is Death below.

CANTO V.

The depopulation of the Norwegian Colonies on the eastern coast of Greenland, and the abandonment of intercourse with it from Europe, in consequence of the increase of the arctic ices, about the beginning of the fifteenth century.

Launch on the gulf, my little Greenland bark!
Bear me through scenes unutterably dark;
Scenes with the mystery of Nature seal'd,
Nor till the day of doom to be reveal'd:
What though the spirits of the arctic gales
Freeze round thy prow, or fight against thy sails,
Safe as Arion, whom the dolphin bore,
Enamour'd of his music, to the shore,

the western coast of Greenland in the fourteenth century, and are generally supposed to have overpowered the few Norwegians scattered in that quarter. They were called *Skraellings*, a word of uncertain etymology, but most probably a corruption of *Karallit* or *People*, by which they designated themselves. Of their origin nothing can be ascertained. It seems, on the whole, not incredible (from evidence and arguments which need not be quoted here), that they are the descendants of Tartarean rovers, gradually emigrating from the heart of Asia, crossing over into West America, traversing the northern latitudes of that continent, and settling or wandering, as suited their convenience, till the foremost hordes reached Canada and Labrador; from whence the first Skraellings may have found a passage, by land or sea, to Greenland. That the Greenlanders are of the same stock with the Esquimaux, is obvious from the remarkable correspondence between their persons, dress, habitations, boats, and implements of hunting and fishing, as well as the similarity of manners, customs, superstitions, and language. Of these more may be said hereafter, should the poem of Greenland ever be completed. Meanwhile the slight sketch given in the context may suffice. The following description of a Greenlander's fishing-boat, or kayak, will, however, be useful to illustrate the passage. The kayak is six yards in length, pointed at the head and stern, and shaped like a weaver's shuttle; it is at the same time scarcely a foot and a half broad over the middle, and not more than a foot deep. It is built of a slender skeleton of wood, consisting of a keel, and long side-laths, with cross-ribs, like hoops, but not quite round. The whole is covered with seal's skin. In the middle of this covering there is a round aperture, supported with a strong rim of wood or bone. The Greenlander slips into the cavity with his feet, and sits down upon a board covered with soft skin; he then tucks his water-pelt, or great coat, so tight about him (the rim of the opening forming a girdle round his loins), that no water can penetrate into his little skiff. His lance, harpoon, and fishing-tackle, are all arranged in due order before him. His *pautik*, or oar (made of red deal, and strengthened with bone inlaid), he uses with admirable dexterity. This, except when he is using his weapons, he grasps with both hands in the middle, striking the water on either side alternately, by which means he can sail at the rate of twenty or even twenty-four leagues a day. In his kayak the Greenlander fears no storm, so long as he can keep his oar, which enables him to sit upright among the roughest breakers, or if overturned, while the head is downward under water, with one stroke he can recover himself; but if he loses his oar, in a high sea, he loses all. No European has ever yet been able to learn to manage a kayak except in calm weather, and when he had nothing to do but to row: to fish in it has been found impracticable to any but the natives themselves, trained from their infancy to all the hardy exercises which constituted, before the introduction of Christianity, the whole education of the poor barbarians.

1 The incidents alluded to in this clause are presumed to have occasioned the extinction of the Norwegian colonists on the western coast of Greenland. *Crantz* says, that there is a district on Ball's River, called *Pissiksarbik*, or the *place of arrows*; where it is believed, that the Skraellings and Norwegians fought a battle, in which the latter were defeated. The modern Greenlanders affirm, that the name is derived from the circumstance of the parties having shot their arrows at one another from opposite banks of the stream. Many *rudera*, or ruins of ancien buildings, principally supposed to have been churches, are found along the coast, from Disko Bay to Cape Farewell.

On thee adventuring o'er an unknown main,
I raise to warring elements a strain
Of kindred harmony:—O lend your breath,
Ye tempests! while I sing this reign of death,
Utter dark sayings of the days of old,
In parables upon my harp unfold
Deeds perish'd from remembrance; truth, array'd,
Like heaven by night, in emblematic shade,
When shines the horoscope, and star on star,
By what they are not, led to what they are;
Atoms, that twinkle in an infant's eye,
Are worlds, suns, systems in th' unbounded sky:
Thus, the few fabled woes my strains create
Are hieroglyphics in a book of Fate,
And while the shadowy symbols I unroll,
Imagination reads a direr scroll.
Wake, ye wild visions! o'er the northern deep,
On clouds and winds, like warrior-spectres sweep;
Show by what plagues and hurricanes destroy'd,
A breathing realm became a torpid void.

The floods are raging, and the gales blow high,
Low as a dungeon-roof impends the sky;
Prisoners of hope, between the clouds and waves,
Six fearless sailors man yon boat, that braves
Peril redoubling upon peril past:
—From childhood nurslings of the wayward blast,
Aloft as o'er a buoyant arch they go,
Whose key-stone breaks;—as deep they plunge below;
Unyielding though the strength of man be vain;
Struggling though borne like surf along the main:
In front a battlement of rocks; in rear,
Billow on billow bounding; near, more near,
They verge to ruin;—life and death depend
On the next impulse; shrieks and prayers ascend;
When, like the fish that mounts on drizzling wings,
Sheer from the gulf the ejected vessel springs,
And grounds on inland ice, beyond the track
Of hissing foam-wreaths, whence the tide roll'd back;
Then ere that tide, returning to the charge,
Swallows the wreck, the captives are at large.
On either hand steep hills obstruct their path;
Behind, the ocean roaring in his wrath,
Mad as a Libyan wilderness by night,
With all its lions up, in chase or fight.
The fugitives right onward shun the beach,
Nor tarry till the inmost cove they reach,
Recluded in the labyrinthine dell,
Like the last hollow of a spiral shell.
There, with the ax or knife which haste could save,
They build a house;—perhaps they dig a grave:
Of solid snow, well-squared, and piled in blocks,
Brilliant as hewn from alabaster rocks,
Their palace rises, narrowing to the roof,
And freezes into marble, tempest-proof;
Night closing round, within its shade they creep,
And weary Nature sinks at once to sleep.

Oh! could we walk amidst their dreams, and see
All that they have been, are, or wish to be,
In fancy's world!—each at his own fire-side;
One greets a parent: one a new-made bride;
Another clasps his babe with fond embrace,
A smile in slumber mantling o'er his face;
All dangers are forgotten in a kiss,
Or but remember'd to exalt the bliss.
—One wounded sufferer wakes, with pain opprest;
Yet are his thoughts at home among the rest;
Then beams his eye, his heart dilated burns,
Till the dark vigil to a vision turns,
That vision to reality; and home
Is so endear'd, he vows no more to roam.
Ha! suddenly he starts; with trembling lips,
Salt shower-drops, oozing through the roof, he sips;
Aware that instant, yet alarm'd too late,
—The sea hath burst its barrier, fix'd their fate;
Escape impossible; the tempests urge
Through the deep dell the inundating surge;
Nor wall nor roof th' impetuous flood controls,
Above, around, within, the deluge rolls;
He calls his comrades;—ere their doom be known,
'T is past;—the snow-house utterly o'erthrown,
Its inmates vanish; never to be found,
Living or dead, on habitable ground.

There is a beauteous hamlet in the vale;
Green are the fields around it; sweetly sail
The twilight shadows o'er the darkening scene,
Earth, air, and ocean, all alike serene.
Dipt in the hues of sun-set, wreathed in zones,
The clouds are resting on their mountain-thrones;
One peak alone exalts its glacier crest,
A golden paradise, above the rest;
Thither the day with lingering steps retires,
And in its own blue element expires;
Thus Aaron laid his gorgeous robes aside
On Horeb's consecrated top, and died.
The moon, meanwhile, o'er ocean's sombre bed,
New-risen, a thousand glow-worm lights hath spread;
From east to west the wildfire splendors glance,
And all the billows in her glory dance;
Till, in mid-heaven, her orb might seem the eye
Of Providence, wide-watching from the sky,
While Nature slumbers;—emblem of *His* grace,
Whose presence fills the infinite of space.

The clouds have left the mountains; coldly bright,
Their icy summits shed cerulean light;
The steep declivities between assume
A horror of unfathomable gloom:
The village sleeps;—from house to house, the ear
Of yonder sentinel no sound can hear:
A maniac;—he, while calmer heads repose,
Takes his night-round, to tell the stars his woes:
Woes, which his noble heart to frenzy stung;
—*He* hath no bard, and *they* remain unsung.
A warrior once, victorious arms he bore;
And bears them still, although his wars are o'er;
For 't is his boast, with shield and sword in hand,
To be the guardian Angel of the land.
Mark with what stern solemnity he stalks,
And to himself as to a legion talks;
Now deep in council with his chiefs; anon,
He starts as at the trumpet, leads them on,
And wins the day;—his battle-shout alarms
None but the infant in the nurse's arms;
Soon hush'd, but closer to her side, it sleeps;
While he abroad his watch in silence keeps.

At every door he halts, and brings a sigh,
But leaves a blessing, when he marches by:

He stops; from that low roof, a deadly groan
Hath made unutterable anguish known;
A spirit into eternity hath pass'd;
A spouse, a father, there hath breathed his last.
The widow and her little ones weep *not;*
In its excess their misery is forgot,
One dumb, dark moment;—then from all their eyes
Rain the salt tears, and loud their wailings rise:
Ah! little think that family forlorn
How brief the parting;—they shall meet ere morn!
For lo! the witness of their pangs hath caught
A sight that startles madness into thought;
Back from their gate unconsciously he reels;
A resurrection of his soul he feels;
There is a motion in the air; his eye
Blinks as it fear'd the falling of the sky.
The splendid peak of adamantine ice,
At sun-set like an earthly paradise,
And in the moon of such empyrean hue,
It seem'd to bring the unseen world to view;
—That splendid peak, the Power (which to the spheres
Had piled its turrets through a thousand years),
Touches, as lightly as the passing wind,
And the huge mass, o'erbalanced, undermined,
And dislocated from its base of snow,
Slides down the slope, majestically slow,
Till o'er the precipice, down headlong sent,
And in ten thousand, thousand spangles rent.
It piles a hill where spread a vale before:
—From rock to rock the echoes round the shore,
Tell with their deep artillery the fate
Of the whole village, crush'd beneath its weight.
—The sleepers wake,—their homes in ruins hurl'd,—
They wake—from death into another world.
The gazing maniac, palsied into stone,
Amidst the wreck of ice, survives alone;
A sudden interval of reason gleams,
Steady and clear, amidst his wildering dreams,
But shows reality in such a shape,
'T were rapture back to frenzy to escape.
Again the clouds of desolation roll,
Blotting all old remembrance from his soul;
Whate'er his sorrows or his joys have been,
His spirit grows embodied through *this* scene:
With eyes of agony, and clenching hands,
Fix'd in recoil, a frozen form he stands,
And smit with wonder at his people's doom,
Becomes the monument upon their tomb.

Behold a scene, magnificent and new;
Nor land nor water meet th' excursive view;
The round horizon girds one frozen plain,
The mighty tombstone of the buried main,
Where dark, and silent, and unfelt to flow,
A dead sea sleeps with all its tribes below.
But heaven is still itself; the deep-blue sky
Comes down with smiles to meet the glancing eye,
Though if a keener sight its bound would trace,
The arch recedes through everlasting space.
The sun, in morning glory, mounts his throne,
Nor shines he here in solitude unknown;
North, south, and west, by dogs or reindeer drawn,
Careering sledges cross the unbroken lawn,
And bring, from bays and forelands round the coast,
Youth, beauty, valor, Greenland's proudest boast,
Who thus, in winter's long and social reign,
Hold feasts and tournaments upon the main,
When, built of solid floods, his bridge extends
A highway o'er the gulf to meeting friends,
Whom rocks impassable, or winds and tide,
Fickle and false, in summer months divide.

The scene runs round with motion, rings with mirth,
—No happier spot upon the peopled earth;
The drifted snow to dust the travellers beat,
Th' uneven ice is flint beneath their feet.
Here tents, a gay encampment, rise around,
Where music, song, and revelry resound;
There the blue smoke upwreathes a hundred spires,
Where humbler groups have lit their pine-wood fires.
Ere long they quit the tables; knights and dames
Lead the blithe multitude to boisterous games.
Bears, wolves, and lynxes yonder head the chase;
Here start the harness'd reindeer in the race;
Borne without wheels, a flight of rival cars
Track the ice-firmament, like shooting stars,
Right to the goal, converging as they run,
They dwindle through the distance into one.
Where smoother waves have form'd a sea of glass,
With pantomimic change the skaters pass;
Now toil like ships 'gainst wind and stream; then wheel
Like flames blown suddenly asunder; reel
Like drunkards; then dispersed in tangents wide,
Away with speed invisible they glide.
Peace in their hearts, death-weapons in their hands
Fierce in mock-battle meet fraternal bands,
Whom the same chiefs erewhile to conflict led,
When friends by friends, by kindred kindred bled.
Here youthful rings with pipe and drum advance,
And foot the mazes of the giddy dance;
Grey-beard spectators, with illumined eye,
Lean on their staves, and talk of days gone by;
Children, who mimic all, from pipe and drum
To chase and battle, dream of years to come.
Those years to come the young shall ne'er behold;
The days gone by no more rejoice the old.

There is a boy, a solitary boy,
Who takes no part in all this whirl of joy,
Yet in the speechless transport of his soul,
He lives, and moves, and breathes throughout the whole:
Him should destruction spare, the plot of earth,
That forms his play-ground, gave a poet birth,
Who on the wings of his immortal lays,
Thine heroes, Greenland! to the stars shall raise.
It must not be:—abruptly from the show
He turns his eyes; his thoughts are gone below
To sound the depths of ocean, where his mind
Creates the wonders which it cannot find.
Listening, as oft he listens, in a shell,
To the mock tide's alternate fall and swell,
He kneels upon the ice,—inclines his ear,
And hears,—or does he only seem to hear?—
A sound, as though the Genius of the Deep
Heaved a long sigh, awaking out of sleep.
He starts;—'t was but a pulse within his brain!
No;—for he feels it beat through every vein;
Groan following groan (as from a Giant's breast,
Beneath a burying mountain, ill at rest),
With awe ineffable his spirit thrills,
And rapture fires his blood, while terror chills.

The keen expression of his eye alarms
His mother; she hath caught him in her arms,
And learn'd the cause;—that cause, no sooner known,
From lip to lip, o'er many a league is flown;
Voices to voices, prompt as signals, rise
In shrieks of consternation to the skies:
Those skies, meanwhile, with gathering darkness scowl;
Hollow and winterly the bleak winds howl.
—From morn till noon had ether smiled serene,
Save one black-belted cloud, far eastward seen,
Like a snow-mountain;—there in ambush lay
Th' undreaded tempest, panting for his prey:
That cloud by stealth hath through the welkin spread,
And hangs in meteor-twilight over-head;
At foot, beneath the adamantine floor,
Loose in their prison-house the surges roar:
To every eye, ear, heart, the alarm is given,
And landward crowds (like flocks of sea-fowl driven,
When storms are on the wing), in wild affright,
On foot, in sledges, urge their panic flight,
In hope the refuge of the shore to gain
Ere the disruption of the struggling main,
Foretold by many a stroke, like lightning sent
In thunder, through th' unstable continent,
Which now, elastic on the swell below,
Rolls high in undulation to and fro.
Men, reindeer, dogs, the giddy impulse feel,
And jostling headlong, back and forward reel:
While snow, sleet, hail, or whirling gusts of wind,
Exhaust, bewilder, stop the breath, and blind.
All is dismay and uproar; some have found
Death for deliverance, as they leap'd on ground,
Swept back into the flood;—but hope is vain:
Ere half the fugitives the beach can gain,
The fix'd ice, severing from the shore, with shocks
Of earthquake violence, bounds against the rocks;
Then suddenly, while on the verge they stand,
The whole recoils for ever from the land,
And leaves a gulf of foam along the shore,
In which whoever plunge are seen no more.

Ocean, meanwhile, abroad hath burst the roof
That sepulchred his waves; he bounds aloof.
In boiling cataracts, as volcanoes spout
Their fiery fountains, gush the waters out;
The frame of ice, with dire explosion rends,
And down th' abyss the mingled crowd descends.
Heaven! from this closing horror hide thy light;
Cast thy thick mantle o'er it, gracious Night!
These screams of mothers with their infants lost,
These groans of agony from wretches, tost
On rocks and whirlpools—in thy storms be drown'd,
The crash of mountain-ice to atoms ground,
And rage of elements!—while winds, that yell
Like demons, peal the universal knell,
The shrouding waves around their limbs shall spread,
"And Darkness be the burier of the dead."
Their pangs are o'er:—at morn the tempests cease,
And the freed ocean rolls himself to peace;
Broad to the sun his heaving breast expands,
He holds his mirror to a hundred lands;
While cheering gales pursue the eager chase
Of billows round immeasurable space.[1]

Where are the multitudes of yesterday?
At morn they came; at eve they pass'd away.
Yet some survive;—yon castellated pile
Floats on the surges, like a fairy isle;
Pre-eminent upon its peak, behold,
With walls of amethyst and roofs of gold,
The semblance of a city; towers and spires
Glance in the firmament with opal fires;
Prone from those heights pellucid fountains flow
O'er pearly meads, through emerald vales below.
No lovelier pageant moves beneath the sky,[1]
Nor one so mournful to the nearer eye;
Here, when the bitterness of death had pass'd
O'er others, with their sledge and reindeer cast,
Five wretched ones, in dumb despondence, wait
The lingering issue of a nameless fate;
A bridal party:—mark yon reverend sage
In the brown vigor of autumnal age;
His daughter in her prime; the youth, who won
Her love by miracles of prowess done;
With these, two meet companions of their joy,
Her younger sister, and a gallant boy,
Who hoped, like *him*, a gentle heart to gain
By valorous enterprise on land or main.
—These, when the ocean-pavement fail'd their feet
Sought on a glacier's crags a safe retreat,
But in the shock, from its foundation torn,
That mass is slowly o'er the waters borne,
An ice-berg!—on whose verge all day they stand
And eye the blank horizon's ring for land.
All night around a dismal flame they weep;
Their sledge, by piecemeal, lights the hoary deep.
Morn brings no comfort; at her dawn expire
The latest embers of their latest fire;
For warmth and food the patient reindeer bleeds,
Happier in death than those he warms and feeds.
—How long, by that precarious raft upbuoy'd,
They blindly drifted on a shoreless void;
How long they suffer'd, or how soon they found
Rest in the gulf, or peace on living ground:
—Whether, by hunger, cold, and grief consumed,
They perish'd miserably—and unentomb'd
(While on that frigid bier their corses lay),
Became the sea-fowl's or the sea-bear's prey;
—Whether the wasting mound, by swift degrees,
Exhaled in mist, and vanish'd from the seas,
While they, too weak to struggle even in death,
Lock'd in each other's arms resign'd their breath,
And their white skeletons, beneath the wave,
Lie intertwined in one sepulchral cave:
—Or meeting some Norwegian bark at sea,
They deemed its deck a world of liberty;

1 The principal phenomena described in this disruption of so immense a breadth of ice, are introduced on the authority of an authentic narrative of a journey on sledges along the coast of Labrador, by two Moravian missionaries and a number of Esquimaux, in the year 1782. The first incident in this Canto, the destruction of the snow-house, is partly borrowed from the same record.

1 The *Ice-bergs*, both fixed and floating, present the most fantastic and magnificent forms, which an active imagination may easily convert into landscape-scenery. *Crantz* says, that some of these look like churches, with pillars, arches, portals, and illuminated windows; others like castles, with square and spiral turrets. A third class assume the appearance of ships in full sail, to which pilots have occasionally gone out, for the purpose of conducting them into harbor; many again resemble large islands, with hill and dale, as well as villages, and even cities, built upon the margin of the sea. Two of these stood for many years in Disco Bay, which the Dutch whalers called Amsterdam and Haarlem.

—Or sunward sailing, on green Erin's sod,
They kneel'd and worshipp'd a delivering God,
Where yet the blood they brought from Greenland runs
Among the noblest of our sister's sons
—Is all unknown;—their ice-berg disappears
Amidst the flood of unreturning years.

Ages are fled; and Greenland's hour draws nigh;
Seal'd is the judgment; all her race must die;
Commerce forsakes th' unvoyageable seas,
That year by year with keener rigor freeze;
Th' embargoed waves in narrower channels roll
To blue Spitzbergen and the utmost pole;
A hundred colonies, erewhile that lay
On the green marge of many a shelter'd bay,
Lapse to the wilderness; their tenants throng
Where streams in summer, turbulent and strong,
With molten ice from inland Alps supplied,
Hold free communion with the breathing tide,
That from the heart of ocean sends the flood
Of living water round the world, like blood;
But Greenland's pulse shall slow and slower beat,
Till the last spark of genial warmth retreat,
And, like a palsied limb of Nature's frame,
Greenland be nothing but a place and name.
That crisis comes; the wafted fuel fails;[1]
The cattle perish; famine long prevails;
With torpid sloth, intenser seasons bind
The strength of muscle and the spring of mind;
Man droops, his spirits waste, his powers decay,
—His generation soon shall pass away.

At moonless midnight, on this naked coast,
How beautiful in heaven the starry host!
With lambent brilliance o'er these cloister-walls,
Slant from the firmament a meteor falls;
A steadier flame from yonder beacon streams,
To light the vessel, seen in golden dreams
By many a pining wretch, whose slumbers feign
The bliss for which he looks at morn in vain.
Two years are gone, and half expired a third
(The nation's heart is sick with hope deferr'd),
Since last for Europe sail'd a Greenland prow,
Her whole marine,—so shorn is Greenland now,
Though once, like clouds in ether unconfined,
Her naval wings were spread to every wind.
The monk, who sits the weary hours to count,
In the lone block-house, on the beacon mount,
Watching the east, beholds the morning star
Eclipsed at rising o'er the waves afar,
As if, for so would fond expectance think,
A sail had cross'd it on the horizon's brink.
His fervent soul, in ecstasy outdrawn,
Glows with the shadows kindling through the dawn.
Till every bird that flashes through the brine
Appears an arm'd and gallant brigantine;
And every sound along the air that comes,
The voice of clarions and the roll of drums.
—'T is she! 't is she! the well-known keel at last,
With Greenland's banner streaming at the mast;
The full-swoln sails, the spring-tide, and the breeze
Waft on her way the pilgrim of the seas.
The monks at matins issuing from their cells,
Spread the glad tidings; while their convent-bells
Wake town and country, sea and shore, to bliss
Unknown for years on any morn but this.
Men, women, children throng the joyous strand,
Whose mob of moving shadows o'er the sand
Lengthen to giants, while the hovering sun
Lights up a thousand radiant points from one.
The pilots launch their boats:—a race! a race!
The strife of oars is seen in every face;
Arm against arm puts forth its might to reach,
And guide the welcome stranger to the beach.
—Shouts from the shore, the cliffs, the boats, arise;
No voice, no signal from the ship replies;
Nor on the deck, the yards, the bow, the stern,
Can keenest eye a human form discern.
Oh! that those eyes were open'd, there to see,
How, in serene and dreadful majesty,
Sits the destroying Angel at the helm!
—He, who hath lately march'd from realm to realm,
And from the palace to the peasant's shed,
Made all the living kindred to the dead:
Nor man alone, dumb nature felt his wrath,
Drought, mildew, murrain, strew'd his carnage-path;
Harvest and vintage cast their timeless fruit,
Forests before him wither'd from the root.
To Greenland now, with unexhausted power,
He comes commission'd; and in evil hour
Propitious elements prepare his way;
His day of landing is a festal day.

A boat arrives;—to those who scale the deck,
Of life appears but one disastrous wreck;
Fall'n from the rudder which he fain had grasp'd,
But stronger Death his wrestling hold unclasp'd,
The film of darkness freezing o'er his eyes,
A lukewarm corpse, the brave commander lies;
Survivor sole of all his buried crew,
Whom one by one the rife contagion slew,
Just when the cliffs of Greenland cheer'd his sight,
Even from their pinnacle his soul took flight.
Chill'd at the spectacle, the pilots gaze
One on another, lost in blank amaze;
But from approaching boats, when rivals throng,
They seize the helm, in silence steer along,
And cast their anchor, 'midst exulting cries,
That make the rocks the echoes of the skies,
Till the mysterious signs of woes to come,
Circled by whispers, strike the uproar dumb.
Rumor affirms, that by some heinous spell
Of Lapland witches, crew and captain fell;
None guess the secret of perfidious fate,
Which all shall know too soon,—yet know too late.

The monks, who claim the ship, divide the stores
Of food and raiment, at their convent-doors.
—A mother, hastening to her cheerless shed,
Breaks to her little ones untasted bread;
Clamorous as nestling birds, the hungry band
Receive a mortal portion at her hand.

1 Greenland has been supplied with fuel, from time immemorial, brought by the tide from the northern shores of Asia, and other regions, probably even from California, and the coast of America towards Behring's Straits. This annual provision, however, has gradually been decreasing for some years past (being partly intercepted by the accumulation of ice), on the shores of *modern* Greenland towards Davis's Straits. Should it fail altogether, that country (like the east) must become uninhabitable; as the natives themselves employ wood in the construction of their houses, their boats, and their implements of fishing, hunting, and shooting, and could not find any adequate substitute for it at home

On each would equal love the best confer,
Each by distinct affection dear to her;
One the first pledge that to her spouse she gave,
And one unborn till he was in his grave;
This was *his* darling, that to *her* most kind;
A fifth was once a twin, the sixth is blind:
In each she lives;—in each by turns she dies;
Smitten by pestilence before her eyes,
Three days and all are slain;—the heaviest doom
Is hers, their ice-barr'd cottage is their tomb.
—The wretch, whose limbs are impotent with cold,
In the warm comfort of a mantle roll'd,
Lies down to slumber on his soul's desire;
But wakes at morn, as wrapt in flames of fire,
Not Hercules, when from his breast he tore
The cloak envenom'd with the Centaur's gore,
Felt sharper pangs than he, who, mad with rage,
Dives in the gulf, or rolls in snow, t' assuage
His quenchless agony; the rankling dart
Within him burns till it consumes his heart.
From vale to vale th' affrighted victims fly,
But catch or give the plague with every sigh;
A touch contaminates the purest veins,
Till the *Black Death* through all the region reigns.[1]

Comes there no ship again to Greenland's shore?
There comes another:—there shall come no more;
Nor this shall reach an haven:—What are these
Stupendous monuments upon the seas?
Works of Omnipotence, in wondrous forms,
Immovable as mountains in the storms?
Far as Imagination's eye can roll,
One range of Alpine glaciers to the pole
Flanks the whole eastern coast; and branching wide,
Arches o'er many a league th' indignant tide,
That works and frets, with unavailing flow,
To mine a passage to the beach below;
Thence from its neck that winter-yoke to rend,
And down the gulf the crashing fragments send.
There lies a vessel in this realm of frost,
Not wrecked, nor stranded, yet for ever lost;
Its keel imbedded in the solid mass;
Its glistening sails appear expanded glass;
The transverse ropes with pearls enormous strung,
The yards with icicles grotesquely hung.
Wrapt in the topmost shrouds there rests a boy,
His old sea-faring father's only joy;
Sprung from a race of rovers, ocean-born,
Nursed at the helm, he trod dry-land with scorn;
Through fourscore years from port to port he veer'd,
Quicksand, nor rock, nor foe, nor tempest fear'd;
Now cast ashore, though like a hulk he lie,
His son at sea is ever in his eye,
And his prophetic thought, from age to age,
Esteems the waves his offspring's heritage:
He ne'er shall know, in his Norwegian cot,
How brief that son's career, how strange his lot;
Writhed round the mast, and sepulchred in air,
Him shall no worm devour, no vulture tear;
Congeal'd to adamant his frame shall last,
Though empires change, till time and tide be past

1 The depopulation of old Greenland is supposed to have been greatly accelerated by the introduction of the plague, which, under the name of the *Black Death*, made dreadful havoc throughout Europe towards the close of the fourteenth century.

On deck, in groups embracing as they died,
Singly, erect, or slumbering side by side,
Behold the crew!—They sail'd, with hope elate,
For eastern Greenland; till, ensnared by fate,
In toils that mock'd their utmost strength and skill,
They felt, as by a charm, their ship stand still;
The madness of the wildest gale that blows,
Were mercy to that shudder of repose,
When withering horror struck from heart to heart,
The blunt rebound of Death's benumbing dart,
And each, a petrifaction at his post,
Looked on yon father, and gave up the ghost;[1]
He, meekly kneeling, with his hands upraised.
His beard of driven snow, eyes fix'd and glazed,
Alone among the dead shall yet survive,
—Th' imperishable dead that seem alive;
—Th' immortal dead, whose spirits, breaking free,
Bore his last words into eternity,
While with a seraph's zeal, a Christian's love,
Till his tongue fail'd, he spoke of joys above.
Now motionless, amidst the icy air,
He breathes from marble lips unutter'd prayer.
The clouds condensed, with dark, unbroken hue
Of stormy purple, overhang his view,
Save in the west, to which he strains his sight,
One golden streak, that grows intensely bright,
Till thence th' emerging sun, with lightning blaze,
Pours the whole quiver of his arrowy rays;
The smitten rocks to instant diamond turn,
And round th' expiring saint such visions burn,
As if the gates of Paradise were thrown
Wide open to receive his soul;——'t is flown!
The glory vanishes, and over all
Cimmerian darkness spreads her funeral pall.

Morn shall return, and noon, and eve, and night
Meet here with interchanging shade and light;
But from this bark no timber shall decay,
Of these cold forms no feature pass away;
Perennial ice around th' incrusted bow,
The peopled deck, and full-rigg'd masts shall grow,
Till from the sun himself the whole be hid,
Or spied beneath a crystal pyramid;
As in pure amber, with divergent lines,
A rugged shell emboss'd with sea-weed shines.
From age to age increased with annual snow,
This new *Mont Blanc* among the clouds may glow,
Whose conic peak, that earliest greets the dawn,
And latest from the sun's shut eye withdrawn,
Shall from the zenith, through incumbent gloom,
Burn like a lamp upon this naval tomb.
But when th' archangel's trumpet sounds on high,
The pile shall burst to atoms through the sky,
And leave its dead, upstarting, at the call,
Naked and pale, before the Judge of all.

Once more to Greenland's long-forsaken beach,
Which foot of man again shall never reach,

1 The *Danish Chronicle* says, that the Greenland colonists were tributary to the kings of Norway from the year 1023; soon after which they embraced Christianity. In its more flourishing period this province is stated to have been divided into a hundred parishes, under the superintendence of a bishop. From 1120 to 1408, the succession of seventeen bishops is recorded. In the last-mentioned year, *Andrew*, ordained bishop of Greenland by *Askill*, archbishop of Drontheim, sailed for his diocese, but whether he arrived there, or was cast away, was never known. To his imagined fate this episode alludes.

Imagination wings her flight, explores
The march of Pestilence along the shores,
And sees how Famine in his steps hath paced,
While Winter laid the soil for ever waste.
Dwellings are heaps of fall'n or falling stones,
The charnel-houses of unburied bones,
On which obscene and prowling monsters fed,
But with the ravin in their jaws fell dead.
Thus while Destruction, blasting youth and age,
Raged till it wanted victims for its rage;
Love, the last feeling that from life retires,
Blew the faint sparks of his unfuell'd fires.
In the cold sunshine of yon narrow dell
Affection lingers;—*there* two lovers dwell,
Greenland's whole family; nor long forlorn,
There comes a visitant; a babe is born.
O'er his meek helplessness the parents smiled;
'T was Hope—for Hope is every mother's child;
Then seem'd they, in that world of solitude,
The Eve and Adam of a race renew'd.
Brief happiness! too perilous to last;
The moon hath wax'd and waned, and all is past:
Behold the end:—one morn, athwart the wall,
They mark'd the shadow of a reindeer fall,
Bounding in tameless freedom o'er the snow:
The father track'd him, and with fatal bow
Smote down the victim; but before his eyes,
A rabid she-bear pounced upon the prize;
A shaft into the spoiler's flank he sent,
She turn'd in wrath, and limb from limb had rent
The hunter; but his dagger's plunging steel,
With riven bosom, made the monster reel;
Unvanquish'd, both to closer combat flew,
Assailants each, till each the other slew;
Mingling their blood from mutual wounds, they lay
Stretch'd on the carcass of their antler'd prey.

Meanwhile his partner waits, her heart at rest
No burthen but her infant on her breast:
With him she slumbers, or with him she plays,
And tells him all her dreams of future days,
Asks him a thousand questions, feigns replies,
And reads whate'er she wishes in his eyes.
—Red evening comes; no husband's shadow falls
Where fell the reindeer's o'er the latticed walls:
'T is night; no footstep sounds towards her door;
The day returns,—but he returns no more.
In frenzy forth she sallies; and with cries,
To which no voice except her own replies
In frightful echoes, starting all around,
Where human voice again shall never sound,
She seeks him, finds him not; some angel-guide
In mercy turns her from the corpse aside;
Perhaps his own freed spirit, lingering near,
Who waits to waft her to a happier sphere,
But leads her first, at evening, to their cot,
Where lies the little one, all day forgot;
Imparadised in sleep she finds him there,
Kisses his cheek, and breathes a mother's prayer.
Three days she languishes, nor can she shed
One tear, between the living and the dead;
When her lost spouse comes o'er the widow's thought
The pangs of memory are to madness wrought;
But when her suckling's eager lips are felt,
Her heart would fain—but oh! it cannot—melt;
At length it breaks, while on her lap he lies,
With baby wonder gazing in her eyes.
Poor orphan! mine is not a hand to trace
Thy little story, last of all thy race!
Not long thy sufferings; cold and colder grown,
The arms that clasp thee chill thy limbs to stone.
—'T is done:—from Greenland's coast, the latest sigh
Bore infant innocence beyond the sky.

Songs of Zion.

PREFACE.

In the following Imitations of portions of the true "*Songs of Zion*," the author pretends not to have succeeded better than any that have gone before him; but, having followed in the track of none, he would venture to hope, that, by avoiding the rugged literality of some, and the diffusive paraphrases of others, he may, in a few instances, have approached nearer than either of them have generally done, to the ideal model of what devotional poems, in a modern tongue, grounded upon the subjects of ancient psalms, yet suited for Christian edification, ought to be. Beyond this he dare not say more than that, whatever symptoms of feebleness or bad taste may be betrayed in the execution of these pieces, he offers not to the public the premature fruits of idleness or haste. So far as he recollects, he has endeavored to do his best, and, in doing so, he has never hesitated to sacrifice ambitious ornament to simplicity, clearness, and force of thought and expression. If, in the event, it shall be found that he has added a little to the small national stock of "psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs," in which piety speaks the language of poetry, and poetry the language of inspiration, he trusts that he will be humbly contented, and unfeignedly thankful.

Sheffield, *May* 21, 1822.

PSALM I.

Thrice happy he, who shuns the way
That leads ungodly men astray;
Who fears to stand where sinners meet,
Nor with the scorner takes his seat.

The law of God is his delight;
That cloud by day, that fire by night,
Shall be his comfort in distress,
And guide him through the wilderness.

His works shall prosper;—he shall be
A fruitful, fair, unwithering tree,
That, planted where the river flows,
Nor drought, nor frost, nor mildew knows

Not so the wicked;—they are cast
Like chaff upon the eddying blast:
In judgment they shall quake for dread,
Nor with the righteous lift their head.

For God hath spied their secret path,
And they shall perish in his wrath;
He too hath mark'd his people's road,
And brings them to his own abode.

PSALM III.

The Tempter to my soul hath said,
"There is no help in God for thee:"
Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head,
My glory, shield, and solace be.

Thus to the Lord I raised my cry:
He heard me from his holy hill;
At his command the waves roll'd by—
He beckon'd, and the winds were still.

I laid me down and slept:—I woke—
Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain;
Bright from the east the morning broke,
Thy comforts rose on me again.

I will not fear, though armed throngs
Compass my steps, in all their wrath;
Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His presence guards his people's path.

PSALM IV.

No. 1.

How long, ye sons of men, will ye
The servant of the Lord despise,
Delight yourselves with vanity,
And trust in refuges of lies?

Know that the Lord hath set apart
The godly man in every age:
He loves a meek and lowly heart—
His people are his heritage.

Then stand in awe, nor dare to sin:
Commune with your own heart; be still;
The Lord requireth truth within,
The sacrifice of mind and will.

PSALM IV.

No. 2.

While many cry, in Nature's night,
Ah! who will show the way to bliss?
Lord, lift on us thy saving light—
We seek no other guide than this.

Gladness thy sacred presence brings,
More than the joyful reaper knows;
Or he who treads the grapes, and sings,
While with new wine his vat o'erflows.

In peace I lay me down to sleep;
Thine arm, O Lord, shall stay my head;
Thine angel spread his tent, and keep
His midnight watch around my bed.

PSALM VIII.

O Lord, our King, how excellent,
Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament
How wonderfully shown!

Yet are the humble dear to Thee;
Thy praises are confest
By infants lisping on the knee,
And sucklings at the breast.

When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand;
The moon and stars amid the sky,
Thy lights in every land:—

Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst deign
On him to set thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
Then fill a throne above?

O Lord, how excellent thy name!
How manifold thy ways!
Let Time thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity thy praise.

PSALM XI.

The Lord is in his holy place,
And from his throne on high
He looks upon the human race
With omnipresent eye.

He proves the righteous, marks their path;
In Him the weak are strong;
But violence provokes his wrath,
The Lord abhorreth wrong.

God on the wicked will rain down
Brimstone, and fire, and snares;
The gloom and tempest of his frown
—This portion shall be theirs.

The righteous Lord will take delight
Alone in righteousness;
The just are pleasing in his sight,
The humble He will bless.

PSALM XIX.

No. 1.

Thy glory, Lord, the heavens declare,
The firmament displays thy skill;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm, thy word fulfil;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.

Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well-known the language of their song,
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along,
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

Waked by thy touch, the morning sun
Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,
And, like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and power;
—Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depth of Nature's heart.

While these transporting visions shine
Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense;
—My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

PSALM XIX.

No. 2.

Thy law is perfect, Lord of light,
Thy testimonies sure,
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandments pure.

Holy, inviolate thy fear,
Enduring as thy throne;
Thy judgments, chastening or severe,
Justice and truth alone.

More prized than gold,—than gold whose waste
Refining fire expels;
Sweeter than honey to my taste,
Than honey from the cells.

Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes.

By these may I be warn'd betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.

So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness!
With thee acceptance find.

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest:
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when opprest.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er,
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek,—by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn,—thy kingdom of love.

PSALM XXIV.

No. 1.

The earth is thine, Jehovah,—thine
Its peopled realms and wealthy stores;
Built on the flood, by power divine,
The waves are ramparts to the shores.

But who shall reach thine holy place,
Or who, O Lord, ascend thine hill?
The pure in heart shall see thy face,
The perfect man that doth thy will.

He who to bribes hath closed his hand,
To idols never bent the knee,
Nor sworn in falsehood,—he shall stand
Redeem'd, and own'd, and kept by Thee.

PSALM XXIV.

No. 2.

Lift up your heads, ye gates, and wide
Your everlasting doors display;
Ye angel-guards, like flames divide,
And give the King of Glory way.

Who is the King of Glory?—He
The Lord Omnipotent to save,
Whose own right-arm in victory
Led captive Death, and spoil'd the grave

Lift up your heads, ye gates, and high
Your everlasting portals heave;
Welcome the King of Glory nigh—
Him let the heaven of heavens receive.

Who is the King of Glory?—who?
The Lord of Hosts—behold his name:
The kingdom, power and honor due
Yield him, ye saints, with glad acclaim.

PSALM XXVII.

No. 1.

God is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My light, my help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait,
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate:

His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen—
The Lord will give thee peace.

PSALM XXVII.

No. 2.

One thing, with all my soul's desire,
I sought and will pursue;
What thine own Spirit doth inspire,
Lord, for thy servant do.

Grant me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat,
For ever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet:—

In thy pavilion to abide
When storms of trouble blow,
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.

"Seek ye my face;"—without delay,
When thus I hear Thee speak,
My heart would leap for joy, and say,
"Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

Then leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee;
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My God, remember me.

Oft had I fainted, and resign'd
Of every hope my hold,
But mine afflictions brought to mind
Thy benefits of old.

Wait on the Lord, with courage wait;
My soul, disdain to fear;
The righteous Judge is at the gate,
And thy redemption near.

PSALM XXIX.

Give glory to God in the highest: give praise,
Ye noble, ye mighty, with joyful accord;
All-wise are his counsels, all-perfect his ways:
In the beauty of holiness worship the Lord.

The voice of the Lord on the ocean is known,
The God of eternity thundereth abroad;
The voice of the Lord, from the depth of his throne,
Is terror and power:—all nature is awed.

At the voice of the Lord the cedars are bow'd,
And towers from their base into ruin are hurl'd;
The voice of the Lord, from the dark-bosom'd cloud,
Dissevers the lightning in flames o'er the world.

See Lebanon bound, like the kid on his rocks,
And wild as the unicorn Sirion appear;
The wilderness quakes with the resonant shocks;
The hinds cast their young in the travail of fear.

The voice of the Lord through the calm of the wood
Awakens its echoes, strikes light through its caves,
The Lord sitteth King on the turbulent flood;
The winds are his servants, his servants the waves.

The Lord is the strength of his people; the Lord
Gives health to his people, and peace evermore;
Then throng to his temple, his glory record,
But, Oh! when he speaketh, in silence adore.

PSALM XXX.

Yea, I will extol Thee,
Lord of life and light,
For thine arm upheld me,
Turn'd my foes to flight:
I implored thy succor,
Thou wert swift to save;
Heal my wounded spirit,
Bring me from the grave.

Sing, ye saints, sing praises,
Call his love to mind,
For a moment angry,
But for ever kind;
Grief may, like a pilgrim,
Through the night sojourn,
Yet shall joy to-morrow
With the sun return.

In my wealth I vaunted,
"Nought shall move me hence;
Thou hadst made my mountain
Strong in my defence:
—Then thy face was hidden,
Trouble laid me low,
"Lord," I cried most humbly,
"Why forsake me so?

"Would my blood appease Thee,
In atonement shed?
Can the dust give glory,—
Praise employ the dead?
Hear me, Lord, in mercy!
God, my helper, hear:"
—Long Thou didst not tarry,
Help and health were near.

Thou hast turn'd my mourning
Into minstrelsy,
Girded me with gladness,
Set from thraldom free:
Thee my ransom'd powers
Henceforth shall adore,—
Thee, my great Deliverer,
Bless for evermore.

PSALM XXXIX.

Lord, let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

My life is but a span,
  Mine age is nought with Thee;
Man, in his highest honor, man
  Is dust and vanity.

A shadow even in health,
  Disquieted with pride;
Or, rack'd with care, he heaps up wealth,
  Which unknown heirs divide.

What seek I now, O Lord?
  My hope is in thy name;
Blot out my sins from thy record,
  Nor give me up to shame.

Dumb at thy feet I lie,
  For thou hast brought me low:
Remove thy judgments, lest I die;
  I faint beneath thy blow.

At thy rebuke, the bloom
  Of man's vain beauty flies,
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
  All that delights our eyes.

Have pity on my fears,
  Hearken to my request,
Turn not in silence from my tears,
  But give the mourner rest.

A stranger, Lord, with Thee,
  I walk on pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers, once like me,
  Sojourn'd from age to age.

O spare me yet, I pray;
  Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summon'd hence away,
  And seen on earth no more.

PSALM XLII.

No. 1.

As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for Thee,
Pants the living God to see:
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to Thee draw near?

Tears my food by night, by day
Grief consumes my strength away:
While his craft the Tempter plies,
"Where is now thy God?" he cries;
This would sink me to despair,
But I pour my soul in prayer.

For in happier times, I went
Where the multitude frequent:
I, with them, was wont to bring
Homage to thy courts, my King;
I, with them, was wont to raise
Festal hymns on holy days.

Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole:
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head;
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

PSALM XLII.

No. 2.

Hearken, Lord, to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints;
Thee, far off, I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow
Where the heights of Hermon glow.

Tempest-tost, my failing bark
Founders on the ocean dark;
Deep to deep around me calls,
With the rush of water-falls;
While I plunge to lower caves,
Overwhelm'd by all thy waves.

Once the morning's earliest light
Brought thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard
Later than the evening bird;
Hast thou all my prayers forgot?
Dost Thou scorn, or hear them not?

Why, my soul, art thou perplex'd?
Why with faithless trouble vex'd?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When his countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.

PSALM LXIII.

(Continuation of *Psalm* XLII.)

No. 3.

Judge me, Lord, in righteousness;
Plead for me in my distress;
Good and merciful Thou art,
Bind this bleeding broken heart;
Cast me not despairing hence,
Be thy love my confidence.

Send thy light and truth to guide
Me, too prone to turn aside,
On thy holy hill to rest,
In thy tabernacles blest;
There, to God, my chiefest joy,
Praise shall all my powers employ.

Why, my soul, art thou dismay'd?
Why of earth or hell afraid?
Trust in God;—disdain to yield,
While o'er thee He casts his shield,
And his countenance divine
Sheds the light of Heaven on thine.

PSALM XLVI.

No. 1.

God is our refuge and defence,
  In trouble our unfailing aid;
Secure in his omnipotence,
  What foe can make our soul afraid?

Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
  And mountains down the gulf be hurl'd,
His people smile amid the shock,
  They look beyond this transient world.

There is a river pure and bright,
  Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;
Where, in eternity of light,
  The city of our God remains.

Built by the word of his command,
  With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;
  There is our home, our hope, our rest.

Thither let fervent faith aspire,
  Our treasure and our heart be there;
O for a seraph's wing of fire!
  No,—on the mightier wings of prayer,—

We reach at once that last retreat,
  And, ranged among the ransom'd throng,
Fall with the Elders at *his* feet,
  Whose name alone inspires their song.

Ah, soon, how soon! our spirits droop;
  Unwont the air of Heaven to breathe:
Yet God in very deed will stoop,
  And dwell Himself with men beneath.

Come to thy living temples, then,
  As in the ancient times appear;
Let earth be paradise again,
  And man, O God, thine image here.

PSALM XLVI.

No. 2.

Come and behold the works of God,
  What desolations He will make;
In vengeance when He wields his rod,
  The heathen rage, their kingdoms quake:
    He utters forth his voice;—'t is felt;
    Like wax the world's foundations melt;
    The Lord of hosts is in the field,
    The God of Jacob is our shield.

Again He maketh wars to cease,
  He breaks the bow, unpoints the spear,
And burns the chariot;—joy and peace
  In all his glorious march appear:
    Silence, O Earth! thy Maker own;
    Ye Gentiles, He is God alone;
    The Lord of Hosts is in the field,
    The God of Jacob is our shield.

PSALM XLVII.

Extol the Lord, the Lord most high,
  King over all the earth;
Exalt his triumphs to the sky
  In songs of sacred mirth.

Where'er the sea-ward rivers run,
  His banner shall advance,
And every realm beneath the sun
  Be his inheritance.

God is gone up with loud acclaim,
  And trumpets' tuneful voice:
Sing praise, sing praises to his name;
  Sing praises, and rejoice.

Sing praises to our God; sing praise
  To every creature's King;
His wondrous works, his glorious ways,
  All tongues, all kindred sing.

God sits upon his holy throne,
  God o'er the heathen reigns;
His truth through all the world is known,
  That truth his throne sustains.

Princes around his footstool throng,
  Kings in the dust adore;
Earth and her shields to God belong;
  Sing praises evermore.

PSALM XLVIII.

Jehovah is great, and great be his praise;
  In the city of God He is King;
Proclaim ye his triumphs in jubilant lays
  On the mount of his holiness sing.

The joy of the earth, from her beautiful height,
  Is Zion's impregnable hill;
The Lord in her temple still taketh delight,
  God reigns in her palaces still.

At the sight of her splendor, the kings of the earth
  Grew pale with amazement and dread;
Fear seized them like pangs of a premature birth;
  They came, they beheld her, and fled.

Thou breakest the ships from the sea-circled climes,
  When the storm of thy jealousy lowers;
As our fathers have told of thy deeds, in their times,
  So, Lord, have we witness'd in ours.

In the midst of thy temple, O God, hath our mind
  Remember'd thy mercy of old;
Let thy name, like thy praise, to no realm be confined,
  Thy power may all nations behold.

Let the daughters of Judah be glad for thy love,
  The mountain of Zion rejoice,
For Thou wilt establish her seat from above,
  —Wilt make her the throne of thy choice.

Go, walk about Zion, and measure the length,
  Her walls and her bulwarks mark well;
Contemplate her palaces, glorious in strength,
  Her towers and their pinnacles tell.

Then say to your children:—Our stronghold is tried;
This God is our God to the end;
His people for ever his counsels shall guide,
His arm shall for ever defend.

PSALM LI.

Have mercy on me, O my God,
In loving-kindness hear my prayer:
Withdraw the terror of thy rod;
Lord, in thy tender mercy, spare.

Offences rise where'er I look;
But I confess their guilt to Thee:
Blot my transgressions from thy book,
Cleanse me from mine iniquity.

Whither from vengeance can I run?
Just are thy judgments, Lord, and right;
For all the evil I have done,
I did it only in thy sight.

Shapen in frailty, born in sin.
From error how shall I depart?
Lo, thou requirest truth within;
Lord, write thy truth upon my heart.

Me through the blood of sprinkling make
Pure from defilement, white as snow;
Heal me for my Redeemer's sake;
Then joy and gladness I shall know.

A perfect heart in me create,
Renew my soul in innocence;
Cast not the suppliant from thy gate,
Nor take thine holy spirit hence.

Thy consolations, as of old,
Now to my troubled mind restore;
By thy free Spirit's might uphold
And guide my steps, to fall no more.

Then sinners will I teach thy ways,
And rebels to thy sceptre bring;
—Open my lips, O God, in praise,
So shall my mouth thy goodness sing.

Not streaming blood, nor purging fire,
Thy righteous anger can appease;
Burnt-offerings thou dost not require,
Or gladly I would render these.

The broken heart in sacrifice
Alone may thine acceptance meet;
My heart, O God, do not despise,
Broken and contrite, at thy feet.

PSALM LXIII.

O God, Thou art my God alone,
Early to Thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

O that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And mark'd the footsteps of thy grace.

Yet through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head

Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with Thee?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

PSALM LXIX.

God, be merciful to me,
For my spirit trusts in Thee,
And to Thee her refuge springs;
Be the shadow of thy wings
Round the trembling sinner cast,
Till the storm is overpast.

From the water-floods that roll
Deep and deeper round my soul,
Me, thine arm almighty take,
For thy loving kindness' sake;
If thy truth from me depart,
Thy rebuke would break my heart.

Foes increase, they close me round,
Friend nor comforter is found;
Sore temptations now assail,
Hope, and strength, and courage fail:
Turn not from thy servant's grief,
Hasten, Lord, to my relief.

Poor and sorrowful am I;
Set me, O my God! on high:
Wonders Thou for me hast wrought;
Nigh to death my soul is brought;
Save me, Lord, in mercy save,
Lest I sink below the grave.

PSALM LXX.

Hasten, Lord, to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God!
Foes, like armed bands, increase;
Turn them back the way they trod.

Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.

Those that seek Thee shall rejoice:
  I am bow'd with misery;
Yet I make thy law my choice—
  Turn, my God, and look on me.

Thou mine only Helper art,
  My Redeemer from the grave;
Strength of my desiring heart,
  Do not tarry, haste to save.

PSALM LXXI.

Lord, I have put my trust in Thee,
  Turn not my confidence to shame;
Thy promise is a rock to me,
  A tower of refuge is thy name.

Thou hast upheld me from the womb;
  Thou wert my strength and hope in youth;
Now, trembling, bending o'er the tomb,
  I lean upon thine arm of truth.

Though I have long outlived my peers,
  And stand amid the world alone
(A stranger, left by former years),
  I know my God,—by Him am known.

Cast me not off in mine old age,
  Forsake me not in my last hour;
The foe hath not forgone his rage,
  The lion ravens to devour.

Not far, my God, not far remove:
  Sin and the world still spread their snares;
Stand by me now, or they will prove
  Too crafty yet for my grey hairs.

Me, through what troubles hast Thou brought!
  Me, with what consolations crown'd!
Now be thy last deliverance wrought;
  My soul in peace with Thee be found!

PSALM LXXII.

Hail to the Lord's anointed!
  Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
  His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
  To let the captive free;
To take away transgression,
  And rule in equity.

He comes, with succor speedy,
  To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
  And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
  Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
  Were precious in his sight.

By such shall He be feared
  While sun and moon endure,—
Beloved, obey'd, revered:
  For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
  With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
  Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down, like showers
  Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
  Spring in his path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains,
  Shall Peace the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains
  From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger,
  To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
  His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion,
  Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
  In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
  And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
  His praise all people sing:
For He shall have dominion
  O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
  Or dove's light wing can soar

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
  And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
  A kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
  A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
  And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
  He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
  All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
  His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
  That name to us is—Love.

PSALM LXXIII.

Truly the Lord is good to those,
  The pure in heart, who love his name;
But as for me, temptation rose,
  And well-nigh cast me down to shame.

For I was envious at their state,
  When I beheld the wicked rise,
And flourish in their pride elate,
  No fear of death before their eyes.

Not troubled they, as others are,
  Nor plagued, with all their vain pretence;
Pride like a chain of gold they wear,
  And clothe themselves with violence.

Swoln are their eyes with wine and lust,
For more than heart can wish have they;
In fraud and tyranny they trust
To make the multitude their prey.

Their mouth assails the heavens; their tongue
Walks arrogantly through the earth;
Pleasure's full cups to them are wrung;
They reel in revelry and mirth.

"Who is the Lord, that we should fear,
Lest He our dark devices know?
Who the Most High, that He should hear,
Or heed, the words of men below?"

Thus cry the mockers, flush'd with health,
Exulting while their joys increase;
These are the ungodly—men, whose wealth
Flows like a river, ne'er to cease.

And have I cleansed my heart in vain,
And wash'd in innocence my hands?
All day afflicted, I complain,
All night I mourn in straitening bands.

Too painful this for me to view,
Till to thy temple, Lord, I went,
And then their fearful end I knew,
How suddenly their light is spent.

Surely in slippery places set,
Down to perdition these are hurl'd;
Snared in the toils of their own net,
A spectacle to all the world.

As, from a dream when one awakes,
The phantoms of the brain take flight;
So, when thy wrath in thunder breaks,
Their image shall dissolve in night.

Abash'd, my folly then I saw;
I seem'd before Thee like a brute;
Smit to the heart, o'erwhelm'd with awe,
I bow'd, and worshipp'd, and was mute.

Yet Thou art ever at my side:
O, still uphold me, and defend;
Me by thy counsel Thou shalt guide,
And bring to glory in the end.

Whom have I, Lord, in heaven but Thee?
On earth shall none divide my heart;
Then fail my flesh, my spirit flee,
Thou mine eternal portion art.

PSALM LXXVII.

In time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord, my feeble cries;
With humble supplication,
To Thee my spirit flies:
My heart with grief is breaking,
Scarce can my voice complain;
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

The days of old, in vision,
Bring vanish'd bliss to view;
The years of lost fruition
Their joys in pangs renew:
Remember'd songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

Hath God cast off for ever?
Can time his truth impair?
His tender mercy, never
Shall I presume to share?
Hath He his loving kindness
Shut up in endless wrath?
—No; this is mine own blindness,
That cannot see his path.

I call to recollection
The years of his right hand;
And, strong in his protection,
Again through faith I stand.
Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder;
Holy are all thy ways;
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth thy praise.

Thee, with the tribes assembled,
O God, the billows saw;
They saw Thee, and they trembled,
Turn'd, and stood still, with awe;
The clouds shot hail—they lighten'd,
The earth reel'd to and fro;
Thy fiery pillar brighten'd
The gulf of gloom below.

Thy way is in great waters,
Thy footsteps are not known;
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in Thee alone;
Through the wild sea Thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore;
Still on the waves Thou treadest,
And thy redeem'd pass o'er.

PSALM LXXX.

Of old, O God, thine own right hand
A pleasant vine did plant and train;
Above the hills, o'er all the land,
It sought the sun, and drank the rain.

Its boughs like goodly cedars spread,
Forth to the river went the root;
Perennial verdure crown'd its head,
It bore, in every season, fruit.

That vine is desolate and torn,
Its scions in the dust are laid;
Rank o'er the ruin springs the thorn,
The wild boar wallows in the shade.

Lord God of Hosts, thine ear incline,
Change into songs thy people's fears;
Return, and visit this thy vine,
Revive thy work amidst the years.

The plenteous and continued dew
  Of thy rich blessing here descend;
So shall thy vine its leaf renew,
  Till o'er the earth its branches bend.

Then shall it flourish wide and far,
  While realms beneath its shadow rest;
The morning and the evening star
  Shall mark its bounds from east to west.

So shall thine enemies be dumb,
  Thy banish'd ones no more enslaved,
The fullness of the Gentiles come,
  And Israel's youngest born be saved.

PSALM LXXXIV.

How amiable, how fair,
  O Lord of Hosts, to me,
Thy tabernacles are!
  My flesh cries out for Thee;
My heart and soul, with heaven-ward fire,
To Thee, the living God, aspire.

The sparrow here finds place
  To build her little nest;
The swallow's wandering race
  Hither return and rest:
Beneath thy roof their young ones cry,
And round thine altar learn to fly.

Thrice blessed they who dwell
  Within thine house, my God,
Where daily praises swell,
  And still the floor is trod
By those, who in thy presence bow,
By those, whose King and God art Thou.

Through Baca's arid vale,
  As pilgrims when they pass,
The well-springs never fail,
  Fresh rain renews the grass;
From strength to strength they journey still,
Till all appear on Zion's hill.

Lord God of Hosts, give ear,
  A gracious answer yield;
O God of Jacob, hear;
  Behold, O God, our shield;
Look on thine own Anointed One,
And save through thy beloved Son.

Lord, I would rather stand
  A keeper at thy gate,
Than on the king's right hand
  In tents of worldly state;
One day within thy courts, one day,
Is worth a thousand cast away.

God is a sun of light,
  Glory and grace to shed;
God is a shield of might,
  To guard the faithful head;
O Lord of Hosts, how happy he,
The man who puts his trust in Thee!

PSALM XC.

Lord, Thou hast been thy people's rest,
  Through all their generations,
Their refuge when by danger prest,
  Their hope in tribulations;
Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth,
Or ever Thou hadst form'd the earth,
  Art God from everlasting.

The sons of men return to clay,
  When Thou the word hast spoken,
As with a torrent borne away,
  Gone like a dream when broken:
A thousand years are, in thy sight,
But as a watch amid the night,
  Or yesterday departed.

At morn, we flourish like the grass
  With dew and sunbeams lighted,
But ere the cool of evening pass,
  The rich array is blighted:
Thus do thy chastisements consume
Youth's tender leaf and beauty's bloom:
  We fade at thy displeasure.

Our life is like the transient breath
  That tells a mournful story,
Early or late, stopt short by death:
  And where is all our glory?
Our days are threescore years and ten,
And if the span be lengthen'd then,
  Their strength is toil and sorrow.

Lo, thou hast set before thine eyes
  All our misdeeds and errors:
Our secret sins from darkness rise,
  At thine awakening terrors:
Who shall abide the trying hour?
Who knows the thunder of thy power?
  We flee unto thy mercy.

Lord, teach us so to mark our days,
  That we may prize them duly;
So guide our feet in Wisdom's ways,
  That we may love thee truly:
Return, O Lord, our griefs behold,
And with thy goodness, as of old,
  O satisfy us early.

Restore our comforts as our fears,
  Our joy as our affliction;
Give to thy church, through changing years
  Increasing benediction;
Thy glorious beauty there reveal,
And with thy perfect image seal
  Thy servants and their labors.

PSALM XCI.

Call Jehovah thy salvation,
  Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
  Dwell, nor ever be dismay'd:

There no tumult can alarm thee,
  Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
  In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noon-day wasting,
  From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
  God shall be thy sure defence:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
  When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
  Though ten thousand be laid low.

Only with thine eye, the anguish
  Of the wicked thou shalt see,
When by slow disease they languish,
  When they perish suddenly:
Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,
  God, thine hope, shall bear through all;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
  Thee no evil shall befall.

He shall charge his angel-legions,
  Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
  Though in desert-wilds thou sleep:
On the lion vainly roaring,
  On his young, thy foot shall tread,
And, the dragon's den exploring,
  Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

Since, with pure and firm affection,
  Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
  He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
  He will hearken, He will save,
Here for grief reward thee double,
  Crown with life beyond the grave.

PSALM XCIII.

The Lord is King;—upon his throne
  He sits in garments glorious;
Or girds for war his armor on,
  In every field victorious:
The world came forth at his command;
Built on his word, its pillars stand;
  They never can be shaken.

The Lord was King ere time began,
  His reign is everlasting;
When high the floods in tumult ran,
  Their foam to heaven up-casting,
He made the raging waves his path;
—The sea is mighty in its wrath,
  But God on high is mightier.

Thy testimonies, Lord, are sure:
  Thy realm fears no commotion,
Firm as the earth, whose shores endure
  The eternal toil of ocean.
And Thou with perfect peace wilt bless
Thy faithful flock;—for holiness
  Becomes thine house for ever.

PSALM XCV.

O come, let us sing to the Lord,
  In God our salvation rejoice;
In psalms of thanksgiving record
  His praise, with one spirit, one voice:
For Jehovah is King, and He reigns,
  The God of all gods, on his throne;
The strength of the hills He maintains,
  The ends of the earth are his own.

The sea is Jehovah's—He made
  The tide its dominion to know;
The land is Jehovah's—He laid
  Its solid foundations below.
O come let us worship, and kneel
  Before our Creator, our God;
—The people who serve Him with zeal,
  —The flock whom He guides with his ro

As Moses, the fathers of old,
  Through the sea and the wilderness led,
His wonderful works to behold,
  With manna from heaven are fed:
To-day, let us hearken, to-day,
  To the voice that yet speaks from above,
And all his commandments obey,
  For all his commandments are love.

His wrath let us fear to provoke,
  To dwell in his favor unite;
His service is freedom, his yoke
  Is easy, his burden is light:
But, oh! of rebellion beware,
  Rebellion, that hardens the breast,
Lest God in his anger should swear
  That *we* shall not enter his rest.

PSALM C.

Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
  O serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
  With love and devotion draw near.

For Jehovah is God,—and Jehovah alone,
  Creator and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
  His sheep, and we follow his call.

O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
  Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
  And bless his adorable name.

For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
  And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
  And shall to eternity stand.

PSALM CIII.

O my soul, with all thy powers,
  Bless the Lord's most holy name;
O my soul, till life's last hours,
  Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim;

Thine infirmities He heal'd;
He thy peace and pardon seal'd.

He with loving kindness crown'd thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good;
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renew'd:
Rich in tender mercy He,
Slow to wrath, to favor free.

He will not retain displeasure,
Though awhile He hide his face;
Nor his God-like bounty measure
By our merit, but his grace;
As the heaven the earth transcends,
Over us his care extends.

Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath sever'd thus;
As a father loving-hearted
Spares his son, He spareth us;
For He knows our feeble frame,
He remembers whence we came.

Mark the field-flower, where it groweth,
Frail and beautiful;—anon,
When the south-wind softly bloweth,
Look again,—the flower is gone:
Such is man; his honors pass,
Like the glory of the grass.

From eternity, enduring
To eternity,—the Lord,
Still his people's bliss insuring,
Keeps his covenanted word;
Yea, with truth and righteousness,
Children's children He will bless.

As in heaven, his throne and dwelling,
King on earth He holds his sway;
Angels, ye in strength excelling,
Bless the Lord, his voice obey;
All his works beneath the pole,
Bless the Lord, with thee, my soul.

PSALM CIV

My soul, adore the Lord of might;
With uncreated glory crown'd,
And clad in royalty of light,
He draws the curtain'd heavens around;
Dark waters his pavilion form,
Clouds are his car, his wheels the storm.

Lightning before Him, and behind
Thunder rebounding to and fro;
He walks upon the winged wind,
And reins the blast, or lets it go:
—This goodly globe his wisdom plann'd,
He fix'd the bounds of sea and land.

When o'er a guilty world, of old,
He summon'd the avenging main,
At his rebuke the billows roll'd
Back to their parent gulf again;
The mountains raised their joyful heads,
Like new creations, from their beds.

Thenceforth the self-revolving tide
Its daily fall and flow maintains;
Through winding vales fresh fountains glide,
Leap from the hills, or course the plains;
There thirsty cattle throng the brink,
And the wild asses bend to drink.

Fed by the currents, fruitful groves
Expand their leaves, their fragrance fling,
Where the cool breeze at noon-tide roves,
And birds among the branches sing;
Soft fall the showers when day declines,
And sweet the peaceful rainbow shines.

Grass through the meadows, rich with flowers,
God's bounty spreads for herds and flocks;
On Lebanon his cedar towers,
The wild goat bounds upon his rocks;
Fowls in his forests build their nests,
The stork amid the pine-tree rests.

To strengthen man, condemn'd to toil,
He fills with grain the golden ear;
Bids the ripe olive melt with oil,
And swells the grape, man's heart to cheer:
—The moon her tide of changing knows,
Her orb with lustre ebbs and flows.

The sun goes down, the stars come out:
He maketh darkness, and 't is night;
Then roam the beasts of prey about,
The desert rings with chase and flight:
The lion, and the lion's brood,
Look up,—and God provides them food.

Morn dawns far east; ere long the sun
Warms the glad nations with his beams;
Day, in their dens, the spoilers shun,
And night returns to them in dreams:
Man from his couch to labor goes,
Till evening brings again repose.

How manifold thy works, O Lord,
In wisdom, power, and goodness wrought!
The earth is with thy riches stored,
And ocean with thy wonders fraught:
Unfathom'd caves beneath the deep
For Thee their hidden treasures keep.

There go the ships, with sails unfurl'd,
By Thee directed on their way;
There, in his own mysterious world,
Leviathan delights to play;
And tribes that range immensity,
Unknown to man, are known to Thee.

By Thee alone the living live;
Hide but thy face, their comforts fly;
They gather what thy seasons give:
Take Thou away their breath, they die:
Send forth thy spirit from above,
And all is life again, and love.

Joy in his works Jehovah takes,
Yet to destruction they return;
He looks upon the earth, it quakes,
Touches the mountains, and they burn.

—Thou, God, for ever art the same;
I AM is thine unchanging name.

PSALM CVII.

No. 1.

Thank and praise Jehovah's name,
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity, the same,
To eternity endure.

Let the ransom'd thus rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land,
As the people of his choice;
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

In the wilderness astray,
Hither, thither, while they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:

Then unto the Lord they cry,
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

To a pleasant land He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

PSALM CVII.

No. 2.

They that mourn in dungeon-gloom,
Bound in iron and despair,
Sentenced to a heavier doom
Than the pangs they suffer there;—

Foes and rebels once to God,
They disdain'd his high control;
Now they feel his fiery rod
Striking terrors through their soul.

Wrung with agony they fall
To the dust; and, gazing round,
Call for help:—in vain they call,
Help, nor hope, nor friend are found.

Then unto the Lord they cry:
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

He restores their forfeit-breath,
Breaks in twain the gates of brass;
From the bands and grasp of death,
Forth to liberty they pass.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

PSALM CVII.

No. 3.

Fools, for their transgression, see
Sharp disease their youth consume,
And their beauty, like a tree,
Withering o'er an early tomb.

Food is loathsome to their taste,
And the eye revolts from light;
All their joys to ruin haste,
As the sun-set into night.

Then unto the Lord they cry:
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

He with health renews their frame,
Lengthens out their number'd days;
Let them glorify his name
With the sacrifice of praise.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

PSALM CVII.

No. 4.

They that toil upon the deep,
And in vessels light and frail,
O'er the mighty waters sweep
With the billow and the gale,—

Mark what wonders God performs,
When He speaks, and, unconfined,
Rush to battle all his storms
In the chariots of the wind.

Up to heaven their bark is whirl'd
On the mountain of the wave;
Down as suddenly 't is hurl'd
To the abysses of the grave.

To and fro they reel, they roll,
As intoxicate with wine;
Terrors paralyze their soul,
Helm they quit, and hope resign.

Then unto the Lord they cry,
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

Calm and smooth the surges flow,
And, where deadly lightning ran,
God's own reconciling bow
Metes the ocean with a span.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

PSALM CVII.

No. 5.

Let the elders praise the Lord,
Him let all the people praise,
When they meet with one accord
In his courts, on holy days.

God for sin will vengeance take,
Smite the earth with sore distress,
And a fruitful region make
As the howling wilderness.

But when mercy stays his hand,
Famine, plague, and death depart;
Yea, the rock, at his command,
Pours a river from its heart.

There the hungry dwell in peace,
Cities build, and plow the ground,
While their flocks and herds increase,
And their corn and wine abound.

Should they yet rebel,—his arm
Lays their pride again in dust:
But the poor He shields from harm,
And in Him the righteous trust.

Whoso wisely marks his will,
Thus evolving bliss from woe,
Shall, redeem'd from every ill,
All his loving kindness know.

PSALM CXIII.

Servants of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

Who is like God?—so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in Him that trust.

Servants of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

PSALM CXVI.

I love the Lord;—He lent an ear
When I for help implored;
He rescued me from all my fear,
Therefore I love the Lord.

Bound hand and foot with chains of sin,
Death dragg'd me for his prey;
The pit was moved to take me in,
All hope was far away.

I cried in agony of mind,
"Lord, I beseech Thee, save:"
He heard me;—Death his prey resign'd,
And Mercy shut the grave.

Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
From God no longer roam;
His hand hath bountifully blest,
His goodness call'd thee home.

What shall I render unto Thee,
My savior in distress,
For all thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless?

This will I do, for thy love's sake,
And thus thy power proclaim;
The sacramental cup I'll take,
And call upon thy name.

Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear and record my vow,
While in thy courts I seek thy face
And at thine altar bow:

Henceforth to Thee myself I give;
With single heart and eye,
To walk before Thee while I live,
And bless Thee when I die.

PSALM CXVII.

All ye Gentiles, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise:
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

Praise Him, ye who know his love,
Praise Him from the depths beneath,
Praise Him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

PSALM CXXI.

Encompass'd with ten thousand ills,
Prest by pursuing foes,
I lift mine eyes unto the hills
From whence salvation flows.

My help is from the Lord, who made
And governs earth and sky;
I look to his almighty aid,
And ever-watching eye.

—He who thy soul in safety keeps,
Shall drive destruction hence;
The Lord thy keeper never sleeps;
The Lord is thy defence.

The sun, with his afflictive light,
Shall harm thee not by day;
Nor thee the moon molest by night
Along thy tranquil way.

Thee shall the Lord preserve from sin,
And comfort in distress;
Thy going out and coming in,
The Lord thy God shall bless.

PSALM CXXII.

Glad was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come—in the house of God appear,
For 't is an holy day.

Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple-door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God;
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode.

Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

PSALM CXXIV.

The Lord is on our side,
His people now may say;
The Lord is on our side,—or we
Had fallen a sudden prey.

Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell,
Like fire, against us rose;
Then had the flames consumed us quick,
But God repell'd our foes.

Like water they return'd,
When wildest tempests rave;
Then had the floods gone o'er our head,
But God was there to save.

From jeopardy redeem'd,
As from the lion's wrath,
Mercy and truth uphold our life,
And safety guards our path.

Our soul escaped the toils;
As from the fowler's snare,
The bird, with disentangled wings,
Flits through the boundless air.

Our help is from the Lord;
In Him we will confide,
Who stretch'd the heavens, who form'd the ea
—The Lord is on our side.

PSALM CXXV.

Who make the Lord of hosts their tower,
Shall like Mount Zion be,
Immovable by mortal power,
Built on eternity.

As round about Jerusalem,
The guardian mountains stand,
So shall the Lord encompass them
Who hold by his right hand.

The rod of wickedness shall ne'er
Against the just prevail,
Lest innocence should find a snare,
And tempted virtue fail.

Do good, O Lord, do good to those
Who cleave to Thee in heart,
Who on thy truth alone repose,
Nor from thy law depart.

While rebel-souls, who turn aside,
Thine anger shall destroy,
Do Thou in peace thy people guide
To thine eternal joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

When God from sin's captivity
Sets his afflicted people free,
Lost in amaze, their mercies seem
The transient raptures of a dream.

But soon their ransom'd souls rejoice,
And mirth and music swell their voice,
Till foes confess, nor dare condemn,
"The Lord hath done great things for them

They catch the strain, and answer thus:
"The Lord hath done great things for us,
Whence gladness fills our hearts, and songs
Sweet and spontaneous, wake our tongues.'

Turn our captivity, O Lord,
As southern rivers, at thy word,
Bound from their channels, and restore
Plenty, where all was waste before

Who sow in tears shall reap in joy;
Nought shall the precious seed destroy,
Nor long the weeping exiles roam,
But bring their sheaves rejoicing home.

PSALM CXXX.

Out of the depths of woe
To Thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That Thou art ever nigh.

Then hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bidst the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

I cast my hope on Thee,
Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive;
Wert Thou to mark iniquity,
Who in thy sight could live?

Humbly on Thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin;
Lord, I am knocking at thy gate;
Open, and take me in.

Like them, whose longing eyes
Watch, till the morning star
(Though late and seen through tempests) rise
Heaven's portals to unbar:—

Like them I watch and pray,
And though it tarry long,
Catch the first gleam of welcome day,
Then burst into a song.

Glory to God above;
The waters soon will cease,
For, lo! the swift returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

PSALM CXXXI.

Lord, for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

Meekly may my soul receive
All thy spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken;—I believe,
Though the prophecy were seal'd.

Quiet as a weaned child,
Weaned from the mother's breast;
By no subtlety beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

Saints, rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust:
Him in all his ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

PSALM CXXXII.

No. 1.

God in his temples let us meet,
Low on our knees before Him bend;
Here hath He fix'd his mercy-seat,
Here on his Sabbath we attend.

Arise into thy resting-place,
Thou, and thine ark of strength, O Lord:
Shine through the veil, we seek thy face;
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

With righteousness thy priests array;
Joyful thy chosen people be;
Let those who teach and those who pray,
Let all—be holiness to Thee.

PSALM CXXXII.

No. 2.

Lord, for thy servant David's sake,
Perform thine oath to David's son;—
Thy truth Thou never wilt forsake;—
Look on thine own Anointed One.

The Lord in faithfulness hath sworn
His throne for ever to maintain;
From realm to realm, the sceptre borne
Shall stretch o'er earth Messiah's reign.

Zion! my chosen hill of old,
My rest, my dwelling, my delight,
With loving kindness I uphold,
Her walls are ever in my sight.

I satisfy her poor with bread,
Her tables with abundance bless,
Joy on her sons and daughters shed,
And clothe her priests with righteousness

There David's horn shall bud and bloom,
The branch of glory and renown;
His foes my vengeance shall consume;
Him with eternal years I crown.

PSALM CXXXIII.

How beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity;
'T is like the precious ointment, shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers,
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

For there the Lord commands
Blessing, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life for evermore:
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love!

PSALM CXXXIV.

Bless ye the Lord with solemn rite,
In hymns extol his name,
Ye who, within his house by night,
Watch round the altar's flame.

Lift up your hands amid the place
Where burns the sacred sign,
And pray, that thus Jehovah's face
O'er all the earth may shine.

From Zion, from his holy hill,
The Lord our Maker send
The perfect knowledge of his will,
Salvation without end.

PSALM CXXXVII.

Where Babylon's broad rivers roll,
In exile we sate down to weep,
For thoughts of Zion o'er our soul
Came, like departed joys, in sleep,
Whose forms to sad remembrance rise,
Though fled for ever from our eyes.

Our harps upon the willows hung,
Where, worn with toil, our limbs reclined;
The chords, untuned and trembling, rung
With mournful music on the wind,
While foes, insulting o'er our wrongs,
Cried,—"Sing us one of Zion's songs."

How can we sing the songs we love,
Far from our own delightful land?
—If I prefer thee not above
My chiefest joy, may this right hand,
Jerusalem! forget its skill,
My tongue be dumb, my pulse be still.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Thee will I praise, O Lord, in light,
Where seraphim surround thy throne;
With heart and soul, with mind and might,
Thee will I worship, Thee alone.

I bow toward thy holy place;
For Thou, in mercy still the same,
Hast magnified thy word of grace
O'er all the wonders of thy name.

In peril, when I cried to Thee,
How did thy strength renew my soul!
Kings and their realms might bend the kn[ee]
Could I to man reveal the whole.

Thou, Lord, above all height art high,
Yet with the lowly wilt Thou dwell;
The proud far off, thy jealous eye
Shall mark, and with a look repel.

Though in the depth of trouble thrown,
With grief I shall not always strive,
Thou wilt thy suffering servant own,
And Thou the contrite heart revive.

Thy purpose then in me fulfil;
Forsake me not, for I am thine;
Perfect in me thine utmost will;
—Whate'er it be, that will be mine.

PSALM CXXXIX.

Searcher of hearts, to thee are known
The inmost secrets of my breast;
At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,
Thou mark'st my rising and my rest,
My thoughts far off, through every maze,
Source, stream, and issue,—all my ways.

No word that from my mouth proceeds,
Evil or good, escapes thine ear;
Witness Thou art to all my deeds,
Before, behind, for ever near:
Such knowledge is for me too high;
I live but in my Maker's eye.

How from thy presence should I go,
Or whither from thy Spirit flee,
Since all above, around, below,
Exist in thine immensity?
—If up to heaven I take my way,
I meet thee in eternal day.

If in the grave I make my bed
With worms and dust, lo, Thou art there;
If, on the wings of morning sped,
Beyond the ocean I repair,
I feel thine all-controlling will,
And thy right hand upholds me still.

"Let darkness hide me," if I say,
Darkness can no concealment be:
Night, on thy rising, shines like day,
Darkness and light are one with Thee,
For Thou mine embryo-form didst view
Ere her own babe my mother knew.

In me thy workmanship display'd,
A miracle of power I stand;
Fearfully, wonderfully made,
And framed in secret by thy hand;
I lived, ere into being brought,
Through thine eternity of thought.

How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
O God, to me! how great the sum!
New every morn, they never cease;
They were, they are, and yet shall come,
In number and in compass, more
Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.

Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, my secret soul survey,
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way;
So shall thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.

PSALM CXLI.

Lord, let my prayer like incense rise,
And when I lift my hands to Thee,
As on the evening-sacrifice,
Look down from heaven, well-pleased, on me.

Set Thou a watch to keep my tongue,
Let not my heart to sin incline;
Save me from men who practise wrong,
Let me not share their mirth and wine.

But let the righteous, when I stray,
Smite me in love;—his strokes are kind;
His mild reproofs, like oil, allay
The wounds they make, and heal the mind.

Mine eyes are unto Thee, my God;
Behold me humbled in the dust;
I kiss the hand that wields the rod,
I own thy chastisements are just.

But O, redeem me from the snares
With which the world surrounds my feet,
—Its riches, vanities, and cares,
Its love its hatred, its deceit.

PSALM CXLII.

I cried unto the Lord most just,
Most merciful, in prayer;
I cried unto Him from the dust,
I told Him my despair.

When sunk my soul within me,—then
Thou knew'st the path I chose;
Unharm'd I pass'd the spoiler's den,
I walk'd through ambush'd foes.

I look'd for friends,—there was not one
In sorrow to condole;
I look'd for refuge,—there was none;
None cared for my soul.

I cried unto the Lord;—I said,—
Thou art my refuge; Thou,
My portion; hasten to mine aid;
Hear and deliver *now*.

Now, from the dungeon, from the grave,—
Exalt thy suppliant's head;
Thy voice is freedom to the slave,
Revival to the dead.

PSALM CXLIII.

Hear me, O Lord, in my distress,
Hear me in truth and righteousness;
For at thy bar of judgment tried,
None living can be justified.

Lord I have foes without, within,
The world, the flesh, indwelling sin,
Life's daily ills, temptation's power,
And Satan roaring to devour.

These, these my fainting soul surround,
My strength is smitten to the ground;
Like those long dead, beneath their weight
Crush'd is my heart and desolate.

Yet, in the gloom of silent thought,
I call to mind what God hath wrought,
Thy wonders in the days of old,
Thy mercies great and manifold.

Ah! then to Thee I stretch my hands,
Like failing streams through desert-sands:
I thirst for Thee, as harvest plains
Parch'd by the summer thirst for rains.

O let me not thus hopeless lie,
Like one condemn'd at morn to die,
But with the morning may I see
Thy loving kindness visit me.

Teach me thy will, subdue my own;
Thou art my God, and Thou alone;
By thy good Spirit guide me still,
Safe from all foes, to Zion's hill.

Release my soul from trouble, Lord;
Quicken and keep me by thy word;
May all its promises be mine;
Be Thou my portion—I am thine.

PSALM CXLIV.

The Lord is gracious to forgive,
And slow to let his anger move;
The Lord is good to all that live,
And all his tender mercy prove.

Thy works, O God, thy praise proclaim;
The saints thy wondrous deeds shall sing
Extol thy power, and to thy name
Homage from every nation bring.

Glorious in majesty art Thou;
Thy throne for ever shall endure;
Angels before thy footstool bow,
Yet dost Thou not despise the poor.

The Lord upholdeth them that fall;
He raiseth men of low degree;
O God, our health, the eyes of all,
Of all the living, wait on Thee.

Thou openest thine exhaustless store,
And rainest food on every land;
The dumb creation Thee adore,
And eat their portion from thy hand.

Man, most indebted, most ingrate,
Man only, is a rebel here;
Teach him to know Thee, ere too late;
Teach him to love Thee, and to fear.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Heralds of creation cry,
—Praise the Lord, the Lord most high;
Heaven and earth, obey the call,
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

For He spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light;
He commanded,—Nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.

Praise Him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love;
Sun and moon, your voices raise,
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.

Earth, from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow;
Lightning, vapor, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.

Vales and mountains, burst in song;
Rivers, roll with praise along;
Clap your hands, ye trees, and hail
God, who comes in every gale.

Birds, on wings of rapture, soar,
Warble at his temple-door;
Joyful sounds, from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks.

Kings, your Sovereign serve with awe;
Judges, own his righteous law;
Princes, worship Him with fear;
Bow the knee, all people here.

Let his truth by babes be told,
And his wonders by the old;
Youths and maidens, in your prime
Learn the lays of heaven betime.

High above all height his throne,
Excellent his name alone;
Him let all his works confess;
Him let every being bless.

The Pelican Island.

PREFACE.

The subject of this Poem was suggested by a passage in Captain Flinders's Voyage to Terra Australis. Describing one of those numerous gulfs which indent the coast of New Holland, and are thickly spotted with small islands, he says:—"Upon two of these we found many young Pelicans unable to fly. Flocks of the old birds were sitting upon the beaches of the lagoon, and it appeared that the islands were their breeding-places; not only so, but, from the number of skeletons and bones there scattered, it should seem that for ages these had been selected for the closing scene of their existence. Certainly, none more likely to be free from disturbance of every kind could have been chosen, than these islets of a hidden lagoon of an uninhabited island [called by Captain F. Kangaroo Island], situate upon an unknown coast, near the antipodes of Europe; nor can anything be more consonant to their feelings, if Pelicans have any, than quietly to resign their breath, surrounded by their progeny, and in the same spot where they first drew it."—Captain Flinders was particularly struck with the appearance of one of these islands, on the surface of which were scattered the relics of a great number of trees, prostrated by some tremendous storm, or, as he conjectured, self-ignited by the friction of dead branches in a strong wind. This fact (adopting the former hypothesis) suggested the catastrophe described at the close of the third Canto of the Poem.

Having determined not to encumber his volume with notes, which might plausibly have been done to a great extent,—and believing, that those readers, who shall be sufficiently interested in the poem to desire further knowledge of the subjects progressively reviewed in it, may readily satisfy themselves from popular books of voyages, and natural history,—the Author will merely offer, in this place, an illustration of the nature of coral reefs, extracted from *Captain* Basil Hall's *Voyage to the Island of Loo Choo, in the Chinese Sea.*

"The examination of a coral reef during the different stages of one tide, is particularly interesting. When the tide has left it for some time, it becomes dry, and appears to be a compact rock, exceedingly hard and ragged; but as the tide rises, and the waves begin to wash over it, the coral worms protrude themselves from holes which before were invisible. These animals are of a great variety of shapes and sizes, and in such prodigious numbers, that, in a short time, the whole surface of the rock appears to be alive and in motion. The most common worm is in the form of a star, with arms from four to six inches long, which are moved about with a rapid motion in all directions, probably to catch food. Others are so sluggish, that they may be mistaken for pieces of the rock, and are generally of a dark color, and from four to five inches long, and two or three round. When the coral is broken about high-water mark, it is a solid hard stone; but if any part of it be detached at a spot which the tide reaches every day, it is found to be full of worms of different lengths and colors, some being as fine as a thread and several feet long, of a bright yellow, and sometimes of a blue color; others resemble snails, and some are not unlike lobsters in shape, but soft, and not above two inches long.

"The growth of coral appears to cease when the

h is no longer exposed to the washing of the sea. a reef rises in the form of a cauliflower, till its ias gained the level of the highest tides, above ich the worm has no power to advance, and the reef of course no longer extends itself upwards. The other parts in succession reach the surface, and there stop, forming in time a level field with steep sides all round. The reef, however, continually increases, and being prevented from growing higher, extends itself laterally in all directions. But the growth being as rapid at the upper edge as it is lower down, the steepness of the face of the reef is still preserved. These are the circumstances which render coral reefs so dangerous in navigation; for, in the first place, they are seldom seen above the water; and, in the next, their sides are so steep, that a ship's bow may strike against the rock before any change of soundings has given warning of the danger."

With these brief quotations to explain the two principal circumstances on which the poem is founded, the Author abandons his "Pelican Island" to the judgment of the public, having no hope to conciliate favor by apology or vindication, where he has painfully felt that both would be necessary, if the success or failure of his work did not wholly depend on the manner in which it has been executed. He only requests the reader to bear in mind, that the narrative is supposed to be delivered by the imaginary being who witnesses the series of events, *after* the whole has happened, and who therefore describes them in such language, and with such illustrations, as the knowledge which he *then* possessed enabled him to use, whether he be identified with the Author, or (if the latter will so far condescend) with the reader himself, as spectator, actor, thinker, in this masquerade of

Truth severe by fairy-fiction drest.

SHEFFIELD, *July* 19, 1827.

THE PELICAN ISLAND.

—

CANTO I.

METHOUGHT I lived through ages, and beheld
Their generations pass so swiftly by me,
That years were moments in their flight, and hours
The scenes of crowded centuries reveal'd;
While Time, Life, Death, the world's great actors wrought
New and amazing changes:—these I sing.

Sky, sun, and sea, were all the universe;
The sky, one blue interminable arch,
Without a breeze, a wing, a cloud; the sun
Sole in the firmament, but in the deep
Redoubled; where the circle of the sea,
Invisible with calmness, seem'd to lie
Within the hollow of a lower heaven.

I was a Spirit in the midst of these,
All eye, ear, thought; existence was enjoyment;
Light was an element of life, and air
The clothing of my incorporeal form,—
A form impalpable to mortal touch,
And volatile as fragrance from the flower,
Or music in the woodlands. What the soul
Can make itself at pleasure, that I was;
A child in feeling and imagination,
Learning new lessons still, as Nature wrought
Her wonders in my presence. All I saw,
(Like Adam when he walk'd in Paradise),
I knew and named by secret intuition.
Actor, spectator, sufferer, each in turn,
I ranged, explored, reflected. Now I sail'd,
And now I soar'd; anon expanding, seem'd
Diffused into immensity, yet bound
Within a space too narrow for desire:
The mind, the mind perpetual themes must task
Perpetual power impel, and hope allure.
I and the silent sun were here alone,
But not companions; high and bright he held
His course; I gazed with admiration on him,—
There all communion ended; and I sigh'd,
In loneliness unutterable sigh'd,
To feel myself a wanderer without aim,
An exile amidst splendid desolation,
A prisoner with infinity surrounded.

The sun descended, dipp'd, and disappear'd;
Then sky and sea were all the universe,
And I the only being in existence!
So thought I, and the thought, like ice and fire,
Went freezing, burning, withering, thrilling through me.
Annihilation then had been deliverance,
While that eternity of solitude
Lay on my heart, hard struggling to break free,
As from a dream, when mountains press the sleeper.

Darkness, meanwhile, disguised in twilight, crept
O'er air and ocean; drearier gloom involved
My fainting senses, till a sudden ray
Of pensile lustre sparkled from the west:
I flew to meet it, but drew never nearer,
While, vanishing and reappearing oft,
At length it trembled out into a star.
My soul revived, and could I then have wept
(Methought I did) with tears of fond delight,
How had I hail'd the gentle apparition,
As second life to me; so sweetly welcome
The faintest semblance of society,
Though but a point to rest the eye upon,
To him who hath been utterly bereaved!
—Star after star, from some unseen abyss,
Came through the sky, like thoughts into the mind,
We know not whence; till all the firmament
Was throng'd with constellations, and the sea
Strown with their images. Amidst a sphere
Of twinkling lights, like living eyes, that look'd
At once on me from every side, I stood
(Motion and rest with me were mere volition),
Myself perhaps a star among the rest!
But here again I found no fellowship;
Sight could not reach, nor keenest thought conceive
Their nature or their offices. To me
They were but what they seem'd, and yet I felt
They must be more: the mind hath no horizon,
It looks beyond the eye, and seeks for mind
In all it sees, or all it sees o'erruling.

Low in the east, ere long, the morning dawn
Shot upward, onward, and around the pole,

With arrowy glimpses traversing the shade.
Night's train, as they had kindled one by one,
Now one by one withdrew, reversing order,
Where those that came the latest, earliest went:
Day rose triumphant, and again to me
Sky, sun, and sea, were all the universe;
But ah! the glory had departed, and I long'd
For some untried vicissitude:—it came.

A breeze sprang up, and with careering wing
Play'd like an unseen being on the water.
Slowly from slumber woke the unwilling main,
Curling and murmuring, till the infant waves
Leap'd on his lap, and laugh'd in air and sunshine:
Then all was bright and beautiful emotion,
And sweet accordance of susurrant sounds.
I felt the gay delirium of the scene;
I felt the breeze and billow chase each other,
Like bounding pulses in my human veins:
For, though impassive to the elements,
The form I wore was exquisitely tuned
To Nature's sympathies; joy, fear, hope, sorrow
(As though I yet were in the body) moved,
Elated, shook, or tranquillized my soul.

Thus pass'd the day: night follow'd, deck'd with stars
Innumerable, and the pale new moon,
Beneath her feet, a slight inverted crescent,
Soon disappearing.
Time flew on, and brought
Alternate morn and eve. The sun, the stars,
The moon through all her phases, waxing, waning,
The planets seeking rest, and finding none,
—These were the only objects in mine eye,
The constant burthen of my thoughts, perplex'd
With vain conjectures why they were created.

Once, at high noon, amidst a sultry calm,
Looking around for comfort, I descried,
Far on the green horizon's utmost verge,
A wreath of cloud; to me a glad discovery,
For each new image sprang a new idea,
The germ of thoughts to come, that could not die.
The little vapor rapidly expanded,
Lowering and thickening till it hid the sun,
And threw a starless night upon the sea.
Eagerly, tremblingly, I watch'd the end.
Faint gleam'd the lightning, follow'd by no peal;
Dreary and hollow moans foretold a gale;
Nor long the issue tarried; then the wind,
Unprison'd, blew its trumpet loud and shrill;
Out flash'd the lightnings gloriously; the rain
Came down like music, and the full-toned thunder
Roll'd in grand harmony throughout high heaven:
Till ocean, breaking from his black supineness,
Drown'd in his own stupendous uproar all
The voices of the storm beside; meanwhile
A war of mountains raged upon his surface;
Mountains each other swallowing, and again
New Alps and Andes, from unfathom'd valleys
Upstarting, join'd the battle; like those sons
Of Earth,—giants, rebounding as new-born
From every fall on their unwearied mother.
I glow'd with all the rapture of the strife:
Beneath was one wild whirl of foaming surges;
Above the array of lightnings, like the swords
Of cherubim, wide brandish'd, to repel
Aggression from heaven's gates; their flaming str[okes]
Quench'd momentarily in the vast abyss.

The voice of Him who walks upon the wind,
And sets his throne upon the floods, rebuked
The headlong tempest in its mid-career,
And turn'd its horrors to magnificence.
The evening sun broke through the embattled clouds,
And threw round sky and sea, as by enchantment,
A radiant girdle, binding them to peace,
In the full rainbow's harmony of beams;
No brilliant fragment, but one sevenfold circle,
That spann'd the horizon, meted out the heavens,
And under-arch'd the ocean. 'T was a scene,
That left itself for ever on my mind.

Night, silent, cool, transparent, crown'd the day;
The sky receded further into space,
The stars came lower down to meet the eye,
Till the whole hemisphere, alive with light,
Twinkled from east to west by one consent
The constellations round the arctic pole,
That never set to us, here scarcely rose,
But in their stead, Orion through the north
Pursued the Pleiads; Sirius, with his keen,
Quick scintillations, in the zenith reign'd.
The south unveil'd its glories;—there, the Wolf,
With eyes of lightning, watch'd the Centaur's spear;
Through the clear hyaline, the Ship of Heaven
Came sailing from eternity; the Dove,
On silver pinions, wing'd her peaceful way;
There, at the footstool of Jehovah's throne,
The Altar, kindled from His presence, blazed;
There, too, all else excelling, meekly shone
The Cross, the symbol of redeeming love:
The Heavens declared the glory of the Lord,
The firmament display'd his handy-work.

With scarce inferior lustre gleam'd the sea,
Whose waves were spangled with phosphoric fire,
As though the lightnings there had spent their shafts
And left the fragments glittering on the field.

Next morn, in mockery of a storm, the breeze
And waters skirmish'd; bubble-armies fought
Millions of battles on the crested surges,
And where they fell, all cover'd with their glory,
Traced, in white foam on the cerulean main,
Paths, like the milky-way among the stars.

Charm'd with the spectacle, yet deeply touch'd
With a forlorn and not untender feeling—
"Why," said my thoughts within me, "why this waste
Of loveliness and grandeur unenjoy'd?
Is there no life throughout this fair existence?
Sky, sun, and sea, the moon, the stars, the clouds,
Wind, lightning, thunder, are but ministers;
They know not what they are, nor what they do:
O for the beings for whom these were made!"

Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel upward from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is fill'd;
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,

moved at will along the yielding water.
native pilot of this little bark
out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a two-fold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light.
Worth all the dead creation, in that hour,
To me appear'd this lonely Nautilus,
My fellow-being, like myself *alive*.
Entranced in contemplation vague yet sweet,
I watch'd its vagrant course and rippling wake,
Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens.

It closed, sunk, dwindled to a point, then nothing;
While the last bubble crown'd the dimpling eddy,
Through which mine eye still giddily pursued it,
A joyous creature vaulted through the air,—
The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird,
On long light wings, that flung a diamond shower
Of dew-drops round its evanescent form,
Sprang into light, and instantly descended.
Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend,
Or mourn his quick departure,—on the surge,
A shoal of Dolphins, tumbling in wild glee,
Glow'd with such orient tints, they might have been
The rainbow's offspring, when it met the ocean
In that resplendent vision I had seen.
While yet in ecstacy I hung o'er these,
With every motion pouring out fresh beauties,
As though the conscious colors came and went
At pleasure, glorying in their subtle changes,—
Enormous o'er the flood, Leviathan
Look'd forth, and from his roaring nostrils sent
Two fountains to the sky, then plunged amain
In headlong pastime through the closing gulf.

These were but preludes to the revelry
That reign'd at sun-set: then the deep let loose
Its blithe adventurers to sport at large,
As kindly instinct taught them; buoyant shells,
On stormless voyages, in fleets or single,
Wherried their tiny mariners; aloof,
On wing-like fins, in bow-and-arrow figures,
The flying fishes darted to and fro;
While spouting Whales projected watery columns,
That turn'd to arches at their height, and seem'd
The skeletons of crystal palaces,
Built on the blue expanse, then perishing,
Frail as the element which they were made of:
Dolphins, in gambols, lent the lucid brine
Hues richer than the canopy of eve,
That overhung the scene with gorgeous clouds,
Decaying into gloom more beautiful
Than the sun's golden liveries which they lost:
Till light that hides, and darkness that reveals
The stars,—exchanging guard, like sentinels
Of day and night,—transform'd the face of nature:
Above was wakefulness, silence around,
Beneath, repose,—repose that reach'd even me.
Power, will, sensation, memory, fail'd in turn;
My very essence seem'd to pass away,
Like a thin cloud that melts across the moon,
Lost in the blue immensity of heaven.

CANTO II.

Life's intermitting pulse again went on:
I woke amidst the beauty of a morn,
That shone as bright within me as around.
The presence-chamber of the soul was full
Of flitting images and rapturous thoughts;
For eye and mind were open'd to explore
The secrets of the abyss erewhile conceal'd.
The floor of ocean, never trod by man,
Was visible to me as heaven's round roof,
Which man hath never touch'd; the multitude
Of living things, in that new hemisphere,
Gleam'd out of darkness, like the stars at midnight,
When moon nor clouds, with light or shade, obscure them.
For, as in hollows of the tide-worn reef,
Left at low water glistening in the sun,
Pellucid pools, and rocks in miniature,
With their small fry of fishes, crusted shells,
Rich mosses, tree-like sea-weed, sparkling pebbles,
Enchant the eye, and tempt the eager hand
To violate the fairy paradise,
—So to my view the deep disclosed its wonders.

In the free element beneath me swam,
Flounder'd, and dived, in play, in chase, in battle,
Fishes of every color, form, and kind,
(Strange forms, resplendent colors, kinds unnumber'd),
Which language cannot paint, and mariner
Hath never seen; from dread Leviathan
To insect millions peopling every wave;
And nameless tribes, half-plant, half-animal,
Rooted and slumbering through a dream of life.
The livelier inmates to the surface sprang,
To taste the freshness of heaven's breath, and feel
That light is pleasant, and the sun-beam warm.
Most in the middle region sought their prey,
Safety, or pastime; solitary some,
And some in pairs affectionately join'd;
Others in shoals immense, like floating islands,
Led by mysterious instinct through that waste
And trackless region, though on every side
Assaulted by voracious enemies,
—Whales, sharks, and monsters, arm'd in front or jaw,
With swords, saws, spiral horns, or hooked fangs.
While ravening Death of slaughter ne'er grew weary,
Life multiplied the immortal meal as fast.
War, reckless, universal war, prevail'd;
All were devourers, all in turn devour'd;
Yet every unit in the uncounted sum
Of victims had its share of bliss, its pang,
And but a pang, of dissolution; each
Was happy till its moment came, and then
Its first, last suffering, unforeseen, unfear'd,
Closed, with one struggle, pain and life for ever
So, He ordain'd, whose way is in the sea,
His path amidst great waters, and his steps
Unknown;—whose judgments are a mighty deep
Where plummets of Archangel's intellect
Could never yet find soundings, but from age
To age let down, drawn up, then thrown again,
With lengthen'd line and added weight, still fails
And still the cry in Heaven is, "O, the depth!"

Thus, while bewilder'd with delight I gazed
On life in every shape it here assumed,
Congenial feeling made me follow it,
And try to be whatever I beheld:
By mental transmigration thus I pass'd
Through many a body, and in each assay'd
New instincts, powers, enjoyments, death itself;
Till, weary with the fanciful pursuit,
I started from that idle reverie.
Then grew my heart more desolate than ever;
Here had I found the beings which I sought,
—Beings for whom the universe was made,
Yet none of kindred with myself. In vain
I strove to waken sympathy in breasts
Cold as the element in which they moved,
And inaccessible to fellowship
With me, as sun and stars, as winds and vapors:
Sense had they, but no more; mind was not there.
They roam'd, they fed, they slept; they died, and left
Race after race, to roam, feed, sleep, then die,
And leave their like through endless generation;
—Incessant change of actors, none of scene,
Through all that boundless theatre of strife!
Shrinking into myself again, I cried,
In bitter disappointment,—"Is this all?"

I sent a glance at random from the cloud,
In which I then lay floating through mid-heaven,
To ocean's innermost recess;—when lo!
Another seal of Nature's book was open'd,
Which held transported thought so deep entranced,
That Time, though borne through mightiest revolutions,
Seem'd, like the earth in motion, to stand still.
The works of ages grew beneath mine eye;
As rapid intellect calls up events,
Combines, compresses, moulds them, with such power,
That, in a little page of memory,
An empire's annals lie,—a nation's fortunes
Pass in review, as motes through sunbeams pass,
Glistening and vanishing in quick succession,
Yet each distinct as though there were but one;
—So thrice a thousand years, with all their issues,
Hurried before me, through a gleam of Time,
Between the clouds of two eternities,—
That whence they came, and that to which they tended.

Immeasurable continents beneath
The expanse of animated waters lay,
Not strown,—as I have *since* discern'd the tracks
Of voyagers,—with shipwrecks and their spoils,
The wealth of merchants, the artillery
Of war, the chains of captives, and the gems,
That glow'd upon the brow of beauty; crowns
Of monarchs, swords of heroes, anchors lost,
That never had let go their hold in storms;
Helms, sunk in port, that steer'd adventurous barks
Round the wide world; bones of dead men, that made
A hidden Golgotha where they had fallen,
Unseen, unsepulchred, but not unwept
By lover, friend, relation, far away,
Long waiting their return to home and country,
And going down into their fathers' graves
With their grey hairs or youthful locks in sorrow,
To meet no more till seas give up their dead:
Some too—ay thousands—whom none living mourn'd,
None miss'd—waifs in the universe, the last
Lorn links of kindred chains for ever sunder'd.

Not such the spectacle I now survey'd:
No broken hearts lay here; no aching heads,
For whose vast schemes the world was once too small,
And life too short, in Death's dark lap found rest
Beneath the unresting wave:—but skeletons
Of Whales and Krakens here and there were scatter'd,
The prey when dead of tribes, their prey when living:
And, seen by glimpses, but awakening thoughts
Too sad for utterance,—relics huge and strange
Of the old world that perish'd by the flood,
Kept under chains of darkness till the judgment
—Save these, lay ocean's bed, as from the hand
Of its Creator, hollow'd and prepared
For his unfathomable counsels there,
To work slow miracles of power divine,
From century to century,—nor less
Incomprehensible than heaven and earth
Form'd in six days by His commanding word.
With God a thousand years are as one day;
He in one day can sum a thousand years:
All acts with Him are equal; for no more
It costs Omnipotence to build a world,
And set a sun amidst the firmament,
Than mould a dew-drop, and light up its gem.

This was the landscape stretch'd beneath the flood.
—Rocks, branching out like chains of Alpine mountains;
Gulfs intervening, sandy wildernesses,
Forests of growth enormous, caverns, shoals;
Fountains upspringing, hot and cold, and fresh
And bitter, as on land; volcanic fires
Fiercely out-flashing from earth's central heart,
Nor soon extinguish'd by the rush of waters
Down the rent crater to the unknown abyss
Of Nature's laboratory, where she hides
Her deeds from every eye except her Maker's:
—Such were the scenes which ocean open'd to me;
Mysterious regions, the recluse abode
Of unapproachable inhabitants,
That dwelt in everlasting darkness there.
Unheard by them the roaring of the wind,
The elastic motion of the wave unfelt;
Still life was theirs, well-pleasing to themselves,
Nor yet unuseful, as my song shall show.

Here, on a stony eminence, that stood,
Girt with inferior ridges, at the point,
Where light and darkness meet in spectral gloom,
Midway between the height and depth of ocean,
I mark'd a whirlpool in perpetual play,
As though the mountain were itself alive,
And catching prey on every side, with feelers
Countless as sunbeams, slight as gossamer;
Ere long transfigured, each fine film became
An independent creature, self-employ'd,
Yet but an agent in one common work,
The sum of all their individual labors.
Shapeless they seem'd, but endless shapes assumed
Elongated like worms, they writhed and shrunk
Their tortuous bodies to grotesque dimensions;
Compress'd like wedges, radiated like stars,
Branching like sea-weed, whirl'd in dazzling rings,
Subtle and variable as flickering flames,
Sight could not trace their evanescent changes
Nor comprehend their motions, till minute

And curious observation caught the clew
To this live labyrinth,—where every one,
By instinct taught, perform'd its little task;
—To build its dwelling and its sepulchre,
From its own essence exquisitely modell'd;
There breed, and die, and leave a progeny,
Still multiplied beyond the reach of numbers,
To frame new cells and tombs; then breed and die
As all their ancestors had done,—and rest,
Hermetically seal'd, each in its shrine,
A statue in this temple of oblivion!
Millions of millions thus, from age to age,
With simplest skill, and toil unweariable,
No moment and no movement unimproved,
Laid line on line, on terrace terrace spread,
To swell the heightening, brightening gradual mound,
By marvellous structure climbing towards the day.
Each wrought alone, yet all together, wrought,
Unconscious, not unworthy, instruments,
By which a hand invisible was rearing
A new creation in the secret deep.
Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by them;
Hence what Omnipotence alone could do
Worms did. I saw the living pile ascend,
The mausoleum of its architects,
Still dying upwards as their labors closed:
Slime the material, but the slime was turn'd
To adamant, by their petrific touch;
Frail were their frames, ephemeral their lives,
Their masonry imperishable. All
Life's needful functions, food, exertion, rest,
By nice economy of Providence
Were overruled to carry on the process,
Which out of water brought forth solid rock.

Atom by atom thus the burthen grew,
Even like an infant in the womb, till Time
Deliver'd ocean of that monstrous birth,
—A coral island, stretching east and west,
In God's own language to its parent saying,
"Thus far, nor farther, shalt thou go; and here
Shall thy proud waves be stay'd:"—A point at first
It peer'd above those waves; a point so small,
I just perceived it, fix'd where all was floating;
And when a bubble cross'd it, the blue film
Expanded like a sky above the speck;
That speck became a hand-breadth; day and night
It spread, accumulated, and ere long
Presented to my view a dazzling plain,
White as the moon amid the sapphire sea;
Bare at low water, and as still as death,
But when the tide came gurgling o'er the surface,
'T was like a resurrection of the dead:
From graves innumerable, punctures fine
In the close coral, capillary swarms
Of reptiles, horrent as Medusa's snakes,
Cover'd the bald-pate reef; then all was life,
And indefatigable industry;
The artisans were twisting to and fro,
In idle-seeming convolutions; yet
They never vanish'd with the ebbing surge,
Till pellicle on pellicle, and layer
On layer, was added to the growing mass.
Ere long the reef o'ertopt the spring-flood's height,
And mock'd the billows when they leapt upon it,
Unable to maintain their slippery hold,
And falling down in foam-wreaths round its verge.
Steep were the flanks, with precipices sharp,
Descending to their base in ocean-gloom.
Chasms few, and narrow, and irregular,
Form'd harbors, safe at once and perilous,—
Safe for defence, but perilous to enter.
A sea-lake shone amidst the fossil isle,
Reflecting in a ring its cliffs and caverns,
With heaven itself seen like a lake below.

Compared with this amazing edifice,
Raised by the weakest creatures in existence,
What are the works of intellectual man?
Towers, temples, palaces, and sepulchres;
Ideal images in sculptured forms,
Thoughts hewn in columns, or in domes expanded,
Fancies through every maze of beauty shown;
Pride, gratitude, affection turn'd to marble,
In honor of the living or the dead;
What are they?—fine-wrought miniatures of art,
Too exquisite to bear the weight of dew,
Which every morn lets fall in pearls upon them,
Till all their pomp sinks down in mouldering relics
Yet in their ruin lovelier than their prime!
—Dust in the balance, atoms in the gale,
Compared with these achievements in the deep.
Were all the monuments of olden time,
In days when there were giants on the earth.
—Babel's stupendous folly, though it aim'd
To scale heaven's battlements, was but a toy,
The plaything of the world in infancy:—
The ramparts, towers, and gates of Babylon,
Built for eternity,—though, where they stood,
Ruin itself stands still for lack of work,
And Desolation keeps unbroken sabbath;—
Great Babylon, in its full moon of empire,
Even when its "head of gold" was smitten off
And from a monarch changed into a brute;—
Great Babylon was like a wreath of sand,
Left by one tide, and cancell'd by the next:—
Egypt's dread wonders, still defying Time,
Where cities have been crumbled into sand,
Scatter'd by winds beyond the Libyan desert,
Or melted down into the mud of Nile,
And cast in tillage o'er the corn-sown fields,
Where Memphis flourish'd, and the Pharaohs reign'd;—
Egypt's grey piles of hieroglyphic grandeur,
That have survived the language which they speak,
Preserving its dead emblems to the eye,
Yet hiding from the mind what these reveal;
—Her pyramids would be mere pinnacles,
Her giant statues, wrought from rocks of granite
But puny ornaments for such a pile
As this stupendous mound of catacombs,
Fill'd with dry mummies of the builder-worms

Thus far, with undiverted thought, and eye
Intensely fix'd on ocean's concave mirror,
I watch'd the process to its finishing stroke:
Then starting suddenly, as from a trance,
Once more to look upon the blessed sun,
And breathe the gladdening influence of the wind
Darkness fell on me; giddily my brain
Whirl'd like a torch of fire that seems a circle,
And soon to me the universe was nothing.

CANTO III.

NINE times the age of man that coral reef
Had bleach'd beneath the torrid noon, and borne
The thunder of a thousand hurricanes,
Raised by the jealous ocean, to repel
That strange encroachment on his old domain.
His rage was impotent; his wrath fulfill'd
The counsels of eternal Providence,
And 'stablish'd what he strove to overturn:
For every tempest threw fresh wrecks upon it;
Sand from the shoals, exuviæ from the deep,
Fragments of shells, dead sloughs, sea-monsters' bones,
Whales stranded in the shallows, hideous weeds
Hurl'd out of darkness by the up-rooting surges;
These, with unutterable relics more,
Heap'd the rough surface, till the various mass,
By Nature's chemistry combined and purged,
Had buried the bare rock in crumbling mould,
Not unproductive, but from time to time
Impregnated with seeds of plants, and rife
With embryo animals, or torpid forms
Of reptiles, shrouded in the clefts of trees,
From distant lands, with branches, foliage, fruit,
Pluck'd up and wafted hither by the flood.
Death's spoils, and life's hid treasures, thus enrich'd
And colonized the soil; no particle
Of meanest substance but in course was turn'd
To solid use or noble ornament.
All seasons were propitious; every wind,
From the hot Siroc to the wet Monsoon,
Temper'd the crude materials; while heaven's dew,
Fell on the sterile wilderness as sweetly
As though it were a garden of the Lord;
Nor fell in vain; each drop had its commission,
And did its duty, known to Him who sent it.

Such time had past, such changes had transfigured
The aspect of that solitary isle,
When I again in spirit, as before,
Assumed mute watch above it. Slender blades
Of grass were shooting through the dark-brown earth,
Like rays of light, transparent in the sun,
Or after showers with liquid gems illumined;
Fountains through filtering sluices sallied forth,
And led fertility where'er they turn'd;
Green herbage graced their banks, resplendent flowers
Unlock'd their treasures, and let flow their fragrance.
Then insect legions, prank'd with gaudiest hues,
Pearl, gold, and purple, swarm'd into existence;
Minute and marvellous creations these!
Infinite multitudes on every leaf,
In every drop, by me discern'd at pleasure,
Were yet too fine for unenlighten'd eye,
—Like stars, whose beams have never reach'd our world,
Though science meets them midway in the heaven
With prying optics, weighs them in her scale,
Measures their orbs, and calculates their courses:—
Some barely visible, some proudly shone,
Like living jewels; some grotesque, uncouth,
And hideous,—giants of a race of pigmies;
These burrow'd in the ground, and fed on garbage,
Those lived deliciously on honey-dews,
And dwelt in palaces of blossom'd bells;
Millions on millions, wing'd, and plumed in front,
And arm'd with stings for vengeance or assault,
Fill'd the dim atmosphere with hum and hurry;
Children of light, and air, and fire, they seem'd,
Their lives all ecstacy and quick cross motion.
Thus throve this embryo universe, where all
That was to be was unbegun, or now
Beginning; every day, hour, instant, brought
Its novelty, though how or whence I knew not;
Less than omniscience could not comprehend
The causes of effects that seem'd spontaneous,
And sprang in infinite succession, link'd
With kindred issues infinite as they,
For which almighty skill had laid the train
Even in the elements of chaos,—whence
The unravelling clew not for a moment lost
Hold of the silent hand that drew it out.
Thus He who makes and peoples worlds still works
In secrecy, behind a veil of light;
Yet through that hiding of his power, such glimpses
Of glory break as strike presumption blind,
But humble and exalt the humbled soul,
Whose faith the things invisible discerns,
And God informing, guiding, ruling all:—
He speaks, 't is done; commands, and it stands fast.
He calls an island from the deep,—it comes;
Ordains it culture,—soil and seed are there;
Appoints inhabitants,—from climes unknown,
By undiscoverable paths, they flock
Thither;—like passage-birds to us in spring;
They were not yesterday,—and, lo! to-day
They are,—but what keen eye beheld them coming?

Here was the infancy of life, the age
Of gold in that green isle, itself new-born,
And all upon it in the prime of being,
Love, hope, and promise; 't was in miniature
A world unsoil'd by sin; a Paradise
Where Death had not yet enter'd; Bliss had newly
Alighted, and shut close his rainbow wings,
To rest at ease, nor dread intruding ill.
Plants of superior growth now sprang apace,
With moon-like blossoms crown'd, or starry glories;
Light flexile shrubs among the green-wood play'd
Fantastic freaks,—they crept, they climb'd, they budded,
And hung their flowers and berries in the sun;
As the breeze taught, they danced, they sung, they twined
Their sprays in bowers, or spread the ground with network.
Through thy slow lapse of undivided time,
Silently rising from their buried germs,
Trees lifted to the skies their stately heads,
Tufted with verdure, like depending plumage,
O'er stems unknotted, waving to the wind:
Of these in graceful form, and simple beauty,
The fruitful cocoa and the fragrant palm
Excell'd the wilding daughters of the wood,
That stretch'd unwieldy their enormous arms,
Clad with luxuriant foliage, from the trunk,
Like the old eagle, feather'd to the heel;
While every fibre, from the lowest root
To the last leaf upon the topmost twig,
Was held by common sympathy, diffusing
Through all the complex frame unconscious life.
Such was the locust with his hydra boughs,
A hundred heads on one stupendous trunk;
And such the mangrove, which, at full-moon flood,
Appear'd itself a wood upon the waters,

But when the tide left bare its upright roots,
A wood on piles suspended in the air;
Such too the Indian fig, that built itself
Into a sylvan temple arch'd aloof
With airy aisles and living colonnades,
Where nations might have worshipp'd God in peace.
From year to year their fruits ungather'd fell;
Not lost, but quickening where they lay, they struck
Root downward, and brake forth on every hand,
Till the strong saplings, rank and file, stood up,
A mighty army, which o'erran the isle,
And changed the wilderness into a forest.

All this appear'd accomplish'd in the space
Between the morning and the evening star:
So, in his third day's work, Jehovah spake,
And Earth, an infant, naked as she came
Out of the womb of Chaos, straight put on
Her beautiful attire, and deck'd her robe
Of verdure with ten thousand glorious flowers,
Exhaling incense; crown'd her mountain-heads
With cedars, train'd her vines around their girdles,
And pour'd spontaneous harvests at their feet.

Nor were those woods without inhabitants
Besides the ephemera of earth and air:
—Where glid the sun-beams through the latticed boughs,
And fell like dew-drops on the spangled ground,
To light the diamond-beetle on his way;
—Where cheerful openings let the sky look down
Into the very heart of solitude,
On little garden-plots of social flowers,
That crowded from the shades to peep at daylight;
—Or where impermeable foliage made
Midnight at noon, and chill, damp horror reign'd
O'er dead, fall'n leaves and slimy funguses;
—Reptiles were quicken'd into various birth.
Loathsome, unsightly, swoln to obscene bulk,
Lurk'd the dark toad beneath the infected turf;
The slow-worm crawl'd, the light chameleon climb'd,
And changed his color as his place he changed;
The nimble lizard ran from bough to bough,
Glancing through light, in shadow disappearing;
The scorpion, many-eyed, with sting of fire,
Bred there,—the legion-fiend of creeping things;
Terribly beautiful, the serpent lay,
Wreathed like a coronet of gold and jewels,
Fit for a tyrant's brow; anon he flew
Straight as an arrow shot from his own rings,
And struck his victim, shrieking ere it went
Down his strain'd throat, that open sepulchre.

Amphibious monsters haunted the lagoon;
The hippopotamus, amidst the flood,
Flexile and active as the smallest swimmer;
But on the bank, ill-balanced and infirm,
He grazed the herbage, with huge head declined,
Or lean'd to rest against some ancient tree.
The crocodile, the dragon of the waters,
In iron panoply, fell as the plague,
And merciless as famine, cranch'd his prey,
While from his jaws, with dreadful fangs all serried,
The life-blood dyed the waves with deadly streams.
The seal and the sea-lion, from the gulf
Came forth, and couching with their little ones,
Slept on the shelving rocks that girt the shore,
Securing prompt retreat from sudden danger:
The pregnant turtle, stealing out at eve,
With anxious eye and trembling heart explored
The loneliest coves, and in the loose warm sand
Deposited her eggs, which the sun hatch'd:
Hence the young brood, that never knew a parent,
Unburrow'd and by instinct sought the sea;
Nature herself, with her own gentle hand,
Dropping them one by one into the flood,
And laughing to behold their antic joy,
When launch'd in their maternal element.

The vision of that brooding world went on;
Millions of beings yet more admirable
Than all that went before them now appear'd;
Flocking from every point of heaven, and filling
Eye, ear, and mind with objects, sounds, emotions
Akin to livelier sympathy and love
Than reptiles, fishes, insects, could inspire.
—Birds, the free tenants of land, air, and ocean,
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace;
In plumage, delicate and beautiful,
Thick without burthen, close as fishes' scales,
Or loose as full-blown poppies to the breeze;
With wings that might have had a soul within them,
They bore their owners by such sweet enchantment;
—Birds, small and great, of endless shapes and colors,
Here flew and perch'd, there swam and dived at pleasure;
Watchful and agile, uttering voices wild
And harsh, yet in accordance with the waves
Upon the beach, the winds in caverns moaning,
Or winds and waves abroad upon the water.
Some sought their food among the finny shoals,
Swift darting from the clouds, emerging soon
With slender captives glittering in their beaks;
These in recesses of steep crags constructed
Their eyries inaccessible, and train'd
Their hardy broods to forage in all weathers:
Others, more gorgeously apparell'd, dwelt
Among the woods, on Nature's dainties feeding,
Herbs, seeds, and roots; or, ever on the wing,
Pursuing insects through the boundless air:
In hollow trees or thickets these conceal'd
Their exquisitely woven nests; where lay
Their callow offspring, quiet as the down
On their own breasts, till from her search the dam
With laden bill return'd, and shared the meal
Among her clamorous suppliants, all agape;
Then, cowering o'er them with expanded wings,
She felt how sweet it is to be a mother.
Of these, a few, with melody untaught,
Turn'd all the air to music within hearing,
Themselves unseen; while bolder quiristers
On loftiest branches strain'd their clarion-pipes,
And made the forest echo to their screams
Discordant,—yet there was no discord there,
But temper'd harmony; all tones combining,
In the rich confluence of ten thousand tongues,
To tell of joy and to inspire it. Who
Could hear such concert, and not join in chorus?
Not I;—sometimes entranced, I seem'd to float
Upon a buoyant sea of sounds: again
With curious ear I tried to disentangle
The maze of voices, and with eye as nice
To single out each minstrel, and pursue
His little song through all its labyrinth,

Till my soul enter'd into him, and felt
Every vibration of his thrilling throat,
Pulse of his heart, and flutter of his pinions.
Often, as one among the multitude,
I sang from very fullness of delight;
Now like a winged fisher of the sea,
Now a recluse among the woods,—enjoying
The bliss of all at once, or each in turn.

In storm and calm, through every change of season,
Long flourish'd thus that era of our isle;
It could not last for ever: mark the end.

A cloud arose amid the tranquil heaven,
Like a man's hand, but held a hurricane
Within its grasp. Compress'd into a point,
The tempest struggled to break loose. No breath
Was stirring, yet the billows roll'd aloof,
And the air moan'd portentously; ere long
The sky was hidden, darkness to be felt
Confounded all things; land and water vanish'd,
And there was silence through the universe;
Silence, that made my soul as desolate
As the blind solitude around. Methought
That I had pass'd the bitterness of death
Without the agony,—had, unaware,
Enter'd the unseen world, and in the gap
Between the life that is and that to come,
Awaited judgment. Fear and trembling seized
All that was mortal or immortal in me:
A moment, and the gates of Paradise
Might open to receive, or Hell be moved
To meet me. Strength and spirit fail'd;
Eternity inclosed me, and I knew not,
Knew not, even then, my destiny. To doubt
Was to despair;—I doubted and despair'd.
Then horrible delirium whirl'd me down
To ocean's nethermost recess; the waves
Disparting freely, let me fall, and fall,
Lower and lower, passive as a stone,
Yet rack'd with miserable pangs, that gave
The sense of vain but violent resistance:
And still the depths grew deeper; still the ground
Receded from my feet as I approach'd it.
O how I long'd to light on rocks, that sunk
Like quicksands ere I touch'd them; or to hide
In caverns ever open to ingulf me,
But, like the horizon's limit, never nearer!

Meanwhile the irrepressible tornado
Burst, and involved the elements in chaos;
Wind, rain, and lightning, in one vast explosion,
Rush'd from the firmament upon the deep.
Heaven's adamantine arch seem'd rent asunder,
And following in a cataract of ruins
My swift descent through bottomless abysses,
Where ocean's bed had been absorb'd in nothing
I know no farther. When again I saw
The sun, the sea, the island, all was calm,
And all was desolation: not a tree,
Of thousands flourishing erewhile so fair,
But now was split, uprooted, snapt in twain,
Or hurl'd with all its honors to the dust.
Heaps upon heaps, the forest giants lay,
Even like the slain in battle, fall'n to rise
No more, till heaven, and earth, and sea, with all
Therein, shall perish, as to me they seem'd
To perish in that ruthless hurricane.

CANTO IV.

Nature and Time were twins. Companions still,
Their unretarded, unreturning flight
They hold together. Time, with one sole aim,
Looks ever onward, like the moon through space,
With beaming forehead, dark and bald behind,
Nor ever lost a moment in his course.
Nature looks all around her, like the sun,
And keeps her works, like his dependent worlds,
In constant motion. She hath never miss'd
One step in her victorious march of change,
For chance she knows not; He who made her, gave
His daughter power o'er all except Himself,
—Power in whate'er she does to do *his* will:
Behold the true, the royal law of Nature!—
Hence failures, hinderances, and devastations
Are turn'd to trophies of exhaustless skill,
That out of ruin brings forth strength and beauty,
Yea, life and immortality from death.

I gazed in consternation on the wreck
Of that fair island, strown with prostrate trees,
The soil plow'd up with horrid inundations,
The surface black with sea-weed, not a glimpse
Of verdure peeping; stems, boughs, foliage lay
Rent, broken, clotted, perishing in slime.
"How are the mighty fallen!" I exclaim'd:
"Surely the feller hath come up among ye,
And with a stroke invisible hewn down
The growth of centuries in one dark hour!
Is this the end of all perfection? This
The abortive issue of a new creation,
Erewhile so fruitful in abounding joys,
And hopes fulfilling more than all they promised?
Ages to come can but repair this ravage;
The past is lost for ever. Reckless Time
Stays not: astonied Nature stands aghast,
And wrings her hands in silent agony,
Amidst the annihilation of her works."

Thus raved I; but I wrong'd thee, glorious Nature!
With whom adversity is but transition.
Thou never didst despair, wert never foil'd,
Nor weary with exhaustion, since the day,
When, at the word, "Let there be light," light sprang
And show'd thee rising from primeval darkness,
That fell back like a veil from thy young form,
And Chaos fled before the apparition.

While yet mine eye was mourning o'er the scene
Nature and Time were working miracles:
The isle was renovated: grass and flowers
Crept quietly around the fallen trees;
A deeper soil imbedded them, and o'er
The common sepulchre of all their race
Threw a rich covering of embroider'd turf,
Lovely to look on as the tranquil main,
When, in his noonward track, the unclouded sun
Tints the green waves with every hue of heaven,

More exquisitely brilliant and aërial
Than morn or evening's gaudier pageantry.
Amidst that burial of the mighty dead,
There was a resurrection from the dust
Of lowly plants, impatient for the light,
Long interrupted by o'ershadowing woods,
While in the womb of earth their embryos tarried,
Unfructifying, yet imperishable.
Huge remnants of the forest stood apart,
Like Tadmor's pillars in the wilderness,
Startling the traveller 'midst his thoughts of home;
—Bare trunks of broken trees, that gave their heads
To the wind's ax, but would not yield their roots
To the uptearing violence of the floods.
From these a slender race of scions sprang,
Which with their filial arms embraced and shelter'd
The monumental relics of their sires;
But limited in number, scatter'd wide,
And slow of growth, they overran no more
The Sun's dominions in that open isle.

Meanwhile the sea-fowl, that survived the storm,
Whose rage had fleck'd the waves with shatter'd plumes
And weltering carcasses, the prey of sharks,
Came from their fastnesses among the rocks,
And multiplied like clouds when rains are brooding,
Or flowers, when clear warm sunshine follows rain.
The inland birds had perish'd, nor again,
By airy voyagers from shores unknown,
Was silence broken on the unwooded plains:
Another race of wing'd inhabitants
Ere long possess'd and peopled all the soil.

The sun had sunk where sky and ocean meet,
And each might seem the other; sky below,
With richest garniture of clouds inlaid;
Ocean above with isles and continents,
Illumined from a source no longer seen:
Far in the east, through heaven's intenser blue,
Two brilliant sparks, like sudden stars, appear'd;
Not stars indeed, but birds of mighty wing,
Retorted neck, and javelin-pointed bill,
That made the air sigh as they cut it through.
They gain'd upon the eye, and as they came,
Enlarged, grew brighter, and display'd their forms
Amidst the golden evening; pearly-white,
But ruby-tinctured. On the loftiest cliff
They settled, hovering ere they touch'd the ground,
And uttering, in a language of their own,
Yet such as every ear might understand,
And every bosom answer, notes of joy,
And gratulation for that resting-place.
Stately and beautiful they stood, and clapt
Their van-broad pinions, streak'd their ruffled plumes,
And ever and anon broke off to gaze,
With yearning pleasure, told in gentle murmurs,
On that strange land their destined home and country.
Night round them threw her brown transparent gloom,
Through which their lonely images yet shone,
Like things unearthly, while they bow'd their heads
On their full bosoms, and reposed till morn.
I knew the Pelicans, and cried—"All hail!
Ye future dwellers in the wilderness!"

At early dawn I mark'd them in the sky,
Catching the morning colors on their plumes;
Not in voluptuous pastime revelling there,
Among the rosy clouds, while orient heaven
Flamed like the opening gates of Paradise,
Whence issued forth the Angel of the sun,
And gladden'd Nature with returning day:
—Eager for food, their searching eyes they fix'd
On ocean's unroll'd volume, from an height
That brought immensity within their scope;
Yet with such power of vision look'd they down,
As though they watch'd the shell-fish slowly gliding
O'er sunken rocks, or climbing trees of coral.
On indefatigable wing upheld,
Breath, pulse, existence, seem'd suspended in them:
They were as pictures painted on the sky;
Till suddenly, aslant, away they shot,
Like meteors changed from stars to gleams of lightning,
And struck upon the deep; where, in wild play,
Their quarry flounder'd, unsuspecting harm,
With terrible voracity, they plunged
Their heads among the affrighted shoals, and beat
A tempest on the surges with their wings,
Till flashing clouds of foam and spray conceal'd them.
Nimbly they seized and secreted their prey,
Alive and wriggling in the elastic net,
Which Nature hung beneath their grasping beaks,
Till, swoln with captures, the unwieldy burthen
Clogg'd their slow flight, as heavily to land
These mighty hunters of the deep return'd.
There on the cragged cliffs they perch'd at ease,
Gorging their hapless victims one by one;
Then full and weary, side by side, they slept,
Till evening roused them to the chase again.

Harsh seems the ordinance, that life by life
Should be sustain'd; and yet when all must die,
And be like water spilt upon the ground,
Which none can gather up,—the speediest fate,
Though violent and terrible, is best.
O with what horrors would creation groan,—
What agonies would ever be before us,
Famine and pestilence, disease, despair,
Anguish and pain in every hideous shape,
Had all to wait the slow decay of Nature!
Life were a martyrdom of sympathy;
Death, lingering, raging, writhing, shrieking torture:
The grave would be abolish'd; this gay world
A valley of dry bones, a Golgotha,
In which the living stumbled o'er the dead,
Till they could fall no more, and blind perdition
Swept frail mortality away for ever.
'T was wisdom, mercy, goodness, that ordain'd
Life in such infinite profusion,—Death
So sure, so prompt, so multiform to those
That never sinn'd, that know not guilt, that fear
No wrath to come, and have no heaven to lose.

Love found that lonely couple on their isle,
And soon surrounded them with blithe companions.
The noble birds, with skill spontaneous, framed
A nest of reeds among the giant-grass,
That waved in lights and shadows o'er the soil.
There, in sweet thraldom, yet unweening why,
The patient dam, who ne'er till now had known
Parental instinct, brooded o'er her eggs,
Long ere she found the curious secret out,
That life was hatching in their brittle shells.

Then, from a wild rapacious bird of prey,
Tamed by the kindly process, she became
That gentlest of all living things—a mother;
Gentlest while yearning o'er her naked young,
Fiercest when stirr'd by anger to defend them.
Her mate himself the softening power confess'd,
Forgot his sloth, restrain'd his appetite,
And ranged the sky and fish'd the stream for her.
Or, when o'erwearied Nature forced her off
To shake her torpid feathers in the breeze,
And bathe her bosom in the cooling flood,
He took her place, and felt through every nerve,
While the plump nestlings throbb'd against his heart,
The tenderness that makes the vulture mild;
Yea, half unwillingly his post resign'd,
When, home-sick with the absence of an hour,
She hurried back, and drove him from her seat
With pecking bill and cry of fond distress,
Answer'd by him with murmurs of delight,
Whose gutturals harsh to her were love's own music.
Then, settling down, like foam upon the wave,
White, flickering, effervescent, soon subsiding,
Her ruffled pinions smoothly she composed;
And, while beneath the comfort of her wings,
Her crowded progeny quite fill'd the nest,
The halcyon sleeps not sounder, when the wind
Is breathless, and the sea without a curl,
—Nor dreams the halcyon of serener days,
Or nights more beautiful with silent stars,
Than, in that hour, the mother Pelican,
When the warm tumults of affection sunk
Into calm sleep, and dreams of what they were,
—Dreams more delicious than reality.
—He sentinel beside her stood, and watch'd,
With jealous eye, the raven in the clouds,
And the rank sea-mews wheeling round the cliffs.
Woe to the reptile then that ventured nigh;
The snap of his tremendous bill was like
Death's scythe, down-cutting everything it struck.
The heedless lizard, in his gambols, peep'd
Upon the guarded nest, from out the flowers,
But paid the instant forfeit of his life;
Nor could the serpent's subtlety elude
Capture, when gliding by, nor in defence
Might his malignant fangs and venom save him.

Ere long the thriving brood outgrew their cradle,
Ran through the grass, and dabbled in the pools;
No sooner denizens of earth, than made
Free both of air and water; day by day,
New lessons, exercises, and amusements
Employ'd the old to teach, the young to learn.
Now floating on the blue lagoon behold them;
The Sire and Dam in swan-like beauty steering,
Their Cygnets following through the foamy wake,
Picking the leaves of plants, pursuing insects,
Or catching at the bubbles as they broke:
Till on some minor fry, in reedy shallows,
With flapping pinions and unsparing beaks,
The well-taught scholars plied their double art,
To fish in troubled waters, and secure
The petty captives in their maiden pouches;
Then hurry with their banquet to the shore,
With feet, wings, breast, half-swimming and half-flying.
But when their pens grew strong to fight the storm,
And buffet with the breakers on the reef,
The Parents put them to severer proof:
On beetling rocks the little ones were marshall'd;
There, by endearments, stripes, example, urged
To try the void convexity of heaven,
And plow the ocean's horizontal field.
Timorous at first they flutter'd round the verge,
Balanced and furl'd their hesitating wings,
Then put them forth again with steadier aim;
Now, gaining courage as they felt the wind
Dilate their feathers, fill their airy frames
With buoyancy that bore them from their feet,
They yielded all their burthen to the breeze,
And sail'd and soar'd where'er their guardians led;
Ascending, hovering, wheeling, or alighting,
They search'd the deep in quest of nobler game
Than yet their inexperience had encounter'd;
With these they battled in that element,
Where wings or fins were equally at home,
Till, conquerors in many a desperate strife,
They dragg'd their spoils to land, and gorged at leisure.

Thus perfected in all the arts of life,
That simple Pelicans require,—save one,
Which mother-bird did never teach her daughter,
—The inimitable art to build a nest;
Love, for his own delightful school, reserving
That mystery which novice never fail'd
To learn infallibly when taught by him:
—Hence that small masterpiece of Nature's art,
Still unimpair'd, still unimproved, remains
The same in site, material, shape, and texture.
While every kind a different structure frames,
All build alike of each peculiar kind:
The nightingale, that dwelt in Adam's bower,
And pour'd her stream of music through his dreams;
The soaring lark, that led the eye of Eve
Into the clouds, her thoughts into the heaven
Of heavens, where lark nor eye can penetrate;
The dove, that perch'd upon the Tree of Life,
And made her bed among its thickest leaves;
All the wing'd habitants of Paradise,
Whose songs once mingled with the songs of Angels,
Wove their first nests as curiously and well
As the wood-minstrels in our evil day,
After the labors of six thousand years,
In which their ancestors have fail'd to add,
To alter or diminish, anything
In that, of which Love only knows the secret,
And teaches every mother for herself,
Without the power to impart it to her offspring:
—Thus perfected in all the arts of life,
That simple Pelicans require, save this,
Those Parents drove their young away; the young
Gaily forsook their parents. Soon enthrall'd
With love-alliances among themselves,
They built their nests, as happy instinct wrought
Within their bosoms, wakening powers unknown,
Till sweet necessity was laid upon them;
They bred, and rear'd their little families,
As they were train'd and disciplined before.

Thus wings were multiplied from year to year,
And ere the patriarch-twain, in good old age,
Resign'd their breath beside that ancient nest,
In which themselves had nursed a hundred broods
The isle was peopled with their progeny.

CANTO V.

MEANWHILE, not idle, though unwatch'd by me,
The coral architects in silence rear'd
Tower after tower beneath the dark abyss.
Pyramidal in form the fabrics rose,
From ample basements narrowing to the height,
Until they pierced the surface of the flood,
And dimpling eddies sparkled round their peaks.
Then (if great things with small may be compared)
They spread like water-lilies, whose broad leaves
Make green and sunny islets on the pool,
For golden flies, on summer-days, to haunt,
Safe from the lightning-seizure of the trout;
Or yield their laps to catch the minnow, springing
Clear from the stream to 'scape the ruffian pike,
That prowls in disappointed rage beneath,
And wonders where the little wretch found refuge.

One headland topt the waves, another follow'd;
A third, a tenth, a twentieth soon appear'd,
Till the long-barren gulf in travail lay
With many an infant struggling into birth.
Larger they grew and lovelier, when they breathed
The vital air, and felt the genial sun;
As though a living spirit dwelt in each,
Which, like the inmate of a flexile shell,
Moulded the shapeless slough with its own motion,
And painted it with colors of the morn.
Amidst that group of younger sisters, stood
The Isle of Pelicans, as stands the moon
At midnight, queen among the minor stars,
Differing in splendor, magnitude, and distance.
So look'd that archipelago; small isles,
By interwinding channels link'd yet sunder'd;
All flourishing in peaceful fellowship,
Like forest oaks that love society:
—Of various growth and progress; here, a rock
On which a single palm-tree waved its banner;
There, sterile tracts unmoulder'd into soil;
Yonder, dark woods, whose foliage swept the water,
Without a speck of turf, or line of shore,
As though their roots were anchor'd in the ocean.
But most were gardens redolent with flowers,
And orchards bending with Hesperian fruit,
That realized the dreams of olden time.

Throughout this commonwealth of sea-sprung lands,
Life kindled in ten thousand happy forms,
Earth, air, and ocean were all full of life.
Still highest in the rank of being, soar'd
The fowls amphibious, and the inland tribes
Of dainty plumage or melodious song.
In gaudy robes of many-color'd patches,
The parrots swung like blossoms on the trees,
While their harsh voices undeceived the ear.
More delicately pencill'd, finer drawn
In shape and lineament; too exquisite
For gross delights; the Birds of Paradise
Floated aloof, as though they lived on air,
And were the orient progeny of heaven,
Or spirits made perfect veil'd in shining raiment.
From flower to flower, where wild bees flew and sung,
As countless, small, and musical as they,
Showers of bright humming-birds came down, and plied
The same ambrosial task, with slender bill
Extracting honey, hidden in those bells,
Whose richest blooms grew pale beneath the blaze
Of twinkling winglets hovering o'er their petals,
Brilliant as rain-drops, when the western sun
Sees his own miniature of beams in each.

High on the cliffs, down on the shelly reef,
Or gliding like a silver-shaded cloud
Through the blue heaven, the mighty albatros
Inhaled the breezes, sought his humble food,
Or, where his kindred like a flock reposed,
Without a shepherd, on the grassy downs,
Smoothed his white fleece, and slumber'd in their midst.

Wading through marshes, where the rank sea-weed
With spongy moss and flaccid lichens strove,
Flamingoes, in their crimson tunics, stalk'd
On stately legs, with far-exploring eye;
Or fed and slept, in regimental lines,
Watch'd by their sentinels, whose clarion-screams
All in an instant woke the startled troop,
That mounted like a glorious exhalation,
And vanish'd through the welkin far away,
Nor paused till, on some lonely coast alighting,
Again their gorgeous cohort took the field.

The fierce sea-eagle, humble in attire,
In port terrific, from his lonely eyrie
(Itself a burthen for the tallest tree)
Look'd down o'er land and sea as his dominions:
Now, from long chase, descending with his prey,
Young seal or dolphin, in his deadly clutch,
He fed his eaglets in the noon-day sun:
Nor less at midnight ranged the deep for game;
At length entrapp'd with his own talons, struck
Too deep to be withdrawn, where a strong shark,
Roused by the anguish, with impetuous plunge,
Dragg'd his assailant down into the abyss,
Struggling in vain for liberty and life;
His young ones heard their parent's dying shrieks,
And watch'd in vain for his returning wing.

Here ran the stormy petrels on the waves,
As though they were the shadows of themselves
Reflected from a loftier flight through space.
The stern and gloomy raven haunted here,
A hermit of the atmosphere, on land
Among vociferating crowds a stranger,
Whose hoarse, low, ominous croak disclaim'd communion
With those, upon the offal of whose meals
He gorged alone, or tore their own rank corses.
The heavy penguin, neither fish nor fowl,
With scaly feathers and with finny wings,
Plump'd stone-like from the rock into the gulf,
Rebounding upward swift as from a sling.
Through yielding water as through limpid air,
The cormorant, Death's living arrow, flew,
Nor ever miss'd a stroke, or dealt a second,
So true the infallible destroyer's aim.

Millions of creatures such as these, and kinds
Unnamed by man, possess'd those busy isles;

Each, in its brief existence, to itself,
The first, last being in the universe,
With whom the whole began, endured, and ended:
Blest ignorance of bliss, not made for them!
Happy exemption from the fear of death,
And that which makes the pangs of death immortal,
The undying worm, the fire unquenchable,
—Conscience, the bosom-hell of guilty man!
The eyes of all look'd up to Him, whose hand
Had made them, and supplied their daily need;
Although they knew Him not, they look'd to Him;
And He, whose mercy is o'er all his works,
Forgot not one of his large family,
But cared for each as for an only child.
They plow'd not, sow'd not, gather'd not in barns,
Thought not of yesterday, nor knew to-morrow;
Yet harvests inexhaustible they reap'd
In the prolific furrows of the main;
Or from its sunless caverns brought to light
Treasures for which contending kings might war,—
Gems, for which queens would yield their hands to slaves,—
By them despised as valueless and nought;
From the rough shell they pick'd the luscious food,
And left a prince's ransom in the pearl.

Nature's prime favorites were the Pelicans;
High-fed, long-lived, and sociable and free,
They ranged in wedded pairs, or martial bands,
For play or slaughter. Oft have I beheld
A little army take the wat'ry field,
With outstretch'd pinions form a spacious ring,
Then pressing to the centre, through the waves,
Inclose thick shoals within their narrowing toils,
Till multitudes entangled fell a prey:
Or, when the flying-fish in sudden clouds,
Burst from the sea, and flutter'd through the air,
These giant fowlers snapt them, like musketoes
By swallows hunted through the summer sky.

I turn'd again to look upon that isle,
Whence from one pair those colonies had issued
That through these Cyclades at freedom roved,
Fish'd every stream, and fed on every shore;
When, lo! a spectacle of strange extremes
Awaken'd sweet and melancholy thoughts:
All that is helpless, beautiful, endearing
In infancy, in prime of youth, in love;
All that is mournful in decay, old age,
And dissolution; all that awes the eye,
And chills the bosom, in the sad remains
Of poor mortality, which last awhile,
To show that life hath been, but is no longer;
—All these in blended images appear'd,
Exulting, brooding, perishing before me.

It was a land of births.—Unnumber'd nests,
Of reeds and rushes, studded all the ground.
A few were desolate and fallen to ruin;
Many were building from those waste materials;
On some the dams were sitting, till the stroke
Of their quick bills should break the prison-shells,
And let the little captives forth to light,
With their first breath demanding food and shelter.
In others I beheld the brood new-fledged,
Struggling to clamber out, take wing, and fly
Up to the heavens, or fathom the abyss.
Meanwhile the parent from the sea supplied
A daily feast, and from the pure lagoon
Brought living water in her sack, to cool
The impatient fever of their clamorous throats.
No need had she, as hieroglyphics feign
(A mystic lesson of maternal love),
To pierce her breast, and with the vital stream,
Warm from its fountain, slake their thirst in blood,
—The blood which nourish'd them ere they were hatch'd,
While the crude egg within herself was forming.

It was a land of death.—Between those nests,
The quiet earth was feather'd with the spoils
Of aged Pelicans, that hither came
To die in peace, where they had spent in love
The sweetest periods of their long existence.
Where they were wont to build, and breed their young
There they lay down to rise no more for ever,
And close their eyes upon the dearest sight
On which their living eyes had loved to dwell,
—The nest where every joy to them was centred.
There rife corruption tainted them so lightly,
The moisture seem'd to vanish from their relics,
As dew from gossamer, that leaves the net-work
Spread on the ground, and glistening in the sun.
Thus, when a breeze the ruffled plumage stirr'd,
That lay like drifted snow upon the soil,
Their slender skeletons were seen beneath,
So delicately framed, and half transparent,
That I have marvell'd how a bird so noble,
When in his full magnificent attire,
With pinions wider than the king of vultures,
And down elastic, thicker than the swan's,
Should leave so small a cage of ribs to mark
Where vigorous life had dwelt a hundred years.

Such was that scene; the dying and the dead
Next neighbors to the living and the unborn.
O how much happiness was here enjoy'd!
How little misery had been suffered here!
Those humble Pelicans had each fulfill'd
The utmost purpose of its span of being,
And done its duty in its narrow circle,
As surely as the sun, in his career,
Accomplishes the glorious end of his.

CANTO VI.

"And thus," methought, "ten thousand suns may lead
The stars to glory in their annual courses;
Moons without number thus may wax and wane,
And winds alternate blow in cross-monsoons.
While here—through self-beginning rounds, self-ending,
Then self-renew'd, without advance or failure,—
Existence fluctuates only like the tide,
Whose everlasting changes bring no change,
But billow follows billow to the shore,
Recoils, and billow out of billow swells;
An endless whirl of ebbing, flowing foam,
Where every bubble is like every other,
And Ocean's face immutable as Heaven's.
Here is no progress to sublimer life;

Nature stands still,—stands at the very point,
Whence from a vantage-ground her bolder steps
Might rise resplendent on the scale of being;
Rank over rank, awakening with her tread,
Inquisitive, intelligent; aspiring,
Each above other, all above themselves,
Till every generation should transcend
The former, as the former all the past.

"Such, such alone were meet inhabitants
For these fair isles, so wonderfully form'd
Amidst the solitude of sea and sky,
On which my wandering spirit first was cast,
And still beyond whose girdle, eye nor wing
Can carry me to undiscover'd climes,
Where many a nobler race may dwell; whose waifs
And exiles, tost by tempests on the flood,
Hither might drift upon their native trees;
Or, like their own free birds, on fearless pinions,
Make voyages amidst the pathless heaven,
And, lighting, colonize these fertile tracts,
Recover'd from the barrenness of ocean,
Whose wealth might well repay the brave adventure.
—Hath Nature spent her strength? Why stopp'd she here?
Why stopp'd not lower, if to rise no higher?
Can she not summon from more ancient regions,
Beyond the rising or the setting sun,
Creatures, as far above the mightiest here
As yonder eagle flaming at high noon,
Outsoars the bat that flutters through the twilight?
Or as the tender Pelican excels
The anomalous abortion of the rock,
In which plant, fossil, animal unite?

"But changes here may happen—changes must!
What hinders that new shores should yet ascend
Out of the bosom of the deep, and spread
Till all converge, from one circumference
Into a solid breadth of table-land,
Bound by the horizon, canopied with heaven,
And ocean in his own abyss absorb'd?"

While these imaginations cross'd the mind,
My thoughts fulfill'd themselves before mine eyes;
The islands moved like circles upon water,
Expanding till they touch'd each other, closed
The interjacent straits, and thus became
A spacious continent which fill'd the sea.
That change was total, like a birth, a death;
—Birth, that from native darkness brings to light
The young inhabitant of this gay world;
Death, that from seen to unseen things removes,
And swallows time up in eternity.
That which had been, for ever ceased to be,
And that which follow'd was a new creation
Wrought from the disappearance of the old.
So fled that pageant universe away,
With all its isles and waters. So I found
Myself translated to that other world,
By sleight of fancy, like the unconscious act
Of waking from a pleasant dream, with sweet
Relapse into a more transporting vision.

The nursery of brooding Pelicans,
The dormitory of their dead, had vanish'd,
And all the minor spots of rock and verdure,
The abodes of happy millions were no more;
But in their place a shadowy landscape lay,
On whose extremest western verge, a gleam
Of living silver, to the downward sun
Intensely glittering, mark'd the boundary line,
Which ocean, held by chains invisible,
Fretted and foam'd in vain to overleap.
Woods, mountains, valleys, rivers, glens, and plains
Diversified the scene:—that scene was wild,
Magnificent, deform'd, or beautiful,
As framed expressly for all kinds of life,
With all life's labors, sufferings, and enjoyments;
Untouch'd as yet by any meaner hand
Than His who made it, and pronounced it good.
And good it was;—free as light, air, fire, water,
To every thing that breathed upon its surface,
From the small worm that crept abroad at midnight
To sip cool dews, and feed on sleeping flowers,
Then slunk into its hole, the little vampyre!
Through every species which I yet had seen,
To animals, of tribes and forms unknown
In the lost islands;—beasts that ranged the forests,
Grazed in the valleys, bounded o'er the hills,
Reposed in rich savannas, from grey rocks
Pick'd the thin herbage sprouting through their fissures;
Or in waste howling deserts found oases,
And fountains pouring sweeter streams than nectar,
And more melodious than the nightingale,
—So to the faint and perishing they seem'd.

I gazed on ruminating herds of kine,
And sheep for ever wandering; goats that swung
Like spiders on the crags, so slight their hold;
Deer, playful as their fawns, in peace, but fell
As battling bulls, in wars of jealousy:
Through flowery champaigns roam'd the fleet gazelles,
Of many a color, size, and shape,—all graceful;
In every look, step, attitude prepared,
Even at the shadow of a cloud, to vanish,
And leave a solitude where thousands stood
With heads declined, and nibbling eagerly
As locusts when they light on some new soil,
And move no more till they have shorn it bare.
On these, with famine unappeasable,
Lithe, muscular, huge-boned, and limb'd for leaping
The brindled tyrants of brute nature prey'd:
The weak and timid bow'd before the strong,
The many by the few were hourly slaughter'd,
Where power was right, and violence was law.

Here couch'd the panting tiger, on the watch;
Impatient but unmoved, his fire-ball eyes
Made horrid twilight in the sunless jungle,
Till on the heedless buffalo he sprang,
Dragg'd the low-bellowing monster to his lair,
Crash'd through the ribs at once into his heart,
Quaff'd the hot blood, and gorged the quivering flesh
Till drunk he lay, as powerless as the carcass.

There, to the solitary lion's roar
So many echoes answer'd, that there seem'd
Ten in the field for one;—where'er they turn'd,
The flying animals, from cave to cave,
Heard his voice issuing; and recoil'd aghast,
Only to meet it nearer than before,
Or, ere they saw his shadow or his face,
Fall dead beneath his thunder-striking paw.

Calm amidst scenes of havoc, in his own
Huge strength impregnable, the elephant
Offended none, but led his quiet life
Among his old contemporary trees,
Till nature laid him gently down to rest
Beneath the palm, which he was wont to make
His prop in slumber; there his relics lay
Longer than life itself had dwelt within them.
Bees in the ample hollow of his skull
Piled their wax-citadels, and stored their honey;
Thence sallied forth to forage through the fields,
And swarm'd in emigrating legions thence:
There, little burrowing animals threw up
Hillocks beneath the over-arching ribs;
While birds, within the spinal labyrinth,
Contrived their nests:—so wandering Arabs pitch
Their tents amidst Palmyra's palaces;
So Greek and Roman peasants build their huts
Beneath the shadow of the Parthenon,
Or on the ruins of the Capitol.

But unintelligent creation soon
Fail'd to delight; the novelty departed,
And all look'd desolate; my eye grew weary
Of seeing that which it might see for ever
Without a new idea or emotion;
The mind within me panted after mind,
The spirit sigh'd to meet a kindred spirit,
And in my human heart there was a void,
Which nothing but humanity could fill.
At length, as though a prison-door were open'd,
Chains had fall'n off, and by an angel-guide
Conducted, I escaped that desert-bourn;
And instantaneously I travell'd on,
Yet knew not how, for wings nor feet I plied,
But with a motion like the lapse of thought,
O'er many a vale and mountain I was carried,
Till in the east, above the ocean's brim,
I saw the morning sun, and stay'd my course,
Where vestiges of rude but social life
Arrested and detain'd attention long.

Amidst the crowd of grovelling animals,
A being more majestic stood before me;
I met an eye that look'd into my soul,
And seem'd to penetrate mine inmost thoughts.
Instinctively I turn'd away to hide them,
For shame and quick compunction came upon me,
As though detected on forbidden ground,
Gazing on things unlawful: but my heart
Relented quickly, and my bosom throbb'd
With such unutterable tenderness,
That every sympathy of human nature
Was by the beating of a pulse enkindled,
And flash'd at once throughout the mind's recesses,
As, in a darken'd chamber, objects start
All round the walls, the moment light breaks in.
The sudden tumult of surprise awoke
My spirit from that trance of vague abstraction,
Wherein I lived through ages, and beheld
Their generations pass so swiftly by me,
That years were moments in their flight, and hours
The scenes of crowded centuries reveal'd;
I sole spectator of the wondrous changes,
Spell-bound as in a dream, and acquiescing
In all that happen'd, though perplex'd with strange
Conceit of something wanting through the whole.
That spell was broken, like the vanish'd film
From eyes born blind, miraculously open'd;—
'T was gone, and I became myself again,
Restored to memory of all I knew
From books or schools, the world or sage experience,
With all that folly or misfortune taught me,—
Each hath her lessons,—wise are they that learn.
Still the mysterious reverie went on,
And I was still sole witness of its issues,
But with clear mind and disenchanted sight,
Beholding, judging, comprehending all;
Not passive and bewilder'd as before.

What was the being which I then beheld?
Man going forth amidst inferior creatures:
Not as he rose in Eden out of dust,
Fresh from the moulding hand of Deity;
Immortal breath upon his lips; the light
Of uncreated glory in his soul,
Lord of the nether universe, and heir
Of all above him,—all above the sky.
The sapphire pavement of his future palace:
Not so,—but rather like that morning-star,
Which from the highest empyrean fell
Into the bottomless abyss of darkness;
There flaming only with malignant beams
Among the constellations of his peers,
The third part of Heaven's host, with him cast down,
To irretrievable perdition,—thence,
Amidst the smoke of unillumined fires,
Issuing like horrid sparks to blast creation:
—Thus, though in dim eclipse, before me stood,
As from a world invisible call'd up,
Man, in the image of his Maker form'd,
Man, to the image of his tempter fall'n;
Yet still as far above infernal fiends,
As once a little lower than the angels.
I knew him, own'd him, loved him, and exclaim'd,
"Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my Brother!
Hail in the depth of thy humiliation;
For dear thou art, amidst unconscious ruin,—
Dear to the kindliest feelings of my soul,
As though one womb had borne us, and one mother
At her sweet breasts had nourish'd us as twins."

I saw him sunk in loathsome degradation,
A naked, fierce, ungovernable savage,
Companion to the brutes, himself more brutal;
Superior only in the craft that made
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field,
Whose guile unparadised the world, and brought
A curse upon the earth which God had blessed.
That curse was here, without the mitigation
Of healthful toil, that half redeems the ground
Whence man was taken, whither he returns,
And which repays him bread for patient labor,
—Labor, the symbol of his punishment,
—Labor, the secret of his happiness.
The curse was here; for thorns and briers o'erran
The tangled labyrinths, yet briers bare roses,
And thorns threw out their annual snow of blossoms
The curse was here; and yet the soil untill'd
Pour'd forth spontaneous and abundant harvests,
Pulse and small berries, maize in strong luxuriance
And slender rice that grew by many waters;

The forests cast their fruits, in husk or rind,
Yielding sweet kernels or delicious pulp,
Smooth oil, cool milk, and unfermented wine,
In rich and exquisite variety.
On these the indolent inhabitants
Fed without care or forethought, like the swine
That grubb'd the turf, and taught them where to look
For dainty earth-nuts and nutritious roots;
Or the small monkeys, capering on the boughs,
And rioting on nectar and ambrosia,
The produce of that Paradise run wild:—
No,—these were merry, if they were not wise;
While man's untutor'd hordes were sour and sullen,
Like those abhorr'd baboons, whose gluttonous taste,
They follow'd safely in their choice of food;
And whose brute semblance of humanity
Made them more hideous than their prototypes,
That bore the genuine image and inscription,
Defaced indeed, but yet indelible.
—From ravening beasts, and fowls that fish'd the ocean,
Men learn'd to prey on meaner animals,
But found a secret out which birds or beasts,
Most cruel, cunning, treacherous, never knew,
—The luxury of devouring one another.

Such were my kindred in their lost estate,
From whose abominations while I turn'd,
As from a pestilence, I mourn'd and wept
With bitter lamentation o'er their ruin;
Sunk as they were in ignorance of all
That raises man above his origin,
And elevates to heaven the spirit within him,
To which the Almighty's breath gave understanding.

Large was their stature, and their frames athletic;
Their skins were dark, their locks like eagles' feathers;
Their features terrible;—when roused to wrath,
All evil passions lighten'd through their eyes,
Convulsed their bosoms like possessing fiends,
And loosed what sets on fire the course of nature,
—The tongue of malice, set on fire of hell,
Which then, in cataracts of horrid sounds,
Raged through their gnashing teeth and foaming lips,
Making the ear to tingle, and the soul
Sicken, with spasms of strange revolting horror,
As if the blood changed color in the veins,
While hot and cold it ran about the heart,
And red to pale upon the cheek it show'd.
Their visages at rest were winter-clouds,
Fix'd gloom, whence sun nor shower could be foretold:
But, in high revelry, when full of prey,
Cannibal prey, tremendous was their laughter;
Their joy, the shock of earthquakes overturning
Mountains, and swamping rivers in their course;
Or subterranean elements embroil'd—
Wind, fire, and water, till the cleft volcano
Gives to their devastating fury vent:
That joy was lurking hatred in disguise,
And not less fatal in its last excess.
They danced,—like whirlwinds in the Libyan waste,
When the dead sand starts up in living pillars,
That mingle, part, and cross, then burst in ruin
On man and beast;—they danced to shouts and screams,
Drums, gongs, and horns, their deafening din inflicting
On nerves and ears enraptured with such clangor;
Till mirth grew madness, and the feast a fray,
That left the field strown with unnatural carnage,
To furnish out a more unnatural feast,
And lay the train to inflame a bloodier fray.

They dwelt in dens and caverns of the earth,
Won by the valiant from their brute possessors,
And held in hourly peril of reprisals
From the ferocious brigands of the woods,
The lioness, benighted with her whelps,
There seeking shelter from the drenching storm
Met with unseen resistance on the threshold,
And perish'd ere she knew by what she fell;
Or, finding all within asleep, surprised
The inmates in their dreams, from which no more
Her deadly vengeance suffer'd them to wake.
—On open plains they framed low, narrow huts
Of boughs, the wreck of windfalls or of Time,
Wattled with canes, and thatch'd with reeds and leaves;
There from afflictive noon sought twilight shadow
Or slumber'd in the smoke of green-wood fires,
To drive away the pestilent musketoes.
—Some built unwieldy nests among the trees,
In which to doze by night, or watch by day
The joyful moment, from that ambuscade
To slay the passing antelope, or wound
The jackall chasing it, with sudden arrows
From bows that task'd a giant's strength to bend.
In flight or combat, on the champaign field,
They ran a tilt with flinty-headed spears;
Or lanch'd the lighter javelin through the air,
Follow'd its motion with a basilisk's eye,
And shriek'd with gladness when a life was spill'd:
They sent the pebble hissing from the sling,
Hot as the curse from lips that would strike dead,
If words were stones; here stones, as swift as words
Can reach the ear, the unweary victim smote.
In closer conflict, breast to breast, when one
Or both must perish on the spot, they fought
With clubs of iron-wood and ponderous force,
Wielded with terrible dexterity,
And falling down like thunderbolts, which nought
But counter thunderbolts could meet or parry.
Rude-fashion'd weapons! yet the lion's jaws,
The tiger's grasp, the eagle's beak and talons,
The serpent's fangs, were not more formidable,
More sure to hit, or, hitting, sure to kill.

They knew not shame nor honor, yet knew pride;
—The pride of strength, skill, speed, and subtlety;
The pride of tyranny and violence,
Not o'er the mighty only, whom their arm
Had crush'd in battle, or had basely slain
By treacherous ambush, or more treacherous smiles,
Embracing while they stabb'd the heart that met
Their specious seeming with unguarded breast:
—The reckless savages display'd their pride
By vile oppression in its vilest forms,—
Oppression of the weak and innocent;
Infancy, womanhood, old age, disease,
The lame, the halt, the blind, are wrong'd, neglected,
Exposed to perish by wild beasts in woods,
Cast to crocodiles in rivers; murder'd,
Even by their dearest kindred, in cold blood,
To rid themselves of Nature's gracious burthens,
In mercy laid on man to teach *him* mercy.

But their prime glory was insane debauch,
To inflict and bear excruciating tortures;
The unshrinking victim, while the flesh was rent
From his live limbs, and eaten in his presence,
Still in his death-pangs taunted his tormentors
With tales of cruelty more diabolic,
Wreak'd by himself upon the friends of those
Who now their impotence of vengeance wasted
On him, and drop by drop his life extorted
With thorns and briers of the wilderness,
Or the slow violence of untouching fire.

Vanity too, Pride's mannikin, here play'd
Satanic tricks to ape her master-fiend.
The leopard's beauteous spoils, the lion's mane,
Engirt the loins, and waved upon the shoulders
Of those whose wiles or arms had won such trophies:
Rude-punctured figures of all loathsome things,
Toads, scorpions, asps, snakes' eyes and double tongues,
In fragrant colors on their tattooed limbs,
Gave proof of intellect, not dead but sleeping,
And in its trance enacting strange vagaries.
Bracelets of human teeth, fangs of wild beasts,
The jaws of sharks, and beaks of ravenous birds,
Glitter'd and tinkled round their arms and ankles;
While skulls of slaughter'd enemies, in chains
Of natural elf-locks, dangled from the necks
Of those, whose own bare skulls and cannibal teeth
Ere long must deck more puissant fiends than they.

On ocean, too, they exercised dominion;—
Of hollow trees composing slight canoes,
They paddled o'er the reefs, cut through the breakers,
And rode the untamed billows far from shore;
Amphibious from their infancy, and fearing
Nought in the deepest waters save the shark:
Even him, well arm'd, they gloried to encounter,
And when he turn'd to ope those gates of death,
That led into the Hades of his gorge,
Smote with such stern decision to his vitals,
And vanish'd through the blood-beclouded waves,
That, blind and desperate in his agony,
Headlong he plunged, and perish'd in the abyss.

Woman was here the powerless slave of man;
Thus fallen Adam tramples fallen Eve,
Through all the generations of his sons,
In whose barbarian veins the old serpent's venom
Turns pure affection into hideous lust,
And wrests the might of his superior arm
(Given to defend and bless his meek companion)
Into the very yoke and scourge of bondage;
Till limbs by beauty moulded, eyes of gladness,
And the full bosom of confiding truth,
Made to delight and comfort him in toil,
And change Care's den into a halcyon's nest,
—Are broke with drudgery, quench'd with stagnant tears,
Or wrung with lonely unimparted woe.
Man is beside himself, not less than fall'n
Below his dignity, who owns not woman
As nearer to his heart than when she grew
A rib within him,—as his heart's own heart.

He slew the game with his unerring arrow,
But left it in the bush for her to drag
Home, with her feeble hands, already burthened
With a young infant clinging to her shoulders.
Here she fell down in travail by the way,
Her piteous groans unheard, or heard unanswer'd;
There, with her convoy, she—mother, and child,
And slaughter'd deer—became some wild beast's prey;
Though spoils so rich not one could long enjoy,—
Soon the woods echoed with the huge uproar
Of savage throats contending for the bodies,
Till not a bone was left for farther quarrel.
—He chose the spot; she piled the wood, she wove
The supple withes, and bound the thatch that form'd
The ground-built cabin or the tree-swung nest.
—He brain'd the drowsy panther in his den,
At noon o'ercome by heat, and with closed lids
Fearing assaults from none but vexing flies,
Which with his ring-streak'd tail he switch'd away:
The citadel thus storm'd, the monster slain,
By the dread prowess of his daring arm,
She roll'd the stones, and planted the stockade,
To fortify the garrison for him,
Who scornfully look'd on, at ease reclined,
Or only rose to beat her to the task.

Yet, 'midst the gall and wormwood of her lot,
She tasted joys which none but woman knows,
—The hopes, fears, feelings, raptures of a mother,
Well-nigh compensating for his unkindness,
Whom yet with all her fervent soul she loved.
Dearer to her than all the universe,
The looks, the cries, the embraces of her babes;
In each of whom she lived a separate life,
And felt the fountain, whence their veins were fill'd,
Flow in perpetual union with the streams,
That swell'd their pulses, and throbb'd back through hers.
Oh! 't was benign relief when my vex'd eye
Could turn from man, the sordid, selfish savage,
And gaze on woman in her self-denial,
To him and to their offspring all alive,
Dead only to herself,—save when she won
His unexpected smile; then, she look'd
A thousand times more beautiful, to meet
A glance of aught like tenderness from him;
And sent the sunshine of her happy heart
So warm into the charnel-house of his,
That Nature's genuine sympathies awoke,
And he almost forgot himself in her.
O man! lost man! amidst the desolation
Of goodness in thy soul, there yet remains
One spark of Deity,—that spark is love.

CANTO VII.

Ages again, with silent revolution,
Brought morn and even, noon and night, with all
The old vicissitudes of Nature's aspect:
Rains in their season fertilized the ground,
Winds sow'd the seeds of every kind of plant
On its peculiar soil; while suns matured
What winds had sown, and rains in season water'd,
Providing nourishment for all that lived:
Man's generations came and went like these,
—The grass and flowers that wither where they spring,
—The brutes that perish wholly where they fall.

Thus while I mused on these in long succession,
And all remain'd as all had been before,
I cried, as I was wont, though none did listen,
—'T is sweet sometimes to speak and be the hearer;
For he is twice himself who can converse
With his own thoughts, as with a living throng
Of fellow-travellers in solitude;
And mine too long had been my sole companions:
—"What is this mystery of human life?
In rude or civilized society,
Alike, a pilgrim's progress through this world
To that which is to come, by the same stages;
With infinite diversity of fortune
To each distinct adventurer by the way!

"Life is the transmigration of a soul
Through various bodies, various states of being;
New manners, passions, tastes, pursuits in each;
In nothing, save in consciousness, the same.
Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,
Are alway moving onward, alway losing
Themselves in one another, lost at length,
Like undulations, on the strand of death.
The sage of threescore years and ten looks back,—
With many a pang of lingering tenderness,
And many a shuddering conscience-fit,—on what
He hath been, is not, cannot be again;
Nor trembles less with fear and hope, to think
What he is now, but cannot long continue,
And what he must be through uncounted ages.
—The Child;—we know no more of happy childhood,
Than happy childhood knows of wretched eld;
And all our dreams of its felicity
Are incoherent as its own crude visions:
We but begin to live from that fine point
Which memory dwells on, with the morning-star,
The earliest note we heard the cuckoo sing,
Or the first daisy that we ever pluck'd,
When thoughts themselves were stars, and birds, and flowers,
Pure brilliance, simplest music, wild perfume.
Thenceforward, mark the metamorphoses!
—The Boy, the Girl;—when all was joy, hope, promise;
Yet who would be a Boy, a Girl again,
To bear the yoke, to long for liberty,
And dream of what will never come to pass?
—The Youth, the Maiden;—living but for love,
Yet learning soon that life hath other cares,
And joys less rapturous, but more enduring:
—The Woman;—in her offspring multiplied;
A tree of life, whose glory is her branches,
Beneath whose shadow, she (both root and stem)
Delights to dwell in meek obscurity,
That they may be the pleasure of beholders:
—The Man;—as father of a progeny,
Whose birth requires his death to make them room,
Yet in whose lives he feels his resurrection,
And grows immortal in his children's children:
—Then the grey Elder;—leaning on his staff,
And bow'd beneath a weight of years, that steal
Upon him with the secrecy of sleep,
(No snow falls lighter than the snow of age,
None with such subtlety benumbs the frame),
Till he forgets sensation, and lies down
Dead in the lap of his primeval mother;
She throws a shroud of turf and flowers around him,
Then calls the worms, and bids them do their office:
—Man giveth up the ghost,—and where is He?"

That startling question broke my lucubration;
I saw those changes realized before me;
Saw them recurring in perpetual line,
The line unbroken, while the thread ran on,
Failing at this extreme, at that renew'd,
—Like buds, leaves, blossoms, fruits on herbs and trees,
Like mites, flies, reptiles; birds, and beasts, and fishes,
Of every length of period here,—all mortal,
And all resolved into those elements
Whence they had emanated, whence they drew
Their sustenance, and which their wrecks recruited
To generate and foster other forms
As like themselves as were the lights of heaven,
For ever moving in serene succession,
—Not like those lights unquenchable by time,
But ever changing, like the clouds that come,
Who can tell whence? and go, who can tell whither?
Thus the swift series of man's race elapsed,
As for no higher destiny created
Than aught beneath them,—from the elephant
Down to the worm, thence to the zoophyte,
That link which binds Prometheus to his rock,
The living fibre to insensate matter.
They were not, then they were; the unborn, the living!
They were, then were not; they had lived and died;
No trace, no record of their date remaining,
Save in the memory of kindred beings,
Themselves as surely hastening to oblivion;
Till, where the soil had been renew'd by relics,
And earth, air, water, were one sepulchre,
Earth, air, and water, might be search'd in vain,
Atom by atom scrutinized with eyes
Of microscopic power, that could discern
The population of a dew-drop, yet
No particle betray the buried secret
Of what they had been, or of what they were:
Life thus was swallow'd by mortality,
Mortality thus swallow'd up of life,
And man remain'd the world's unmoved possessor,
Though, every moment, men appear'd and vanish'd

Oh! 't was heart-sickness to behold them thus
Perishing without knowledge;—perishing,
As though they were but things of dust and ashes.
They lived unconscious of their noblest powers,
As were the rocks and mountains which they trod
Of gold and jewels hidden in their bowels;
They lived unconscious of what lived within them,
The deathless spirit, as were the stars that shone
Above their heads, of their own emanations.
And did it live within them? did there dwell
Fire brought from heaven in forms of miry clay?
Untemper'd as the slime of Babel's builders,
And left unfinish'd like their monstrous work?
To me, alas! they seem'd but living bodies,
With still-born souls which never could be quicken'd,
Till death brought immortality to light,
And from the darkness of their earthly prison
Placed them at once before the bar of God;
Then first to learn, at their eternal peril,
The fact of his existence and their own.
Imagination durst not follow them,
Nor stand one moment at that dread tribunal.

"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"
I trembled while I spake. I could not bear
The doubt, fear, horror, that o'erhung the fate
Of millions, millions, millions,—living, dying,
Without a hope to hang a hope upon,
That of the whole it might not be affirm'd,
—"'T were better that they never had been born."
I turn'd away, and look'd for consolation
Where Nature else had shrunk with loathing back,
Or imprecated curses, in her wrath,
Even on the fallen creatures of my race,
O'er whose mysterious doom my heart was breaking.

I saw an idiot with long haggard visage,
And eye of vacancy, trolling his tongue
From cheek to cheek; then muttering syllables,
Which all the learn'd on earth could not interpret;
Yet were they sounds of gladness, tones of pleasure,
Ineffable tranquillity expressing,
Or pure and buoyant animal delight;
For bright the sun shone round him; cool the breeze
Play'd in the floating shadow of the palm,
Where he lay rolling in voluptuous sloth:
And he had fed deliciously on fruit,
That fell into his lap, and virgin honey,
That melted from the hollow of the rock,
Whither the hum and stir of bees had drawn him.
He knew no bliss beside, save sleep when weary,
Or reveries like this, when broad awake.
Glimpses of thought seem'd flashing through his brain,
Like wildfires flitting o'er the rank morass,
Snares to the night-bewilder'd traveller!
Gently he raised his head, and peep'd around,
As if he hoped to see some pleasant object,
—The wingless squirrel jet from tree to tree,
—The monkey pilfering a parrot's nest,
But, ere he bore the precious spoil away,
Surprised behind by beaks, and wings, and claws,
That made him scamper gibbering away:
—The sly opossum dangle by her tail,
To snap the silly birds that perch'd too near;
Or in the thicket, with her young at play,
Start when the rustling grass announced a snake,
And secrete them within her second womb,
Then stand alert to give the intruder battle,
Who rear'd his crest, and hiss'd, and glid away:—
—These with the transport of a child he view'd,
Then laugh'd aloud, and crack'd his fingers, smote
His palms, and clasp'd his knees, convulsed with glee;
A sad, sad spectacle of merriment!
Yet he was happy; happy in this life;
And could I doubt, that death to him would bring
Intelligence, which he had ne'er abused,
A soul, which he had never lost by sin?

I saw a woman, panting from her throes,
Stretch'd in a lonely cabin on the ground,
Pale with the anguish of her bitter hour,
Whose sorrow she forgat not in the joy,
Which mothers feel when a man-child is born;
Hers was an infant of her own scorn'd sex:
It lay upon her breast;—she laid it there,
By the same instinct, which taught it to find
The milky fountain, fill'd to meet its wants
Even at the gate of life,—to drink and live.
Awhile she lay all-passive to the touch
Of those small fingers, and the soft, soft lips
Soliciting the sweet nutrition thence,
While yearning sympathy crept round her heart:
She felt her spirit yielding to the charm,
That wakes the parent in the fellest bosom,
And binds her to her little one for ever,
If once completed;—but she broke, she broke it
For she was brooding o'er her sex's wrongs,
And seem'd to lie amidst a nest of scorpions,
That stung remorse to frenzy:—forth she sprang,
And with collected might a moment stood,
Mercy and misery struggling in her thoughts,
Yet both impelling her to one dire purpose.
There was a little grave already made,
But two spans long, in the turf-floor beside her,
By him who was the father of that child:
Thence he had sallied, when the work was done,
To hunt, to fish, or ramble on the hills,
Till all was peace again within that dwelling,
—His haunt, his den, his anything but home!
Peace?—no, till the new-comer were dispatch'd
Whence it should ne'er return, to break the stupor
Of unawaken'd conscience in himself.

She pluck'd the baby from her flowing breast,
And o'er its mouth, yet moist with Nature's beverage
Bound a thick lotus-leaf to still its cries;
Then laid it down in that untimely grave,
As tenderly as though 't were rock'd to sleep
With songs of love, and she afraid to wake it:
Soon as she felt it touch the ground, she started,
Hurried the damp earth over it; then fell
Flat on the heaving heap, and crush'd it down
With the whole burthen of her grief; exclaiming,
"O that my mother had done so to me!"
Then in a swoon forgot, a little while,
Her child, her sex, her tyrant, and herself.

Amazement wither'd up all human feeling:
I wonder'd how I could look on so calmly,
As though I were but animated stone,
And not kneel down upon the spot, and pray
That earth might open to devour that mother,
Or heaven shoot lightning to avenge that daughter,
But horror soon gave way to hope and pity,
—Hope for the dead, and pity for the living.
Thenceforth when I beheld troops of wild children
Frolicking around the tents of wickedness,
Though my heart danced within me to the music
Of their loud voices and unruly mirth,
The blithe exuberance of beginning life!
I could not weep when they went out, like sparks
That glitter, creep, and dwindle out, on tinder
Happy, thrice happy were they thus to die,
Rather than grow into such men and women,
—Such fiends incarnate as that felon-sire,
Who dug its grave before his child was born;
Such miserable wretches as that mother,
Whose tender mercies were so deadly cruel!

I saw their infant's spirit rise to heaven,
Caught from its birth up to the throne of God,
There, thousands, and ten thousands, I beheld,
Of innocents like this, that died untimely,
By violence of their unnatural kin,
Or by the mercy of that gracious Power,

Who gave them being, taking what He gave
Ere they could sin or suffer like their parents.
I saw them in white raiment, crown'd with flowers,
On the fair banks of that resplendent river,
Whose streams make glad the city of our God;
—Water of life, as clear as crystal, welling
Forth from the throne itself, and visiting
Fields of a Paradise that ne'er was lost;
Where yet the tree of life immortal grows,
And bears its monthly fruits, twelve kinds of fruit,
Each in its season, food of saints and angels;
Whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.
Beneath the shadow of its blessed boughs,
I mark'd those rescued infants, in their schools,
By spirits of just men made perfect, taught
The glorious lessons of almighty love,
Which brought them thither by the readiest path
From the world's wilderness of dire temptations,
Securing thus their everlasting weal.

Yea, in the rapture of that hour, though songs
Of cherubim to golden lyres and trumpets,
And the redeem'd upon the sea of glass,
With voices like the sound of many waters,
Came on mine ear, whose secret cells were open'd
To entertain celestial harmonies,
—The small, sweet accents of those little children,
Pouring out all the gladness of their souls,
In love, joy, gratitude, and praise to Him,
—Him, who had loved and wash'd them in his blood;
These were to me the most transporting strains,
Amidst the hallelujahs of all Heaven.—
Though lost awhile in that amazing chorus
Around the throne, at happy intervals,
The shrill hosannas of the infant choir,
Singing in that eternal temple, brought
Tears to mine eye, which seraphs had been glad
To weep, could they have felt the sympathy
That melted all my soul, when I beheld
How condescending Deity thus deign'd,
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings here,
To perfect his high praise:—the harp of Heaven
Had lack'd its least but not its meanest string,
Had children not been taught to play upon it,
And sing, from feelings all their own, what men
Nor angels can conceive of creatures, born
Under the curse, yet from the curse redeem'd,
And placed at once beyond the power to fall,
—Safety which men nor angels ever knew,
Till ranks of these and all of those had fallen.

CANTO VIII.

'T WAS but the vision of an eye-glance; gone
Ere thought could fix upon it,—gone like lightning
At midnight, when the expansive flash reveals
Alps, Apennines, and Pyrenees, in one
Glorious horizon, suddenly lit up,—
Rocks, rivers, forests,—quench'd as suddenly:
A glimpse that fill'd the mind with images,
Which years cannot obliterate; but stamp'd
With instantaneous everlasting force
On memory's more than adamantine tablet;—
A glimpse of that which eye hath never seen,
Ear heard, nor heart of man conceived.—It pass'd,
But what it show'd can never pass.—It pass'd,
And left me wandering through that land of exile,
Cut off from intercourse with happier lands;
Abandon'd, as it seem'd, by its Creator;
Unvisited by Him, who came from Heaven
To seek and save the lost of every clime;
And where God, looking down in wrath, had said,
"My Spirit shall no longer strive with man:"
—So ignorance or unbelief might deem.

Was it thus outlaw'd? No: God left himself
Not without witness of his presence there;
He gave them rain from heaven and fruitful seasons,
Filling unthankful hearts with food and gladness.
He gave them kind affections which they strangled,
Turning his grace into lasciviousness.
He gave them powers of intellect, to scale
Heaven's height; to name and number all the stars;
To penetrate earth's depths for hidden riches,
Or clothe its surface with fertility;
Amidst the haunts of dragons, dens of satyrs,
To call up hamlets, villages, and towns,
The abode of peace and industry; to build
Cities and palaces amid waste places;
To sound the ocean, combat with the winds,
Travel the waves, and compass every shore,
On voyages of commerce or adventure;
To shine in civil and refining arts,
With tranquil science elevate the soul;
To explore the universe of mind; to trace
The Nile of thinking to its secret source,
And thence pursue its infinite meanders,
Not lost amidst the labyrinths of Time,
But o'er the cataract of Death down-rolling,
To flow for ever, and for ever, and for ever,
Where time nor space can limit its expansion.

He gave the ideal, too, of truth and beauty;
To look on Nature with a poet's eye,
And live, amidst the daylight of this world,
In regions of enchantment;—with the force
Of song, as with a spirit, to possess
The souls of those that hearken, till they feel
But what the minstrel feels, and do but that
Which his strange inspiration makes them do;
Thus with his breath to kindle war, and bring
The array of battle to electric issue;
Or, while opposing legions, front to front,
Wait the dread signal for the work of havoc,
Step in between, and with the healing voice
Of harmony and concord win them so,
That hurling down their weapons of destruction,
They rush into each other's arms, with shouts
And tears of transport; till inveterate foes
Are friends and brethren, feasting on the field,
Where vultures else had feasted, and gorged wolves
Howl'd in convulsive slumber o'er their corses.

Such powers to these were given, but given in vain;
They knew them not, or, as they learn'd to know,
Perverted them to more pernicious evil
Than ignorance had skill to perpetrate.
Yet the great Father gave a richer portion
To these, the most impoverish'd of his children;
He sent the light that lighteth every man

That comes into the world,—the light of truth:
But Satan turn'd that light to darkness; turn'd
God's truth into a lie, and they believed
His lie, who led them captive at his will,
Usurp'd the throne of Deity on earth,
And claim'd allegiance, in all hideous forms,
—The abominable emblems of himself,
The legion-fiend, who takes whatever shape
Man's crazed imagination can devise
To body forth his notion of a God,
And prove how low immortal minds can fall,
When from the living God they fall, to serve
Dumb idols. Thus they worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Which hands unapt for sculpture executed,
In their egregious folly, like themselves,
Though not more like, even in barbarian eyes,
Than antic clouds resemble animals.
To these they offer'd flowers and fruits; to those,
Reptiles; to others, birds, and beasts, and fishes;
To some they sacrificed their enemies,
To more their children, and themselves to all.

So had the god of this apostate world
Blinded their eyes. But the true God had placed
Yet further witness of his grace among them,
When all remembrance of himself was lost:
—Knowledge of good and evil, right and wrong.
But knowledge was confounded, till they call'd
Good evil, evil good; refused the right,
And chose and loved the wrong for its own sake.
One witness more, his own ambassador
On earth, the Almighty left to be their prophet,
Whom Satan could not utterly beguile,
Nor always hold with his ten thousand fetters,
Lock'd in the dungeon of the obdurate breast,
And trampled down by all its atheist inmates;
—Conscience, tremendous conscience, in his fits
Of inspiration,—whensoe'er it came,—
Rose like a ghost, inflicting fear of death,
On those who fear'd not death in fiercest battle,
And mock'd him in their martyrdoms of torments:
That secret, swift, and silent messenger
Broke on them in their lonely hours,—in sleep,
In sickness; haunting them with dire suspicions
Of something in themselves that would not die,—
Of an existence elsewhere, and hereafter,
Of which tradition was not wholly silent,
Yet spake not out; its dreary oracles
Confounded superstition to conceive,
And baffled scepticism to reject:
—What fear of death is like the fear beyond it?

But pangs like these were lucid intervals
In the delirium of the life they led,
And all unwelcome as returning reason,
Which through the chaos of a maniac's brain
Shoots gleams of light more terrible than darkness.
These sad misgivings of the smitten heart,
Wounded unseen by conscience from its ambush;
These voices from eternity, that spake
To an eternity of soul within,—
Were quickly lull'd by riotous enjoyment,
Or lost in hurricanes of headlong passion.
They knew no higher, sought no happier state;
Had no fine instinct of superior joys
Than those of sense; no taste for sense refined
Above the gross necessities of nature,
Or outraged Nature's most unnatural cravings.
Why should they toil to make the earth bring forth,
When without toil she gave them all they wanted?
The bread-fruit ripen'd, while they lay beneath
Its shadow in luxurious indolence;
The cocoa fill'd its nuts with milk and kernels,
While they were sauntering on the shores and mountains;
And while they slumber'd from their heavy meals,
In dead forgetfulness of life itself,
The fish were spawning in unsounded depths,
The birds were breeding in adjacent trees,
The game was fattening in delicious pastures,
Unplanted roots were thriving under ground,
To spread the tables of their future banquets!

Thus what the sires had been the sons became,
And generations rose, continued, went,
Without memorial,—like the Pelicans
On that lone island, where they built their nests,
Nourish'd their young, and then lay down to die:
Hence through a thousand and a thousand years,
Man's history, in that region of oblivion,
Might be recorded in a page as small
As the brief legend of those Pelicans,
With one appalling, one sublime distinction,
(Sublime with horror, with despair appalling),
—That Pelicans were not transgressors;—Man,
Apostate from the womb, by blood a traitor.
Thus, while he rose by dignity of birth,
He sunk in guilt and infamy below
Creatures whose being was but lent, not given,
And, when the debt was due, reclaim'd for ever
O enviable lot of innocence!
Their bliss and woe were only of this world:
Whate'er their lives had been, though born to suffer
Not less than to enjoy, their end was peace.
Man was immortal, yet he lived and died
As though there were no life, nor death, but this:
Alas! what life or death may be hereafter,
He only knows who hath ordain'd them both;
And they shall know who prove their truth for ever

The thought was agony beyond endurance;
"O thou, my brother man!" again I cried,
"Would God, that I might live, might die for thee!
O could I take a form to meet thine eyes,
Invent a voice with words to reach thine ears;
Or if my spirit might converse with thine,
And pour my thoughts, fears, feelings, through thy breast,
Unknown to thee whence came the strange intrusion!
How would my soul rejoice, rejoice with trembling,
To tell thee who thou art, and bring thee home,
—Poor prodigal, here watching swine, and fain
To glut thy hunger with the husks they feed on,—
Home to our Father's house, our Father's heart!
Both, both are open to receive thee,—come;
O come!—He hears not, heeds not,—O my brother!
That I might prophesy to thee,—to all
The millions of dry bones that fill this valley
Of darkness and despair!—Alas! alas!
Can these bones live? Lord God, Thou knowest.—Come
From the four winds of heaven, almighty breath,
Blow on these slain, and they shall live."

I spake

And turning from the mournful contemplation,
To seek refreshment for my weary spirit,
Amidst that peopled continent, the abode
Of misery which reach'd beyond this world,
I lighted on a solitary glen
(A peaceful refuge in a land of discord)
Crown'd with steep rocks, whose hoary summits shone
Amid the blue unclouded element,
O'er the green woods, that, stretching down the hills,
Border'd the narrow champaign glade between,
Through which a clear and pebbly rill meander'd.
The song-birds caroll'd in the leafy shades,
Those of resplendent plumage flaunted round;
High o'er the cliffs the sea-fowl soar'd or perch'd;
The Pelican and Albatros were seen
In groups reposing on the northern ridge:
There was entire serenity above,
Beauty, tranquillity, delight below,
And every motion, sound, and sight were pleasing.
Rhinoceros nor wild bull pastured here;
Lion nor tiger here shed innocent blood;
The antelopes were grazing void of fear,
Their young in antic gambols ramping by;
While goats, from precipice to precipice
Clamber'd, or hung, or vaulted through the air,
As if a thought convey'd them to and fro.
Harmony reign'd, as once ere man's creation,
When brutes were yet earth's sole inhabitants.
There were no human tracks nor dwellings there,
For 't was a sanctuary from hurtful creatures,
And in the precincts of that happy dell
The absence of my species was a mercy:
Thence the declining sun withdrew his beams,
But left it lighted by a hundred peaks,
Glittering and golden, round the span of sky,
That seem'd the sapphire roof of one great temple,
Whose floor was emerald, and whose walls the hills;
Where those that worshipp'd God, might worship Him
In spirit and in truth, without distraction.

Man's absence pleased me; yet on man alone,
Man fallen, helpless, miserable man,
My thoughts, prayers, wishes, tears, and sorrows turn'd,
Howe'er I strove to drive away remembrance:
Then I refrain'd no longer, but brake out,
—"Lord God, why hast Thou made all men in vain?"

CANTO IX.

The countenance of one advanced in years,
The shape of one created to command,
The step of one accustom'd to be seen,
And follow'd with the reverence of all eyes,
Yet conscious here of utter solitude,
Came on me like an apparition,—whence
I knew not,—half-way down the vale already
Had he proceeded ere I caught his eye,
And in that mirror of intelligence,
By the sure divination of mine art,
Read the mute history of his former life,
And all the untold secrets of his bosom.

He was a chieftain of renown; from youth
To green old age, the glory of his tribe,
The terror of their enemies; in war
An Alexander, and in peace an Alfred.
From morn till night he wont to wield the spear
With indefatigable arm, or watch
From eve till dawn in ambush for his quarry,
Human or brute; not less in chase than fight,
For strength, skill, prowess, enterprise unrivall'd.
Fearless he grappled with the fell hyena,
And held him strangling in the grasp of fate;
He seized the she-bear's whelps, and when the dam
With miserable cries and insane rage
Pursued to rescue them, would turn and strike
One blow, but one, to break her heart for ever:
From sling and bow, he sent upon death-errands
The stone or arrow through the trackless air,
To overtake the fleetest foot, or lay
The loftiest pinion fluttering in the dust.
On the rough waves he eagerly embark'd,
Assail'd the stranded whale among the breakers,
Dart after dart with such sure aim implanting
In the huge carcass of the helpless victim,
That soon in blood and foam the monster breathed
His last, and lay a hulk upon the reef;
Thence floated by the rising tide, and tow'd
By a whole navy of canoes ashore.

But 't was the hero's mind that made him great
His eye, his lip, his hand, were clothed with thunder
Thrones, crowns, and sceptres give not more ascendence,
Back'd with arm'd legions, fortified with towers,
Than this imperial savage, all alone,
From Nature's pure beneficence derived.
Yet, when the heyday of hot youth was over,
His soul grew gentle as the halcyon breeze,
Sent from the evening-sea to bless the shore,
After the fervors of a tropic noon;
Nor less benign his influence than fresh showers
Upon the fainting wilderness, where bands
Of pilgrims, bound for Mecca, with their camels,
Lie down to die together in despair,
When the deceitful *mirage*, that appear'd
A pool of water trembling in the sun,
Hath vanish'd from the bloodshot eye of thirst
Firm in defence as valiant in the battle,
Assailing none, but all assaults repelling
With such determined chastisement, that foes
No longer dared to forage on his borders,
War shrunk from his dominions; simple laws,
Yet wise and equitable, he ordained
To rule a willing and obedient people.
Blood ceased to flow in sacrifice; no more
The parents' hands were raised against their children,
Children no longer slew their aged parents;
Man prey'd not on his fellow-man, within
The hallow'd circle of his patriarch-sway,
That seem'd, amidst barbarian clans around,
A garden in a waste of brier and hemlock.

Ere life's meridian, thus that chief had reach'd
The utmost pinnacle of savage grandeur,
And stood the envy of ignoble eyes,
The awe of humbler mortals, the example
Of youth's sublime ambition; but to him,
It was not given to rest at any height;
The thoughts that travel to eternity
Already had begun their pilgrimage,

Which time, nor change, nor life, nor death, could stop.
All that he saw, heard, felt, or could conceive,
Open'd new scenes of mental enterprise,
Imposed new tasks for arduous contemplation.
On the steep eminence which he had scaled,
To rise or fall were sole alternatives;
He might not stand, and he disdain'd to fall;
Innate magnificence of mind upheld,
And buoyancy of genius bore him on.
Heaven, earth, and ocean, were to him familiar
In all their motions, aspects, changes; each
To him paid tribute of the knowledge, hid
From uninquiring ignorance; to him
Their gradual secrets, though with slow reserve,
Yet sure accumulation, all reveal'd.

But whence they came, even more than what they were,
Awaken'd wonder, and defied conjecture;
Blank wonder could not satisfy his soul,
And resolute conjecture would not yield,
Though foil'd a thousand times, in speculation
On themes that open'd immortality.
The gods whom his deluded countrymen
Acknowledged, were no gods to him; he scorn'd
The impotence of skill that carved such figures,
And pitied the fatuity of those,
Who saw not in the abortions of their hands
The abortions of their minds.—'T was the Creator
He sought through every volume open to him,
From the small leaf that holds an insect's web,
From which ere long a colony shall issue,
With wings and limbs as perfect as the eagle's,
To the stupendous ocean, that gives birth
And nourishment to everlasting millions
Of creatures, great and small, beyond the power
Of man to comprehend how they exist.
One thought amidst the multitude within him
Press'd with perpetual, with increasing weight,
And yet the elastic soul beneath its burthen
Wax'd strong and stronger, was enlarged, exalted,
With the necessity of bearing up
Against annihilation; for that seem'd
The only refuge were this hope foregone:
It was as though he wrestled with an angel,
And would not let him go without a blessing,
If not extort the secret of his name:
This was that thought, that hope;—dumb idols
And the vain homage of their worshippers,
Were proofs to him, not less than sun and stars,
That there were beings mightier far than man,
Or man had never dream'd of aught above him:
'T was clear to him as was his own existence,
In which he felt the fact personified,
That man himself was for this world too mighty,
Possessing powers which could not ripen here,
But ask'd infinity to bring them forth,
And find employ for their unbounded scope.

Tradition told him, that, in ancient time,
Sky, sun, and sea, were all the universe;
The sun grew tired of gazing on the sea,
Day after day; then, with descending beams,
Day after day he pierced the dark abyss,
Till he had reach'd its diamantine floor;
Whence he drew up an island, as a tree
Grows in the desert from some random seed,
Dropt by a wild bird. Grain by grain it rose,
And touch'd at length the surface; there expanding
Beneath the fostering influence of his eye,
Prolific seasons, light, and showers, and dew,
Aided by earthquakes, hurricanes, volcanoes
(All agents of the universal sun),
Conspired to form, advance, enrich, and break
The level reef, till hills and dales appear'd,
And the small isle became a continent,
Whose bounds his ancestors had never traced.
Thither in time, by means inscrutable,
Plants, animals, and man himself were brought;
And with the idolaters the gods they served.
These tales tradition told him; he believed,
Though all were fables, yet they shadow'd truth;
That truth with heart, soul, mind, and strength he sought.
O 't was a spectacle for angels, bound
On embassies of mercy to this earth,
To gaze on with compassion and delight,
—Yea, with desire that they might be his helpers,—
To see a dark endungeon'd spirit roused,
And struggling into glorious liberty,
Though Satan's legions watch'd at every portal,
And held him by ten thousand manacles!

Such was the being whom I here descried,
And fix'd my earnest expectation on him;
For now or never might my hope be proved,
How near, by searching, man might find out God.

Thus, while he walk'd along that peaceful valley
Though rapt in meditation far above
The world which met his senses, but in vain
Would charm his spirit within its magic circle,
—Still with benign and meek simplicity
He hearken'd to the prattle of a babe,
Which he was leading by the hand; but scarce
Could he restrain its eagerness to break
Loose, and run wild with joy among the bushes.
It was his grandson, now the only stay
Of his bereaved affections; all his kin
Had fall'n before him, and his youngest daughter
Bequeathed this infant with her dying lips:
"O take this child, my father! take this child,
And bring it up for me; so may it live
To be the latest blessing of thy life."
He took the child; he brought it up for her;
It was the latest blessing of his life;
And while his soul explored immensity,
In search of something undefinedly great,
This infant was the link which bound that soul
To this poor world, where he had not a wish
Or hope, beyond the moment, for himself.

The little one was dancing at his side,
And dragging him with petty violence
Hither and thither from the onward path,
To find a bird's nest or to hunt a fly;
His feign'd resistance and unfeign'd reluctance
But made the boy more resolute to rule
The grandsire with his fond caprice. The sage,
Though dallying with the minion's wayward will,
His own premeditated course pursued,
And while, in tones of sportive tenderness,
He answer'd all its questions, and ask'd others

As simple as its own, yet wisely framed
To wake and prove an infant's faculties;
As though its mind were some sweet instrument,
And he, with breath and touch, were finding out
What stops or keys would yield the richest music;
—All this was by-play to the scene within
The busy theatre of his own breast.
Keen and absorbing thoughts were working there,
And his heart travail'd with unutter'd pangs;
Sigh after sigh, escaping to his lips,
Was check'd, or turn'd into some lively word,
To hide the bitter conflict from his child.

At length they struck into the woods, and thence
Climb'd the grey rocks aloof. There from his crag,
At their abrupt approach, the startled eagle
Took wing above their heads; the boy, alarm'd,
—Nor less delighted when no peril came,—
Follow'd its flight with eyes and hands upraised,
And bounding forward on the verdant slope,
Watch'd it diminish, till a gnat, that cross'd
His sight, eclipsed it: when he look'd again
'T was gone, and for an instant he felt sad,
Till some new object won his gay attention.
His grandshire stepp'd to take the eagle's stand,
And gaze at freedom on the boundless prospect,
But started back, and held his breath with awe,
So suddenly, so gloriously, it broke
From heaven, earth, sea, and air, at once upon him.
The tranquil ocean roll'd beneath his feet;
The shores on each hand lessen'd from the view;
The landscape glow'd with tropical luxuriance;
The sky was fleck'd with gold and crimson clouds,
That seem'd to emanate from nothing there,
Born in the blue and infinite expanse,
Where just before the eye might seek in vain
An evening shadow as a daylight star.

There stood the patriarch, amidst a scene
Of splendor and beatitude; himself
A diadem of glory o'er the whole,
For none but he could comprehend the beauty,
The bliss diffused throughout the universe;
Yet holier beauty, higher bliss he sought,
Of which that universe was but the veil,
Wrought with inexplicable hieroglyphics.
Here then he stood, alone but not forsaken
Of Him, without whose leave a sparrow falls not.
Wide open lay the Book of Deity,
The page was Providence: but none, alas!
Had taught him letters; when he look'd, he wept
To feel himself forbidden to peruse it.
—"O for a messenger of mercy now,
Like Philip when he join'd the Eunuch's chariot!
O for the privilege to burst upon him,
And show the blind, the dead, the light of life!"

I hush'd the exclamation, for he seem'd
To hear it; turn'd his head, and look'd all round,
As if an eye invisible beheld him,
A voice had spoken out of solitude:
—Yea, such an eye beheld him, such a voice
Had spoken; but they were not mine; his life
He would have yielded on the spot, to see
That eye; to hear that voice, and understand it:
It was the eye of God, the voice of Nature.

All in a moment on his knees he fell;
And with imploring arms, outstretch'd to heaven,
And eyes no longer wet with hopeless tears,
But beaming forth sublime intelligence;
In words through which his heart's pulsation throbb'd,
And made mine tremble to their accents,—pray'd:
—"Oh! if there be a Power above all power,
A Light above all light, a Name above
All other names, in heaven and earth; that Power,
That Light, that Name, I call upon."—He paused,
Bow'd his hoar head with reverence, closed his eyes,
And with clasp'd hands upon his breast, began
In under-tones, that rose in fervency,
Like incense kindled on a holy altar,
Till his whole soul became one tongue of fire,
Of which these words were faint and poor expressions:
—"Oh! if Thou art, Thou know'st that I am:
Behold me, hear me, pity me, despise not
The prayer, which—if Thou art—Thou hast inspired,
Or wherefore seek I now a God unknown?
And feel for Thee, if haply I may find
In whom I live and move and have my being?
Reveal thyself to me; reveal thy power,
Thy light, thy name,—that I may fear, adore,
Obey,—and, oh! that I might love Thee too!
For, if Thou art—it must be—Thou art good;
And I would be the creature of thy goodness;
Oh! hear and answer;—let me know Thou hearest!
—Know that as surely as thou art, so surely
My prayer and supplication are accepted."

He waited silently; there came no answer:
The roaring of the tide beneath, the gale
Rustling the forest-leaves, the notes of birds,
And hum of insects,—these were all the sounds,
That met familiarly around his ear.
He look'd abroad; there shone no light from heaven
But that of sun-set; and no shapes appear'd
But glistering clouds, which melted through the sky
As imperceptibly as they had come;
While all terrestrial objects seem'd the same
As he had ever known them;—still he look'd
And listen'd, till a cold sick feeling sunk
Into his heart, and blighted every hope.

Anon faint accents, from the sloping lawn
Beneath the crag where he was kneeling, rose,
Like supernatural echoes of his prayer:
—"A name above all names,—I call upon.—
Thou art—Thou knowest that I am:—Reveal
Thyself to me;—but, oh! that I may love Thee!
For if Thou art, Thou must be good:—Oh! hear,
And let me know thou hearest!"—Memory fail'd
The child; for 't was his grandchild, though he knew not,
—In the deep transport of his mind, he knew not
That voice, to him the sweetest of ten thousand,
And known the best, because the best beloved.
Again it cried:—"Thou art—Thou must be good:—Oh! hear,
And let me know Thou hearest."—Memory fail'd
The child, but feeling fail'd not; tears of light
Slid down his cheek; he too was on his knees,
Clasping his little hands upon his heart,
Unconscious why, yet doing what he saw
His grandsire do, and saying what he said.

For while he gather'd buds and flowers, to twine
A garland for the old grey hairs, whose locks
Were lovelier in his sight than all the blooms
On which the bees and butterflies were feasting,
The Patriarch's agony of spirit caught
His eye, his ear, his heart; he dropt the flowers,
And kneeling down among them, wept and pray'd
Like him, with whom he felt such strange emotions
As rapt his infant-soul to heavenly heights;
Though whence they sprang, and what they meant, he knew not:
But they were good, and that was all to him,
Who wonder'd why it was so sweet to weep;
Nor would he quit his humble attitude,
Nor cease repeating fragments of that lesson,
Thus learnt spontaneously from lips whose words
Were almost dearer to him than their kisses,
When on his lap the old man dandled him,
And told him simple stories of his mother.

Recovering thought, the venerable sire
Beheld, and recognized his darling boy,
Thus beautiful and innocent, engaged
In the same worship with himself. His heart
Leap'd at the sight; he flung away despondence,
While joy unspeakable and full of glory
Broke through the pagan darkness of his soul.
He ran and snatch'd the infant in his arms,
Embraced him passionately, wept aloud,
And cried, scarce knowing what he said,—"My Son!
My Son! there is a God! there is a God!"
"And, oh! that I may love Thee too!" rejoin'd
The child, whose tongue could find no other words
Than prayer;—"for if Thou art, Thou must be good."
—"He is! He is! and we will love Him too!
Yea, and be like Him,—good, for He is good!"
Replied the ancient father in amazement.

Then wept they o'er each other, till the child
Exceeded, and the old man's heart reproved him
For lack of reverence in the excess of joy:
The ground itself seem'd holy! heaven and earth
Full of the presence, felt, not seen, of Him,
The Power above all power, the Light above
All light, the Name above all other names;
Whom he had call'd upon, whom he had found,
Yet worshipp'd only as "the Unknown God,"—
That nearest step which uninstructed man
Can take, from Nature up to Deity,
To Him again, standing erect, he pray'd,
And while he pray'd, high in his arms he held
That dearest treasure of his heart, the child
Of his last dying daughter,—now the sole
Hope of his life, and orphan of his house.
He held him as an offering up to heaven,
A living sacrifice unto the God
Whom he invoked:—"Oh! Thou who art!" he cried,
"And hast reveal'd that mystery to me,
Hid from all generations of my fathers,
Or, if once known, forgotten and perverted;
I may not live to learn Thee better here;
But, oh! let this my son, mine only son,
Whom thus I dedicate to Thee;—let him,
Let him be taught thy will, and choose
Obedience to it;—may he fear thy power,
Walk in thy light, now dawning out of darkness;
And, oh! my last, last prayer,—to him reveal
The utterable secret of thy name!"
He paused; then with the transport of a seer
Went on: "That Name may all my nation know
And all that hear it worship at the sound,
When thou shalt with a voice from heaven proclaim it,
And so it surely shall be."
"For thou art;
And if Thou art, Thou must be good!" exclaim'd
The child, yet panting with the breath of prayer.

They ceased; then went rejoicing down the mountains,
Through the cool glen where not a sound was heard,
Amidst the dark solemnity of eve,
But the loud purling of the little brook,
And the low murmur of the distant ocean.
Thence to their home beyond the hills in peace
They walk'd; and when they reach'd their humble threshold,
The glittering firmament was full of stars.
—He died that night: his grandchild lived to see
The Patriarch's prayer and prophecy fulfill'd.

Here end my song; here ended not the vision:
I heard seven thunders uttering their voices,
And wrote what they did utter; but 't is seal'd
Within the volume of my heart, where thoughts,
Unbodied yet in vocal words, await
The quickening warmth of poesy, to bring
Their form to light,—like secret characters,
Invisible till open'd to the fire;
Or like the potter's paintings, colorless
Till they have pass'd to glory through the flames.
Changes more wonderful than those gone by,
More beautiful, transporting, and sublime,
To all the frail affections of our nature,
To all the immortal faculties of man;
Such changes did I witness; not alone
In one poor Pelican Island, nor on one
Barbarian continent, where man himself
Could scarcely soar above the Pelican:
—The world as it hath been in ages past,
The world as now it is, the world to come,
Far as the eye of prophecy can pierce;
These I beheld, and still in memory's rolls
They have their pages and their pictures; these,
Another day, a nobler song may show.

Vain boast! another day may not be given;
This song may be my last; for I have reach'd
That slippery descent, whence man looks back
With melancholy joy on all he cherish'd;
Around, with love unfeign'd, on all he 's losing;
Forward, with hope that trembles while it turns
To the dim point where all our knowledge ends.
I am but one among the living; one
Among the dead I soon shall be; and one
Among unnumber'd millions yet unborn;
The sum of Adam's mortal progeny,
From Nature's birth-day to her dissolution:
—Lost in infinitude, my atom-life
Seems but a sparkle of the smallest star
Amidst the scintillations of ten thousand
Twinkling incessantly; no ray returning
To shine a second moment, where it shone
Once, and no more for ever:—so I pass.

The world grows darker, lonelier, and more silent,
As I go down into the vale of years;
For the grave's shadows lengthen in advance,
And the grave's loneliness appals my spirit,
And the grave's silence sinks into my heart,
Till I forget existence in the thought
Of non-existence, buried for a while
In the still sepulchre of my own mind,
Itself imperishable:—ah! that word,
Like the archangel's trumpet, wakes me up
To deathless resurrection. Heaven and earth
Shall pass away, but that which thinks within me
Must think for ever; that which feels must feel:
—I am, and I can never cease to be.
O thou that readest! take this parable
Home to thy bosom; think as I have thought,
And feel as I have felt, through all the changes,
Which Time, Life, Death, the world's great actors, wrought,
While centuries swept like morning dreams before me.
And thou shalt find this moral to my song:
—Thou art, and thou canst never cease to be:
What then are time, life, death, the world, to thee?
I may not answer: ask Eternity.

Prison Amusements;

WRITTEN DURING NINE MONTHS OF CONFINEMENT IN THE CASTLE OF YORK, IN THE YEARS 1795 AND 1796.

ADVERTISEMENT.

These pieces were composed in bitter moments, amid the horrors of a gaol, under the pressure of sickness.—They were the transcripts of melancholy feelings,—the warm effusions of a bleeding heart. The writer amused his imagination with attiring his sorrows in verse, that, under the romantic appearance of fiction, he might sometimes forget that his misfortunes were real.

The reader may be curious to be informed of the circumstances to which these trifles owe their existence. Suffice it to say, the writer is very young, and has been very unfortunate. Twice, in the course of twelve months, he was sentenced to the penalties of fine and imprisonment for imputed offences: In January, 1795, and again in January, 1796; the first time —a fine of twenty pounds, and three months' confinement: the second—six months' confinement, and a fine of thirty pounds.

In behalf of these the forbearance of criticism may be solicited, without degradation to the Author.

PRISON AMUSEMENTS.

VERSES TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST,

WHO VISITS THE WINDOW OF MY PRISON EVERY DAY.

Welcome, pretty little stranger!
Welcome to my lone retreat!
Here, secure from every danger,
Hop about, and chirp, and eat.
Robin! how I envy thee,
Happy child of Liberty.

Now, though tyrant Winter, howling,
Shakes the world with tempests round,
Heaven above with vapors scowling,
Frost imprisons all the ground;—
Robin! what are these to thee?
Thou art blest with liberty.

Though yon fair majestic river[1]
Mourns in solid icy chains;
Though yon flocks and cattle shiver
On the desolated plains;—
Robin! thou art gay and free,
Happy in thy liberty.

Hunger never shall distress thee,
While my cates one crumb afford;
Colds nor cramps shall e'er oppress thee;
Come and share my humble board.
Robin! come and live with me,
Live—yet still at liberty.

Soon shall Spring, in smiles and blushes,
Steal upon the blooming year;
Then, amid the enamour'd bushes,
Thy sweet song shall warble clear;
Then shall I too, join'd with thee,
Swell the Hymn of Liberty.

Should some rough unfeeling Dobbin,
In this iron-hearted age,
Seize thee on thy nest, my Robin!
And confine thee in a cage,
Then, poor pris'ner! think of me,
Think—and sigh for Liberty.

Feb. 2, 1795.

MOONLIGHT.

Gentle Moon! a captive calls;
Gentle Moon! awake, arise;
Gild the prison's sullen walls;
Gild the tears that drown his eyes.

Throw thy veil of clouds aside;
Let those smiles that light the pole
Through the liquid ether glide,—
Glide into the mourner's soul.

Cheer his melancholy mind;
Soothe his sorrows, heal his smart:
Let thine influence, pure, refined,
Cool the fever of his heart.

1 The Ouse.

Chase despondency and care,
Fiends that haunt the GUILTY breast;
Conscious virtue braves despair,
Triumphs most when most oppress'd.

Now I feel thy power benign
Swell my bosom, thrill my veins;
As thy beams the brightest shine,
When the deepest midnight reigns.

Say, fair shepherdess of night!
Who thy starry flock dost lead
Unto rills of living light,
On the blue ethereal mead;

At this moment, dost thou see,
From thine elevated sphere,
One kind friend who thinks of me,—
Thinks, and drops a feeling tear?

On a brilliant beam convey
This soft whisper to his breast:
"Wipe that generous drop away,
He for whom it falls is blest:

"Blest with Freedom unconfined;
Dungeons cannot hold the Soul:
Who can chain the immortal Mind?
—None but He who spans the pole."

Fancy, too, the nimble fairy,
With her subtle magic spell,
In romantic visions airy
Steals the captive from his cell.

On her moonlight pinions borne,
Far he flies from grief and pain;
Never, never to be torn
From his friends and home again.

Stay, thou dear delusion! stay;
Beauteous bubble! do not break:
—Ah! the pageant flits away;
Who from such a dream would wake?

March 7, 1795.

THE CAPTIVE NIGHTINGALE.

NOCTURNAL Silence reigning,
A Nightingale began,
In his cold cage complaining
Of cruel-hearted Man;
His drooping pinions shiver'd,
Like wither'd moss so dry;
His heart with anguish quiver'd,
And sorrow dimm'd his eye.

His grief in soothing slumbers
No balmy power could steep;
So sweetly flow'd his numbers,
The music seem'd to weep.
Unfeeling Sons of Folly!
To you the Mourner sung;
While tender melancholy
Inspired his plaintive tongue.

"Now reigns the moon in splendor
Amid the heaven serene;
A thousand stars attend her,
And glitter round their queen:
Sweet hours of inspiration!
When I, the still night long,
Was wont to pour my passion,
And breathe my soul in Song.

"But now, delicious season!
In vain thy charms invite:
Entomb'd in this dire prison,
I sicken at the sight.
This morn, this vernal morning,
The happiest bird was I,
That hail'd the sun returning,
Or swam the liquid sky.

"In yonder breezy bowers,
Among the foliage green,
I spent my tuneful hours,
In solitude serene:
There soft Melodia's beauty
First fired my ravish'd eye;
I vow'd eternal duty;
She look'd—half kind, half shy!

"My plumes with ardor trembling,
I flutter'd, sigh'd, and sung;
The fair one, still dissembling,
Refused to trust my tongue:
A thousand tricks inventing,
A thousand arts I tried,
Till the sweet nymph, relenting,
Confess'd herself my bride.

"Deep in the grove retiring,
To choose our secret seat,
We found an oak aspiring,
Beneath whose mossy feet,
Where the tall herbage swelling
Had form'd a green alcove,
We built our humble dwelling
And hallow'd it with love.

"Sweet scene of vanish'd pleasure!
This day, this fatal day,
My little ones, my treasure,
My spouse, were stolen away!
I saw the precious plunder,
All in a napkin bound;
Then, smit with human thunder,
I flutter'd on the ground!

"O Man! beneath whose vengeance
All Nature bleeding lies!
Who charged thine impious engines
With lightning from the skies?
Ah! is thy bosom iron?
Does it thine heart enchain?
As these cold bars environ,
And, captive, me detain?

"Where are my offspring tender?
Where is my widow'd mate?
—Thou Guardian Moon! defend her!
Ye stars! avert their fate!

O'erwhelm'd with killing anguish,
In iron cage, forlorn,
I see my poor babes languish·
I hear their mother mourn!

"O Liberty! inspire me,
And eagle strength supply!
Thou, Love almighty! fire me!
I'll burst my prison—or die!"
He sung; and forward bounded:
He broke the yielding door!
But, with the shock confounded,
Fell, lifeless, on the floor!

Farewell, then, Philomela:
Poor martyr'd bird! adieu!
There's one, my charming fellow!
Who thinks, who feels, like you:
The bard that pens thy story,
Amidst a prison's gloom,
Sighs,—not for wealth nor glory,
—But freedom, or thy tomb!

Feb. 12, 1796.

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

Hail! resplendent Evening Star!
Brightly beaming from afar;
Fairest gem, of purest light,
In the diadem of night.

Now thy mild and modest ray
Lights to rest the weary day;
While the lustre of thine eye
Sweetly trembles through the sky;
As the closing shadows roll
Deep and deeper round the pole,
Lo! thy kindling legions bright
Steal insensibly to light,
Till, magnificent and clear,
Shines the spangled hemisphere.

In these calmly-pleasing hours,
When the soul expands her powers,
And, on wings of contemplation,
Ranges round the vast creation;
When the mind's immortal eye
Bounds, with rapture, to the sky,
And, in one triumphant glance,
Comprehends the wide expanse,
Where stars, and suns, and systems shine,
Faint beams of MAJESTY DIVINE;—
Now, when visionary sleep
Lulls the world in slumbers deep;
When silence, awfully profound,
Breathes solemn inspiration round;
Queen of beauty! queen of stars!
Smile upon these frowning bars:
Softly sliding from thy sphere,
Condescend to visit here.

In the circle of this cell
No tormenting demons dwell;
Round these walls, in wild despair,
No agonizing spectres glare:
Here reside no furies gaunt,
No tumultuous passions haunt;
Fell revenge, nor treachery base;
Guilt, with bold unblushing face;
Pale remorse, within whose breast
Scorpion horrors murder rest;
Coward malice, hatred dire;
Lawless rapine, dark desire;
Pining envy, frantic ire;
Never, never dare intrude
On this pensive solitude.
—But a sorely hunted deer
Finds a sad asylum here:
One, whose panting sides have been
Pierced with many an arrow keen;
One, whose deeply-wounded heart
Bears the scars of many a dart.
In the herd he vainly mingled;
From the herd when harshly singled,
Too proud to fly, he scorn'd to yield;
Too weak to fight, he lost the field:
Assail'd, and captive led away,
He fell, a poor inglorious prey.

Deign then, gentle Star! to shed
Thy soft lustre round mine head;
With cheering radiance gild the room,
And melt the melancholy gloom.
When I see thee, from thy sphere,
Trembling like a brilliant tear,
Shed a sympathizing ray
On the pale expiring day,
Then a welcome emanation
Of reviving consolation,
Swifter than the lightning's dart,
Glances through my glowing heart;
Soothes my sorrows, lulls my woes,
In a soft, serene repose,
Like the undulating motion
Of the deep, majestic ocean,
When the whispering billows glide
Smooth along the tranquil tide;
Calmly thus, prepared, resign'd,
Swells the independent mind.

But when, through clouds, thy beauteous light
Streams, in splendor, on the night,
Hope, like thee, my leading star,
Through the sullen gloom of care,
Sheds an animating ray
On the dark, bewildering way.
Starting, then, with sweet surprise,
Tears of transport swell mine eyes;
Wildly through each throbbing vein,
Rapture thrills with pleasing pain;
All my fretful fears are banish'd,
All my dreams of anguish vanish'd:
Energy my soul inspires,
And wakes the muse's hallow'd fires;
Rich in melody, my tongue
Warbles forth spontaneous song.

Thus my prison moments gay,
Swiftly, sweetly, glide away;
Till the last long day declining,
O'er yon tower thy glory shining,

Shall the welcome signal be
Of to-morrow's liberty!
Liberty, triumphant borne
On the rosy wings of morn,
Liberty shall then return!

Rise, to set the captive free—
Rise, O Sun of Liberty!

Feb. 29, 1796.

SOLILOQUY OF A WATER-WAGTAIL,

ON THE WALLS OF YORK CASTLE.

On the walls that guard my prison,
  Swelling with fantastic pride,
Brisk and merry as the season,
  I a feather'd coxcomb spied:
When the little hopping elf
Gaily thus amused himself.

"Hear your sovereign's proclamation,
  All good subjects, young and old!
I'm the Lord of the Creation;
  I—a Water-Wagtail bold!
All around, and all you see,
All the world, was made for ME!

"Yonder sun, so proudly shining,
  Rises—when I leave my nest;
And, behind the hills declining,
  Sets—when I retire to rest:
Morn and evening, thus you see,
Day and night, were made for ME!

"Vernal gales to love invite me:
  Summer sheds for me her beams;
Autumn's jovial scenes delight me;
  Winter paves with ice my streams:
All the year is mine, you see;
Seasons change, like moons, for ME!

"On the heads of giant mountains,
  Or beneath the shady trees;
By the banks of warbling fountains,
  I enjoy myself at ease:
Hills and valleys, thus you see,
Groves and rivers, made for ME!

"Boundless are my vast dominions:
  I can hop, or swim, or fly;
When I please, my towering pinions
  Trace my empire through the sky:
Air and elements, you see,
Heaven and earth, were made for ME!

"Birds and insects, beasts and fishes,
  All their humble distance keep;
Man, subservient to my wishes,
  Sows the harvest which I reap:
Mighty man himself, you see,
All that breathe, were made for ME.

"'Twas for my accommodation
  Nature rose when I was born:
Should I die—the whole creation
  Back to nothing would return:
Sun, moon, stars, the world, you see,
Sprung—exist—will fall with ME!"

Here the pretty prattler ending,
  Spread his wings to soar away;
But a cruel Hawk, descending,
  Pounced him up,—a helpless prey.
—Couldst thou not, poor Wagtail! see,
That the Hawk was made for THEE?

April 15, 1796.

THE PLEASURES OF IMPRISONMENT.

IN TWO EPISTLES TO A FRIEND

EPISTLE I.

  You ask, my friend, and well you may,
You ask me how I spend the day:
I'll tell you, in unstudied rhyme,
How wisely I befool my time:
Expect not wit, nor fancy then,
In this effusion of my pen;
These idle lines—they might be worse—
Are simple prose, in simple verse.

  Each morning, then, at five o'clock,
The adamantine doors unlock;
Bolts, bars, and portals, crash and thunder,
The gates of iron burst asunder;
Hinges that creak, and keys that jingle,
With clattering chains, in concert mingle·
So sweet the din, your dainty ear,
For joy, would break its drum to hear;
While my dull organs, at the sound,
Rest in tranquillity profound:
Fantastic dreams amuse my brain,
And waft my spirit home again:
Though captive all day long, 'tis true,
At night I am as free as you;
Not ramparts high, nor dungeons deep,
Can hold me when I'm fast asleep

  But every thing is good in season,
I dream at large, and wake in prison.
Yet think not, sir, I lie too late,
I rise as early even as eight:
Ten hours of drowsiness are plenty,
For any man, in four-and-twenty.
You smile—and yet 'tis nobly done,
I'm but five hours behind the sun!

  When dress'd, I to the yard repair,
And breakfast on the pure, fresh air:
But though this choice Castalian cheer
Keeps both the head and stomach clear,
For reasons strong enough with me,
I mend the meal with toast and tea.
Now air and fame, as poets sing,
Are both the same, the self-same thing:
Yet bards are not chameleons quite,
And heavenly food is very light:
Who ever dined or supp'd on fame,
And went to bed upon a name?

  Breakfast dispatch'd, I sometimes read
To clear the vapors from my head;
For books are magic charms, I ween,
Both for the crotchets and the spleen.

When genius, wisdom, wit abound,
Where sound is sense, and sense is sound;
When art and nature both combine,
And live, and breathe, in every line;
The reader glows along the page
With all the author's native rage!
But books there are with nothing fraught,—
Ten thousand words, and ne'er a thought;
Where periods without period crawl,
Like caterpillars on a wall,
That fall to climb, and climb to fall;
While still their efforts only tend
To keep them from their journey's end.
The readers yawn with pure vexation,
And nod—but not with approbation.
In such a fog of dullness lost,
Poor Patience must give up the ghost;
Not Argus' eyes awake could keep,
Even Death might read himself to sleep.

At half-past ten, or thereabout,
My eyes are all upon the scout,
To see the lounging post-boy come,
With letters or with news from home.
Believe it, on a captive's word,
Although the doctrine seem absurd,
The paper-messengers of friends
For absence almost make amends·
But if you think I jest or lie,
Come to York Castle, sir, and try.

Sometimes to fairy-land I rove:
Those iron rails become a grove;
These stately buildings fall away
To moss-grown cottages of clay;
Debtors are changed to jolly swains,
Who pipe and whistle on the plains;
Yon felons grim, with fetters bound,
Are satyrs wild, with garlands crown'd:
Their clanking chains are wreaths of flowers;
Their horrid cells ambrosial bowers:
The oaths, expiring on their tongues,
Are metamorphosed into songs;
While wretched female prisoners, lo!
Are Dian's nymphs of virgin snow.
Those hideous walls with verdure shoot;
These pillars bend with blushing fruit;
That dunghill swells into a mountain,
The pump becomes a purling fountain;
The noisome smoke of yonder mills,
The circling air with fragrance fills;
This horse-pond spreads into a lake,
And swans of ducks and geese I make;
Sparrows are changed to turtle-doves,
That bill and coo their pretty loves;
Wagtails, turn'd thrushes, charm the vales,
And tomtits sing like nightingales.
No more the wind through key-holes whistles,
But sighs on beds of pinks and thistles;
The rattling rain that beats without,
And gurgles down the leaden spout,
In light, delicious dew distils,
And melts away in amber rills;
Elysium rises on the green,
And health and beauty crown the scene.

Then by the enchantress Fancy led,
On violet banks I lay my head;
Legions of radiant forms arise,
In fair array, before mine eyes;
Poetic visions gild my brain,
And melt in liquid air again!
As in a magic-lantern clear,
Fantastic images appear,
That beaming from the spectred glass,
In beautiful succession pass,
Yet steal the lustre of their light
From the deep shadow of the night:
Thus, in the darkness of my head,
Ten thousand shining things are bred,
That borrow splendor from the gloom,
As glow-worms twinkle in a tomb.

But lest these glories should confound me,
Kind Dullness draws her curtain round me;
The visions vanish in a trice,
And I awake as cold as ice;
Nothing remains of all the vapor,
Save—what I send you—ink and paper.

Thus flow my morning hours along,
Smooth as the numbers of my song:
Yet let me wander as I will,
I feel I am a prisoner still.
Thus Robin, with the blushing breast,
Is ravish'd from his little nest
By barbarous boys, who bind his leg,
To make him flutter round a peg:
See, the glad captive spreads his wings,
Mounts, in a moment, mounts and sings,
When suddenly the cruel chain
Twitches him back to earth again.
—The clock strikes one—I can't delay,
For dinner comes but once a day.
At present, worthy friend, farewell;
But by to-morrow's post I'll tell,
How, during these half-dozen moons,
I cheat the lazy afternoons.

June 13, 1796.

EPISTLE II.

In this sweet place, where freedom reigns,
Secured by bolts, and snug in chains;
Where innocence and guilt together
Roost like two turtles of a feather;
Where debtors safe at anchor lie
From saucy duns and bailiffs sly;
Where highwaymen and robbers stout
Would, rather than break in, break out;
Where all so guarded and recluse,
That none his liberty can lose;
Here each may, as his means afford,
Dine like a pauper or a lord,
And those who can't the cost defray
May live to dine another day.

Now let us ramble o'er the green,
To see and hear what's heard and seen;
To breathe the air, enjoy the light,
And hail yon sun, who shines as bright

Upon the dungeon and the gallows
As on York Minster or Kew Palace.
And here let us the scene review:
That's the old castle, this the new;
Yonder the felons' walk, and there
The lady-prisoners take the air;
Behind are solitary cells,
Where hermits live like snails in shells;
There stands the chapel for good people;
That black balcony is the steeple;
How gaily spins the weather-cock!
How proudly shines the crazy clock!
A clock, whose wheels eccentric run
More like my head than like the sun:
And yet it shows us, right or wrong,
The days are only twelve hours long;
Though captives often reckon here
Each day a month, each month a year.
There honest William stands in state,
The porter, at the horrid gate;
Yet no ill-natured soul is he,
Entrance to all the world is free;
One thing indeed is rather hard,
Egress is frequently debarr'd;
Of all the joys within that reign,
There's none like—getting out again!
Across the green, behold the court,
Where jargon reigns and wigs resort;
Where bloody tongues fight bloodless battles,
For life and death, for straws and rattles;
Where juries yawn their patience out,
And judges dream in spite of gout.
There, on the outside of the door
(As sang a wicked wag of yore),
Stands Mother Justice, tall and thin,
Who never yet hath ventured in.
The cause, my friend, may soon be shown:
The lady was a stepping-stone,
Till—though the metamorphose odd is—
A chisel made the block a goddess:
—"Odd!" did I say?—I'm wrong this time;
But I was hamper'd for a rhyme:
Justice at—I could tell you where—
Is just the same as justice there.

But lo! my frisking dog attends,
The kindest of four-footed friends;
Brim-full of giddiness and mirth,
He is the prettiest fool on earth.
The rogue is twice a squirrel's size,
With short snub nose and big black eyes;
A cloud of brown adorns his tail,
That curls and serves him for a sail;
The same deep auburn dyes his ears,
That never were abridged by shears:
While white around, as Lapland snows,
His hair, in soft profusion, flows;
Waves on his breast, and plumes his feet
With glossy fringe, like feathers fleet.
A thousand antic tricks he plays,
And looks at once a thousand ways;
His wit, if he has any, lies
Somewhere between his tail and eyes;
Sooner the light those eyes will fail,
Than *Billy* cease to wag that tail.

And yet the fellow ne'er is safe
From the tremendous beak of Ralph;
A raven grim, in black and blue,
As arch a knave as e'er you knew;
Who hops about with broken pinions,
And thinks these walls his own dominions.
This wag a mortal foe to Bill is,
They fight like Hector and Achilles;
Bold Billy runs with all his might,
And conquers, Parthian-like, in flight;
While Ralph his own importance feels,
And wages endless war with heels:
Horses and dogs, and geese and deer,
He slily pinches in the rear;
They start, surprised with sudden pain,
While honest Ralph sheers off again.

A melancholy stag appears,
With rueful look and flagging ears;
A feeble, lean, consumptive elf,
The very picture of myself!
My ghost-like form, and new-moon phiz,
Are just the counterparts of his:
Blasted like me by fortune's frown;
Like me, TWICE hunted, TWICE run down!
Like me, pursued almost to death,
He's come to gaol to save his breath!
Still, on his painful limbs, are seen
The scars where worrying dogs have been;
Still on his woe-imprinted face,
I weep a broken heart to trace.
Daily the mournful wretch I feed
With crumbs of comfort and of bread;
But man, false man! so well he knows,
He deems the species all his foes:
In vain I smile to soothe his fear,
He will not dare to come too near;
He lingers—looks—and fain he would—
Then strains his neck to reach the food.
Oft as his plaintive looks I see,
A brother's bowels yearn in me.
What rocks and tempests yet await
Both him and me, we leave to fate;
We know, by past experience taught,
That innocence availeth nought:
I feel, and 't is my proudest boast,
That conscience is itself a host:
While this inspires my swelling breast,
Let all forsake me—I'm at rest;
Ten thousand deaths, in every nerve,
I'd rather SUFFER than DESERVE.

But yonder comes the victim's wife,
A dappled doe, all fire and life:
She trips along with gallant pace,
Her limbs alert, her motion grace:
Soft as the moon-light fairies bound,
Her footsteps scarcely kiss the ground;
Gently she lifts her fair brown head,
And licks my hand, and begs for bread:
I pat her forehead, stroke her neck,
She starts, and gives a timid squeak;
Then, while her eye with brilliance burns
The fawning animal returns;

Pricks her bob-tail, and waves her ears,
And happier than a queen appears:
—Poor beast! from fell ambition free,
And all the woes of LIBERTY;
Born in a gaol, a prisoner bred,
No dreams of hunting rack thine head;
Ah! mayst thou never pass these bounds
To see the world—and feel the hounds!
Still all her beauty, all her art,
Have fail'd to win her husband's heart;
Her lambent eyes, and lovely chest;
Her swan-like neck, and ermine breast;
Her taper legs, and spotty hide,
So softly, delicately pied,
In vain their fond allurements spread,—
To love and joy her spouse is dead.
But lo! the evening shadows fall
Broader and browner from the wall;
A warning voice, like curfew-bell,
Commands each captive to his cell;
My faithful dog and I retire,
To play and chatter by the fire:
Soon comes a turnkey with "Good night, sir!"
And bolts the door with all his might, sir:
Then leisurely to bed I creep,
And sometimes wake—and sometimes sleep.
These are the joys that reign in prison,
And if I 'm happy, 't is with reason:
Yet still this prospect o'er the rest
Makes every blessing doubly blest;
That soon these pleasures will be vanish'd,
And I, from all these comforts, banish'd!

June 14, 1796.

THE BRAMIN.

EXTRACT FROM CANTO I.

ONCE, onthe mountain's balmy lap reclined,
The sage unlock'd the treasures of his mind;
Pure from hi lips sublime instruction came,
As the blest tar breathes celestial flame;
A band of yoths and virgins round him press'd,
Whom thus th prophet and the sage address'd.

"Through th wide universe's boundless range,
All that exist dy, revive, and change:
No atom torpid inactive lies;
A being, once cr ted, never dies.
The waning moo when quench'd in shades of night,
Renews her yout with all the charms of light;
The flowery beau of the blooming year
Shrink from the sl ring blast, and disappear;
Yet, warm'd with ckening showers of genial rain,
Spring from their es, and purple all the plain.
As day the night, a ight succeeds the day,
So death reanimates lives decay:
Like billows on the lating main,
The swelling fall, th ing swell again;
Thus, on the tide of inconstant, roll
The dying body and ving soul.
In every animal, inspi with breath,
The flowers of life pro the seeds of death;—
The seeds of death, th catter'd in the tomb,
Spring with new vigor, tate and bloom.

"When wasted down to dust the creature dies
Quick, from its cell, the enfranchised spirit flies;
Fills, with fresh energy, another form,
And towers an elephant, or glides a worm;
The awful lion's royal shape assumes;
The fox's subtlety, or peacock's plumes;
Swims, like an eagle, in the eye of noon,
Or wails, a screech-owl, to the deaf, cold moon;
Haunts the dread brakes, where serpents hiss and glare,
Or hums, a glittering insect, in the air.
The illustrious souls of great and virtuous men,
In noble animals revive again:
But base and vicious spirits wind their way
In scorpions, vultures, sharks, and beasts of prey.
The fair, the gay, the witty, and the brave,
The fool, the coward, courtier, tyrant, slave;
Each, in congenial animals, shall find
A home and kindred for his wandering mind.

"Even the cold body, when enshrined in earth,
Rises again in vegetable birth:
From the vile ashes of the bad proceeds
A baneful harvest of pernicious weeds;
The relics of the good, awaked by showers,
Peep from the lap of death, and live in flowers;
Sweet modest flowers, that blush along the vale,
Whose fragrant lips embalm the passing gale."

EXTRACT FROM CANTO II.

* * * * * * *

Now, mark the words these dying lips impart,
And wear this grand memorial round your heart:
All that inhabit ocean, air, or earth,
From ONE ETERNAL SIRE derive their birth.
The Hand that built the palace of the sky
Form'd the light wings that decorate a fly;
The Power that wheels the circling planets round
Rears every infant flow'ret on the ground;
That Bounty which the mightiest beings share
Feeds the least gnat that gilds the evening air.
Thus all the wild inhabitants of woods,
Children of air, and tenants of the floods;
All, all are equal, independent, free,
And all the heirs of immortality!
For all that live and breathe have once been men,
And, in succession, will be such again:
Even you, in turn, that human shape must change,
And through ten thousand forms of being range.

Ah! then, refrain your brethren's blood to spill,
And, till you can create, forbear to kill!
Oft as a guiltless fellow-creature dies,
The blood of innocence for vengeance cries:
Even grim, rapacious savages of prey,
Presume not, save in self-defence, to slay.
What, though to Heaven their forfeit lives they owe
Hath Heaven commission'd thee to deal the blow?
Crush not the feeble, inoffensive worm,
Thy sister's spirit wears that humble form!
Why should thy cruel arrow smite yon bird?
In him thy brother's plaintive song is heard.
When the poor, harmless kid, all trembling, lies,
And begs his little life with infant cries,
Think, ere you take the throbbing victim's breath,
You doom a dear, an only child, to death.

When at the ring the beauteous heifer stands,
—Stay, monster! stay those parricidal hands;
Canst thou not, in that mild dejected face,
The sacred features of thy mother trace?
When to the stake the generous bull you lead,
Tremble,—ah, tremble,—lest your father bleed.
Let not your anger on your dog descend,
The faithful animal was once your friend;
The friend whose courage snatch'd you from the grave,
When wrapt in flames or sinking in the wave.
—Rash, impious youth! renounce that horrid knife,
Spare the sweet antelope! ah, spare—thy wife!
In the meek victim's tear-illumined eyes,
See the soft image of thy consort rise;
Such as she is, when by romantic streams,
Her spirit greets thee in delightful dreams;
Not as she look'd, when blighted in her bloom;
Not as she lies, all pale in yonder tomb;
That mournful tomb, where all thy joys repose!
That hallow'd tomb, where all thy griefs shall close.

While yet I sing, the weary king of light
Resigns his sceptre to the queen of night;
Unnumber'd orbs of living fire appear,
And roll in glittering grandeur o'er the sphere.
Perhaps the soul, released from earthly ties,
A thousand ages hence may mount the skies;
Through suns and planets, stars and systems range,
In each new forms assume, relinquish, change;
From age to age, from world to world aspire,
And climb the scale of being higher and higher;
But who these awful mysteries dare explore?
Pause, O my soul! and tremble, and adore.

There is a Power, all other powers above,
Whose name is Goodness, and His nature Love:
Who call'd the infant universe to light,
From central nothing and circumfluent night.
On His great providence all worlds depend,
As trembling atoms to their centre tend:
In nature's face His glory shines confest,
She wears His sacred image on her breast;
His spirit breathes in every living soul;
His bounty feeds, his presence fills the whole;
Though seen, invisible—though felt, unknown:
All that exist, exist in Him alone.
But who the wonders of His hand can trace
Through the dread ocean of unfathom'd space?
When from the shore we lift our fainting eyes,
Where boundless scenes of God-like grandeur rise
Like sparkling atoms in the noontide rays,
Worlds, stars, and suns, and universes blaze!
Yet these transcendent monuments that shine,
Eternal miracles of skill divine,
These, and ten thousand more, are only still
The shadow of His power, the transcript of His will.

April 14, 1796.

Miscellaneous Poems.

O laborum
Dulce lenimen, mihicumque salve
Rite vocanti.
Horat. ad Lyram, Od. XXXII, lib. 1.

THE GRAVE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer-evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish;—O my Mother Earth,
Take home thy Child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear
My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—[illegible]rave;
—Ah! who art thou whose voice [illegible] hear?
—"I am the [illegible]rave!"

"The Grave, that never spake [illegible]fore,
Hath found at length a tongue [illegible]chide:
O listen!—I will speak no mor[illegible]—
Be silent, [illegible]de!

"Art thou a Wretch of hop[illegible]rlorn,
The victim of consuming ca[illegible]
Is thy distracted conscience [illegible]
By fell [illegible]pair?

"Do foul misdeeds of for[illegible]imes
Wring with remorse thy [illegible]y breast?
And ghosts of unforgive[illegible]nes
Mur[illegible]hy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies [illegible] mind,
From Wrath and Veng[illegible] wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope n[illegible]l, to find
A[illegible]d in me.

"By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell;
By the dread secrets of my womb;
By Death and Hell;

"I charge thee LIVE!—repent and pray,
In dust thine infamy deplore;
There yet is mercy—go thy way,
And sin no more.

"Art thou a MOURNER?—Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

"O LIVE!—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Art thou a WANDERER?—Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer, hast thou been
Misfortune's mark?

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
LIVE!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

"To FRIENDSHIP didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow?

"LIVE!—and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told:
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

"Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

"Did WOMAN's charms thy youth beguile,
And did the Fair One faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,
And sold thy love?

"LIVE! 'T was a false bewildering fire:
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

"Thou yet shalt know, how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening Beauty's eye;
To ask,—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

"--Whate'er thy lot,—whoe'er thou be,—
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of GOD.

"A bruised reed he will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore:
'T is done!—Arise! HE bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

"Now, Traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

"The Soul, of origin divine,
GOD's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

"The SUN is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The SOUL, immortal as its Sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE."

THE LYRE.

Ah! who would love the lyre?
W. B. Stevens.

WHERE the roving rill meander'd
Down the green retiring vale,
Poor, forlorn ALCÆUS wander'd,
Pale with thought, serenely pale:
Timeless sorrow o'er his face
Breathed a melancholy grace,
And fix'd on every feature there
The mournful resignation of despair.

O'er his arm, his lyre neglected,
Once his dear companion, hung,
And, in spirit deep dejected,
Thus the pensive poet sung:
While, at midnight's solemn noon,
Sweetly shone the cloudless moon,
And all the stars, around his head,
Benignly bright, their mildest influence shed.

"Lyre! O Lyre! my chosen treasure,
Solace of my bleeding heart;
Lyre! O Lyre! my only pleasure,
We must now for ever part:
For in vain thy poet sings,
Wooes in vain thine heavenly strings;
The Muse's wretched sons are born
To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

"That which Alexander sigh'd for,
That which Cæsar's soul possess'd,
That which heroes, kings, have died for—
Glory!—animates my breast:

Hark! the charging trumpets' throats
Pour their death-defying notes;
'To arms!' they call: to arms I fly,
Like Wolfe to conquer, and like Wolfe to die.

"Soft!—the blood of murder'd legions
Summons vengeance from the skies;
Flaming towns and ravaged regions,
All in awful judgment rise.—
O then, innocently brave,
I will wrestle with the wave;
Lo! Commerce spreads the daring sail,
And yokes her naval chariots to the gale.

"Blow, ye breezes!—gently blowing,
Waft me to that happy shore,
Where from fountains ever flowing
Indian realms their treasures pour:
Thence returning, poor in health,
Rich in honesty and wealth,
O'er thee, my dear paternal soil,
I'll strew the golden harvest of my toil.

"Then shall Misery's sons and daughters
In their lowly dwellings sing;
Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,
Undiscover'd as the spring,
I will scatter o'er the land
Blessings with a secret hand;—
For such angelic tasks design'd,
I give the Lyre and sorrow to the wind."

On an oak, whose branches hoary
Sigh'd to every passing breeze,
Sigh'd and told the simple story
Of the patriarch of trees;
High in the air his harp he hung,
Now no more to rapture strung;
Then warm in hope, no longer pale,
He blush'd adieu, and rambled down the dale.

Lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
Hark!—the Lyre enchants the wind;
Fond Alcæus listens, lingers,
—Lingering, listening, looks behind.
Now the music mounts on high,
Sweetly swelling through the sky;
To every tone, with tender heat,
His heart-strings vibrate, and his pulses beat.

Now the strains to silence stealing,
Soft in ecstacies expire;
Oh! with what romantic feeling
Poor Alcæus grasps the Lyre.
Lo! his furious hand he flings
In a tempest o'er the strings;
He strikes the chords so quick, so loud,
'Tis Jove that scatters lightning from a cloud.

"Lyre! O Lyre! my chosen treasure,
Solace of my bleeding heart;
Lyre! O Lyre! my only pleasure,
We will never, never part.
Glory, Commerce, now in vain
Tempt me to the field, the main;
The Muse's sons are blest, though born
To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

"What, though all the world neglect me,
Shall my haughty soul repine?
And shall poverty deject me,
While this hallow'd Lyre is mine?
Heaven—that o'er my helpless head
Many a wrathful vial shed,—
Heaven gave this Lyre,—and thus decreed,
Be thou a *bruised*, but not a *broken* reed."

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER

Ah! why, unfeeling Winter, why
Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, melancholy Season, fly,
And yield the year to Spring.

Spring,—the young harbinger of love,
An exile in disgrace,—
Flits o'er the scene, like Noah's dove,
Nor finds a resting-place.

When on the mountain's azure peak
Alights her fairy form,
Cold blow the winds,—and dark and bleak
Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair
For shelter and defence,
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there
And drives her, weeping, thence

She seeks the brook, the faithless brook
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
And lingers into stone.

She wooes her embryo flowers in vain
To rear their infant heads;—
Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
Their green luxuriant charms;—
Bare in the wilderness they stand,
And stretch their withering arms.

Her favorite birds, in feeble notes,
Lament thy long delay;
And strain their little stammering throats
To charm thy blasts away.

Ah, Winter, calm thy cruel rage,
Release the struggling year;
Thy power is past, decrepit Sage,
Arise and disappear.

The stars that graced thy splendid night
Are lost in warmer rays;
The Sun, rejoicing in his might,
Unrolls celestial days.

Then why, usurping Winter, why
Still flags thy frozen wing?
Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly—
And yield the year to Spring.

SONG.

ROUND Love's Elysian bowers
The fairest prospects rise;
There bloom the sweetest flowers,
There shine the purest skies,
And joy and rapture gild awhile
The cloudless heaven of Beauty's smile.

Round Love's deserted bowers
Tremendous rocks arise;
Cold mildews blight the flowers,
Tornadoes rend the skies:
And Pleasure's waning moon goes down
Amid the night of Beauty's frown.

Then, Youth, thou fond believer!
The wily Siren shun:
Who trusts the dear Deceiver
Will surely be undone.
When Beauty triumphs, ah! beware:
Her smile is hope—her frown despair.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER A DRAWING OF YARDLY OAK, CELEBRATED BY COWPER.

See Hayley's Life and Letters of W. Cowper, Esq.

THIS sole survivor of a race
Of giant oaks, where once the wood
Rang with the battle or the chase,
In stern and lonely grandeur stood.

From age to age, it slowly spread
Its gradual boughs to sun and wind;
From age to age, its noble head
As slowly wither'd and declined.

A thousand years are like a day,
When fled;—no longer known than seen;
This tree was doom'd to pass away,
And be as if it *ne'er* had been;—

But mournful Cowper, wandering nigh,
For rest beneath its shadow came,
When, lo! the voice of days gone by
Ascended from its hollow frame.

O that the Poet had reveal'd
The words of those prophetic strains,
Ere Death the eternal mystery seal'd!
——Yet in his song the Oak remains.

And fresh in undecaying prime,
There may it live, beyond the power
Of storm and earthquake, Man and Time,
Till Nature's conflagration-hour.

SONG

WRITTEN FOR A SOCIETY, WHOSE MOTTO WAS "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH."

WHEN "Friendship, Love, and Truth" abound
Among a band of Brothers,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others:
Sweet roses grace the thorny way
Along this vale of sorrow;
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
Shall bloom again to-morrow:
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth!"

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling;
Old Time lays down his scythe and glass,
In gay good-humor smiling:
With ermine beard and forelock grey,
His reverend front adorning,
He looks like Winter turn'd to May,
Night soften'd into Morning.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth!"

From these delightful fountains flow
Ambrosial rills of pleasure:
Can man desire, can Heaven bestow,
A more resplendent treasure?
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a Constellation,
Where every Star, with modest light,
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth!"

RELIGION,

AN OCCASIONAL HYMN.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound
The fainting traveller winds his way;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky,
The guardian angel of the night.

Thus mortals, blind and weak, below
Pursue the phantom Bliss, in vain,
The world's a wilderness of woe,
And life a pilgrimage of pain,—

Till mild RELIGION, from above,
Descends, a sweet engaging form—
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm.

Then guilty passions wing their flight,
Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease;
RELIGION's yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

Ambition, pride, revenge depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod;
She makes the humble contrite heart
A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach, the Grave appears
The Gate of Paradise restored;
Her voice the watching Cherub hears,
And drops his double-flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain;
Rise when the Host of Heaven expire,
And reign with God, for ever reign!

"THE JOY OF GRIEF."

OSSIAN.

SWEET the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh;
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breast;
Soft as evening o'er the ocean,
When she charms the waves to rest?

Have you lost a friend, or brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gazed upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seem'd to wake from death?

Have you felt a spouse expiring
In your arms, before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
From her eyes that broke on you?

Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remember'd bliss?
Did you not, with fervor frantic,
Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?

Yes! but, when you had resign'd her,
Life and you were reconciled;
ANNA left—she left behind her,
One, one dear, one only child.

But before the green moss peeping,
His poor mother's grave array'd,
In that grave the infant sleeping
On the mother's lap was laid.

Horror then, your heart congealing,
Chill'd you with intense despair:
Can you call to mind the feeling?—
No! there was no feeling there.

From that gloomy trance of sorrow
When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow,
For it rose on YOU ALONE!

Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No! the tortured nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life must break.

O'er the yielding brow of Sadness
One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resign'd;
'T is a solemn feast of feeling,
'T is the sabbath of the mind.

Pensive memory then retraces
Scenes of bliss for ever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.

And when night's prophetic slumbers
Rend the veil to mortal eyes,
From their tombs the sainted numbers
Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
Heard a dear dead father speak;
Proved the fondness of a mother,
Felt her tears upon your cheek.

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
You have clasp'd a consort's charms,
And received your infant smiling
From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
While you mourn'd the vision gone,
Bright the morning-star arising
Open'd heaven, from whence it shone

Thither all your wishes bending,
Rose in ecstacy sublime,
Thither all your hopes ascending
Triumph'd over death and time.

Thus afflicted, bruised, and broken,
Have you known such sweet relief?
Yes, my friend; and by this token,
You have felt "THE JOY OF GRIEF."

THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

At Thebes, in Ancient Egypt, was erected a statue of Memnon, with a harp in his hand, which is said to have hailed with delightful music the rising sun, and in melancholy tones to have mourned his departure. The introduction of this celebrated Lyre, on a modern occasion, will be censured as an anachronism by those only who think that its chords have been touched unskilfully.

HARP of Memnon! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres,
While the Hero's dirge is sung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

As the Sun's descending beams,
Glancing o'er thy feeling wire,
Kindle every chord that gleams,
Like a ray of heavenly fire:

Let thy numbers, soft and slow,
O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Soothe the dying, while they flow
To the memory of the dead.

Bright as Venus, newly born,
Blushing at her maiden charms,
Fresh from ocean rose the Morn,
When the trumpet blew to arms.

O that Time had stay'd its flight,
  Ere that Morning left the main—
Fatal as the Egyptian night,
  When the eldest-born were slain.

Lash'd to madness by the wind,
  As the Red Sea surges roar,
Leave a gloomy gulf behind,
  And devour the shrinking shore;

Thus, with overwhelming pride,
  Gallia's brightest, boldest boast,
In a deep and dreadful tide,
  Roll'd upon the British host.

Dauntless these their station held,
  Though, with unextinguish'd ire,
Gallia's legions, thrice repell'd,
  Thrice return'd through blood and fire.

Thus, above the storms of time,
  Towering to the sacred spheres,
Stand the pyramids sublime,—
  Rocks amid the flood of years.

Now the veteran Chief drew nigh,
  Conquest towering on his crest,
Valor beaming from his eye,
  Pity bleeding in his breast.

Britain saw him thus advance
  In her Guardian Angel's form;
But he lower'd on hostile France
  Like the Demon of the Storm.

On the whirlwind of the war
  High he rode, in vengeance dire;
To his friends a leading star,
  To his foes consuming fire.

Then the mighty pour'd their breath,
  Slaughter feasted on the brave:
'T was the Carnival of Death;
  'T was the Vintage of the Grave.

Charged with Abercrombie's doom,
  Lightning wing'd a cruel ball:
'T was the Herald of the Tomb,
  And the Hero felt the call—

Felt—and raised his arm on high;
  Victory well the signal knew,
Darted from his awful eye,
  And the force of France o'erthrew.

But the horrors of that fight
  Were the weeping Muse to tell,
Oh 't would cleave the womb of night,
  And awake the dead that fell!

Gash'd with honorable scars,
  Low in Glory's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
  Streaming splendor through the sky.

Yet shall Memory mourn that day,
  When, with expectation pale,
Of her soldier far away
  The poor widow hears the tale.

In imagination wild,
  She shall wander o'er this plain,
Rave,—and bid her orphan-child
  Seek his sire among the slain.

Gently, from the western deep,
  O ye evening breezes, rise!
O'er the Lyre of Memnon sweep,
  Wake its spirit with your sighs.

Harp of Memnon! sweetly strung
  To the music of the spheres,
While the Hero's dirge is sung
  Breathe enchantment to our ears.

Let thy numbers soft and slow,
  O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Soothe the dying, while they flow
  To the memory of the dead.

None but solemn, tender tones
  Tremble from thy plaintive wires:
Hark! the wounded warrior groans:
  Hush thy warbling!—he expires.

Hush! while Sorrow wakes and weeps:
  O'er his relics cold and pale
Night her silent vigil keeps,
  In a mournful moonlight veil.

Harp of Memnon! from afar,
  Ere the lark salute the sky,
Watch the rising of the star
  That proclaims the morning nigh.

Soon the Sun's ascending rays,
  In a flood of hallow'd fire,
O'er thy kindling chords shall blaze,
  And thy magic soul inspire.

Then thy tones triumphant pour,
  Let them pierce the Hero's grave;
Life's tumultuous battle o'er,
  O how sweetly sleep the brave!

From the dust their laurels bloom,
  High they shoot and flourish free;
Glory's Temple is the tomb,
  Death is immortality.

THE PILLOW.

The head that oft this Pillow press'd,
That aching head, is gone to rest;
Its little pleasures now no more,
And all its mighty sorrows o'er,
For ever, in the worm's dark bed,
For ever sleeps that humble head!

My Friend was young, the world was new,
The world was false, my friend was true;
Lowly his lot, his birth obscure,
His fortune hard, my friend was poor;
To wisdom he had no pretence,
A child of suffering, not of sense;
For Nature never did impart
A weaker or a warmer heart.

His fervent soul, a soul of flame,
Consumed its frail terrestrial frame;
That fire from Heaven so fiercely burn'd,
That whence it came it soon return'd:
And yet, O Pillow! yet to me,
My gentle Friend survives in thee;
In thee, the partner of his bed,
In thee, the widow of the dead.

On Helicon's inspiring brink,
Ere yet my Friend had learn'd to think,
Once as he pass'd the careless day
Among the whispering reeds at play,
The Muse of Sorrow wander'd by;
Her pensive beauty fix'd his eye;
With sweet astonishment he smiled;
The Gipsy saw—she stole the child;
And soft on her ambrosial breast
Sang the delighted babe to rest;
Convey'd him to her inmost grove,
And loved him with a Mother's love.
Awaking from his rosy nap,
And gaily sporting on her lap,
His wanton fingers o'er her lyre
Twinkled like electric fire:
Quick and quicker as they flew,
Sweet and sweeter tones they drew;
Now a bolder hand he flings,
And dives among the deepest strings;
Then forth the music brake like thunder;
Back he started, wild with wonder.
The Muse of Sorrow wept for joy,
And clasp'd and kiss'd her chosen boy.

Ah! then no more his smiling hours
Were spent in Childhood's Eden-bowers;
The fall from Infant-innocence,
The fall to knowledge drives us thence:
O Knowledge! worthless as the price,
Bought with the loss of Paradise.
As happy ignorance declined,
And reason rose upon his mind,
Romantic hopes and fond desires
(Sparks of the soul's immortal fires)
Kindled within his breast the rage
To breathe through every future age,
To clasp the flitting shade of fame,
To build an everlasting name,
O'erleap the narrow vulgar span,
And live beyond the life of man.

Then Nature's charms his heart possess'd,
And Nature's glory fill'd his breast:
The sweet Spring-morning's infant rays,
Meridian Summer's youthful blaze,
Maturer Autumn's evening mild,
And hoary Winter's midnight wild,
Awoke his eye, inspired his tongue;
For every scene he loved, he sung.
Rude were his songs, and simple truth,
Till Boyhood blossom'd into Youth;
Then nobler themes his fancy fired,
To bolder flights his soul aspired;
And as the new moon's opening eye
Broadens and brightens through the sky,
From the dim streak of western light
To the full orb that rules the night;
Thus, gathering lustre in its race,
And shining through unbounded space,
From earth to heaven his Genius soar'd,
Time and eternity explored,
And hail'd, where'er its footsteps trod,
In Nature's temple, Nature's God:
Or pierced the human breast, to scan
The hidden majesty of Man;
Man's hidden weakness too descried,
His glory, grandeur, meanness, pride:
Pursued along their erring course
The streams of passion to their source:
Or in the mind's creation sought
New stars of fancy, worlds of thought.
—Yet still through all his strains would flow
A tone of uncomplaining woe,
Kind as the tear in Pity's eye,
Soft as the slumbering Infant's sigh,
So sweetly, exquisitely wild,
It spake the Muse of Sorrow's child.

O Pillow! then, when light withdrew,
To thee the fond enthusiast flew;
On thee, in pensive mood reclined,
He pour'd his contemplative mind,
Till o'er his eyes with mild control
Sleep like a soft enchantment stole,
Charm'd into life his airy schemes,
And realized his waking dreams.

Soon from those waking dreams he woke,
The fairy spell of fancy broke;
In vain he breathed a soul of fire
Through every chord that strung his lyre.
No friendly echo cheer'd his tongue;
Amidst the wilderness he sung;
Louder and bolder bards were crown'd,
Whose dissonance his music drown'd;
The public ear, the public voice,
Despised his song, denied his choice,
Denied a name,—a life in death,
Denied—a bubble and a breath.

Stript of his fondest, dearest claim,
And disinherited of fame,
To thee, O Pillow! thee alone,
He made his silent anguish known;
His haughty spirit scorn'd the blow
That laid his high ambition low;
But, ah! his looks assumed in vain
A cold ineffable disdain,
While deep he cherish'd in his breast
The scorpion that consumed his rest.

Yet other secret griefs had he,
O Pillow! only told to thee:
Say, did not hopeless love intrude
On his poor bosom's solitude?
Perhaps on thy soft lap reclined,
In dreams the cruel Fair was kind,
That more intensely he might know
The bitterness of waking woe.

Whate'er those pangs from me conceal'd,
To thee in midnight groans reveal'd,
They stung remembrance to despair;
"A wounded Spirit who can bear?"

Meanwhile Disease, with slow decay,
Moulder'd his feeble frame away;
And as his evening sun declined,
The shadows deepen'd o'er his mind.
What doubts and terrors then possess'd
The dark dominion of his breast!
How did delirous fancy dwell
On Madness, Suicide, and Hell!
There was on earth no Power to save:
—But, as he shudder'd o'er the grave,
He saw from realms of light descend
The friend of him who has no friend,
Religion!—Her almighty breath
Rebuked the winds and waves of death;
She bade the storm of frenzy cease,
And smiled a calm, and whisper'd peace:
Amidst that calm of sweet repose,
To Heaven his gentle Spirit rose.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JOSEPH BROWNE, OF LOTHERSDALE, ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS, WHO HAD SUFFERED A LONG CONFINEMENT IN THE CASTLE OF YORK, AND LOSS OF ALL HIS WORLDLY PROPERTY, FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

"Spirit, leave thine house of clay;
Lingering Dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"

Thus thy Guardian Angel spoke,
As he watch'd thy dying bed;
As the bonds of life he broke,
And the ransom'd captive fled.

"Prisoner, long detain'd below;
Prisoner, now with freedom blest;
Welcome, from a world of woe,
Welcome to a land of rest!"

Thus thy Guardian Angel sang,
As he bore thy soul on high,
While with Hallelujahs rang
All the region of the sky.

—Ye that mourn a Father's loss,
Ye that weep a Friend no more,
Call to mind the Christian cross
Which your Friend, your Father bore.

Grief and penury and pain
Still attended on his way,
And Oppression's scourge and chain,
More unmerciful than they.

Yet, while travelling in distress
('T was the eldest curse of sin)
Through the world's waste wilderness,
He had paradise within.

And along that vale of tears,
Which his humble footsteps trod,
Still a shining path appears,
Where the Mourner walk'd with God.

Till his Master, from above,
When the promised hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love
To convey the Wanderer home.

Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the steeds that cleft the wind?
Saw ye not his soul aspire,
When his mantle dropp'd behind?

Ye who caught it as it fell,
Bind that mantle round your breast;
So in you his meekness dwell,
So on you his spirit rest!

Yet, rejoicing in his lot,
Still shall Memory love to weep
O'er the venerable spot
Where his dear cold relics sleep.

Grave! the guardian of his dust,
Grave! the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.

Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls—
"Soul, rebuild thine house of clay:
Immortality thy walls,
And Eternity thy day!"

THE THUNDER-STORM.

O for Evening's brownest shade!
  Where the breezes play by stealth
In the forest-cinctured glade,
  Round the hermitage of Health:
While the noon-bright mountains blaze
In the sun's tormenting rays.

O'er the sick and sultry plains,
  Through the dim delirious air,
Agonizing silence reigns,
  And the wanness of despair:
Nature faints with fervent heat,
Ah! her pulse hath ceased to beat.

Now, in deep and dreadful gloom,
  Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
Black as if the day of doom
  Hung o'er Nature's shrinking head.
Lo! the lightning breaks from high,
—God is coming!—God is nigh!

Hear ye not his chariot-wheels,
  As the mighty thunder rolls?
Nature, startled Nature reels,
  From the centre to the poles;
Tremble!—Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Tremble!—God is passing by!

Darkness, wild with horror, forms
  His mysterious hiding-place;
Should He, from his ark of storms,
  Rend the veil, and show his face,
At the judgment of his eye,
All the universe would die.

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,
  Hail and rain tempestuous fall;
Louder, deeper thunders crash,
  Desolation threatens all;
Struggling Nature gasps for breath
In the agony of death.

God of Vengeance, from above,
  While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
O remember thou art Love!
  Spare! O spare a guilty world!
Stay Thy flaming wrath awhile,
See Thy bow of promise smile.

Welcome in the eastern cloud,
  Messenger of Mercy still;
Now, ye winds, proclaim aloud,
  "Peace on Earth, to Man good-will."
Nature! God's repenting Child,
See thy Parent reconciled.

Hark! the nightingale, afar,
  Sweetly sings the sun to rest,
And awakes the evening-star
  In the rosy-tinted west:
While the moon's enchanting eye
Opens Paradise on high.

Cool and tranquil is the night,
  Nature's sore afflictions cease,
For the storm, that spent its might,
  Was a covenant of peace;
Vengeance drops her harmless rod:
Mercy is the POWER OF GOD.

ODE TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF BRITAIN,

ON THE PROSPECT OF INVASION.

O FOR the death of those
Who for their country die,
Sink on her bosom to repose,
And triumph where they lie!

How beautiful in death
The Warrior's corpse appears,
Embalm'd by fond Affection's breath,
And bathed in Woman's tears!

Their loveliest native earth
Enshrines the fallen brave;
In the dear land that gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave.

—But the wild waves shall sweep
Britannia's foes away,
And the blue monsters of the deep
Be surfeited with prey.—

No!—they have 'scaped the waves,
'Scaped the sea-monsters' maws;
They come! but O, shall Gallic Slaves
Give English Freemen laws?

By Alfred's Spirit, No!
—Ring, ring the loud alarms;
Ye drums awake, ye clarions blow,
Ye heralds, shout "To arms!"

To arms our Heroes fly;
And, leading on their lines,
The British Banner, in the sky,
The star of conquest shines.

The lowering battle forms
Its terrible array;
Like clashing clouds in mountain-storms,
That thunder on their way,

The rushing armies meet;
And while they pour their breath,
The strong earth shudders at their feet,
The day grows dim with death.

—Ghosts of the mighty dead!
Your children's hearts inspire;
And while they on your ashes tread,
Rekindle all your fire.

The dead to life return;
Our Fathers' spirits rise;
—My brethren, in your breasts they burn,
They sparkle in your eyes.

Now lanch upon the foe
The lightning of your rage;
Strike, strike the assailing giants low,
The Titans of the age.

They yield,—they break,—they fly;
The victory is won:
Pursue!—they faint,—they fall,—they die
O stay!—the work is done.

Spirit of Vengeance! rest:
Sweet Mercy cries, "Forbear!"
She clasps the vanquish'd to her breast;
Thou wilt not pierce them there?

—Thus vanish Britain's foes
From her consuming eye;
But rich be the reward of those
Who conquer,—those who die.

O'ershadowing laurels deck
The living Hero's brows;
But lovelier wreaths entwine his neck,
His children and his spouse.

Exulting o'er his lot,
The dangers he has braved,
He clasps the dear ones, hails the cot,
Which his own valor saved.

Daughters of Albion, weep:
On this triumphant plain
Your fathers, husbands, brethren sleep
For you and freedom slain.

O gently close the eye
That loved to look on you;
O seal the lip whose earliest sigh,
Whose latest breath was true:

With knots of sweetest flowers
Their winding-sheet perfume;
And wash their wounds with true-love showers,
And dress them for the tomb.

For beautiful in death
The warrior's corpse appears,
Embalm'd by found Affection's breath,
And bathed in woman's tears.

—Give me the death of those
Who for their country die;
And O be mine like their repose,
When cold and low they lie!

Their loveliest mother Earth
Enshrines the fallen brave;
In her sweet lap who gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave.

THE VIGIL OF ST. MARK.

Returning from their evening walk,
On yonder ancient stile,
In sweet, romantic, tender talk,
Two lovers paused awhile:

Edmund, the monarch of the dale,
All conscious of his powers;
Ella, the lily of the vale,
The rose of Auburn's bowers.

In airy Love's delightful bands
He held her heart in vain;
The Nymph denied her willing hands
To Hymen's awful chain.

"Ah! why," said he, "our bliss delay?
Mine Ella, why so cold?
Those who but love from day to day,
From day to day grow old.

"The bounding arrow cleaves the sky,
Nor leaves a trace behind;
And single lives, like arrows fly,
—They vanish through the wind.

"In Wedlock's sweet endearing lot
Let us improve the scene,
That some may be, when we are not,
To tell—that we have been."

"'T is now," replied the village Belle,
"Saint Mark's mysterious eve;
And all that old traditions tell
I tremblingly believe:—

"How, when the midnight signal tolls
Along the church-yard green,
A mournful train of sentenced souls
In winding-sheets are seen.

"The ghosts of all whom Death shall doom
Within the coming year,
In pale procession walk the gloom,
Amid the silence drear.

"If Edmund, bold in conscious might,
By love severely tried,
Can brave the terrors of to-night,
Ella will be his bride."

She spake,—and, like the nimble fawn,
From Edmund's presence fled:
He sought, across the rural lawn,
The dwelling of the dead;

That silent, solemn, simple spot,
The mouldering realm of peace,
Where human passions are forgot,
Where human follies cease.

The gliding moon through heaven serene
Pursued her tranquil way,
And shed o'er all the sleeping scene
A soft nocturnal day.

With swelling heart and eager feet
Young Edmund gain'd the church,
And chose his solitary seat
Within the dreadful porch.

Thick, threatening clouds assembled soon,
Their dragon wings display'd;
Eclipsed the slow retiring moon,
And quench'd the stars in shade.

Amid the deep abyss of gloom
No ray of beauty smiled,
Save, glistening o'er some haunted tomb,
The glow-worm's lustre wild.

The village watch-dogs bay'd around,
The long grass whistled drear,
The steeple trembled to the ground,
Ev'n Edmund quaked with fear.

All on a sudden died the blast,
Dumb horror chill'd the air,
While Nature seem'd to pause aghast,
In uttermost despair.

—Twelve times the midnight herald toll'd:
As oft did Edmund start;
For every stroke fell dead and cold
Upon his fainting heart.

Then glaring through the ghastly gloom,
Along the church-yard green,
The destined victims of the tomb
In winding-sheets were seen.

In that strange moment Edmund stood,
Sick with severe surprise;
While creeping horror drank his blood,
And fix'd his flinty eyes.

He saw the secrets of the grave;
He saw the face of Death;
No pitying power appear'd to save—
He gasp'd away his breath.

Yet still the scene his soul beguiled,
And every spectre cast
A look, unutterably wild,
On Edmund as they pass'd.

All on the ground entranced he lay;
At length the vision broke:
—When, lo!—a kiss, as cold as clay,
The slumbering youth awoke.

That moment through a rifted cloud
The darting moon display'd,
Robed in a melancholy shroud,
The image of a maid.

Her dusky veil aside she threw,
And show'd a face most fair;
"—My Love! my Ella!" Edmund flew,
And clasp'd the yielding air.

"Ha! who art thou?" His cheek grew pale:
A well-known voice replied,
"Ella, the lily of the vale;
Ella—thy destined bride."

To win his neck, her airy arms
The pallid phantom spread;
Recoiling from her blasted charms,
The affrighted lover fled.

To shun the visionary maid
His speed outstript the wind;
But,—though unseen to move,—the shade
Was evermore behind.

So Death's unerring arrows glide,
Yet seem suspended still;
Nor pause, nor shrink, nor turn aside,
But smite, subdue, and kill.

O'er many a mountain, moor, and vale,
On that tremendous night,
The ghost of Ella, wild and pale,
Pursued her lover's flight.

But when the dawn began to gleam,
Ere yet the morning shone,
She vanish'd like a nightmare-dream,
And Edmund stood alone.

Three days, bewilder'd and forlorn,
He sought his home in vain;
At length he hail'd the hoary thorn
That crown'd his native plain.

'T was evening;—all the air was balm,
The heavens serenely clear;
When the soft music of a psalm
Came pensive o'er his ear.

Then sunk his heart;—a strange surmise
Made all his blood run cold:
He flew,—a funeral met his eyes:
He paused,—a death-bell toll'd.

"'T is she! 't is she!"—He burst away;
And bending o'er the spot
Where all that once was Ella lay,
He all beside forgot.

A maniac now, in dumb despair,
With love-bewildered mien,
He wanders, weeps, and watches there,
Among the hillocks green.

And every Eve of pale St. Mark,
As village hinds relate,
He walks with Ella in the dark,
And reads the rolls of Fate.

HANNAH.

At fond sixteen my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart:
Keen transport throbb'd through every vein,
—I never felt so sweet a pain!

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic maid:
I stole her hand,—it shrunk,—but no;
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my Hannah's downcast eye,
'T was kind, but beautifully shy.

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun, enamour'd, wooes young May;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the Sun her blushing face

But, swifter than the frighted dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love;
Ah! that so bright a morn, so soon,
Should vanish in so dark a noon.

The angel of Affliction rose,
And in his grasp a thousand woes;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood,—and all his wrath defied;
I stood,—though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph;—and knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye;
I shunn'd her—for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanced, like the rainbow, o'er my mind
And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon Peace rebuilt her nest:
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of Youth and Pleasure smiled.

'T was on the merry morn of May,
To Hannah's cot I took my way:
My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like swallows sporting in the Spring.

Then as I climb'd the mountains o'er,
I lived my wooing days once more;
And fancy sketch'd my married lot,
My wife, my children, and my cot.

I saw the village steeple rise,—
My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes:
The rural bells rang sweet and clear,—
My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet:—all was gay;
I love a rustic holiday.
I met a wedding,—stepp'd aside;
It pass'd—my Hannah was the bride.

——There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal;
——My heart grew cold,—it felt not then:
When shall it cease to feel again?

A FIELD FLOWER.

On finding one in full bloom, on Christmas Day, 1803.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honors yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page;—in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer reign,
The Daisy never dies.

THE SNOW-DROP.

WINTER, retire,
Thy reign is past;
Hoary Sire,
Yield the sceptre of thy sway,
Sound thy trumpet in the blast,
And call thy storms away.
Winter, retire;
Wherefore do thy wheèls delay?
Mount the chariot of thine ire,
And quit the realms of day;
On thy state
Whirlwinds wait;
And blood-shot meteors lend thee light.
Hence to dreary arctic regions
Summon thy terrific legions;
Hence to caves of northern night
Speed thy flight.

From halcyon seas
And purer skies,
O southern breeze!
Awake, arise:
Breath of heaven, benignly blow,
Melt the snow;
Breath of heaven, unchain the floods,
Warm the woods,
And make the mountains flow.

Auspicious to the Muse's prayer,
The freshening gale
Embalms the vale,
And breathes enchantment through the air:
On its wing
Floats the Spring,
With glowing eye, and golden hair:
Dark before her angel-form
She drives the Demon of the storm,
Like Gladness chasing Care.

Winter's gloomy night withdrawn,
Lo! the young romantic Hours
Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,
To behold the Snow-drop white
Start to light,
And shine in Flora's desert bowers;
Beneath the vernal dawn,
The Morning Star of Flowers.

O welcome to our isle,
Thou Messenger of Peace!
At whose bewitching smile
The embattled tempests cease:
Emblem of Innocence and Truth,
First-born of Nature's womb,
When strong in renòvated youth,
She bursts from Winter's tomb;
Thy parent's eye hath shed
A precious dew-drop on thine head,
Frail as a mother's tear
Upon her infant's face,
When ardent hope to tender fear,
And anxious love, gives place.
But, lo! the dew-drop flits away,
The sun salutes thee with a ray

Warm as a mother's kiss
Upon her infant's cheek,
When the heart bounds with bliss,
And joy that cannot speak.

When I meet thee by the way,
Like a pretty sportive child,
On the winter-wasted wild,
With thy darling breeze at play,
Opening to the radiant sky
All the sweetness of thine eye;
—Or bright with sun-beams, fresh with showers,
O thou Fairy-Queen of flowers!
Watch thee o'er the plain advance
At the head of Flora's dance;
Simple Snow-drop, then in thee
All thy sister-train I see:
Every brilliant bud that blows,
From the blue-bell to the rose:
All the beauties that appear
On the bosom of the Year,
All that wreathe the locks of Spring,
Summer's ardent breath perfume,
Or on the lap of Autumn bloom,
—All to thee their tribute bring,
Exhale their incense at thy shrine,
—Their hues, their odors, all are thine.
For while thy humble form I view,
The Muse's keen prophetic sight
Brings fair Futurity to light,
And Fancy's magic makes the vision true.

—There is a Winter in my soul,
The winter of despair;
O when shall Spring its rage control?
When shall the Snow-drop blossom there?
Cold gleams of comfort sometimes dart
A dawn of glory on my heart,
But quickly pass away:
Thus Northern-lights the gloom adorn,
And give the promise of a morn
That never turns to day!

——But, hark! methinks I hear
A small still whisper in mine ear;
"Rash youth, repent:
Afflictions, from above,
Are angels sent
On embassies of love.
A fiery legion at thy birth
Of chastening woes were given,
To pluck the flowers of hope from earth,
And plant them high
O'er yonder sky,
Transform'd to stars,—and fix'd in heaven."

THE OCEAN.

Written at Scarborough, in the Summer of 1805.

All hail to the ruins,[1] the rocks and the shores!
Thou wide-rolling Ocean, all hail!
Now brilliant with sunbeams, and dimpled with oars,
Now dark with the fresh-blowing gale,
While soft o'er thy bosom the cloud-shadows sail,
And the silver-wing'd sea-fowl on high,
Like meteors bespangle the sky,
Or dive in the gulf, or triumphantly ride,
Like foam on the surges, the swans of the tide.

From the tumult and smoke of the city set free,
With eager and awful delight,
From the crest of the mountain I gaze upon thee
I gaze,—and am changed at the sight;
For mine eye is illumined, my Genius takes flight,
My soul, like the sun, with a glance
Embraces the boundless expanse,
And moves on thy waters, wherever they roll,
From the day-darting zone to the night-shadow'd pole

My spirit descends where the day-spring is born,
Where the billows are rubies on fire,
And the breezes that rock the light cradle of morn
Are sweet as the Phœnix's pyre:
O regions of beauty, of love, and desire!
O gardens of Eden! in vain
Placed far on the fathomless main,
Where Nature with Innocence dwelt in her youth,
When pure was her heart, and unbroken her truth.

But now the fair rivers of Paradise wind
Through countries and kingdoms o'erthrown;
Where the giant of tyranny crushes mankind,
Where he reigns,—and will soon reign alone;
For wide and more wide, o'er the sunbeaming zone
He stretches his hundred-fold arms,
Despoiling, destroying its charms;
Beneath his broad footstep the Ganges is dry,
And the mountains recoil from the flash of his eye.

Thus the pestilent Upas, the Demon of trees,
Its boughs o'er the wilderness spreads,
And with livid contagion polluting the breeze,
Its mildewing influence sheds;
The birds on the wing, and the flowers in their beds,
Are slain by its venomous breath,
That darkens the noonday with death,
And pale ghosts of travellers wander around,
While their mouldering skeletons whiten the ground.

Ah! why hath Jehovah, in forming the world,
With the waters divided the land,
His ramparts of rocks round the continent hurl'd,
And cradled the Deep in his hand,
If man may transgress his eternal command,
And leap o'er the bounds of his birth,
To ravage the uttermost earth,
And violate nations and realms that should be
Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea?

There are, gloomy Ocean, a brotherless clan,
Who traverse thy banishing waves,
The poor disinherited outcasts of man,
Whom Avarice coins into slaves.
From the homes of their kindred, their forefathers' graves,
Love, friendship, and conjugal bliss,
They are dragg'd on the hoary abyss;
The shark hears their shrieks, and ascending to-day,
Demands of the spoiler his share of the prey.

[1] Scarborough Castle.

"Then joy to the tempest that whelms them beneath,
And makes their destruction its sport;
But woe to the winds that propitiously breathe,
And waft them in safety to port,
Where the vultures and vampires of Mammon resort;
Where Europe exultingly drains
The life-blood from Africa's veins;
Where man rules o'er man with a merciless rod,
And spurns at his footstool the image of God.

The hour is approaching,—a terrible hour!
And Vengeance is bending her bow;
Already the clouds of the hurricane lower,
And the rock-rending whirlwinds blow:
Back rolls the huge Ocean, Hell opens below:
The floods return headlong,—they sweep
The slave-cultured lands to the deep,
In a moment entomb'd in the horrible void,
By their Maker Himself in his anger destroy'd.

Shall this be the fate of the cane-planted isles,
More lovely than clouds in the west,
When the sun o'er the ocean descending in smiles,
Sinks softly and sweetly to rest?
—No!—Father of mercy! befriend the opprest;
At the voice of thy Gospel of peace
May the sorrows of Africa cease;
And slave and his master devoutly unite
To walk in thy freedom, and dwell in thy light!"[1]

As homeward my weary-wing'd Fancy extends
Her star-lighted course through the skies,
High over the mighty Atlantic ascends,
And turns upon Europe her eyes:
Ah, me! what new prospects, new horrors arise?
I see the war-tempested flood
All foaming, and panting with blood;
The panic-struck Ocean in agony roars,
Rebounds from the battle, and flies to his shores.

For Britannia is wielding the trident to-day,
Consuming her foes in her ire,
And hurling her thunder with absolute sway
From her wave-ruling chariots of fire:
—She triumphs;—the winds and the waters conspire,
To spread her invincible name;
—The universe rings with her fame;
—But the cries of the fatherless mix with her praise,
And the tears of the widow are shed on her bays.

O Britain! dear Britain! the land of my birth;
O Isle, most enchantingly fair!
Thou Pearl of the Ocean! thou Gem of the Earth!
O my Mother! my Mother! beware;
For wealth is a phantom, and empire a snare:
O let not thy birth-right be sold
For reprobate glory and gold:
Thy distant dominions like wild graftings shoot,
They weigh down thy trunk,—they will tear up thy root:—

"The root of thine Oak, O my country! that stands
Rock-planted, and flourishing free;
Its branches are stretch'd o'er the uttermost lands,
And its shadow eclipses the sea:
The blood of our ancestors nourish'd the tree;
From their tombs, from their ashes it sprung;
Its boughs with their trophies are hung:
Their spirit dwells in it:—and, hark! for it spoke;
The voice of our fathers ascends from their Oak.

"Ye Britons, who dwell where we conquer'd of old,
Who inherit our battle-field graves;
Though poor were your fathers,—gigantic and bold,
We were not, we could not be, slaves;
But firm as our rocks, and as free as our waves,
The spears of the Romans we broke,
We never stoop'd under their yoke:
In the shipwreck of nations we stood up alone,—
The world was great Cæsar's—but Britain our own.

"For ages and ages, with barbarous foes,
The Saxon, Norwegian, and Gaul,
We wrestled, were foil'd, were cast down, but we rose
With new vigor, new life, from each fall:
By all we were conquer'd—We conquer'd them all.
—The cruel, the cannibal mind,
We soften'd, subdued, and refined;
Bears, wolves, and sea-monsters, they rush'd from their den;
We taught them, we tamed them, we turned them to men.

"Love led the wild hordes in his flower-woven bands,
The tenderest, strongest of chains:
Love married our hearts, he united our hands,
And mingled the blood in our veins;
One race we became:—on the mountains and plains,
Where the wounds of our country were closed,
The Ark of Religion reposed,
The unquenchable Altar of Liberty blazed,
And the Temple of Justice in Mercy was raised.

"Ark, Altar, and Temple, we left with our breath!
To our children, a sacred bequest;
O guard them, O keep them, in life and in death!
So the shades of your fathers shall rest,
And your spirits with ours be in Paradise blest:
—Let Ambition, the sin of the brave,
And Avarice, the soul of a slave,
No longer seduce your affections to roam
From Liberty, Justice, Religion, at home."

THE COMMON LOT.

Once in the flight of ages past,
There lived a Man:—and who was he?
—Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perish'd from the earth,
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast:
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!
—Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

[1] Alluding to the glorious success of the Moravian Missionaries among the Negroes in the West Indies.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O she was fair—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!

THE HARP OF SORROW.

I GAVE my Harp to Sorrow's hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command;—
They warble only to *her* song.

Of dear, departed hours,
Too fondly loved to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
Snapt in their freshness by the blast:

Of long, long years of future care,
Till lingering Nature yields her breath,
And endless ages of despair,
Beyond the judgment-day of death:—

The weeping Minstrel sings,
And, while her numbers flow,
My spirit trembles with the strings,
Responsive to the notes of woe.

Would gladness move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild Harp's clearest tones,
The chords, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet, to soothe the mind
With luxury of grief,
The soul to suffering all resign'd
In sorrow's music feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
And on its magic pulses play;

Till all the air around
Mysterious murmurs fill,
A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet,—yet mournful still.

O! snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,
Hope! who hast been a stranger long;
O! strike it with sublime command,
And be the Poet's life thy song.

Of vanish'd troubles sing,
Of fears for ever fled,
Of flowers that hear the voice of Spring,
And burst and blossom from the dead;—

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
Serene delights, while years increase;
And weary life's triumphant close
In some calm sun-set hour of peace;—

Of bliss that reigns above,
Celestial May of Youth,
Unchanging as Jehovah's love,
And everlasting as his truth:

Sing, heavenly Hope!—and dart thine hand
O'er my frail Harp, untuned so long;
That Harp shall breathe, at thy command,
Immortal sweetness through thy song.

Ah! then, this gloom control,
And at thy voice shall start
A new creation in my soul,
A native Eden in my heart.

POPE'S WILLOW.

Verses written for an Urn, made out of the trunk of the Weeping Willow, imported from the East, and planted by Pope in his grounds at Twickenham, where it flourished many years; but, falling into decay, it was lately cut down.

ERE POPE resign'd his tuneful breath,
And made the turf his pillow,
The minstrel hung his harp in death
Upon the drooping Willow;
That Willow from Euphrates' strand,
Had sprung beneath his training hand.

Long as revolving seasons flew,
From youth to age it flourish'd;
By vernal winds and starlight dew,
By showers and sunbeams nourish'd;
And while in dust the Poet slept,
The Willow o'er his ashes wept.

Old Time beheld his silvery head
With graceful grandeur towering,
Its pensile boughs profusely spread,
The breezy lawn embowering,
Till arch'd around, there seem'd to shoot
A grove of scions from one root.

Thither, at summer noon, he view'd
The lovely Nine retreating,
Beneath its twilight solitude
With songs their Poet greeting,

Whose spirit in the Willow spoke,
Like Jove's from dark Dodona's oak.

By harvest moonlight there he spied
The fairy bands advancing;
Bright Ariel's troop, on Thames's side,
Around the Willow dancing;
Gay sylphs among the foliage play'd,
And glow-worms glitter'd in the shade.

One morn, while Time thus mark'd the tree
In beauty green and glorious,
"The hand," he cried, "that planted thee
O'er mine was oft victorious;
Be vengeance now my calm employ,—
One work of POPE's I *will* destroy."

He spake, and struck a silent blow
With that dread arm whose motion
Lays cedars, thrones, and temples low,
And wields o'er land and ocean
The unremitting ax of doom,
That fells the forest of the tomb.

Deep to the Willow's root it went,
And cleft the core asunder,
Like sudden secret lightning, sent
Without recording thunder:
—From that sad moment, slow away
Began the Willow to decay.

In vain did Spring those bowers restore,
Where loves and graces revell'd,
Autumn's wild gales the branches tore,
The thin grey leaves dishevell'd,
And every wasting Winter found
The Willow nearer to the ground.

Hoary, and weak, and bent with age,
At length the ax assail'd it:
It bow'd before the woodman's rage;
—The swans of Thames bewail'd it.
With softer tones, with sweeter breath,
Than ever charm'd the ear of death.

O POPE! hadst thou, whose lyre so long
The wondering world enchanted,
Amidst thy paradise of song
This Weeping Willow planted;
Among thy loftiest laurels seen,
In deathless verse for ever green—

Thy chosen Tree had stood sublime,
The storm of ages braving,
Triumphant o'er the wrecks of Time
Its verdant banner waving,
While regal pyramids decay'd,
And empires perish'd in its shade.

An humbler lot, O Tree! was thine,
—Gone down in all thy glory;
The sweet, the mournful task be mine,
To sing thy simple story;
Though verse like mine in vain would raise
The fame of thy departed days.

Yet, fallen Willow! if to me
Such power of song were given,
My lips should breathe a soul through thee,
And call down fire from heaven,
To kindle in this hallow'd Urn
A flame that would for ever burn.

A WALK IN SPRING.

I WANDER'D in a lonely glade,
Where, issuing from the forest shade.
A little mountain stream
Along the winding valley play'd,
Beneath the morning beam.

Light o'er the woods of dark brown oak
The west-wind wreathed the hovering smoke
From cottage roofs conceal'd,
Below a rock abruptly broke,
In rosy light reveal'd.

'Twas in the infancy of May,—
The uplands glow'd in green array,
While from the ranging eye,
The lessening landscape stretch'd away,
To meet the bending sky.

'Tis sweet in solitude to hear
The earliest music of the year,
The Blackbird's loud wild note,
Or, from the wintry thicket drear,
The Thrush's stammering throat.

In rustic solitude 'tis sweet
The earliest flowers of Spring to greet,—
The violet from its tomb,
The strawberry, creeping at our feet,
The sorrel's simple bloom.

Wherefore I love the walks of Spring,—
While still I hear new warblers sing,
Fresh-opening bells I see;
Joy flits on every roving wing,
Hope buds on every tree.

That morn I look'd and listen'd long,
Some cheering sight, some woodland song,
As yet unheard, unseen,
To welcome, with remembrance strong
Of days that once had been;—

When gathering flowers, an eager child,
I ran abroad with rapture wild;
Or, on more curious quest,
Peep'd breathless through the copse, and smiled
To see the linnet's nest.

Already had I watch'd the flight
Of swallows darting through the light,
And mock'd the cuckoo's call;
Already view'd, o'er meadows bright,
The evening rainbow fall.

Now in my walk, with sweet surprise,
I saw the first Spring cowslip rise,
The plant whose pensile flowers
Bend to the earth their beauteous eyes,
In sunshine as in showers.

Lone on a mossy bank it grew,
Where lichens, purple, white, and blue,
Among the verdure crept;
Its yellow ringlets, dropping dew,
The breezes lightly swept.

A bee had nestled on its blooms,
He shook abroad their rich perfumes,
Then fled in airy rings;
His place a butterfly assumes,
Glancing his glorious wings.

O, welcome, as a friend! I cried,
A friend through many a season tried,
Nor ever sought in vain,
When May. with Flora at her side,
Is dancing on the plain.

Sure as the Pleiades adorn
The glittering coronet of morn,
In calm delicious hours,
Beneath their beams thy buds are born,
'Midst love-awakening showers.

Scatter'd by Nature's graceful hand,
In briery glens, o'er pasture-land,
Thy fairy tribes we meet;
Gay in the milk-maid's path they stand,
They kiss her tripping feet.

From winter's farm-yard bondage freed,
The cattle bounding o'er the mead,
Where green the herbage grows,
Among thy fragrant blossoms feed,
Upon thy tufts repose.

Tossing his forelock o'er his mane,
The foal, at rest upon the plain,
Sports with thy flexile stalk,
But stoops his little neck in vain,
To crop it in his walk.

Where thick thy primrose blossoms play,
Lovely and innocent as they,
O'er coppice lawns and dells,
In bands the rural children stray,
To pluck thy nectar'd bells;

Whose simple sweets, with curious skill,
The frugal cottage-dames distil,
Nor envy France the vine,
While many a festal cup they fill
With Britain's homely wine.

Unchanging still from year to year,
Like stars returning in their sphere,
With undiminish'd rays,
Thy vernal constellations cheer
The dawn of lengthening days.

Perhaps from Nature's earliest May,
Imperishable 'midst decay,
Thy self-renewing race
Have breathed their balmy lives away
In this neglected place.

And O, till Nature's final doom,
Here unmolested may they bloom,
From scythe and plow secure,
This bank their cradle and their tomb,
While earth and skies endure!

Yet, lowly Cowslip, while in thee
An old unalter'd friend I see,
Fresh in perennial prime,
From Spring to Spring behold in me
The woes and waste of Time.

This fading eye and withering mien
Tell what a sufferer I have been,
Since more and more estranged,
From hope to hope, from scene to scene
Through Folly's wilds I ranged.

Then fields and woods I proudly spurn'd,
From Nature's maiden love I turn'd,
And woo'd the enchantress Art;
Yet while for her my fancy burn'd,
Cold was my wretched heart,—

Till, distanced in Ambition's race,
Weary of Pleasure's joyless chase,
My peace untimely slain,
Sick of the world,—I turn'd my face
To fields and woods again.

'Twas Spring;—my former haunts I found,
My favorite flowers adorn'd the ground,
My darling minstrels play'd;
The mountains were with sun-set crown'd,
The valleys dun with shade.

With lorn delight the scene I view'd,
Past joys and sorrows were renew'd;
My infant hopes and fears
Look'd lovely, through the solitude
Of retrospective years.

And still, in Memory's twilight bowers,
The spirits of departed hours,
With mellowing tints, portray
The blossoms of life's vernal flowers
For ever fall'n away.

Till youth's delirious dream is o'er,
Sanguine with hope, we look before,
The future good to find;
In age, when error charms no more,
For bliss we look behind.

A DEED OF DARKNESS.

The body of the Missionary, John Smith, (who died February 6, 1824, in prison, under sentence of death by a court-martial, in Demerara), was ordered to be buried secretly at night, and no person, not even his widow, was allowed to follow the corpse. Mrs. Smith, however, and her friend Mrs. Elliot, accompanied by a free Negro, carrying a lantern, repaired beforehand to the spot where a grave had been dug, and there they awaited the interment, which took place accordingly. His Majesty's pardon, annulling the condemnation, is said to have arrived on the day of the unfortunate Missionary's death, from the rigors of confinement, in a tropical climate, and under the slow pains of an inveterate malady, previously afflicting him.

Come down in thy profoundest gloom,
Without one vagrant fire-fly's light,
Beneath thine ebon arch entomb
Earth, from the gaze of Heaven, O Night!
A deed of darkness must be done,
Put out the moon, hold back the sun.

Are these the criminals, that flee
Like deeper shadows through the shade?
A flickering lamp, from tree to tree,
Betrays their path along the glade,
Led by a Negro;—now they stand,
Two trembling women, hand in hand.

A grave, an open grave, appears;
O'er this in agony they bend,
Wet the fresh turf with bitter tears;
Sighs following sighs their bosoms rend:
These are not murderers!—these have known
Grief more bereaving than their own.

Oft through the gloom their straining eyes
Look forth, for what they fear to meet:
It comes; they catch a glimpse; it flies:
Quick-glancing lights, slow-trampling feet,
Amidst the cane-crops,—seen, heard, gone,—
Return,—and in dead-march move on.

A stern procession!—gleaming arms,
And spectral countenances, dart,
By the red torch-flame, wild alarms,
And withering pangs through either heart;
A corpse amidst the group is borne,
A prisoner's corpse, who died last morn.

Not by the slave-lord's justice slain,
Who doom'd him to a traitor's death;
While royal mercy sped in vain
O'er land and sea to save his breath:
No; the frail life that warm'd this clay,
Man could not give nor take away.

His vengeance and his grace, alike,
Were impotent to spare or kill;
—He may not lift the sword to strike,
Nor turn its edge aside, at will:
Here, by one sovereign act and deed,
God cancell'd all that man decreed.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
That corpse is to the grave consign'd;
The scene departs:—this buried trust,
The Judge of quick and dead shall find,
When things which Time and Death have seal'd
Shall be in flaming fire reveal'd.

The fire shall try Thee, then, like gold,
Prisoner of hope!—await the test;
And O, when truth alone is told,
Be thy clear innocence confess'd!
The fire shall try thy foes;—may they
Find mercy in that dreadful day.

THE SWISS COWHERD'S SONG,

IN A FOREIGN LAND.

Imitated from the French.

O WHEN shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore?

O, when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed?

When shall I return to that lowly retreat,
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet,—
The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,
My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
O, when shall I visit the land of my birth!
—'T is the loveliest land on the face of the earth.

THE OAK.

Imitated from the Italian of Metastasio.

THE tall Oak, towering to the skies,
The fury of the wind defies,
From age to age, in virtue strong,
Inured to stand, and suffer wrong.

O'erwhelm'd at length upon the plain,
It puts forth wings, and sweeps the main;
The self-same foe undaunted braves,
And fights the wind upon the waves.

THE DIAL.

THIS shadow on the Dial's face,
That steals from day to day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Moments, and months, and years away;
This shadow, which, in every clime,
Since light and motion first began,
Hath held its course sublime—
What is it?—Mortal Man!
It is the scythe of Time:
—A shadow only to the eye;
Yet, in its calm career,
It levels all beneath the sky;
And still, through each succeeding year,
Right onward, with resistless power,
Its stroke shall darken every hour,
Till Nature's race be run,
And Time's last shadow shall eclipse the sun.

Nor only o'er the Dial's face,
This silent phantom, day by day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Steals moments, months, and years away;
From hoary rock and aged tree,
From proud Palmyra's mouldering walls,
From Teneriffe, towering o'er the sea,
From every blade of grass it falls.
For still, where'er a shadow sweeps,
The scythe of Time destroys,
And man at every footstep weeps
O'er evanescent joys;
Like flow'rets glittering with the dews of morn
Fair for a moment, then for ever shorn.
—Ah! soon, beneath the inevitable blow,
I too shall lie in dust and darkness low.

Then Time, the Conqueror, will suspend
His scythe, a trophy, o'er my tomb,
Whose moving shadow shall portend
Each frail beholder's doom.

O'er the wide earth's illumined space,
Though Time's triumphant flight be shown,
The truest index on its face
Points from the church-yard stone.

THE ROSES.

Addressed to a Friend on the Birth of his first Child.

Two Roses on one slender spray,
In sweet communion grew,
Together hail'd the morning ray,
And drank the evening dew;
While, sweetly wreathed in mossy green,
There sprang a little bud between.

Through clouds and sunshine, storms and showers,
They open'd into bloom,
Mingling their foliage and their flowers,
Their beauty and perfume;
While, foster'd on its rising stem,
The bud became a purple gem.

But soon their summer splendor pass'd,
They faded in the wind,
Yet were these roses to the last
The loveliest of their kind,
Whose crimson leaves, in falling round,
Adorn'd and sanctified the ground.

When thus were all their honors shorn,
The bud unfolding rose,
And blush'd and brighten'd, as the morn
From dawn to sun-rise glows,
Till o'er each parent's drooping head,
The daughter's crowning glory spread.

My Friends! in youth's romantic prime,
The golden age of man,
Like these twin roses spend your time,
—Life's little, less'ning span;
Then be your breasts as free from cares,
Your hours as innocent as theirs.

And in the infant bud that blows
In your encircling arms,
Mark the dear promise of a rose,
The pledge of future charms,
That o'er your withering hours shall shine,
Fair, and more fair, as you decline;—

Till, planted in that realm of rest
Where Roses never die,
Amidst the gardens of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky,
You flower afresh, like Aaron's rod,
That blossom'd at the sight of God.

TO AGNES.

Reply to some Lines, beginning, "Arrest, O Time, thy fleeting course."

Time will not check his eager flight,
Though gentle Agnes scold,
For 't is the Sage's dear delight
To make young ladies old.

Then listen, Agnes, friendship sings;
Seize fast his forelock grey,
And pluck from his careering wings
A feather every day.

Adorn'd with these, defy his rage,
And bid him plow your face,
For every furrow of old age
Shall be a line of grace.

Start not: old age is virtue's prime;
Most lovely she appears,
Clad in the spoils of vanquish'd Time,
Down in the vale of years.

Beyond that vale, in boundless bloom,
The eternal mountains rise;
Virtue descends not to the tomb,
Her rest is in the skies.

AN EPITAPH.

Art thou a man of honest mould,
With fervent heart, and soul sincere?
A husband, father, friend?—Behold,
Thy brother slumbers here.

The sun that wakes yon violet's bloom,
Once cheer'd his eye, now dark in death,
The wind that wanders o'er his tomb
Was once his vital breath.

The roving wind shall pass away,
The warming sun forsake the sky;
Thy brother, in that dreadful day,
Shall live and never die.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

Shall man of frail fruition boast?
Shall life be counted dear,
Oft but a moment, and, at most,
A momentary year?

There was a time,—that time is past,
When, youth! I bloom'd like thee!
A time will come,—'t is coming fast,
When thou shalt fade like me:—

Like me through varying seasons range,
And past enjoyments mourn;—
The fairest, sweetest spring shall change
To winter in its turn.

In infancy, my vernal prime,
When life itself was new,
Amusement pluck'd the wings of time,
Yet swifter still he flew.

Summer my youth succeeded soon,
My sun ascended high,
And pleasure held the reins till noon,
But grief drove down the sky.

Like autumn, rich in ripening corn,
Came manhood's sober reign;
My harvest-moon scarce fill'd her horn,
When she began to wane.

Close follow'd age, infirm old age,
The winter of my year;
When shall I fall before his rage,
To rise beyond the sphere?

I long to cast the chains away,
That hold my soul a slave,
To burst these dungeon walls of clay,
Enfranchised from the grave.

Life lies in embryo,—never free
Till Nature yields her breath;
Till Time becomes Eternity,
And Man is born in Death.

THE GLOW-WORM.

The male of this insect is said to be a fly, which the female caterpillar attracts in the night by the lustre of her train.

When Evening closes Nature's eye,
The Glow-worm lights her little spark,
To captivate her favorite fly,
And tempt the rover through the dark.

Conducted by a sweeter star
Than all that deck the fields above,
He fondly hastens from afar,
To soothe her solitude with love.

Thus in this wilderness of tears,
Amidst the world's perplexing gloom,
The transient torch of Hymen cheers
The pilgrim journeying to the tomb.

Unhappy he whose hopeless eye
Turns to the light of love in vain;
Whose cynosure is in the sky,
He on the dark and lonely main.

BOLEHILL TREES.

A conspicuous plantation, encompassing a school-house and play-ground, on a bleak eminence, at Barlow, in Derbyshire; on the one hand facing the high moors, on the other, overlooking a richly-cultivated, well-wooded, and mountainous country, near the seat of a gentleman where the writer has spent many happy hours.

Now peace to his ashes who planted yon trees
That welcome my wandering eye!
In lofty luxuriance they wave with the breeze,
And resemble a grove in the sky;
On the brow of the mountain, uncultured and bleak,
They flourish in grandeur sublime,
Adorning its bald and majestical peak,
Like the lock on the forehead of Time.

A land-mark they rise;—to the stranger forlorn,
All night on the wild heath delay'd,
'T is rapture to spy the young beauties of morn
Unveiling behind their dark shade:
The homeward-bound husbandman joys to behold,
On the line of the grey evening scene,
Their branches yet gleaming with purple and gold,
And the sun-set expiring between.

The maidens that gather the fruits of the moor,[1]
While weary and fainting they roam,
Through the blue dazzling distance of noon-light explore
The trees that remind them of home:
The children that range in the valley suspend
Their sports, and in ecstacy gaze,
When they see the broad moon from its summit ascend,
And their school-house and grove in a blaze.

O! sweet to my soul is that beautiful grove,
Awakening remembrance most dear;—
When lonely in anguish and exile I rove,
Wherever its glories appear,
It gladdens my spirit, it soothes from afar
With tranquil and tender delight,
It shines through my heart, like a hope-beaming star
Alone in the desert of night.

It tells me of moments of innocent bliss,
For ever and ever gone o'er;
Like the light of a smile, like the balm of a kiss,
They were,—but they will be no more.
Yet wherefore of pleasures departed complain,
That leave such endearment behind?
Though the sun of their sweetness be sunk in the mai
Their twilight still rests on the mind.

Then peace to *his* ashes who planted these trees!
Supreme o'er the landscape they rise,
With simple and lovely magnificence please
All bosoms, and ravish all eyes;
Nor marble, nor brass, could emblazon his fame
Like his own sylvan trophies, that wave
In graceful memorial, and whisper his name,
And scatter their leaves on his grave.

Ah! thus, when I sleep in the desolate tomb,
May the laurels I planted endure,
On the mountain of high immortality bloom,
'Midst lightning and tempest secure!
Then ages unborn shall their verdure admire,
And nations sit under their shade,
While my spirit, in secret, shall move o'er my lyre
Aloft in their branches display'd.

Hence, dream of vain-glory!—the light drop of dew
That glows in the violet's eye,
In the splendor of morn, to a fugitive view,
May rival a star of the sky.
But the violet is pluck'd, and the dew-drop is flown
The star unextinguish'd shall shine:
Then mine be the laurels of virtue alone,
And the glories of Paradise mine.

THE MOLE-HILL.

Tell me, thou dust beneath my feet,
Thou dust that once hadst breath!
Tell me how many mortals meet
In this small hill of death?

The mole that scoops with curious toil
Her subterranean bed,
Thinks not she plows a human soil,
And mines among the dead.

1 Bilberries, cluster-berries, and crane-berries.

But, Oh! where'er she turns the ground,
My kindred earth I see;
Once, every atom of this mound
Lived, breathed, and felt, like me.

Like me, these elder-born of clay
Enjoy'd the cheerful light,
Bore the brief burthen of a day,
And went to rest at night.

Far in the regions of the morn
The rising sun surveys
Palmyra's palaces forlorn
Empurpled with his rays.

The spirits of the desert dwell
Where eastern grandeur shone,
And vultures scream, hyenas yell
Round Beauty's mouldering throne.

There the pale pilgrim, as he stands,
Sees, from the broken wall,
The shadow tottering on the sands,
Ere the loose fragment fall.

Destruction joys, amid those scenes,
To watch the sport of Fate,
While Time between the pillars leans,
And bows them with his weight.

But towers and temples crush'd by Time,
Stupendous wrecks! appear
To me less mournfully sublime
Than the poor Mole-hill here.

Through all this hillock's crumbling mould
Once the warm life-blood ran;
—Here thine original behold,
And here thy ruins, Man!

Methinks this dust yet heaves with breath;
Ten thousand pulses beat:
Tell me,—in this small hill of death,
How many mortals meet?

By wafting winds and flooding rains,
From ocean, earth, and sky,
Collected here, the frail remains
Of slumbering millions lie.

What scene of terror and amaze
Breaks through the twilight gloom?
What hand invisible displays
The secrets of the tomb?

All ages and all nations rise,
And every grain of earth
Beneath my feet, before mine eyes,
Is startled into birth.

Like gliding mists the shadowy forms
Through the deep valley spread,
And like descending clouds in storms
Lower round the mountain's head.

O'er the wide champaign while they pass,
Their footsteps yield no sound,
Nor shake from the light trembling grass
A dew-drop to the ground.

Among the undistinguish'd hosts
My wondering eyes explore
Awful, sublime, terrific ghosts,
Heroes and kings of yore:

Tyrants, the comets of their kind,
Whose withering influence ran
Through all the promise of the mind,
And smote and mildew'd man:—

Sages, the Pleiades of earth,
Whose genial aspects smiled,
And flowers and fruitage sprang to birth
O'er all the human wild.

Yon gloomy ruffian, gash'd and gored,
Was he, whose fatal skill
First beat the plowshare to a sword,
And taught the art to kill.

Behind him skulks a shade, bereft
Of fondly-worshipp'd fame;
He built the Pyramids, but left
No stone to tell his name.

Who is the chief, with visage dark
As tempests when they roar?
—The first who push'd his daring bark
Beyond the timid shore.

Through storms of death and seas of graves
He steer'd with stedfast eye;
His path was on the desert waves,
His compass in the sky.

The youth who lifts his graceful hand,
Struck the unshapen block,
And beauty leap'd, at his command,
A Venus from the rock.

Trembling with ecstacy of thought,
Behold the Grecian maid,
Whom love's enchanting impulse taught
To trace a slumberer's shade.

Sweet are the thefts of love;—she stole
His image while he lay,
Kindled the shadow to a soul,
And breathed that soul through clay.

Yon listening nymph, who looks behind
With countenance of fire,
Heard midnight music in the wind,—
And framed the Æolian lyre.

All hail!—The Sire of Song appears,
The Muse's eldest-born;
The sky-lark in the dawn of years,
The poet of the morn.

He from the depth of cavern'd woods,
That echoed to his voice,
Bade mountains, valleys, winds, and floods,
And earth and heaven rejoice.

Though charm'd to meekness while he sung,
The wild beasts round him ran;
This was the triumph of his tongue,—
It tamed the heart of man.

Dim through the mist of twilight times
The ghost of Cyrus walks;
Behind him, red with glorious crimes,
The son of Ammon stalks.

Relentless Hannibal, in pride
Of sworn, fix'd hatred, lowers;
Cæsar,—'tis Brutus at his side,—
In peerless grandeur towers.

With moonlight softness Helen's charms
Dissolve the spectred gloom,
The leading star of Greece in arms,
Portending Ilion's doom.

But Homer; see the bard arise!
And hark! he strikes the lyre;
The Dardan warriors lift their eyes,
The Argive Chiefs respire,

And while his music rolls along,
The towers of Troy sublime,
Raised by the magic breath of song,
Mock the destroyer, Time.

For still around the eternal walls
The storms of battle rage;
And Hector conquers, Hector falls,
Bewept in every age.

Genius of Homer! were it mine
To track thy fiery car,
And in thy sun-set course to shine
A radiant evening star,—

What theme, what laurel might the Muse
Reclaim from ages fled?
What realm-restoring hero choose
To summon from the dead?

Yonder his shadow flits away:
—Thou shalt not thus depart;
Stay, thou transcendent spirit, stay,
And tell me who thou art!

'Tis Alfred!—In the rolls of Fame,
And on a midnight page,
Blazes his broad refulgent name,
The watch-light of his age.

A Danish winter, from the north,
Howl'd o'er the British wild,
But Alfred, like the spring, brake forth,
And all the desert smiled.

Back to the deep he roll'd the waves,
By mad invasion hurl'd;
His voice was liberty to slaves,
Defiance to the world.

And still that voice o'er land and sea
Shall Albion's foes appal;
The race of Alfred *will* be free;—
Hear it, and tremble, Gaul!

But lo! the phantoms fade in flight,
Like fears that cross the mind,
Like meteors gleaming through the night,
Like thunders on the wind.

The vision of the tomb is past;
Beyond it who can tell
In what mysterious region cast
Immortal spirits dwell?

I know not, but I soon shall know,
When life's sore conflicts cease,
When this desponding heart lies low,
And I shall rest in peace.

For see, on Death's bewildering wave,
The rainbow Hope arise,
A bridge of glory o'er the grave,
That bends beyond the skies.

From earth to heaven it swells and shines,
The pledge of bliss to Man;
Time with Eternity combines,
And grasps them in a span.

THE CAST-AWAY SHIP.

The subjects of the two following poems were suggested by the loss of the Blenheim, commanded by Sir Thomas Trowbridge, which was separated from the vessels under its convoy, during a storm in the Indian Ocean.—The Admiral's son afterwards made a voyage, without success, in search of his father.—Trowbridge was one of Nelson's captains at the Battle of the Nile, but his ship unfortunately ran aground as he was bearing down on the enemy.

A VESSEL sail'd from Albion's shore,
To utmost India bound,
Its crest a hero's pendant bore,
With broad sea-laurels crown'd
In many a fierce and noble fight,
Though foil'd on that Egyptian night
When Gallia's host was drown'd,
And Nelson, o'er his country's foes,
Like the destroying angel rose.

A gay and gallant company,
With shouts that rend the air,
For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,
Their joyful brows prepare:
But many a maiden's sigh was sent,
And many a mother's blessing went,
And many a father's prayer,
With that exulting ship to sea,
With that undaunted company.

The deep that, like a cradled child,
In breathing slumber lay,
More warmly blush'd, more sweetly smiled,
As rose the kindling day:
Through ocean's mirror, dark and clear,
Reflected clouds and skies appear
In morning's rich array:
The land is lost, the waters glow,
'Tis heaven above, around, below

Majestic o'er the sparkling tide,
See the tall vessel sail,
With swelling wings and shadowy pride,
A swan before the gale;
Deep-laden merchants rode behind:
—But, fearful of the fickle wind,
Britannia's cheek grew pale,

When, lessening through the flood of light,
Their leader vanish'd from her sight.

Oft had she hail'd its trophied prow,
Victorious from the war,
And banner'd masts, that would not bow,
Though riven with many a scar;
Oft had her oaks their tribute brought,
To rib its flanks, with thunder fraught;
But late her evil star
Had cursed it on its homeward way,
—"The spoiler shall become the prey."

Thus warn'd, Britannia's anxious heart
Throbb'd with prophetic woe,
When she beheld that ship depart,
A fair ill-omen'd show!
So views the mother, through her tears,
The daughter of her hopes and fears,
When hectic beauties glow
On the frail cheek, where sweetly bloom
The roses of an early tomb.

No fears the brave adventurers knew,
Peril and death they spurn'd:
Like full-fledged eagles forth they flew,
Jove's birds, that proudly burn'd,
In battle-hurricanes to wield
His lightnings on the billowy field;
And many a look they turn'd
O'er the blue waste of waves, to spy
A Gallic ensign in the sky.

But not to crush the vaunting foe,
In combat on the main,
Nor perish by a glorious blow,
In mortal triumph slain,
Was their unutterable fate:
—That story would the Muse relate,
The song might rise in vain;
In ocean's deepest, darkest bed,
The secret slumbers with the dead.

On India's long-expecting strand
Their sails were never furl'd—
Never on known or friendly land
By storms their keel was hurl'd;
Their native soil no more they trod,
They rest beneath no hallow'd sod;
Throughout the living world
This sole memorial of their lot
Remains,—they *were*, and they are *not*.

The spirit of the Cape[1] pursued
Their long and toilsome way;
At length, in ocean-solitude,
He sprang upon his prey:
'Havoc!' the shipwreck-demon cried,
Loosed all his tempests on the tide,
Gave all his lightnings play;
The abyss recoil'd before the blast,
Firm stood the seamen to the last.

Like shooting stars, athwart the gloom
The merchant-sails were sped;
Yet oft, before its midnight doom,
They mark'd the high mast-head
Of that devoted vessel, tost
By winds and floods, now seen, now lost
While every gun-fire spread
A dimmer flash, a fainter roar:
—At length they saw, they heard no more.

There are to whom that ship was dear,
For love and kindred's sake;
When these the voice of Rumor hear,
Their inmost heart shall quake,
Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve,
Believe, and long to unbelieve,
But never cease to ache;
Still doom'd, in sad suspense, to bear
The Hope that keeps alive Despair.

THE SEQUEL.

He sought his sire from shore to shore,
He sought him day by day;
The prow he track'd was seen no more,
Breasting the ocean-spray:
Yet, as the winds his voyage sped,
He sail'd above his father's head,
Unconscious where it lay,
Deep, deep beneath the rolling main;
—He sought his sire; he sought in vain.

Son of the brave! no longer weep;
Still with affection true,
Along the wild disastrous deep,
Thy father's course pursue;
Full in his wake of glory steer,
His spirit prompts thy bold career,
His compass guides thee through;
So, while thy thunders awe the sea,
Britain shall find thy sire in thee.

M S.

To the Memory of "A Female whom Sickness had reconciled to the Notes of Sorrow," who corresponded with the Author under this signature, on the first publication of his poems, in 1806, but died soon after; when her real name and merits were disclosed to him by one of her surviving friends.

My Song of Sorrow reach'd her ear;
She raised her languid head to hear,
And, smiling in the arms of Death,
Consoled me with her latest breath.

What is the Poet's highest aim,
His richest heritage of fame?
—To track the warrior's fiery road,
With havoc, spoil, destruction strow'd,
While nations bleed along the plains,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheels in chains?
—With fawning hand to woo the lyre,
Profanely steal celestial fire,
And bid an idol's altar blaze
With incense of unhallow'd praise?

1 The Cape of Good Hope, formerly called the Cape of Storms.—See Camoens' *Lusiad*, Book V.

—With syren strains, Circean art,
To win the ear, beguile the heart,
Wake the wild passions into rage,
And please and prostitute the age?

No!—to the generous Bard belong
Diviner themes and purer song:
—To hail Religion from above,
Descending in the form of Love,
And pointing through a world of strife
The narrow way that leads to life:
—To pour the balm of heavenly rest
Through Sorrow's agonizing breast;
With Pity's tender arms embrace
The orphans of a kindred race;
And in one zone of concord bind
The lawless spoilers of mankind:
—To sing in numbers boldly free
The wars and woes of liberty;
The glory of her triumphs tell,
Her nobler suffering when she fell,[1]
Girt with the phalanx of the brave,
Or widow'd on the patriot's grave,
Which tyrants tremble to pass by,
Ev'n on the car of Victory.

These are the Bard's sublimest views,
The angel-visions of the Muse,
That o'er his morning slumbers shine;
Those are his themes,—and these were mine.
But pale Despondency, that stole
The light of gladness from my soul,
While youth and folly blindfold ran
The giddy circle up to Man,
Breathed a dark spirit through my lyre,
Dimm'd the noon radiance of my fire,
And cast a mournful evening hue
O'er every scene my fancy drew.
Then though the proud despised my strain,
It flow'd not from my heart in vain;
The lay of freedom, fervor, truth,
Was dear to undissembling youth,
From manly breasts drew generous sighs,
And Virtue's tears from Beauty's eyes.

My Song of Sorrow reach'd HER ear;
She raised her languid head to hear,
And, smiling in the arms of Death,
She bless'd me with her latest breath.

A secret hand to me convey'd
The thoughts of that inspiring Maid;
They came like voices on the wind,
Heard in the stillness of the mind,
When round the Poet's twilight walk
Aërial beings seem to talk.
Not the twin-stars of Leda shine
With vernal influence more benign,
Nor sweeter, in the sylvan vale,
Sings the lone-warbling nightingale,
Than through my shades her lustre broke,
Than to my griefs her spirit spoke.

My fancy form'd her young and fair,
Pure as her sister-lilies were,
Adorn'd with meekest maiden grace,
With every charm of soul and face
That Virtue's awful eye approves,
And fond Affection dearly loves:
Heaven in her open aspect seen,
Her Maker's image in her mien.

Such was the picture fancy drew,
In lineaments divinely true;
The muse, by her mysterious art,
Had shown her likeness to my heart,
And every faithful feature brought
O'er the clear mirror of my thought.
—But she was waning to the tomb;
The worm of death was in her bloom;
Yet as the mortal frame declined,
Strong through the ruins rose the mind;
As the dim moon, when night ascends,
Slow in the east the darkness rends,
Through melting clouds, by gradual gleams,
Pours the mild splendor of her beams,
Then bursts in triumph o'er the pole,
Free as a disembodied soul!
Thus, while the veil of flesh decay'd,
Her beauties brighten'd through the shade;
Charms which her lowly heart conceal'd
In nature's weakness were reveal'd:
And still the unrobing spirit cast
Diviner glories to the last,
Dissolved its bonds, and clear'd its flight,
Emerging into perfect light.

Yet shall the friends who loved her weep,
Though shrined in peace the sufferer sleep,
Though rapt to heaven the saint aspire,
With seraph guards, on wings of fire;
Yet shall they weep;—for oft and well
Remembrance shall her story tell,
Affection of her virtues speak,
With beaming eye and burning cheek,
Each action, word, and look recall,
The last, the loveliest of all,
When on the lap of death she lay,
Serenely smiled her soul away,
And left surviving Friendship's breast
Warm with the sun-set of her rest.

O thou, who wert on earth unknown,
Companion of my thought alone,
Unchanged in heaven to me thou art,
Still hold communion with my heart;
Cheer thou my hopes, exalt my views,
Be the good angel of my Muse;
—And if to thine approving ear
My plaintive numbers once were dear;
If, falling round thy dying hours
Like evening dews on closing flowers,
They soothed thy pains, and through thy soul
With melancholy sweetness stole,
HEAR ME:—When slumber from mine eyes,
That roll in irksome darkness, flies;
When the lorn spectre of unrest
At conscious midnight haunts my breast;
When former joys and present woes,
And future fears, are all my foes;
Spirit of my departed friend,
Calm through the troubled gloom descend,

1 Piu val d'ogni vittoria un bel soffrire.
Gaetana Passerini.

With strains of triumph on thy tongue,
Such as to dying saints are sung;
Such as in Paradise the ear
Of God himself delights to hear;
—Come, all unseen; be only known
By Zion's harp of higher tone,
Warbling to thy mysterious voice;
Bid my desponding powers rejoice;
And I will listen to thy lay,
Till night and sorrow flee away,
Till gladness o'er my bosom rise,
And morning kindle round the skies.

If thus to me, sweet saint, be given
To learn from thee the hymns of Heaven,
Thine inspiration will impart
Seraphic ardors to my heart;
My voice thy music shall prolong,
And echo thy entrancing song;
My lyre, with sympathy divine,
Shall answer every chord of thine,
Till their consenting tones give birth
To harmonies unknown on earth.
Then shall my thoughts, in living fire
Sent down from heaven, to heaven aspire,
My verse through lofty measures rise,
A scale of glory to the skies,
Resembling, on each hallow'd theme,
The ladder of the Patriarch's dream,
O'er which descending angels shone,
On earthly missions from the throne,
Returning by the steps they trod,
Up to the Paradise of God.

THE PEAK MOUNTAINS,

WRITTEN AT BUXTON, IN AUGUST, 1812.

It may be useful to remark, that the scenery in the neighborhood of Buxton, when surveyed from any of the surrounding eminences, consists chiefly of numerous and naked hills, of which many are yet uninclosed, and the rest poorly cultivated; the whole district, except in the immediate precincts of the Baths and the village of Fairfield, being miserably bare of both trees and houses.

PART I.

Health on these open hills I seek,
By these delicious springs in vain;
The rose on this deserted cheek
Shall never bloom again;
For youth is fled;—and less by time
Than sorrow torn away,
The pride, the strength of manhood's prime,
Falls to decay.

Restless and fluttering to expire,
Life's vapor sheds a cold dim light,
Frail as the evanescent fire
Amidst the murky night,
That tempts the traveller from afar
To follow, o'er the heath,
Its baleful and bewildering star
To snares of death

A dreary torpor numbs my brain;
Now shivering pale,—now flush'd with heat;
Hurried, then slow, from vein to vein
Unequal pulses beat;
Quick palpitations heave my heart,
Anon it seems to sink;
Alarm'd at sudden sounds I start,
From shadows shrink.

Bear me, my failing limbs! O! bear
A melancholy sufferer forth,
To breathe abroad the mountain air
Fresh from the vigorous north;
To view the prospect, waste and wild,
Tempestuous or serene,
Still dear to me, as to the child
The mother's mien.

Ah! who can look on Nature's face,
And feel unholy passions move?
Her forms of majesty and grace
I cannot choose but love:
Her frowns or smiles my woes disarm,
Care and repining cease;
Her terrors awe, her beauties charm
My thoughts to peace.

Already through mine inmost soul,
A deep tranquillity I feel,
O'er every nerve, with mild control,
Her consolations steal;
This fever'd frame and fretful mind,
Jarring 'midst doubts and fears,
Are soothed to harmony:—I find
Delight in tears.

I quit the path, and track with toil
The mountain's unfrequented maze;
Deep moss and heather clothe the soil,
And many a springlet plays,
That welling from its secret source
Down rugged dells is tost,
Or spreads through rushy fens its course,
Silently lost.

The flocks and herds, that freely range
These moorlands, turn a jealous eye,
As if the form of man were strange,
To watch me stealing by;
The heifer stands aloof to gaze,
The colt comes boldly on:—
I pause,—he shakes his forelock, neighs,
Starts, and is gone.

I seek the valley:—all alone
I seem in this sequester'd place;
Not so; I meet, unseen, yet known,
My Maker face to face;
My heart perceives his presence nigh,
And hears his voice proclaim,
While bright his glory passes by,
His noblest name.

Love is that name,—for God is Love;
—Here, where, unbuilt by mortal hands,
Mountains below and heaven above,
His awful temple stands,

I worship:—"Lord! though I am dust
And ashes in thy sight,
Be thou my strength; in thee I trust,
Be thou my light."

PART II.

Emerging from the cavern'd glen,
From steep to steep I slowly climb,
And far above the haunts of men,
I tread in air sublime!
Beneath my path the swallows sweep;
Yet higher crags impend,
And wild flowers from the fissures peep,
And rills descend.

Now on the ridges bare and bleak,
Cool round my temples sighs the gale;
Ye winds, that wander o'er the Peak;
Ye mountain-spirits, hail!
Angels of health! to man below
Ye bring celestial airs;
Bear back to Him, from whom ye blow,
Our praise and prayers.

Here, like the eagle from his nest,
I take my proud and dizzy stand;
Here, from the cliff's sublimest crest,
Look down upon the land:
O for the eagle's eye, to gaze
Undazzled through this light!
O for the eagle's wings, to raise
O'er all my flight!

The sun in glory walks the sky,
White fleecy clouds are floating round,
Whose shapes along the landscape fly,
—Here, chequering o'er the ground;
There, down the glens the shadows sweep,
With changing lights between;
Yonder they climb the upland steep,
Shifting the scene.

Above, beneath, immensely spread,
Valleys and hoary rocks I view,
Heights over heights exalt their head,
Of many a sombre hue;
No waving woods their flanks adorn,
No hedge-rows, gay with trees,
Encircle fields, where floods of corn
Roll to the breeze.

My soul this vast horizon fills,
Within whose undulated line
Thick stand the multitude of hills,
And clear the waters shine;
Grey mossy walls the slope ascend;
While roads that tire the eye,
Upward their winding course extend,
And touch the sky.

With rude diversity of form,
The insulated mountains tower:
—Oft o'er these cliffs the transient storm
And partial darkness lower,

While yonder summits far away
Shine sweetly through the gloom,
Like glimpses of eternal day
Beyond the tomb.

Hither, of old, the Almighty came;
Clouds were his car, his steeds the wind;
Before Him went devouring flame,
And thunder roll'd behind;
At His approach the mountains reel'd
Like vessels to and fro:
Earth, heaving like a sea, reveal'd
The gulfs below.

Borne through the wilderness in wrath,
He seem'd in power alone a God;
But blessings follow'd in his path,
For Mercy seized his rod;
She smote the rock,—and as he pass'd
Forth gush'd a living stream;
The fire, the earthquake, and the blast
Fled as a dream.

Behold the everlasting hills,
In that convulsion scatter'd round;
Hark! from their caves the issuing rills
With sweetest music sound.
Ye lame and impotent! draw near;
With healing on her wing,
The cherub Mercy watches here
Her ancient spring.

TO ANN AND JANE,

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN THE SMALL VOLUME OF HYMNS FOR INFANT MINDS.

When the shades of night retire
From the morn's advancing beams,
Ere the hills are tipt with fire,
And the radiance lights the streams,
Lo, the lark begins her song,
Early on the wing and long.

Summon'd by the signal notes,
Soon her sisters quit the lawn,
With their wildly warbling throats,
Soaring in the dappled dawn;
Brighter, warmer spread the rays,
Louder, sweeter swell their lays.

Nestlings, in their grassy beds,
Hearkening to the joyful sound,
Heavenward point their little heads,
Lowly twittering from the ground,
Ere their wings are fledged to fly,
To the chorus in the sky.

Thus, fair Minstrels, while ye sing,
Teaching infant minds to raise
To the universal King
Humble hymns of prayer and praise,
O may all who hear your voice
Look, and listen, and rejoice!

Faltering like the skylark's young,
While your numbers they record,
Soon may every heart and tongue
Learn to magnify the Lord;

And your strains, divinely sweet,
Unborn millions thus repeat.

Minstrels! what reward is due
For this labor of your love?
—Through eternity may You,
In the Paradise above,
Round the dear Redeemer's feet,
All your infant readers meet.

OCCASIONAL ODE,

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ROYAL BRITISH SYSTEM OF EDUCATION, HELD AT FREEMASONS' HALL, MAY 16, 1812.

The lion, o'er his wild domains,
Rules with the terror of his eye;
The eagle of the rock maintains
By force his empire in the sky;
The shark, the tyrant of the flood,
Reigns through the deep with quenchless rage;
Parent and young, unwean'd from blood,
Are still the same from age to age.

Of all that live, and move, and breathe,
Man only rises o'er his birth;
He looks above, around, beneath,
At once the heir of heaven and earth:
Force, cunning, speed, which Nature gave
The various tribes throughout her plan,
Life to enjoy, from death to save,—
These are the lowest powers of Man.

From strength to strength he travels on:
He leaves the lingering brute behind:
And when a few short years are gone,
He soars, a disembodied mind:
Beyond the grave, his course sublime
Destined through nobler paths to run,
In his career the end of Time
Is but Eternity begun.

What guides him in his high pursuit,
Opens, illumines, cheers his way,
Discerns the immortal from the brute,
God's image from the mould of clay?
'T is Knowledge:—Knowledge to the soul
Is power, and liberty, and peace;
And while celestial ages roll,
The joys of Knowledge shall increase.

Hail! to the glorious plan, that spread
The light with universal beams,
And through the human desert led
Truth's living, pure, perpetual streams.
—Behold a new creation rise,
New spirit breathed into the clod,
Where'er the voice of Wisdom cries,
"Man, know thyself, and fear thy God."

A DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1811.

This the day to me most dear
In the changes of the year;
Spring, the fields and woods adorning,
Spring may boast a gayer morning;
Summer noon, with brighter beams,
Gild the mountains and the streams;
Autumn, through the twilight vale,
Breathe a more delicious gale:
Yet though stern November reigns,
Wild and wintry o'er the plains,
Never does the morning rise
Half so welcome to mine eyes;
Noontide glories never shed
Rays so beauteous round my head;
Never looks the evening-scene
So enchantingly serene
As on this returning day,
When, in spirit rapt away,
Joys and sorrows I have known,
In the years for ever flown,
Wake at every sound and sight
Reminiscence of delight,
All around me, all above,
Witnessing a Mother's love.

Love, that watch'd my early years
With conflicting hopes and fears;
Love, that through life's flowery May
Led my childhood, prone to stray;
Love, that still directs my youth
With the constancy of Truth,
Heightens every bliss it shares,
Softens and divides the cares,
Smiles away my light distress,
Weeps for joy, or tenderness:
—May that love, to latest age,
Cheer my earthly pilgrimage;
May that love, or death victorious,
Rise beyond the grave more glorious;
Souls, united here, would be
One to all eternity.

When these eyes, from native night,
First unfolded to the light,
On what object, fair and new,
Did they fix their fondest view?
On my Mother's smiling mien;
All the mother there was seen.
When their weary lids would close,
And she sung me to repose,
Found I not the sweetest rest
On my Mother's peaceful breast?
When my tongue from hers had caught
Sounds to utter infant thought,
Readiest then what accents came?
Those that meant my Mother's name.
When my timid feet begun
Strangely pleased, to stand or run,
'T was my Mother's voice and eye
Most encouraged me to try,
Safe to run, and strong to stand,
Holding by her gentle hand.

Time since then hath deeper made
Lines, where youthful dimples play'd;
Yet to me my Mother's face
Wears a more angelic grace:
And her tresses thin and hoary,
Are they not a crown of glory?
—Cruel griefs have wrung that breast,
Once my Paradise of rest;

While in these I bear a part,
Warmer grows my Mother's heart,
Closer our affections twine,
Mine with hers, and hers with mine.
—Many a name, since hers I knew,
Have I loved with honor due,
But no name shall be more dear
Than my Mother's to mine ear.
—Many a hand that Friendship plighted
Have I clasp'd, with all delighted,
But more faithful none can be
Than my Mother's hand to me.

Thus by every tie endear'd,
Thus with filial reverence fear'd,
Mother! on this day, 'tis meet
That, with salutation sweet,
I should wish you years of health,
Worldly happiness and wealth,
And when good old age is past,
Heaven's eternal peace at last!
But with these I frame a vow
For a double blessing now;
One, that richly shall combine
Your felicity with mine;
One, in which, with soul and voice,
Both together may rejoice;
O what *shall* that blessing be?
—Dearest Mother! may you see
All *your* prayers fulfill'd *for me!*

STANZAS,

ON READING THE VERSES ENTITLED "RESIGNATION," WRITTEN BY CHATTERTON, A FEW DAYS BEFORE HIS MELANCHOLY END.

A DYING swan of Pindus sings
In wildly-mournful strains;
As Death's cold fingers snap the strings,
His suffering lyre complains.

Soft as the mist of evening wends
Along the shadowy vale;
Sad as in storms the moon ascends,
And turns the darkness pale:

So soft the melting numbers flow
From his harmonious lips;
So sad his woe-wan features show,
Just fading in eclipse.

The Bard, to dark despair resign'd,
With his expiring art,
Sings, 'midst the tempest of his mind,
The shipwreck of his heart.

If Hope still seem to linger nigh,
And hover o'er his head,
Her pinions are too weak to fly,
Or Hope ere now had fled.

Rash Minstrel! who can hear thy songs,
Nor long to share thy fire?
Who read thine errors and thy wrongs,
Nor execrate the lyre?

The lyre that sunk thee to the grave,
When bursting into bloom,
That lyre the power to Genius gave
To blossom in the tomb.

Yes;—till his memory fail with years,
Shall Time thy strains recite;
And while thy story swells his tears,
Thy song shall charm his flight.

THE WILD ROSE.

ON PLUCKING ONE LATE IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

THOU last pale promise of the waning year,
Poor sickly Rose! what dost thou here?
Why, frail flower! so late a comer,
Hast thou slept away the summer?
Since now, in Autumn's sullen reign,
When ev'ry breeze
Unrobes the trees,
And strews their annual garments on the plain
Awaking from repose,
Thy Fairy lids unclose.

Feeble, evanescent flower,
Smile away thy sunless hour;
Every daisy, in my walk,
Scorns thee from its humbler stalk
Nothing but thy form discloses
Thy descent from royal roses;
How thine ancestors would blush
To behold thee on their bush,
Drooping thy dejected head
Where their bolder blossoms spread,
Withering in the frosty gale,
Where their fragrance fill'd the vale!

Last and meanest of thy race,
Void of beauty, color, grace!
No bee delighted sips
Ambrosia from thy lips;
No spangling dew-drops gem
Thy fine elastic stem;
No living lustre glistens o'er thy bloom,
Thy sprigs no verdant leaves adorn,
Thy bosom breathes no exquisite perfume;
But pale thy countenance as snow,
While, unconceal'd below,
All naked glares the threatening thorn.

Around thy bell, o'er mildew'd leaves,
His ample web a spider weaves;
A wily ruffian, gaunt and grim,
His labyrinthine toils he spreads
Pensile and light;—his glossy threads
Bestrow'd with many a wing and limb;
Even in thy chalice he prepares
His deadly poison and delusive snares.

While I pause, a vagrant fly
Giddily comes buzzing by;
Round and round, on viewless wings,
Lo! the insect wheels and sings;
Closely couch'd, the fiend discovers,
Sets him with his sevenfold eyes,
And while o'er the verge he hovers,
Seems to fascinate his prize,

As the snake's magnetic glare
Charms the flitting tribes of air,
Till the dire enchantment draws
Destined victims to his jaws.

Now 'midst kindred corses mangled,
On his feet alights the fly;
Ah! he feels himself entangled,
Hark! he pours a piteous cry.
Swift as Death's own arrows dart,
On his prey the spider springs,
Wounds his side,—with dexterous art
Winds the web about his wings;
Quick as he came, recoiling then,
The villain vanishes into his den.
The desperate fly perceives too late
The hastening crisis of his fate;
Disaster crowds upon disaster,
And every struggle to get free
Snaps the hopes of liberty,
And draws the knots of bondage faster.

Again the spider glides along the line;
Hold, murderer! hold;—the game is mine.
—Captive! unwarn'd by danger, go,
Frolic awhile in light and air;
Thy fate 't is easy to foreshow,
Preserved——to perish in a safer snare!
Spider, thy worthless life I spare;
Advice on thee 't were vain to spend,
Thy wicked ways thou wilt not mend,—
Then haste thee, spoiler, mend thy net:
Wiser than I
Must be yon fly,
If he escapes thy trammels yet;
Most eagerly the trap is sought
In which a fool has once been caught.

And thou, poor Rose! whose livid leaves expand,
Cold to the sun, untempting to the hand,
Bloom unadmired,—uninjured die;
Thine aspect, squalid and forlorn,
Insures thy peaceful, dull decay;
Hadst thou with blushes hid thy thorn,
Grown "sweet to sense and lovely to the eye,"
I might have pluck'd thy flower,
Worn it an hour,
"Then cast it like a loathsome weed away."[1]

ON FINDING THE FEATHERS OF A LINNET SCATTERED ON THE GROUND, IN A SOLITARY WALK.

These little relics, hapless bird!
That strew the lonely vale,
With silent eloquence record
Thy melancholy tale.

Like autumn's leaves, that rustle round
From every withering tree,
These plumes, dishevell'd o'er the ground,
Alone remain of thee.

Some hovering kite's rapacious maw
Hath been thy timeless grave;
No pitying eye thy murder saw,
No friend appeared to save.

Heaven's thunder smite the guilty foe!
No:—spare the tyrant's breath,
Till wintry winds, and famine slow,
Avenge thy cruel death!

But every feather of thy wing
Be quicken'd where it lies,
And at the soft return of spring,
A fragrant cowslip rise!

Few were thy days, thy pleasures few,
Simple and unconfined;
On sunbeams every moment flew,
Nor left a care behind.

In spring to build thy curious nest,
And woo thy merry bride,
Carol and fly, and sport and rest,
Was all thy humble pride.

Happy beyond the lot of kings,
Thy bosom knew no smart,
Till the last pang, that tore the strings
From thy dissever'd heart.

When late to secret griefs a prey,
I wander'd slowly here,
Wild from the copse an artless lay,
Like magic, won mine ear.

Perhaps 't was thy last evening song,
That exquisitely stole
In sweetest melody along,
And harmonized my soul.

Now, blithe musician! now no more
Thy mellow pipe resounds,
But jarring drums at distance roar,
And yonder howl the hounds:—

The hounds, that through the echoing wood
The panting hare pursue:
The drums, that wake the cry of blood,
—The voice of Glory too!

Here at my feet thy frail remains,
Unwept, unburied, lie,
Like victims on embattled plains,
Forsaken where they die.

Yet could the Muse, whose strains rehearse
Thine unregarded doom,
Enshrine thee in immortal verse,
Kings should not scorn thy tomb.

Though brief as thine my tuneful date,
When wandering near this spot,
The sad memorials of thy fate
Shall never be forgot.

While doom'd the lingering pangs to feel
Of many a nameless fear,
One truant sigh from these I'll steal,
And drop one willing tear.

1 Otway's *Orphan*.

SONNET.

TO A BRIDE.

Imitated from the Italian of P. Salandri.

The more divinely beautiful thou art,
Lady! of Love's inconstancy beware;
Watch o'er thy charms, and with an angel's care
O guard thy maiden purity of heart:
At every whisper of temptation, start;
The lightest breathings of unhallow'd air
Love's tender, trembling lustre will impair,
Till all the light of innocence depart.

Fresh from the bosom of an Alpine hill,
When the coy fountain sparkles into day,
And sunbeams bathe and brighten in its rill,
If here a plant and there a flower, in play,
Bending to sip, the little channel fill,
It ebbs, and languishes, and dies away.

SONNET.

Imitated from the Italian of Petrarch.

Lonely and thoughtful o'er deserted plains,
I pass with melancholy steps and slow,
Mine eyes intent to shun, where'er I go,
The track of man:—from him to hide my pains,
No refuge save the wilderness remains:
The curious multitude would quickly know,
Amidst affected smiles, the cherish'd woe
That wrings my bosom, and consumes my veins.

O that the rocks and streams of solitude,
The vales and woods alone, my griefs might see!
But paths, however secret, wild and rude,
I find not from tormenting passion free;
Where'er I wander, still by Love pursued,
With Him I hold communion, He with Me.

SONNET.

ON THE SIEGE OF GENOA BY THE FRENCH ARMY IN 16**.

Imitated from the Italian of Gaetana Passerini.

LIBERTY SPEAKS.

"My native Genoa! if with tearless eye,
Prone in the dust thy beauteous form I see,
Think not thy daughter's heart is dead to thee;
'T were treason, O, my mother! here to sigh,
For here, majestic, though in ashes, lie
Trophies of valor, skill, and constancy;
Here at each glance, each footstep, I descry
The proud memorials of thy love to me.

"Conquest to noble suffering lost the day,
And glorious was thy vengeance on the foe,
—He saw thee perish, yet not feel the blow."
Thus Liberty, exulting on her way,
Kiss'd the dear relics, mouldering as they lay,
And cried:—"In ruins? *Yes!*—In slavery? *No.*"

SONNET.

ON THE SIEGE OF FAMAGUSTA, IN THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS, BY THE TURKS, IN 1571.

Imitated from the Italian of Benedetto dall' Uva.

Thus saith the Lord:—In whom shall Cyprus trust,
With all her crimes, her luxury, and pride?
In her voluptuous loves will she confide,
Her harlot-daughters, and her queen of lust?
My day is come when o'er her neck in dust
Vengeance and fury shall triumphant ride,
Death and captivity the spoil divide,
And Cyprus perish:—I the Lord am just.

"Then he that bought, and he that sold in thee,
Thy princely merchants, shall their loss deplore,
Brothers in ruin as in fraud before;
And thou, who madest thy rampart of the sea,
Less by thy foes cast down than crush'd by Me!
Thou, Famagusta! fall, and rise no more."

DEPARTED DAYS;

A RHAPSODY,

WRITTEN ON VISITING FULNECK, IN YORKSHIRE, WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS EDUCATED, IN THE SPRING OF 1806.

Days of my childhood, hail!
Whose gentle spirits, wandering here,
Down in the visionary vale,
Before mine eyes appear,
Benignly pensive, beautifully pale;
O days for ever fled, for ever dear,
Days of my childhood, hail!

Joys of my early hours:
The swallows on the wing,
The bees among the flowers,
The butterflies of spring,
Light as their lovely moments flew,
Were not more gay, more innocent than you:
And fugitive as they,
Like butterflies in spring,
Like bees among the flowers,
Like swallows on the wing,
How swift, how soon ye passed away,
Joys of my early hours!

The loud Atlantic ocean,
On Scotland's rugged breast,
Rocks, with harmonious motion,
His weary waves to rest,
And gleaming round her emerald isles,
In all the pomp of sun-set smiles.
On that romantic shore
My parents hail'd their first-born boy:
A mother's pangs my mother bore,
My father felt a father's joy:
My father, mother,—parents now no more!
Beneath the Lion-Star they sleep,
Beyond the western deep,
And when the sun's noon-glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves.[1]

1 In the islands of Barbadoes and Tobago.

Sweet seas, and smiling shores!
When no tornado-demon roars,
Resembling that celestial clime
Where, with the spirits of the blest,
Beyond the hurricanes of Time,
From all their toils my parents rest:
There skies, eternally serene,
Diffuse ambrosial balm
Through sylvan isles for ever green,
O'er seas for ever calm;
While saints and angels, kindling in his rays,
On the full glory of the Godhead gaze,
And taste and prove, in that transporting sight,
Joy without sorrow, without darkness light.

Light without darkness, without sorrow joy,
On earth are all unknown to man;
Here, while I roved, a heedless boy,
Here, while through paths of peace I ran,
My feet were vex'd with puny snares,
My bosom stung with insect-cares:
But ah! what light and little things
Are childhood's woes!—they break no rest;
Like dew-drops on the skylark's wings,
While slumbering in his grassy nest,
Gone in a moment, when he springs
To meet the morn with open breast,
As o'er the eastern hills her banners glow,
And veil'd in mist the valley sleeps below.

Like him, on these delightful plains,
I taught, with fearless voice,
The echoing woods to sound my strains,
The mountains to rejoice.
Hail! to the trees beneath whose shade,
Rapt into worlds unseen, I stray'd;
Hail! to the stream that purl'd along
In hoarse accordance to my song;
My song, that pour'd uncensured lays,
Tuned to a dying Savior's praise,
In numbers simple, wild and sweet,
As were the flowers beneath my feet;—
Those flowers are dead,
Those numbers fled,
Yet o'er my secret thought,
From cold Oblivion's silent gloom,
Their music to mine ear is brought,
Like voices from the tomb.

As yet in this untainted breast
No baneful passion burn'd,
Ambition had not banish'd rest,
Nor Hope had earthward turn'd;
Proud Reason still in shadow lay,
And in my firmament alone,
Forerunner of the day,
The dazzling star of wonder shone,
By whose enchanting ray
Creation open'd on my earliest view,
And all was beautiful, for all was new.

Too soon my mind's awakening powers
Made the light slumbers flee,
Then vanish'd with the golden hours,
The morning dreams of Infancy;
Sweet were those slumbers, dear those dreams to me;
And yet to mournful Memory lingering here,
Sweet are those slumbers, and those dreams are dear;
For hither, from my native clime,
The hand that leads Orion forth,
And wheels Arcturus round the North,
Brought me, in Life's exulting prime:
—Blest be that hand!—Whether it shed
Mercies or judgments on my head,
Extend the sceptre or exalt the rod,—
Blest be that hand!—It is the hand of God.

HOPE.

Imitated from the Italian of Serafino Aquilano.

Hope, unyielding to Despair,
Springs for ever fresh and fair;
Earth's serenest prospects fly,
Hope's enchantments never die.

At Fortune's frown, in evil hour,
Though honor, wealth, and friends depart,
She cannot drive, with all her power
This lonely solace from the heart:
And while *this* the soul sustains,
Fortune still unchanged remains;
Wheresoe'er her wheel she guides,
Hope upon the circle rides.

The Syrens, deep in ocean's caves,
Sing while abroad the tempests roar,
Expecting soon the frantic waves
To ripple on a smiling shore:
In the whirlwind, o'er the spray,
They behold the halcyon play;
And through midnight clouds afar,
Hope lights up the morning star.

This pledge of bliss in future years
Makes smooth and easy every toil;
The swain, who sows the waste with tears,
In fancy reaps a teeming soil:
What though mildew blight his joy,
Frost or flood his crops destroy,
War compel his feet to roam,
Hope still carols Harvest-Home!

The monarch exiled from his realm,
The slave in fetters at the oar,
The seaman sinking by the helm,
The captive on his dungeon-floor;
All through peril, pain and death,
Fondly cling to parting breath;
Glory, freedom, power, are past,
But the dream of Hope will last.

Weary and faint, with sickness worn,
Blind, lame, and deaf, and bent with age,
By man the load of life is borne
To his last step of pilgrimage:
Though the branch no longer shoot,
Vigor lingers at the root,
And in Winter's dreariest day,
Hope foretells returning May.

When, wrung with guilt, the wretch would end
His gloomy days in sudden night,
Hope comes, an unexpected friend,
To win him back to hated light:

"Hold!" she cries; and from his hand
Plucks the suicidal brand;
"Now await a happier doom,
Hope will cheer thee to the tomb."

When virtue droops, as comforts fail,
And sore afflictions press the mind,
Sweet Hope prolongs her pleasing tale,
Till all the world again looks kind:
Round the good man's dying bed,
Where the wreck of Nature spread,
Hope would set his spirit free,
Crying—"Immortality!"

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A Mother's Love,—how sweet the name!
What *is* a Mother's love?
—A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that *can* grow cold;
This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born,
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone;
This is a Mother's Love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear;
To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from Love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest;
Then while it slumbers watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death;
This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire;
To smile and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks;
This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's love grow cold?
Can she forget her boy?
His pleading innocence behold,
Nor weep for grief—for joy?
A Mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild;
—Is *this* a Mother's Love?

Ten thousand voices answer "No!"
Ye clasp your babes and kiss;
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow;
Yet, ah! remember this;
The infant, rear'd alone for earth,
May live, may die,—to curse his birth;
—Is *this* a Mother's Love?

A parent's heart may prove a snare;
The child she loves so well,
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
Down the smooth road to hell;
Nourish its frame,—destroy its mind:
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
Even with a Mother's Love.

Blest infant! whom his mother taught
Early to seek the Lord,
And pour'd upon his dawning thought
The day-spring of the word;
This was the lesson to her son,
—Time is Eternity begun:
Behold that Mother's love.[1]

Blest Mother! who, in wisdom's path,
By her own parent trod,
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
And know the fear of God:
Ah! youth, like him enjoy your prime,
Begin Eternity in time,
Taught by that Mother's Love.

That Mother's Love!—how sweet the name!
What *was* that Mother's Love?
—The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
That kindles from above
Within a heart of earthly mould,
As much of heaven as heart can hold,
Nor through eternity grows cold:
This was that Mother's love.

THE TIME-PIECE.

Who is *He*, so swiftly flying,
His career no eye can see?
Who are *They*, so early dying,
From their birth they cease to be?
Time:—behold his pictured face!
Moments:—can you count their race?

Though, with aspect deep-dissembling,
Here he feigns unconscious sleep,
Round and round this circle trembling,
Day and night his symbols creep,
While unseen, through earth and sky,
His unwearying pinions ply.

Hark! what petty pulses, beating,
Spring new moments into light;
Every pulse, its stroke repeating,
Sends its moment back to night;
Yet not one of all the train
Comes uncall'd, or flits in vain.

In the highest realms of glory,
Spirits trace, before the throne,
On eternal scrolls, the story
Of each little moment flown;
Every deed, and word, and thought,
Through the whole creation wrought.

Were the volume of a minute
Thus to mortal sight unroll'd,
More of sin and sorrow in it,
More of man, might we behold,
Than on History's broadest page
In the relics of an age.

[1] 2 Tim c. i, v. 5, and c. iii, v. 14, 15.

Who could bear the revelation?
Who abide the sudden test?
—*With instinctive consternation*
Hands would cover every breast,
Loudest tongues at once be hush'd,
Pride in all its writhings crush'd.

Who, with leer malign exploring,
On his neighbor's shame durst look?
Would not each, intensely poring
On that record in the book,
Which his inmost soul reveal'd,
Wish its leaves for ever seal'd?

Seal'd they are for years, and ages,
Till,—the earth's last circuit run,
Empire changed through all its stages,
Risen and set the latest sun,—
On the sea and on the land
Shall a midnight Angel stand:

Stand—and, while the abysses tremble,
Swear that Time shall be no more:
Quick and Dead shall then assemble,
Men and Demons range before
That tremendous judgment-seat,
Where both worlds at issue meet.

Time himself, with all his legions,
Days, *Months*, *Years*, since Nature's birth,
Shall revive,—and from all regions,
Singling out the sons of earth,
With their glory or disgrace,
Charge their spenders face to face.

Every moment of my being
Then shall pass before mine eyes:
—God, all-searching! God, all-seeing!
Oh! appease them, ere they rise;
Warn'd I fly, I fly to Thee:
God be merciful to me!

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. THOMAS SPENCER, OF LIVERPOOL, WHO WAS DROWNED, WHILE BATHING IN THE TIDE, ON THE 5TH OF AUGUST, 1811, IN HIS 21ST YEAR.

Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters; and thy footsteps are not known.—*Psalm* lxxvii. 19.

I WILL not sing a mortal's praise;
To Thee I consecrate my lays,
To whom my powers belong!
These gifts upon thine altar strown,
O God! accept—accept thine own;
My gifts are Thine,—be Thine alone
The glory of my song.

In earth and ocean, sky and air,
All that is excellent and fair,
Seen, felt, or understood,
From one eternal cause descends,
To one eternal centre tends,
With God begins, continues, ends,
The source and stream of good.

I worship not the Sun at noon,
The wandering Stars, the changing Moon,
The Wind, the Flood, the Flame;
I will not bow the votive knee
To Wisdom, Virtue, Liberty;
"There *is* no God but God," for me,
Jehovah is his name.

Him through all nature I explore,
Him in his creatures I adore,
Around, beneath, above;
But clearest in the human mind,
His bright resemblance when I find,
Grandeur with purity combined,
I most admire and love.

Oh! there was One,—on earth awhile
He dwelt;—but transient as a smile
That turns into a tear,
His beauteous image pass'd us by;
He came, like lightning, from the sky,
He seem'd as dazzling to the eye,
As prompt to disappear.

Mild, in his undissembling mien,
Were genius, candor, meekness seen;
The lips, that loved the truth;
The single eye, whose glance sublime
Look'd to eternity through time;
The soul, whose hopes were wont to climb
Above the joys of youth.

Of Old, before the lamp grew dark,
Reposing near the curtain'd ark,
The child of Hannah's prayer
Heard, through the temple's silent round,
A living voice, nor knew the sound
That thrice alarm'd him, ere he found
The Lord, who chose him there.[1]

Thus early call'd, and strongly moved,
A prophet from a child, approved,
SPENCER his course began;
From strength to strength, from grace to grace,
Swiftest and foremost in the race,
He carried victory in his face;
He triumph'd as he ran.

How short his day!—the glorious prize,
To our slow hearts and failing eyes,
Appear'd too quickly won:
—The warrior rush'd into the field
With arm invincible to wield
The Spirit's sword, the Spirit's shield,
When, lo! the fight was done.

The loveliest star of evening's train
Sets early in the western main,
And leaves the world in night;
The brightest star of morning's host,
Scarce risen, in brighter beams is lost;
Thus sunk his form on ocean's coast,
Thus sprang his soul to light.

[1] 1 Sam. chap. iii.

Who shall forbid the eye to weep,
That saw him, from the ravening deep,
Pluck'd like the lion's prey?
For ever bow'd his honor'd head,
The spirit in a moment fled,
The heart of friendship cold and dead,
The limbs a wreath of clay!

Revolving his mysterious lot,
I mourn him, but I praise him not;
Glory to God be given,
Who sent him, like the radiant bow,
His covenant of peace to show,
Athwart the breaking storm to glow,
Then vanish into heaven.

O Church! to whom that youth is dear,
The Angel of thy mercies here,
Behold the path he trod,
"A milky way" through midnight skies!
—Behold the grave in which he lies,
Even from this dust thy prophet cries,
"*Prepare to meet thy* God."

HUMAN LIFE.

Job, chap. xiv.

How few and evil are thy days,
Man, of a woman born!
Trouble and peril haunt thy ways:
—Forth like a flower at morn,
The tender infant springs to light,
Youth blossoms with the breeze,
Age, withering age, is cropt ere night;
—Man like a shadow flees.

And dost Thou look on such a one?
Will God to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all?
As fail the waters from the deep,
As summer brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep;
—Our life is vanity.

Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And nature disappear.
—Oh! hide me, till thy wrath be past,
Thou, who canst kill or save;
Hide me, where hope may anchor fast
In my Redeemer's grave.

THE VISIBLE CREATION.

The God of Nature and of Grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By Him in wisdom plann'd;
'Twas He, who girded like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

Lift to the firmament your eye;
Thither his path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

He bows the heavens—the mountains stand
A high-way for their God;
He walks amidst the desert-land,
—'Tis Eden where He trod.

The forests in his strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

Here on the hills He feeds his herds,
His flocks on yonder plains;
His praise is warbled by the birds;
—O could we catch their strains!

Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light,
Or with the nightingale prolong
Our numbers through the night!

In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his spirit blows,
—The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!

SONNET.

Imitated from the Italian of Gaetana Passerini.

If in the field I meet a smiling flower,
Methinks it whispers, "God created me,
And I to Him devote my little hour,
In lonely sweetness and humility."
If, where the forest's darkest shadows lower,
A serpent quick and venomous I see,
It seems to say,—"I, too, extol the power
Of Him, who caused me, at his will, to be."

The fountain purling, and the river strong,
The rocks, the trees, the mountains, raise one song;
"Glory to God!" re-echoes in mine ear:—
Faithless were I, in wilful error blind,
Did I not Him in all his creatures find,
His voice through heaven, and earth, and ocean hear.

SONNET.

Imitated from the Italian of Giambattista Cotta.

I saw the eternal God, in robes of light,
Rise from his throne,—to judgment forth He came;
His presence pass'd before me, like the flame
That fires the forest in the depth of night;

Whirlwind and storm, amazement and affright,
Compass'd his path, and shook all Nature's frame,
When from the heaven of heavens, with loud acclaim,
To earth he wing'd his instantaneous flight.

As some triumphal oak, whose boughs have spread
Their changing foliage through a thousand years,
Bows to the rushing wind its glorious head,
The universal arch of yonder spheres
Sunk with the pressure of its Maker's tread,
And earth's foundations quaked with mortal fears.

SONNET.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Imitated from the Italian of Crescembini.

I ask'd the Heavens—"What foe to God hath done
This unexampled deed?"—The Heavens exclaim,
"'T was Man;—and we in horror snatch'd the sun
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."

I ask'd the Sea;—the Sea in fury boil'd,
And answer'd with his voice of storms,—"'Twas Man;
My waves in panic at his crime recoil'd,
Disclosed the abyss, and from the centre ran."

I ask'd the Earth;—the Earth replied aghast,
"'T was man;—and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
That still I groan and shudder at the past."
—To Man, gay, smiling, thoughtless Man, I went,
And ask'd him next:—*He* turn'd a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and deign'd me no reply.

THE BIBLE.

What is the world?—A wildering maze,
Where Sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,
Her victims to ensnare;
All broad, and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
Bearing their baubles, or their loads,
Down to eternal night:
—*One* humble path, that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

Is there a Guide to show that path?
The Bible:—He alone, who hath
The Bible, need not stray:
Yet he who hath, and will not give
That heavenly Guide to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

INSTRUCTION.

From heaven descend the drops of dew,
From heaven the gracious showers,
Earth's winter-aspect to renew,
And clothe the spring with flowers;
From heaven the beams of morning flow,
That melt the gloom of night;
From heaven the evening breezes blow,
Health, fragrance, and delight.

Like genial dew, like fertile showers,
The words of wisdom fall,
Awaken man's unconscious powers,
Strength out of weakness call:
Like morning beams they strike the mind,
Its loveliness reveal;
And softer than the evening wind,
The wounded spirit heal.

As dew and rain, as light and air,
From heaven Instruction came;
The waste of Nature to repair,
Kindle a sacred flame;
A flame to purify the earth,
Exalt her sons on high,
And train them for their second birth,
—Their birth beyond the sky.

Albion! on every human soul,
By thee be knowledge shed,
Far as the ocean-waters roll,
Wide as the shores are spread:
Truth makes thy children free at home;
Oh! that thy flag, unfurl'd,
Might shine, where'er thy children roam,
Truth's banner, round the world.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Occasioned by the Sudden Death of the Rev. Thomas Taylor; after having declared, in his last Sermon, on a preceding evening, that he hoped to die as an old soldier of Jesus Christ, with his sword in his hand.

"Servant of God! well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
—The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame:
He fell,—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield:
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight;
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it smote between:
'T was death to sin;—'t was life
To all that mourn'd for sin;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien-armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sun-rise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy.

ON THE ROYAL INFANT,

STILL-BORN, NOV. 5, 1817.

A THRONE on earth awaited thee;
A nation long'd to see thy face,
Heir to a glorious ancestry,
And father of a mightier race.
Vain hope! that throne thou must not fill;
Thee may that nation ne'er behold;
Thine ancient house is heirless still,
Thy line shall never be unroll'd.

Yet while we mourn thy flight from earth,
Thine was a destiny sublime;
Caught up to Paradise in birth,
Pluck'd by Eternity from Time.

The Mother knew her offspring dead:
Oh! was it grief, or was it love,
That broke her heart?—The spirit fled
To seek her nameless child above.

Led by his natal star, she trod
The path to heaven:—the meeting there,
And how they stood before their God,
The day of judgment shall declare.

A MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

In a land of strange delight,
My transported spirit stray'd,
I awake where all is night,
—Silence, solitude, and shade.

Is the dream of Nature flown?
Is the universe destroy'd,
Man extinct, and I alone
Breathing through the formless void?

No:—my soul, in God rejoice;
Through the gloom his light I see,
In the silence hear his voice,
And his hand is over me.

When I slumber in the tomb,
He will guard my resting-place;
Fearless in the day of doom,
May I stand before his face!

A NIGHT IN A STAGE-COACH,

BEING A MEDITATION ON THE WAY BETWEEN LONDON AND BRISTOL, SEPT. 23, 1815.

I TRAVEL all the irksome night,
By ways to me unknown;
I travel, like a bird in flight,
Onward, and all alone.

In vain I close my weary eyes,
They will not, cannot sleep,
But, like the watchers of the skies,
Their twinkling vigils keep.

My thoughts are wandering wild and far;
From earth to heaven they dart;
Now wing their flight from star to star,
Now dive into my heart.

Backward they roll the tide of time,
And live through vanish'd years;
Or hold their "colloquy sublime"
With future hopes and fears;—

Then passing joys and present woes
Chase through my troubled mind;
Repose still seeking,—but repose
Not for a moment find.

So yonder lone and lovely moon
Gleams on the clouds gone by,
Illumines those around her noon,
Yet westward points her eye.

Nor wind nor flood her course delay,
Through heaven I see her glide;
She never pauses on her way,
She never turns aside.

With anxious heart and throbbing brain,
Strength, patience, spirits gone,
Pulses of fire in every vein,
Thus, thus I journey on.

But soft!—in Nature's failing hour,
Up springs a breeze,—I feel
Its balmy breath, its cordial power,
—A power to soothe and heal.

Lo! grey, and gold, and crimson streaks
The gorgeous east adorn,
While o'er the empurpled mountain breaks
The glory of the morn.

Insensibly the stars retire,
Exhaled like drops of dew;
Now through an arch of living fire,
The sun comes forth to view.

The hills, the vales, the waters burn
With his enkindling rays,
No sooner touch'd than they return
A tributary blaze.

His quickening light on me descends,
His cheering warmth I own;
Upward to him my spirit tends,
But worships God alone.

O that on me, with beams benign,
His countenance would turn!
I too should then arise and shine,
—Arise, and shine, and burn.

Slowly I raise my languid head;
Pain and soul-sickness cease,
The phantoms of dismay are fled,
And health returns, and peace.

Where is the beauty of the scene,
Which silent night display'd?
The clouds, the stars, the blue serene,
The moving light and shade?

All gone!—the moon, erewhile so bright,
Veil'd with a dusky shroud,
Seems, in the sun's o'erpowering light,
The fragment of a cloud.

At length, I reach my journey's end;
—Welcome that well-known face!
I meet a brother and a friend;
I find a resting-place.

Just such a pilgrimage is life;
Hurried from stage to stage,
Our wishes with our lot at strife,
Through childhood to old age.

The world is seldom what it seems;—
To man, who dimly sees,
Realities appear as dreams,
And dreams, realities.

The Christian's years, though slow their flight,
When he is call'd away;
Are but the watches of a night,
And death the dawn of day.

THE REIGN OF SPRING.

Who loves not Spring's voluptuous hours,
The carnival of birds and flowers?
Yet who would choose, however dear,
That Spring should revel all the year?
—Who loves not Summer's splendid reign,
The bridal of the earth and main?
Yet who would choose, however bright,
A dog-day noon without a night?
—Who loves not Autumn's joyous round,
When corn, and wine, and oil abound?
Yet who would choose, however gay,
A year of unrenew'd decay?
—Who loves not Winter's awful form?
The *sphere-born music* of the storm?
Yet who would choose, how grand soever,
The shortest day to last for ever?

'T was in that age renown'd, remote,
When all was true that Esop wrote;
And in that land of fair Ideal,
Where all that poets dream is real;
Upon a day of annual state,
The Seasons met in high debate.
There blush'd young Spring in maiden-pride,
Blithe Summer look'd a gorgeous bride,
Staid Autumn moved with matron-grace,
And beldame Winter pursed her face.
Dispute grew wild; all talk'd together;
The four at once made wondrous weather;
Nor one (whate'er the rest had shown),
Heard any reason but her own,
While each (for nothing else was clear),
Claim'd the whole circle of the year.

Spring, in possession of the field,
Compell'd her sisters soon to yield;
They part,—resolved elsewhere to try
A twelvemonth's empire of the sky;
And calling off their airy legions,
Alighted in adjacent regions.
Spring o'er the eastern champaign smiled,
Fell Winter ruled the northern wild;
Summer pursued the sun's red car,
But Autumn loved the twilight star.

As Spring parades her new domain,
Love, Beauty, Pleasure, hold her train;
Her footsteps wake the flowers beneath,
That start, and blush, and sweetly breathe;
Her gales on nimble pinions rove,
And shake to foliage every grove;
Her voice, in dell and thicket heard,
Cheers on the nest the mother-bird;
The ice-lock'd streams, as if they felt
Her touch, to liquid diamond melt;
The lambs around her bleat and play;
The serpent flings his slough away,
And shines in orient colors dight,
A flexile ray of living light.
Nature unbinds her wintry shroud,
(As the soft sunshine melts the cloud),
With infant gambols sports along,
Bounds into youth, and soars in song.
The morn impearls her locks with dew;
Noon spreads a sky of boundless blue;
The rainbow spans the evening scene,
The night is silent and serene,
Save when her lonely minstrel wrings
The heart with sweetness, while he sings.
—Who would not wish, unrivall'd here,
That Spring might frolic all the year?

Three months are fled, and still she reigns,
Exulting queen o'er hills and plains;
The birds renew their nuptial vow,
Nestlings themselves are lovers now;
Fresh broods each bending bough receives,
Till feathers far outnumber leaves;
But kites in circles swim the air,
And sadden music to despair.

The stagnant pools, the quaking bogs,
Teem, croak, and crawl with hordes of frogs;
The matted woods, the infected earth,
Are venomous with reptile birth;
Armies of locusts cloud the skies;
With beetles, hornets, gnats with flies,
Interminable warfare wage,
And madden heaven with insect-rage.

The flowers are wither'd—sun nor dew
Their fallen glories shall renew;
The flowers are wither'd—germ nor seed
Ripen in garden, wild, or mead:
The corn-fields shoot;—their blades, alas!
Run riot in luxuriant grass.
The tainted flocks, the drooping kine,
In famine of abundance pine,
Where vegetation, sour, unsound,
And loathsome, rots and rankles round:
Nature with nature seems at strife;
Nothing can live but monstrous life
By death engender'd;—food and breath
Are turn'd to elements of death;
And where the soil his victims strew,
Corruption quickens them anew.

But ere the year was half expired,
Spring saw her folly, and retired;
Yoked her light chariot to a breeze,
And mounted to the Pleiades;
Content with them to rest or play
Along the calm nocturnal way;
Till, heaven's remaining circuit run,
They meet the pale hybe·nal sun,
And gaily mingling in his blaze,
Hail the true dawn of vernal days.

THE REIGN OF SUMMER.

The hurricanes are fled: the rains,
That plow'd the mountains, wreck'd the plains,
Have pass'd away before the wind,
And left a wilderness behind,
As if an ocean had been there
Exhaled, and left its channels bare.
But, with a new and sudden birth,
Nature replenishes the earth;
Plants, flowers, and shrubs, o'er all the land,
So promptly rise, so thickly stand,
As if they heard a voice, and came
Each at the calling of its name.
The tree, by tempest stript and rent,
Expands its verdure like a tent,
Beneath whose shade, in weary length,
The enormous lion rests his strength,
For blood, in dreams of hunting, burns,
Or, chased himself, to fight returns;
Growls in his sleep, a dreary sound,
Grinds his wedged teeth, and spurns the ground;
While monkeys, in grotesque amaze,
Down from their bending perches gaze,
But when he lifts his eye of fire,
Quick to the topmost boughs retire.

Loud o'er the mountains bleat the flocks;
The goat is bounding on the rocks;

Far in the valleys range the herds;
The welkin gleams with flitting birds,
Whose plumes such gorgeous tints adorn,
They seem the offspring of the morn.
From nectar'd flowers and groves of spice,
Earth breathes the air of Paradise;
Her mines their hidden wealth betray,
Treasures of darkness burst to day;
O'er golden sands the rivers glide,
And pearls and amber track the tide.
Of every sensual bliss possest,
Man riots here;—but *is* he blest?
And would he choose, for ever bright,
This Summer-day without a night?
For here hath Summer fix'd her throne,
Intent to reign,—and reign alone.

Daily the sun, in his career,
Hotter and higher, climbs the sphere,
Till from the zenith, in his rays,
Without a cloud or shadow, blaze
The realms beneath him:—in his march,
On the blue key-stone of heaven's arch,
He stands:—air, earth, and ocean lie
Within the presence of his eye.
The wheel of Nature seems to rest,
Nor rolls him onward to the west,
Till thrice three days of noon unchanged
That torrid clime have so deranged,
Nine years may not the wrong repair;
But Summer checks the ravage there;
Yet still enjoins the sun to steer
By the stern dog-star round the year,
With dire extremes of day and night,
Tartarean gloom, celestial light.

In vain the gaudy season shines,
Her beauty fades, her power declines;
Then first her bosom felt a care;
—No healing breeze embalm'd the air,
No mist the mountain-tops bedew'd,
Nor shower the arid vale renew'd;
The herbage shrunk; the plowman's toil
Scatter'd to dust the crumbling soil;
Blossoms were shed; the umbrageous wood,
Laden with sapless foliage, stood;
The streams, impoverish'd day by day,
Lessen'd insensibly away;
Where cattle sought, with piteous moans,
The vanish'd lymph, 'midst burning stones,
And tufts of wither'd reeds, that fill
The wonted channel of the rill;
Till, stung with hornets, mad with thirst,
In sudden rout, away they burst,
Nor rest, till where some channel deep
Gleams in small pools, whose waters sleep;
There with huge draught and eager eye
Drink for existence,—drink and die!

But direr evils soon arose,
Hopeless, unmitigable woes;
Man proves the shock; through all his veins,
The frenzy of the season reigns;
With pride, lust, rage, ambition blind,
He burns in every fire of mind,
Which kindles from insane desire,
Or fellest hatred can inspire;

Reckless whatever ill befall,
He dares to do and suffer all
That heart can think, that arm can deal,
Or out of hell a fury feel.

There stood in that romantic clime,
A mountain, awfully sublime:
O'er many a league the basement spread,
It tower'd in many an airy head,
Height over height,—now gay, now wild,
The peak with ice eternal piled;
Pure in mid-heaven, that crystal cone
A diadem of glory shone;
Reflecting in the night-fall'n sky
The beams of day's departed eye;
Or holding, ere the dawn begun,
Communion with the unrisen sun.
The cultured sides were clothed with woods,
Vineyards, and fields, or track'd with floods,
Whose glacier-fountains, hid on high,
Sent down their rivers from the sky.
O'er plains, that mark'd its gradual scale,
On sunny slope, in shelter'd vale,
Earth's universal tenant,—He.
Who lives wherever life may be,
Sole, social, fix'd, or free to roam,
Always and everywhere at home,
Man pitch'd his tents, adorn'd his bowers,
Built temples, palaces, and towers,
And made that Alpine world his own,
—The miniature of every zone,
From brown savannas parch'd below
To ridges of cerulean snow.

Those high-lands form'd a last retreat
From rabid Summer's fatal heat;
Though not unfelt her fervors there,
Vernal and cool the middle air;
While from the icy pyramid
Streams of unfailing freshness slid,
That long had slaked the thirsty land,
Till avarice, with insatiate hand,
Their currents check'd; in sunless caves,
And rock-bound dells, ingulf'd the waves,
And thence in scanty measures doled,
Or turn'd heaven's bounty into gold.
Ere long the dwellers on the plain
Murmur'd—their murmurs were in vain;
Petition'd—but their prayers were spurn'd;
Threaten'd,—defiance was return'd.
Then rang both regions with alarms;
Blood-kindling trumpets blew to arms;
The maddening drum and deafening fife
Marshall'd the elements of strife:
Sternly the mountaineers maintain
Their rights against the insurgent plain;
The plain's indignant myriads rose
To wrest the mountain from their foes,
Resolved its blessings to enjoy
By dint of valor—or destroy.

The legions met in war-array;
The mountaineers brook'd no delay,
Aside their missile weapons threw,
From holds impregnable withdrew,
And, rashly brave, with sword and shield,
Rush'd headlong to the open field.
Their foes the auspicious omen took,
And raised a battle-shout, that shook
The champaign;—staunch and keen for blood,
Front threatening front, the columns stood,
But, while like thunder-clouds they frown,
In tropic haste the sun went down;
Night o'er both armies stretch'd her tent,

The star-bespangled firmament,
Whose placid host, revolving slow,
Smile on the impatient hordes below,
That chafe and fret the hours away,
Curse the dull gloom, and long for day,
Though destined by their own decree
No other day nor night to see.
—That night is past, that day begun,
Swift as he sunk ascends the sun,
And from the red horizon springs
Upward, as borne on eagle-wings;
Aslant each army's lengthen'd lines,
O'er shields and helms he proudly shines,
While spears, that catch his lightnings keen,
Flash them athwart the space between.
Before the battle-shock, when breath
And pulse are still,—awaiting death:
In that cold pause, which seems to be
The prelude to eternity,
When fear, ere yet a blow is dealt,
Betray'd by none, by all is felt;
While, moved beneath their feet, the tomb
Widens her lap to make them room;
—Till, in the onset of the fray,
Fear, feeling, thought, are cast away,
And foaming, raging, mingling foes,
Like billows dash'd in conflict, close,
Charge, strike, repel, wound, struggle, fly,
Gloriously win, unconquer'd die.
Here, in dread silence, while they stand,
Each with a death-stroke in his hand,
His eye fix'd forward, and his ear
Tingling the signal-blast to hear,
The trumpet sounds;—one note,—no more;
The field, the fight, the war is o'er;
An earthquake rent the void between;
A moment show'd, and shut the scene;
Men, chariots, steeds, of either host,
The flower, the pride, the strength were lost:
A solitude remains;—the dead
Are buried there—the living fled.

Nor yet the reign of Summer closed:
—At night in their own homes reposed
The fugitives, on either side,
Who 'scaped the death their comrades died;
When, lo! with many a giddy shock,
The mountain-cliffs began to rock,
And deep below the hollow ground
Ran a strange mystery of sound,
As if, in chains and torments there,
Spirits were venting their despair.
That sound, those shocks, the sleepers woke;
In trembling consternation, broke
Forth from their dwellings, young and old;
—Nothing abroad their eyes behold

But darkness so intensely wrought,
'T was blindness in themselves they thought.
Anon, aloof, with sudden rays,
Issued so fierce, so broad a blaze,
That darkness started into light,
And every eye, restored to sight,
Gazed on the glittering crest of snows,
Whence the bright conflagration rose,
Whose flames condensed at once aspire,
—A pillar of celestial fire,
Alone amidst infernal shade,
In glorious majesty display'd:
Beneath, from rifted caverns, broke
Volumes of suffocating smoke,
That roll'd in surges, like a flood,
By the red radiance turn'd to blood.
Morn look'd aghast upon the scene,
Nor could a sunbeam pierce between
The panoply of vapors, spread
Above, around the mountain's head.

In distant fields, with drought consumed,
Joy swell'd all hearts, all eyes illumed,
When from that peak, through lowering skies,
Thick curling clouds were seen to rise,
And hang o'er all the darken'd plain,
The presage of descending rain.
The exulting cattle bound along,
The tuneless birds attempt a song,
The swain, amidst his sterile lands,
With outstretch'd arms of rapture stands.
But, fraught with plague and curses, came
The insidious progeny of flame:
Ah! then,—for fertilizing showers,
The pledge of herbage, fruits, and flowers,—
Words cannot paint, how every eye
(Blood-shot and dim with agony),
Was glazed, as by a palsying spell,
When light sulphureous ashes fell,
Dazzling, and eddying to and fro,
Like wildering sleet or feathery snow:
Strewn with grey pumice Nature lies,
At every motion quick to rise,
Tainting with livid fumes the air;
—Then hope lies down in prone despair,
And man and beast, with misery dumb,
Sullenly brood on woes to come.

The mountain now, like living earth,
Pregnant with some stupendous birth,
Heaved, in the anguish of its throes,
Sheer from its crest the incumbent snows;
And where of old they chill'd the sky,
Beneath the sun's meridian eye,
Or, purpling in the golden west,
Appear'd his evening throne of rest,
There, black and bottomless and wide,
A cauldron rent from side to side,
Simmer'd and hiss'd with huge turmoil;
Earth's disembowell'd minerals boil,
And thence in molten torrents rush:
—Water and fire, like sisters, gush
From the same source; the double stream
Meets, battles, and explodes in steam;
Then fire prevails; and broad and deep
Red lava roars from steep to steep;
While rocks unseated, woods upriven,
Are headlong down the current driven;
Columnar flames are rapt aloof,
In whirlwind forms, to heaven's high roof,
And there, amidst transcendent gloom,
Image the wrath beyond the tomb.

The mountaineers, in wild affright,
Too late for safety, urge their flight;
Women, made childless in the fray,
Women, made mothers yesterday,
The sick, the aged, and the blind;
—None but the dead are left behind.
Painful their journey, toilsome, slow,
Beneath their feet quick embers glow,
And hurtle round in dreadful hail;
Their limbs, their hearts, their senses fail,
While many a victim, by the way
Buried alive in ashes lay,
Or perish'd by the lightning's stroke,
Before the slower thunder broke.
A few the open field explore:
The throng seek refuge on the shore,
Between two burning rivers hemm'd,
Whose rage nor mounds nor hollow, stemm'd;
Driven like a herd of deer, they reach
The lonely, dark, and silent beach,
Where, calm as innocence in sleep,
Expanded lies the unconscious deep.
Awhile the fugitives respire,
And watch those cataracts of fire,
(That bar escape on either hand),
Rush on the ocean from the strand;
Back from the onset rolls the tide,
But instant clouds the conflict hide;
The lavas plunge to gulfs unknown,
And, as they plunge, relapse to stone.

Meanwhile the mad volcano grew
Tenfold more terrible to view;
And thunders, such as shall be hurl'd
At the death-sentence of the world;
And lightnings, such as shall consume
Creation, and creation's tomb,
Nor leave, amidst the eternal void,
One trembling atom undestroy'd;
Such thunders crash'd, such lightnings glared:
—Another fate those outcasts shared,
When, with one desolating sweep,
An earthquake seem'd to ingulf the deep,
Then threw it back, and from its bed
Hung a whole ocean overhead;
The victims shriek'd beneath the wave,
And in a moment found one grave;
Down to the abyss the flood return'd:
Alone, unseen, the mountain burn'd.

INCOGNITA.

WRITTEN AT LEAMINGTON, IN 1817, ON VIEWING THE PICTURE OF AN UNKNOWN LADY.

She was a phantom of delight.—*Wordsworth*

IMAGE of One, who lived of yore!
Hail to that lovely mien,

Once quick and conscious;—now no more
On land or ocean seen!
Were all earth's breathing forms to pass
Before me in Agrippa's glass,[1]
Many as fair as Thou might be,
But oh! not one,—not one like Thee.

Thou art no Child of Fancy;—Thou
The very look dost wear
That gave enchantment to a brow
Wreathed with luxuriant hair;
Lips of the morn embathed in dew,
And eyes of evening's starry blue;
Of all who e'er enjoy'd the sun,
Thou art the image of but *One.*

And who was she, in virgin prime,
And May of womanhood,
Whose roses here, unpluck'd by Time,
In shadowy tints have stood;
While many a winter's withering blast
Hath o'er the dark cold chamber pass'd,
In which her once resplendent form
Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm?

Of gentle blood;—upon her birth
Consenting planets smiled,
And she had seen those days of mirth
That frolic round the child:
To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,
Behold her beautiful and young!
Lives there a record, which hath told
That she was wedded, widow'd, old?

How long her date, 't were vain to guess:
The pencil's cunning art
Can but a single glance express,
One motion of the heart;
A smile, a blush,—a transient grace
Of air, and attitude, and face;
One passion's changing color mix;
One moment's flight for ages fix.

Her joys and griefs, alike in vain,
Would fancy here recall;
Her throbs of ecstacy or pain
Lull'd in oblivion all;
With her, methinks, life's little hour
Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,
That leaves upon the vernal wind
Sweetness we ne'er again may find.

Where dwelt she?—Ask yon aged tree,
Whose boughs embower the lawn,
Whether the birds' wild minstrelsy
Awoke her here at dawn;
Whether beneath its youthful shade,
At noon, in infancy she play'd:
—If from the oak no answer come,
Of her all oracles are dumb.

The Dead are like the stars by day;
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the sky:

Spirits, from bondage thus set free,
Vanish amidst immensity,
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

Somewhere within created space,
Could I explore that round,
In bliss, or woe, there is a place
Where she might still be found;
And oh! unless those eyes deceive,
I may, I must, I will believe
That she, whose charms so meekly glow,
Is what she only seem'd below:—

An angel in that glorious realm
Where God himself is King:
—But awe and fear, that overwhelm
Presumption, check my wing;
Nor dare imagination look
Upon the symbols of that book,
Wherein eternity enrolls
The judgments on departed souls.

Of Her of whom these pictured lines
A faint resemblance form;
—Fair as the *second* rainbow shines
Aloof amid the storm;
Of Her, this "shadow of a shade,"
Like its original must fade,
And She, forgotten when unseen,
Shall be as if she ne'er had been.

Ah! then, perchance, this dreaming strain,
Of all that e'er I sung,
A lorn memorial may remain,
When silent lies my tongue;
When shot the meteor of my fame,
Lost the vain echo of my name,
This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be
The only trace of her and me.

With One who lived of old, my song
In lowly cadence rose;
To One who is unborn, belong
The accents of its close:
Ages to come, with courteous ear,
Some youth my warning voice may hear;
And voices from the dead should be
The warnings of eternity.

When these weak lines thy presence greet,
Reader! if I am blest,
Again, as spirits, may we meet
In glory and in rest:
If not,—and *I* have lost my way,
Here part we;—go not *Thou* astray:
No tomb, no verse my story tell!
Once, and for ever, Fare Thee well.

THE LITTLE CLOUD,

SEEN IN A COUNTRY EXCURSION, JUNE 30, 1818.

THE summer sun was in the west,
Yet far above his evening rest;
A thousand clouds in air display'd
Their floating isles of light and shade,—

1 Henry Cornelius Agrippa, of Nettesheim, counsellor to Charles V. Emperor of Germany,—the author of *Occult Philosophy*, and other profound works,—is said to have shown to the Earl of Surrey the image of his mistress Geraldine, in a magical mirror.

The sky, like ocean's channels, seen
In long meandering streaks between.

Cultured and waste, the landscape lay;
Woods, mountains, valleys stretch'd away,
And throng'd the immense horizon round,
With heaven's eternal girdle bound:
From inland towns, eclipsed with smoke,
Steeples in lonely grandeur broke;
Hamlets, and cottages, and streams
By glimpses caught the casual gleams,
Or blazed in lustre broad and strong,
Beyond the picturing powers of song:
O'er all the eye enchanted ranged,
While colors, forms, proportions changed,
Or sank in distance undefined,
Still as our devious course inclined;
—And oft we paused, and look'd behind.

One little cloud, and only one,
Seem'd the pure offspring of the sun,
Flung from his orb to show us here
What clouds adorn *his* hemisphere;
Unmoved, unchanging, in the gale
That bore the rest o'er hill and dale,
Whose shadowy shapes, with lights around,
Like living motions, swept the ground.
This little cloud, and this alone,
Long in the highest ether shone;
Gay as a warrior's banner spread
Its sunward margin ruby-red,
Green, purple, gold, and every hue
That glitters in the morning dew,
Or glows along the rainbow's form,
—The apparition of the storm.
Deep in its bosom, diamond-bright,
Behind a fleece of pearly white,
It seem'd a secret glory dwelt,
Whose presence, while unseen, was felt:
Like Beauty's eye, in slumber hid
Beneath a half-transparent lid,
From whence a sound, a touch, a breath,
Might startle it,—as life from death.

Looks, words, emotions of surprise
Welcomed the stranger to our eyes:
Was it the phœnix, that from earth
In flames of incense sprang to birth?
Had ocean from his lap let fly
His loveliest halcyon through the sky?
No:—while we gazed, the pageant grew
A nobler object to our view;
We deem'd, if heaven with earth would hold
Communion, as in days of old,
Such, on his journey down the sphere,
Benignant Raphael might appear,
In splendid mystery conceal'd,
Yet by his rich disguise reveal'd:
—That buoyant vapor, in mid-air,
An angel in its folds might bear,
Who, through the curtain of his shrine,
Betray'd his lineaments divine.
The wild, the warm illusion stole,
Like inspiration, o'er the soul,
Till thought was rapture, language hung
Silent but trembling on the tongue;
And fancy almost hoped to hail
The seraph rushing through his veil,
Or hear an awful voice proclaim
The embassy on which he came.

But ah! no minister of grace
Show'd from the firmament his face,
Nor, borne aloof on balanced wings,
Reveal'd unutterable things.
The sun went down:—the vision pass'd;
The cloud was *but* a cloud at last;
Yet when its brilliancy decay'd,
The eye still linger'd on the shade,
And watching, till no longer seen,
Loved it for what it once had been.

That cloud was beautiful,—was one
Among a thousand round the sun:
The thousand shared the common lot;
They came,—they went,—they were forgot;
This fairy form alone impress'd
Its perfect image in my breast,
And shines as richly blazon'd there
As in its element of air.

The day on which that cloud appear'd,
Exhilarating scenes endear'd:
The sunshine on the hills, the floods;
The breeze, the twilight of the woods;
Nature in every change of green,
Heaven in unnumber'd aspects seen:
Health, spirits, exercise, release
From noise and smoke; twelve hours of peace;
No fears to haunt, no cares to vex;
Friends, young and old, of either sex;
Converse familiar, sportive, kind,
Where heart meets heart, mind quickens mind,
And words and thoughts are all at play,
Like children on a holiday;
—Till themes celestial rapt the soul
In adoration o'er the pole,
Where stars are darkness in *His* sight,
Who reigns invisible in light,
High above all created things,
The Lord of Lords, the King of Kings;
Faith, which could thus on wing sublime
Outsoar the bounded flight of time;
Hope full of immortality,
And God in all the eye could see;
—These, these endear'd that day to me,
And made it, in a thousand ways,
A day among a thousand days,
That share with clouds the common lot;
They come,—they go,—they are forgot:
This, like that plaything of the sun,
—The little, lonely, lovely one,
This lives within me;—this shall be
A part of my eternity.

Amidst the cares, the toils, the strife,
The weariness and waste of life,
That day shall memory oft restore,
And in a moment live it o'er,
When, with a lightning-flash of thought,
Morn, noon, and eve at once are brought
(As through the vision of a trance),
All in the compass of a glance.

Oh! should I reach a world above,
And sometimes think of those I love,
Of things on earth too dearly prized,
(Nor yet by saints in heaven despised),
Though Spirits made perfect may lament
Life's holier hours as half misspent,
Methinks I could not turn away
The fond remembrance of that day,
The bright idea of that cloud,
(Survivor of a countless crowd)
Without a pause, perhaps a sigh,—
To think such loveliness should die,
And clouds and days of storm and gloom
Scowl on Man's passage to the tomb.
—Not so:—I feel I have a heart
Blessings to share, improve, impart,
In blithe, severe, or pensive mood,
At home, abroad, in solitude,
Whatever clouds are on the wing,
Whatever day the seasons bring.

That is true happiness below,
Which conscience cannot turn to woe;
And though such happiness depends
Neither on clouds, nor days, nor friends,
When friends, and days, and clouds unite,
And kindred chords are tuned aright,
The harmonies of heaven and earth,
Through eye, ear, intellect, give birth
To joys too exquisite to last,
—And yet *more* exquisite when past!
When the soul summons by a spell
The ghosts of pleasure round her cell,
In saintlier forms than erst they wore,
And smiles benigner than before;
Each loved, lamented scene renews
With warmer touches, tenderer hues;
Recalls kind words for ever flown,
But echoing in a soften'd tone;
Wakes, with new pulses in the breast,
Feelings forgotten or at rest;
—The thought how fugitive and fair,
How dear and precious such things were!
That thought, with gladness more refined,
Deep and transporting thrills the mind,
Than all those pleasures of an hour,
When most the soul confess'd their power.

Bliss in possession will not last;
Remember'd joys are never past;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were,—they are,—they yet shall be.

ABDALLAH AND SABAT.[1]

[Orginally published with *Abdallah, or the Christian Martyr*, by *Thomas Foster Barham*, Esq.

FROM West-Arabia to Bochara came
A noble youth; Abdallah was his name;
Who journey'd through the various east to find
New forms of man, in feature, habit, mind;
Where Tartar hordes through nature's pastures run,
A race of Centaurs,—horse and rider one;
Where the soft Persian maid the breath inhales
Of love-sick roses, woo'd by nightingales;
Where India's grim array of Idols seem
The rabble-phantoms of a maniac's dream:
—Himself the flowery path of trespass trod,
Which the false prophet deck'd to lure from God
But He, who changed, into the faith of Paul,
The slaughter-breathing enmity of Saul,
Vouchsafed to meet Abdallah by the way:
No miracle of light eclipsed the day;
No vision from the eternal world, nor sound
Of awe and wonder smote him to the ground;
All mild and calm, with power till then unknown
The gospel-glory through his darkness shone;
A still small whisper, only heard within,
Convinced the trembling penitent of sin;
And Jesus, whom the Infidel abhorr'd,
The Convert now invoked, and call'd him Lord.
Escaping from the lewd Impostor's snare,
As flits a bird released through boundless air,
And soaring up the pure blue ether sings:
—So rose his Spirit on exulting wings.
But love, joy, peace, the Christian's bliss below,
Are deeply mingled in a cup of woe,
Which none can pass:—he, counting all things loss
For his Redeemer, gladly bore the cross;
Soon call'd, with life, to lay that burthen down,
In the first fight he won the Martyr's crown.

Abdallah's friend was Sabat;—one of those
Whom love estranged transforms to bitterest foes;
From persecution to that friend he fled,
But Sabat pour'd reproaches on his head,
Spurn'd like a leprous plague the prostrate youth,
And hated him as falsehood hates the truth;
Yet first with sophistry and menace tried
To turn him from "the faithful word" aside;
All failing, old esteem to rancor turn'd,
With Mahomet's own reckless rage he burn'd.
A thousand hideous thoughts, like fiends, possess'd
The Pandemonium of the Bigot's breast,
Whose fires, enkindled from the infernal lake,
Abdallah's veins, unsluiced, alone could slake.

The victim, dragg'd to slaughter by his friend,
Witness'd a good confession to the end.
Bochara pour'd her people forth, to gaze
Upon the direst scene the world displays,
The blood of innocence by treason spilt,
The reeking triumph of deep-branded guilt:
—Bochara pour'd her people forth, to eye
The loveliest spectacle beneath the sky,
The look with which a Martyr yields his breath,
—The resurrection of the soul in death.
"Renounce the Nazarene!" the headsman cries,
And flash'd the unstain'd falchion in his eyes:
"No!—be his name by heaven and earth adored!"
He said, and gave his right-hand to the sword:
"Renounce Him, who forsakes thee thus bereft;"
He wept, but spake not, and resign'd his left.
"Renounce Him now, who will not, cannot save;"
He kneel'd, like Stephen, look'd beyond the grave,

1 See Buchanan's *Christian Researches in India*, for the martyrdom of Abdallah, and the conversion and labors of Sabat.
The Christian Observer, February 1818, contains the account of Sabat's dreadful fate.

And while the dawn of heaven around him broke,
Bow'd his meek head to the dissevering stroke.
Out-cast on earth a mangled body lay;
A Spirit enter'd Paradise that day.

But where is Sabat?—Conscience-struck he stands,
With eye of agony, and fast-lock'd hands:
Abdallah, in the moment to depart,
Had turn'd, and look'd the traitor through the heart:
It smote him like a judgment from above,
That gentle look of wrong'd, forgiving love!
Then hatred vanish'd; suddenly represt
Were the strange flames of passion in his breast;
Nought but the smouldering ashes of despair,
Blackness of darkness, death of death, were there.
Ere long wild whirlwinds of remorse arise;
He flies—from all except himself he flies,
And a low voice for ever thrilling near,
The voice of blood which none but he can hear.

He fled from guilt, but guilt and he were one,
A Spirit seeking rest and finding none;
Visions of horror haunted him by night,
Yet darkness was less terrible than light;
From dreams of woe when startled nature broke,
To woes that were not dreams the wretch awoke.
Forlorn he ranged through India; till the Power,
That met Abdallah in a happier hour,
Arrested Sabat; through his soul he felt
The word of truth; his heart began to melt,
And yielded slowly, as cold Winter yields
When the warm Spring comes flushing o'er the fields.
Then first a tear of gladness swell'd his eye,
Then first his bosom heaved a healthful sigh;
That bosom parch'd as Afric's desert-land,
That eye a flint-stone in the burning sand.
—Peace, pardon, hope, eternal joy, reveal'd,
Humbled his heart; before the cross he kneel'd,
Look'd up to Him whom once he pierced, and bore
The name of Christ which he blasphemed before.
—Was Sabat then subdued by love or fear?
And who shall vouch that he was not sincere?

Now with a Convert's zeal his ardent mind
Glow'd for the common weal of all mankind;
Yet with intenser faith the Arabian pray'd,
When homeward thought through childhood's Eden stray'd,
—There, in the lap of Yemen's happiest vale,
The shepherds' tents are waving to the gale;
The Patriarch of their tribe, his sire, he sees
Beneath the shadow of ambrosial trees;
His Sisters, from the fountain in the rock,
Pour the cool sparkling water to their flock;
His brethren, rapt on steeds and camels, roam
O'er wild and mountain, all the land their home:
—Thither he long'd to send that book, unseal'd,
Whose words are life, whose leaves his wounds had heal'd;
That Ishmael, living by his sword and bow,
Might thus again the God of Abraham know;
And Meccan Pilgrims to Cahba's shrine,
Like locusts marching in perpetual line,
Might quit the broad, to choose the narrow path,
That leads to glory, and reclaims from wrath.

Fired with the hope to bless his native soil,
Years roll'd unfelt, in consecrated toil,
To mould the truths which holy writers teach
In the loved accents of his mother's speech;
While, like the sun, that always to the west
Leads the bright day, his fervent spirit press'd,
Thither a purer light from heaven to dart,
—The only light that reaches to the heart,
Whose deserts blossom where its beams are shed,
The blind behold them, and they raise the dead.
Nor by Arabia were his labors bound,
To Persian lips he taught "the joyful sound."
Would he had held unchanged that high career!
—But Sabat fell like lightning from his sphere:
Once with the morning stars God's works he sung;
Anon a serpent, with envenom'd tongue,
Like that apostate fiend who tempted Eve,
Gifted with speech,—he spake but to deceive.

Let pity o'er his errors cast a veil!
Haste to the sequel of his tragic tale.
Sabat became a vagabond on earth;
—He chose the Sinner's way, the Scorner's mirth;
Now feign'd contrition with obdurate tears,
Then wore a bravery that betray'd his fears;
With oaths and curses now his Lord denied,
And strangled guilty shame with desperate pride;
While, inly rack'd, he proved what culprits feel,
When conscience breaks remembrance on the wheel.
At length, an outlaw through the orient isles,
Snared in the subtlety of his own wiles,
He perish'd in an unexpected hour,
To glut the vengeance of barbarian power;
With sack-cloth shrouded, to a mill-stone bound,
And in the abysses of the ocean drown'd.
—Oh! what a plunge into the dark was there!
How ended life?—In blasphemy or prayer?
The winds are fled that heard his parting cry,
The waves that stifled it make no reply

When, at the resurrection of the Just,
Earth shall yield back Abdallah from the dust,
The sea, like rising clouds, give up its dead,
Then from the deep shall Sabat lift his head.
With waking millions round the judgment-seat,
Once, and but once again, those twain shall meet,
To part for ever—or to part no more:
—But who the eternal secret shall explore,
When Justice seals the gates of heaven and hell?
The rest—that day, that day alone, will tell

TO BRITAIN.

The following Address was the concluding Part of a Poem, entitled "*Thoughts on Wheels*," annexed to a Work, written by a friend of the Author, to expose the evils of the *State Lottery*.[1]

I LOVE Thee, O my native Isle!
Dear as my mother's earliest smile;
Sweet as my father's voice to me
Is all I hear, and all I see,
When, glancing o'er thy beauteous land,
In view thy *Public Virtues* stand,

1 The *State Lottery*, A Dream; by Samuel Roberts.—Also *Thoughts on Wheels*, a Poem, in Five Parts by J. M.

The guardian angels of thy coast,
Who watch the dear *domestic Host*,
The *Heart's Affections*, pleased to roam
Around the quiet heaven at home.

I love Thee,—when I mark thy soil
Flourish beneath the peasant's toil,
And from its lap of verdure throw
Treasures which neither Indies know.

I love Thee,—when I hear around
Thy looms, and wheels, and anvils sound,
Thine engines heaving all their force,
Thy waters laboring on their course,
And arts, and industry, and wealth
Exulting in the joys of health.

I love Thee,—when I trace thy tale
To the dim point where records fail;
Thy deeds of old renown inspire
My bosom with our fathers' fire:
A proud inheritance I claim
In all their sufferings, all their fame;
Nor less delighted when I stray
Down history's lengthening, widening way,
And hail Thee in thy present hour,
From the meridian arch of power,
Shedding the lustre of thy reign,
Like sunshine, over land and main.

I love Thee,—when I read the lays
Of British bards in elder days,
Till, rapt on visionary wings,
High o'er thy cliffs my spirit sings;
For I, among thy living choir,
I, too, can touch the sacred lyre.

I love Thee,—when I contemplate
The full-orb'd grandeur of thy state;
Thy laws and liberties, that rise,
Man's noblest works beneath the skies,
To which the pyramids were tame,
And Grecian temples bow their fame:
These, thine immortal sages wrought
Out of the deepest mines of thought;
These, on the scaffold, in the field,
Thy warriors won, thy patriots seal'd;
These, at the parricidal pyre,
Thy martyrs, sanctified in fire,
And, with the generous blood they spilt,
Wash'd from thy soil their murderers' guilt,
Cancell'd the curse which vengeance sped,
And left a blessing in its stead.
—Can words, can numbers count the price
Paid for this little paradise?
Never, oh! never be it lost;
The land is *worth* the price it cost.

I love Thee,—when thy sabbath dawns
O'er woods and mountains, dales and lawns,
And streams, that sparkle while they run,
As if their fountain were the sun:
When, hand in hand, thy tribes repair,
Each to their chosen house of prayer,
And all in peace and freedom call
On Him, who is the Lord of all.

I love Thee,—when my soul can feel
The seraph-ardors of thy zeal:
Thy charities, to none confined,
Bless, like the sun, the rain, the wind;
Thy schools the human brute shall raise,
Guide erring youth in wisdom's ways,
And leave, when we are turn'd to dust,
A generation of the just.

I love Thee,—when I see Thee stand
The hope of every other land;
A sea-mark in the tide of time,
Rearing to heaven thy brow sublime,—
Whence beams of gospel-splendor shed
A sacred halo round thine head;
And gentiles from afar behold
(Not as on Sinai's rocks of old),
GOD,—from eternity conceal'd,—
In his own light, on Thee reveal'd.'

I love Thee,—when I hear thy voice
Bid a despairing world rejoice,
And loud from shore to shore proclaim,
In every tongue, Messiah's name;
That name, at which, from sea to sea,
All nations *yet* shall bow the knee.

I love Thee:—next to heaven above,
Land of my fathers! Thee I love;
And, rail thy slanderers as they will,
"With all thy faults I love Thee still:"
For faults Thou hast, of heinous size;
Repent, renounce them, ere they rise
In judgment,—lest thine ocean-wall
With boundless ruin round Thee fall,
And that, which was thy mightiest stay,
Sweep all thy rocks like sand away.

Yes, Thou hast faults of heinous size,
From which I turn with weeping eyes;
On these let them that hate Thee dwell:
Yet *one* I spare not,—*one* I tell,
Tell with a whisper in thine ear;
Oh! might it wring thine heart with fear!
Oh! that my weakest word might roll,
Like heaven's own thunder, through thy soul!

There is a *Lie* in thy right hand—
A *Bribe*, corrupting all the land;
There is within thy gates a pest,
—*Gold* and a *Babylonish vest;*
Not hid in shame-concealing shade,
But broad against the sun display'd.
These,—tell it not,—it *must* be told:
These from thy LOTTERY-WHEELS are sold;
Sold,—and thy children, train'd to sin,
Hazard both worlds these plagues to win;
Nay, thy deluded statesmen stake
Thyself,—and lose Thee for their sake!
Lose Thee?—they shall not:—He, whose will
Is Nature's law, preserves thee still;
And, while the uplifted bolt impends,
One warning more his mercy sends.

O Britain! O my country! bring
Forth from thy camp the accursed thing;
Consign it to remorseless fire,
Watch till the latest spark expire,

Then cast the ashes on the wind,
Nor leave one atom-wreck behind.

So may thy wealth and power increase,
So may thy people dwell in peace;
On thee the Almighty's glory rest,
And all the world in thee be blest.

THE ALPS.—A REVERIE.

PART I. *Day.*

THE mountains of this glorious land
Are conscious beings to mine eye,
When at the break of day they stand
Like giants, looking through the sky,
To hail the sun's unrisen car,
That gilds their diadems of snow;
While one by one, as star by star,
Their peaks in ether glow.

Their silent presence fills my soul,
When to the horizontal ray
The many-tinctured vapors roll
In evanescent wreaths away,
And leave them naked on the scene,
The emblems of eternity,
The same as they have ever been,
And shall for ever be.

Yet through the valley while I range,
Their cliffs, like images in dreams,
Color, and shape, and station change;
Here crags and caverns, woods, and streams,
And seas of adamantine ice,
With gardens, vineyards, fields embraced,
Open a way to Paradise
Through all the splendid waste.

The goats are hanging on the rocks,
Wide through their pastures roam the herds;
Peace on the uplands feeds her flocks,
Till suddenly the king of birds
Pouncing a lamb, they start for fear:
He bears his bleating prize on high;
The well-known plaint his nestlings hear,
And raise a ravening cry.

The sun in morning freshness shines:
At noon behold his orb o'ercast;
Hollow and dreary o'er the pines,
Like distant ocean, moans the blast:
The mountains darken at the sound,
Put on their armor, and anon,
In panoply of clouds wrapt round,
Their forms from sight are gone.

Hark! war in heaven!—the battle-shout
Of thunder rends the echoing air;
Lo! war in heaven!—thick-flashing out
Through torrent-rains, red lightnings glare;
As though the Alps, with mortal ire,
At once a thousand voices raised;
And with a thousand swords of fire
At once in conflict blazed.

PART II. *Night.*

COME, golden Evening, in the west
Enthrone the storm-dispelling sun,
And let the triple rainbow rest
O'er all the mountain-tops:—'t is done;
The deluge ceases: bold and bright,
The rainbow shoots from hill to hill;
Down sinks the sun; on presses night;
—Mont Blanc is lovely still.

There take thy stand, my spirit;—spread
The world of shadows at thy feet;
And mark how calmly, overhead,
The stars like saints in glory meet:
While hid in solitude sublime,
Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,
And hear the passing foot of Time
Step through the gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,
From precipice to precipice,
An avalanche's ruins dash
Down to the nethermost abyss;
Invisible, the ear alone
Follows the uproar till it dies:
Echo on echo, groan for groan,
From deep to deep replies.

Silence again the darkness seals,—
Darkness that may be felt;—but soon
The silver-clouded east reveals
The midnight spectre of the moon;
In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
Yet, o'er the host of heaven supreme,
Brings the faint semblance of a morn
With her awakening beam.

Ha! at her touch, these Alpine heights
Unreal mockeries appear;
With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
Enlarging as she climbs the sphere;
A crowd of apparitions pale!
I hold my breath in chill suspense,
—They seem so exquisitely frail,—
Lest they should vanish hence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe;
Lake of Geneva! thee I trace,
Like Dian's crescent far beneath,
And beautiful as Dian's face:
Pride of this land of liberty!
All that thy waves reflect I love;
Where heaven itself, brought down to thee,
Looks fairer than above.

Safe on thy banks again I stray,
The trance of poesy is o'er,
And I am here at dawn of day,
Gazing on mountains as before;
For all the strange mutations wrought
Were magic feats of my own mind:
Thus, in the fairy-land of thought,
Whate'er I seek I find.

Yet, O ye everlasting hills!
Buildings of God, not made with hands,

Whose word performs whate'er He wills,
Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands;
Can there be eyes that look on you,
Till tears of rapture make them dim,
Nor in his works the Maker view,
Then lose his works in Him?

By me, when I behold Him not,
Or love Him not when I behold,
Be all I ever knew forgot;
My pulse stand still, my heart grow cold;
Transform'd to ice, 'twixt earth and sky,
On yonder cliff my form be seen,
That all may ask, but none reply,
What my offence hath been.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

FLOWERS! wherefore do ye bloom?
—We strew thy pathway to the tomb.

Stars! wherefore do ye rise?
—To light thy spirit to the skies.

Fair Moon! why dost thou wane?
—That I may wax again.

O Sun! what makes thy beams so bright?
—The Word, that said "Let there be light."

Planets! what guides you in your course?
—Unseen, unfelt, unfailing force.

Nature! whence sprang thy glorious frame?
—My Maker call'd me, and I came.

O Light! thy subtle essence who may know?
—Ask not; for all things but myself I show.

What is yon arch which everywhere I see?
—The sign of omnipresent Deity.

Where rests the horizon's all-embracing zone?
—Where earth, God's footstool, touches heaven, his throne.

Ye clouds! what bring ye in your train!
—God's embassies,—storm, lightning, hail, or rain.

Winds! whence and whither do ye blow?
—Thou must be born again to know.

Bow in the cloud! what token dost thou bear?
—That Justice still cries "*strike*," and Mercy "*spare*."

Dews of the morning! wherefore were ye given?
—To shine on earth, then rise to heaven.

Rise, glitter, break; yet, Bubble! tell me why?
—To show the course of all beneath the sky.

Stay, Meteor! stay thy falling fire.
—No: thus shall all the host of heaven expire.

Ocean! what law thy chainless waves confined?
—That which in Reason's limits holds thy mind.

Time! whither dost thou flee?
—I travel to Eternity.

Eternity! what art thou?—say.
—Time past, time present, time to come,—*to-day*.

Ye Dead! where can your dwelling be?
—The house for all the living;—come and see.

O Life! what is thy breath?
—A vapor lost in death.

O Death! how ends thy strife?
—In everlasting life.

O Grave! where is thy victory?
—Ask Him who rose again for me.

YOUTH RENEWED.

SPRING-FLOWERS, spring-birds, spring-breezes,
Are felt, and heard, and seen;
Light trembling transport seizes
My heart,—with sighs between:
These old enchantments fill the mind
With scenes and seasons far behind;
Childhood, its smiles and tears,
Youth, with its flush of years,
Its morning-clouds and dewy prime,
More exquisitely touch'd by Time.

Fancies again are springing,
Like May-flowers in the vales;
While hopes, long lost, are singing,
From thorns, like nightingales;
And kindly spirits stir my blood,
Like vernal airs, that curl the flood:
There falls to manhood's lot
A joy, which youth has not,
A dream, more beautiful than truth,
—Returning Spring, renewing Youth.

Thus sweetly to surrender
The present for the past;
In sprightly mood, yet tender,
Life's burthen down to cast,
—This is to taste, from stage to stage,
Youth on the lees refined by age:
Like wine well kept and long,
Heady, nor harsh, nor strong,
With every annual cup, is quaff'd
A richer, purer, mellower draught.

THE BRIDAL AND THE BURIAL.

"BLESSED is the bride whom the sun shines on;
Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on."

I saw thee young and beautiful,
I saw thee rich and gay,
In the first blush of womanhood,
Upon thy wedding-day:
The church-bells rang,
And the little children sang,—
"Flowers, flowers, kiss her feet;
Sweets to the sweet!

The winter 's past, the rains are gone:
Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on."

I saw thee poor and desolate,
I saw thee fade away,
In broken-hearted widowhood,
Before thy locks were grey:
The death-bell rang,
And the little children sang,—
"Lilies! dress her winding-sheet;
Sweets to the sweet.
The summer 's past, the sunshine gone:
Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on."

"Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on;
Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on."

FRIENDS.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of Time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There *is* a world above,
Where parting is unknown—
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,—
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
—They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT

ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT DAUGHTER.

I loved thee, Daughter of my heart!
My Child, I loved thee dearly;
And though we only met to part,
—How sweetly! how severely!—
Nor life nor death can sever
My soul from thine for ever.

Thy days, my little one! were few:
An Angel's morning visit,
That came and vanish'd with the dew;
'T was here, 't is gone—where is it?
Yet didst thou leave behind thee
A clew for love to find thee.

The eye, the lip, the cheek, the brow,
The hands stretch'd forth in gladness,
All life, joy, rapture, beauty now,—
Then dash'd with infant sadness;
Till, brightening by transition,
Return'd the fairy vision:—

Where are they now?—those smiles, those tears,
Thy Mother's darling treasure?
She sees them still, and still she hears
Thy tones of pain or pleasure,—
To her quick pulse revealing
Unutterable feeling.

Hush'd in a moment on her breast,
Life at the well-spring drinking;
Then cradled on her lap to rest,
In rosy slumber sinking:
Thy dreams—no thought can guess them;
And mine—no tongue express them.

For then this waking eye could see,
In many a vain vagary,
The things that never were to be,
Imaginations airy;
Fond hopes that mothers cherish,
Like still-born babes to perish.

Mine perish'd on thy early bier;
No—changed to forms more glorious,
They flourish in a higher sphere,
O'er time and death victorious;
Yet would these arms have chain'd thee,
And long from Heaven detain'd thee.

Sarah! my last, my youngest love,
The crown of every other!
Though thou art born in Heaven above,
I am thine only Mother,
Nor will affection let me
Believe thou canst forget me.

Then,—thou in Heaven and I on earth,—
May this one hope delight us,
That thou wilt hail my second birth,
When death shall reunite us,
Where worlds no more can sever
Parent and child for ever.

THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.

Well, thou art gone, and I am left:
But oh! how cold and dark to me
This world, of every charm bereft,
Where all was beautiful with thee!

Though I have seen thy form depart
For ever from my widow'd eye,
I hold thee in mine inmost heart;
There, there at least, thou canst not die.

Farewell on earth: Heaven claim'd its own;
Yet, when from me thy presence went,
I was exchanged for God alone:
Let dust and ashes learn content.

Ha! those small voices, silver sweet!
Fresh from the fields my babes appear;
They fill my arms, they clasp my feet:
—"Oh! could your father see us here!"

THE DAISY IN INDIA.

Supposed to be addressed by the Reverend Dr. Carey, the learned and illustrious Baptist Missionary at Serampore, to the first plant of this kind, which sprang up unexpectedly in his garden, out of some English earth, in which other seeds had been conveyed to him from this country. With great care and nursing, the Doctor has been enabled to perpetuate the Daisy in India, as an annual only, raised by seed preserved from season to season.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
My mother country's white and red,
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread:
Transplanted from thine island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
Whose tribes, beneath our natal skies,
Shut close their leaves while vapors lower;
But, when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabash'd but modest eyes,
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower,
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year;
Thou, only thou, art little here,
Like worth unfriended and unknown,
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be;
The fairy sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee,
I find in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
I 'll rear thee with a trembling hand:
Oh, for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May-dews of that fair land,
Where Daisies, thick as star-light, stand
In every walk!—that here may shoot
Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
A hundred from one root.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
To me the pledge of hope unseen;
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower
For joys that were, or might have been,
I 'll call to mind how, fresh and green,
I saw thee waking from the dust;
Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.

THE DROUGHT.

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1826.

Hosea, ii, 21, 22.

What strange, what fearful thing hath come to pass?
The ground is iron, and the heavens are brass;
Man on the withering harvests casts his eye,
"Give me your fruits in season, or I die;"
The timely Fruits implore their parent Earth,
"Where is thy strength to bring us forth to birth?"
The Earth, all prostrate, to the Clouds complains,
"Send to my heart your fertilizing rains;"
The Clouds invoke the Heavens,—"Collect, dispense
Through us your quickening, healing influence;"
The Heavens to Him that made them raise their moan,
"Command thy blessing, and it shall be done:"
The Lord is in his temple;—hush'd and still,
The suppliant Universe awaits his will.

He speaks; and to the Clouds the Heavens dispense,
With lightning-speed, their genial influence;
The gathering, breaking Clouds pour down their rains,
Earth drinks the bliss through all her eager veins;
From teeming furrows start the Fruits to birth,
And shake their treasures on the lap of Earth;
Man sees the harvests grow beneath his eye,
Turns, and looks up with rapture to the sky;
All that have breath and being now rejoice;
All Nature's voices blend in one great voice,
"Glory to God, who thus himself makes known!"
—When shall all tongues confess Him God alone?
Lord, as the rain comes down from Heaven;—the rain
Which waters Earth, nor thence returns in vain,
But makes the tree to bud, the grass to spring,
And feeds and gladdens every living thing;
So may thy word, upon a world destroy'd,
Come down in blessing, and return not void;
So may it come in universal showers,
And fill Earth's dreariest wilderness with flowers,
—With flowers of promise fill the world, within
Man's heart, laid waste and desolate by sin;
Where thorns and thistles curse the infested ground,
Let the rich fruits of righteousness abound;
And trees of life, for ever fresh and green,
Flourish where trees of death alone have been;
Let Truth look down from Heaven, Hope soar above,
Justice and Mercy kiss, Faith work by Love;
Nations new-born their fathers' idols spurn;
The ransom'd of the Lord with songs return;
Heralds! the year of Jubilee proclaim;
Bow every knee at the Redeemer's name;
O'er lands, with darkness, thraldom, guilt, o'erspread,
In light, joy, freedom, be the Spirit shed;
Speak Thou the word; to Satan's power say, "Cease,"
But to a world of pardon'd sinners, "Peace."
—Thus in thy grace, Lord God, Thyself make known;
Then shall all tongues confess Thee God alone.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

"Ye have done it unto me."—Matt. xxv, 40.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often cross'd me on my way,

Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, "Nay:"
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet was there something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd;—not a word he spake;—
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,
And ate,—but gave me part again;
Mine was an Angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on:
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipt, and return'd it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side:
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd;
I had myself a wound conceal'd;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And Peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honor'd him 'midst shame and scorn:
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd, if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
The Stranger darted from disguise,
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Savior stood before mine eyes:
He spake; and my poor name He named;
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed:
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

A SEA PIECE,

IN THREE SONNETS.

Scene.—Bridlington Quay, 1824.

I.

At nightfall, walking on the cliff-crown'd shore,
Where sea and sky were in each other lost;
Dark ships were scudding through the wild uproar,
Whose wrecks ere morn must strew the dreary coast!
I mark'd one well-moor'd vessel tempest-tost,
Sails reef'd, helm lash'd,—a dreadful siege she bore;
Her deck by billow after billow cross'd,
While every moment she might be no more:
Yet firmly anchor'd on the nether sand,
Like a chain'd lion ramping at his foes,
Forward and rearward still she plunged and rose,
Till broke her cable;—then she fled to land,
With all the waves in chase; throes following throes;
She 'scaped,—she struck,—she stood upon the strand.

II.

The morn was beautiful, the storm gone by;
Three days had pass'd; I saw the peaceful main,
One molten mirror, one illumined plane,
Clear as the blue, sublime, o'er-arching sky:
On shore that lonely vessel caught mine eye,
Her bow was sea-ward, all equipt her train,
Yet to the sun she spread her wings in vain,
Like a chain'd eagle, impotent to fly;
There fix'd as if for ever to abide:
Far down the beach had roll'd the low neap-tide,
Whose mingling murmur faintly lull'd the ear:
"Is this," methought, "is this the doom of pride,
Check'd in the onset of thy brave career,
Ingloriously to rot by piecemeal here?"

III.

Spring-tides return'd, and Fortune smiled: the bay
Received the rushing ocean to its breast;
While waves on waves innumerably prest,
Seem'd, with the prancing of their proud array,
Sea-horses, flash'd with foam, and snorting spray;
Their power and thunder broke that vessel's rest;
Slowly, with new expanding life possest,
To her own element she glid away;
Buoyant and bounding like the polar whale,
That takes his pastime; every joyful sail
Was to the freedom of the wind unfurl'd,
While right and left the parted surges curl'd:
—Go, gallant bark, with such a tide and gale,
I'll pledge thee to a voyage round the world.

ROBERT BURNS.

What bird in beauty, flight, or song,
Can with the bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong
As ever child of air?

His plume, his note, his form, could Burns,
For whim or pleasure change;
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange.

The black-bird, oracle of spring,
When flow'd his moral lay;
The swallow, wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play:

The Humming-bird, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm;
The Raven, in the tempest's gloom;
The Halcyon, in the calm:

In "auld Kirk Alloway," the Owl,
At witching time of night;
By "bonnie Doon," the earliest Fowl
That caroll'd to the light.

He was the Wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein;
At Bannockburn the Bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train:

The Wood-lark, in his mournful hours;
The Goldfinch, in his mirth;
The Thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
Enrapturing heaven and earth;

The Swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still;
But, roused,—no Falcon in the chase,
Could like his satire kill.

The Linnet in simplicity,
In tenderness the Dove;
But more than all beside was he,
The Nightingale in love.

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had devotion loved to name
That Bird of Paradise!

Peace to the dead!—In Scotia's choir
Of Minstrels great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
The Phœnix of them all.

A THEME FOR A POET.—1814.

The arrow that shall lay me low,
Was shot from Death's unerring bow
The moment of my breath;
And every footstep I proceed,
It tracks me with increasing speed:
I turn,—it meets me,—Death
Has given such impulse to that dart,
It points for ever at my heart.

And soon of me it must be said,
That I have lived, that I am dead:
Of all I leave behind,
A few may weep a little while,
Then bless my memory with a smile;
What monument of mind
Shall I bequeath to deathless Fame,
That after-times may love my name?

Let Southey sing of war's alarms,
The pride of battle, din of arms,
The glory and the guilt,—
Of nations barb'rously enslaved,
Of realms by patriot valor saved,
Of blood insanely spilt,
And millions sacrificed to fate,
To make one little mortal great.

Let Scott, in wilder strains, delight
To chaunt the Lady and the Knight,
The tournament, the chase,
The wizard's deed without a name,
Perils by ambush, flood, and flame;
Or picturesquely trace
The hills that form a world on high,
The lake that seems a downward sky.

Let Byron with untrembling hand,
Impetuous foot, and fiery brand,
Lit at the flames of hell,
Go down and search the human heart,
Till fiends from every corner start,
Their crimes and plagues to tell;
Then let him fling the torch away,
And sun his soul in heaven's pure day.

Let Wordsworth weave, in mystic rhyme,
Feelings ineffably sublime,
And sympathies unknown;
Yet so our yielding breasts enthral,
His Genius shall possess us all,
His thoughts become our own,
And, strangely pleased, we start to find
Such hidden treasures in *our* mind.

Let Campbell's sweeter numbers flow
Through every change of joy and woe;
Hope's morning dreams display,
The Pennsylvanian cottage wild,
The frenzy of O'Connor's child,
Or Linden's dreadful day;
And still in each new form appear
To every Muse and Grace more dear.

Transcendent masters of the lyre!
Not to your honors I aspire;
Humbler, yet higher, views
Have touch'd my spirit into flame:
The pomp of Fiction I disclaim;
Fair Truth! be thou my Muse—
Reveal in splendor deeds obscure,
Abase the proud, exalt the poor.

I sing the men who left their home,
Amidst barbarian hordes to roam,
Who land and ocean cross'd,
Led by a load-star, mark'd on high
By Faith's unseen, all-seeing eye,—
To seek and save the lost;
Where'er the curse on Adam spread,
To call his offspring from the dead.

Strong in the great Redeemer's name,
They bore the cross, despised the shame,
And, like their Master here,
Wrestled with danger, pain, distress,

Hunger, and cold, and nakedness,
And every form of fear;
To feel his love their only joy,
To tell that love their sole employ.

O Thou, who wast in Bethlehem born,
The Man of sorrows and of scorn,
Jesus, the sinners' Friend!
—O Thou, enthroned in filial right,
Above all creature-power and might;
Whose kingdom shall extend,
Till earth, like heaven, thy name shall fill,
And men, like angels, do thy will:—

Thou, whom I love, but cannot see,
My Lord, my God! look down on me;
My low affections raise;
The spirit of liberty impart,
Enlarge my soul, inflame my heart,
And, while I spread thy praise,
Shine on my path, in mercy shine,
Prosper my work, and make it thine.

NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest:
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams:
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Mix in fantastic strife:
Ah! visions, less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil:
To plow the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep:
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of Memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes, that were Angels at their birth,
But died when young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch:
O'er ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care:
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Summon'd to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think:
When, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight; and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray:
Our Savior oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his follower do,
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for Death:
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends;—such death be mine.

MEET AGAIN.[1]

Joyful words,—we meet again!
Love's own language, comfort darting
Through the souls of friends at parting:
Life in death,—we meet again!

While we walk this vale of tears,
Compass'd round with care and sorrow,
Gloom to-day, and storm to-morrow,
"Meet again!" our bosom cheers.

Far in exile, when we roam,
O'er our lost endearments weeping,
Lonely, silent vigils keeping,
"Meet again!" transports us home.

When this weary world is past,
Happy they, whose spirits soaring,
Vast eternity exploring,
"Meet again!" in heaven at last.

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Night turns to day:—
When sullen darkness lowers,
And heaven and earth are hid from sight,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Ere long the opening flowers,
With dewy eyes, shall shine in light.

Storms die in calms:—
When over land and ocean
Roll the loud chariots of the wind,
Cheer up, cheer up!
The voice of wild commotion
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

1 The seven following pieces were written for "Select foreign Airs," published some time ago under the title of "*Polyhymnia*," which will account for the peculiar rhythm adopted in several of them. The four first were paraphrased from the German; the words of the remaining three are original.

Winter wakes Spring:—
When icy blasts are blowing
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees,
Cheer up, cheer up!
All beautiful and glowing,
May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

War ends in peace:—
Though dread artillery rattle,
And ghastly corses load the ground,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Where groan'd the field of battle,
The song, the dance, the feast go round.

Toil brings repose:—
With noontide fervors beating,
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Grey twilight, cool and fleeting,
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life:—
Though brief and sad thy story,
Thy years all spent in care and gloom,
Look up, look up!
Eternity and glory
Dawn through the portals of the tomb.

THE PILGRIM.

How blest the Pilgrim, who in trouble
Can lean upon a bosom friend;
Strength, courage, hope, with him redouble,
When foes assail, or griefs impend;
Care flees before his footsteps, straying,
At daybreak, o'er the purple heath;
He plucks the wild flowers round him playing,
And binds their beauty in a wreath.

More dear to him the fields and mountains,
When with his friend abroad he roves,
Rests in the shade near sunny fountains,
Or talks by moonlight through the groves:
For him the vine expands its clusters,
Spring wakes for him her woodland quire,
Yea, when the storm of winter blusters,
'T is summer round his evening fire.

In good old age serenely dying,
When all he loved forsakes his view,
Sweet is Affection's voice, replying
"I follow soon," to his "Adieu!"
Even then, though earthly ties are riven,
The spirit's union will not end;
—Happy the man, whom Heaven hath given,
In life and death, a faithful friend.

GERMAN WAR-SONG.[1]

Heaven speed the righteous sword,
And freedom be the word!
Come, brethren! hand in hand,
Fight for your father-land.

Germania from afar
Invokes her sons to war;
Awake! put forth your powers,
And victory must be ours.

On to the combat, on!
Go where your sires have gone:
Their might unspent remains,
Their pulse is in our veins.

On to the battle, on!
Rest will be sweet anon;
The slave may yield, may fly,
We conquer, or we die.

O Liberty! thy form
Shines through the battle-storm;
Away with fear, away!
Let justice win the day.

[1] The simple and sublime original of these stanzas, with the fine air by Himmel, became the national song of Germany, and was sung by the soldiers especially, during the latter campaigns of the war, when Buonaparte was twice dethroned, and Europe finally delivered from French predominance.

REMINISCENCES.

Where are ye with whom in life I started,
Dear companions of my golden days?
Ye are dead, estranged from me, or parted,
—Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand ways.

Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother,
Yea, in soul my friend and brother still?
Heaven received thee, and on earth none other
Can the void in my lorn bosom fill.

Where is she, whose looks were love and gladness?
—Love and gladness I no longer see!
She is gone; and since that hour of sadness,
Nature seems her sepulchre to me.

Where am I?—life's current, faintly flowing,
Brings the welcome warning of release;
Struck with death, ah! whither am I going?
All is well—my spirit parts in peace.

THE AGES OF MAN.

Youth, fond youth! to thee in life's gay morning,
New and wonderful are heaven and earth;
Health the hills, content the fields adorning,
Nature rings with melody and mirth;
Love invisible, beneath, above,
Conquers all things; all things yield to love.

Time, swift time, from years their motion stealing,
Unperceived hath sober manhood brought;
Truth, her pure and humble forms revealing,
Peoples fancy's fairy-land with thought;
Then the heart, no longer prone to roam,
Loves, loves best, the quiet bliss of home.

Age, old age, in sickness, pain, and sorrow,
Creeps with lengthening shadow o'er the scene;
Life was yesterday, 't is death to-morrow,
And to-day the agony between:
Then how longs the weary soul for thee,
Bright and beautiful eternity!

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story:
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge—
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward will we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty:
Minds are of supernal birth,
Let us make a heaven of earth.

Close and closer then we knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fire-side comforts sit
In the wildest weather:
Oh! they wander wide, who roam,
For the joys of life, from home.

Nearer, dearer bands of love
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion;
Thither every hope ascend,
There may all our labors end.

A HERMITAGE.

Whose is this humble dwelling-place,
The flat turf-roof with flowers o'ergrown?
Ah! here the tenant's name I trace,
Moss-cover'd, on the threshold stone.

Well, he has peace within and rest,
Though nought of all the world beside;
Yet, stranger! deem not him unblest,
Who knows not avarice, lust, or pride.

Nothing he asks, nothing he cares
For all that tempts or troubles round;
He craves no feast, no finery wears,
Nor once o'ersteps his narrow bound.

No need of light, though all be gloom,
To cheer his eye,—that eye is blind;
No need of fire in this small room,
He recks not tempest, rain, or wind.

No gay companion here; no wife
To gladden home with true-love smiles;
No children,—from the woes of life,
To win him with their artless wiles.

Nor joy, nor sorrow, enter here,
Nor throbbing heart, nor aching limb;
No sun, no moon, no stars appear,
And man and brute are nought to him.

This dwelling is a hermit's cave,
With space alone for one poor bed;
This dwelling is a mortal's grave,
Its sole inhabitant is dead.

THE FALLING LEAF.

Were I a trembling leaf,
On yonder stately tree,
After a season gay and brief,
Condemn'd to fade and flee;

I should be loth to fall
Beside the common way,
Weltering in mire, and spurn'd by all,
Till trodden down to clay.

Nor would I choose to die
All on a bed of grass,
Where thousands of my kindred lie,
And idly rot in mass.

Nor would I like to spread
My thin and wither'd face
In *hortus siccus*, pale and dead,
A mummy of my race.

No,—on the wings of air
Might I be left to fly,
I know not and I heed not where,
A waif of earth and sky!

Or flung upon the stream,
Curl'd-like a fairy-boat,
As through the changes of a dream,
To the world's end to float!

Who that hath ever been,
Could bear to be no more?
Yet who would tread again the scene
He trod through life before?

On, with intense desire,
Man's spirit will move on;
It seems to die, yet, like Heaven's fire,
It is not quench'd, but gone.

ON PLANTING A TULIP-ROOT.

Here lies a bulb, the child of earth,
Buried alive beneath the clod,
Ere long to spring, by second birth,
A new and nobler work of God.

'Tis said that microscopic power
Might through its swaddling-folds descry
The infant-image of the flower,
Too exquisite to meet the eye.

This, vernal suns and rains will swell,
Till from its dark abode it peep,
Like Venus rising from her shell,
Amidst the spring-tide of the deep.

Two shapely leaves will first unfold,
Then, on a smooth, elastic stem,
The verdant bud shall turn to gold,
And open in a diadem.

Not one of Flora's brilliant race
A form more perfect can display;
Art could not feign more simple grace,
Nor Nature take a line away.

Yet, rich as morn of many a hue,
When flushing clouds through darkness strike,
The tulip's petals shine in dew,
All beautiful,—but none alike.

Kings, on their bridal, might unrobe
To lay their glories at its foot;
And queens their sceptre, crown, and globe,
Exchange for blossom, stalk, and root.

Here could I stand and moralize;
Lady, I leave that part to thee;
Be thy next birth in Paradise,
Thy life to come eternity.

THE ADVENTURE OF A STAR.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

A STAR would be a flower;
So down from heaven it came,
And in a honeysuckle bower
Lit up its little flame.
There on a bank, beneath the shade,
By sprays, and leaves, and blossoms made,
It overlook'd the garden-ground,
—A landscape stretching ten yards round;
O what a change of place
From gazing through eternity of space!

Gay plants on every side
Unclosed their lovely blooms,
And scatter'd far and wide
Their ravishing perfumes:
The butterfly, the bee,
And many an insect on the wing,
Full of the spirit of the spring,
Flew round and round in endless glee,
Alighting here, ascending there,
Ranging and revelling everywhere.

Now all the flowers were up, and drest
In robes of rainbow-color'd light;
The pale primroses look'd their best,
Peonies blush'd with all their might;
Dutch tulips from their beds
Flaunted their stately heads;
Auriculas, like belles and beaux,
Glittering with birth-night splendor, rose;
And polyanthuses display'd
The brilliance of their gold brocade:
Here hyacinths of heavenly blue
Shook their rich tresses to the morn,
While rose-buds scarcely show'd their hue,
But coyly linger'd on the thorn,
Till their loved nightingale, who tarried long,
Should wake them into beauty with his song.
The violets were past their prime,
Yet their departing breath
Was sweeter, in the blast of death,
Than all the lavish fragrance of the time.

Amidst this gorgeous train,
Our truant star shone forth in vain;
Though in a wreath of periwinkle,
Through whose fine gloom it strove to twinkle,
It seem'd no bigger to the view
Than the light-spangle in a drop of dew.
—Astronomers may shake their polls,
And tell me,—every orb that rolls
Through heaven's sublime expanse
Is sun or world, whose speed and size
Confound the stretch of mortal eyes,
In Nature's mystic dance:
It may be so
For aught I know,
Or aught indeed that they can show;
Yet till they prove what they aver,
From this plain truth I will not stir,
—A star's a star!—but when I think
Of sun or world, the star I sink;
Wherefore in verse, at least in mine,
Stars, like themselves, in spite of fate, shall shine

Now, to return (for we have wander'd far)
To what was nothing but a simple star;
—Where all was jollity around,
No fellowship the stranger found.
Those lowliest children of the earth,
That never leave their mother's lap,
Companions in their harmless mirth,
Were smiling, blushing, dancing there,
Feasting on dew, and light, and air,
And fearing no mishap,
Save from the hand of lady fair,
Who, on her wonted walk,
Pluck'd one and then another,
A sister or a brother,
From its elastic stalk;
Happy, no doubt, for one sharp pang, to die
On her sweet bosom, withering in her eye.

Thus all day long that star's hard lot,
While bliss and beauty ran to waste,
Was but to witness on the spot
Beauty and bliss it could not taste.
At length the sun went down, and then
Its faded glory came again,
With brighter, bolder, purer light,
It kindled through the deepening night,
Till the green bower, so dim by day,
Glow'd like a fairy-palace with its beams;
In vain, for sleep on all the borders lay,
The flowers were laughing in the land of dreams

Our star, in melancholy state,
Still sigh'd to find itself alone,
Neglected, cold, and desolate,
Unknowing and unknown.
Lifting at last an anxious eye,
It saw that circlet empty in the sky
Where it was wont to roll,
Within a hair-breadth of the pole:
In that same instant, sore amazed,
On the strange blank all Nature gazed;
Travellers, bewilder'd for their guide,
In glens and forests lost their way;
And ships, on ocean's trackless tide,
Went fearfully astray.

The star, now wiser for its folly, knew
Its duty, dignity, and bliss at home;
So up to heaven again it flew,
Resolved no more to roam.
One hint the humble bard may send
To her for whom these lines are penn'd:
—O may it be enough for her
To shine in her own character!
O may she be content to grace,
On earth, in heaven, her proper place!

A WORD WITH MYSELF.

Stanzas written for "The Chimney-Sweeper's Friend," a work edited by the Author, and dedicated, by permission, to His most gracious Majesty George IV.

I KNOW they scorn the climbing boy,
The gay, the selfish, and the proud;
I know his villanous employ
Is mockery with the thoughtless crowd.

So be it; brand with every name
Of burning infamy his art;
But let his *country* bear the shame,
And feel the iron at her heart.

I cannot coldly pass him by,
Stript, wounded, left by thieves half dead;
Nor see an infant Lazarus lie
At rich men's gates imploring bread.

A frame as sensitive as mine,
Limbs moulded in a kindred form,
A soul degraded, yet divine,
Endear to me my brother-worm.

He was my equal at his birth,
A naked, helpless, weeping child;
—And such are born to thrones on earth;
On such hath every mother smiled.

My equal he will be again,
Down in that cold oblivious gloom,
Where all the prostrate ranks of men
Crowd, without fellowship, the tomb.

My equal in the judgment-day,
He shall stand up before the throne,
When every veil is rent away,
And good and evil only known.

And is he not mine equal now?
Am I less fall'n from God and truth?
Though "*wretch*" be written on his brow,
And leprosy consume his youth.

If holy Nature yet have laws
Binding on man, of woman born,
In her own court I'll plead his cause,
Arrest the doom, or share the scorn.

Yes, let the scorn, that haunts his course,
Turn on me like a trodden snake,
And hiss, and sting me with remorse,
If I the fatherless forsake!

INSCRIPTION

UNDER THE PICTURE OF AN AGED NEGRO-WOMAN

ART thou a *woman?*—so am I; and all
That woman can be, I have been, or am;
A daughter, sister, consort, mother, widow.
Whiche'er of these *thou* art, O be the friend
Of one who is what thou canst never be!
Look on thyself, thy kindred, home and country,
Then fall upon thy knees, and cry, "Thank God,
An English woman cannot be A SLAVE!"

Art thou a *man?*—Oh! I have known, have loved,
And lost, all that to woman man can be;
A father, brother, husband, son, who shared
My bliss in freedom, and my woe in bondage.
—A childless widow now, a friendless slave,
What shall I ask of thee, since I have nought
To lose but life's sad burthen; nought to gain
But heaven's repose?—these are beyond thy power;
Me thou canst neither wrong nor help;—what then?
Go to the bosom of thy family,
Gather thy little children round thy knees,
Gaze on their innocence; their clear, full eyes,
All fix'd on thine; and in their mother, mark
The loveliest look that woman's face can wear,
Her look of love, beholding them and thee:
Then, at the altar of your household joys,
Vow one by one, vow all together, vow
With heart and voice, eternal enmity
Against oppression by your brethren's hands;
Till man nor woman under Britain's laws,
Nor son nor daughter born within her empire,
Shall buy, or sell, or hold, or be, a slave.

THOUGHTS AND IMAGES.

Come like shadows, so depart.—*Macbeth.*

THE Diamond, in its native bed,
Hid like a buried star may lie,
Where foot of man must never tread,
Seen only by its Maker's eye:
And though imbued with beams to grace
His fairest work in woman's face,
Darkling, its fire may fill the void,
Where fix'd at first in solid night;
Nor, till the world shall be destroy'd,
Sparkle one moment into light.

The plant, up-springing from the seed,
Expands into a perfect flower;
The virgin-daughter of the mead,
Woo'd by the sun, the wind, the shower:
In loveliness beyond compare,
It toils not, spins not, knows no care,
Train'd by the secret hand, that brings
All beauty out of waste and rude,
It blooms its season, dies, and flings
Its germs abroad in solitude.

Almighty skill, in ocean's caves,
Lends the light Nautilus a form
To tilt along the Atlantic waves,
Fearless of rock, or shoal, or storm;

But, should a breath of danger sound,
With sails quick-furl'd it dives profound,
And far beneath the tempest's path,
In coral grots, defies the foe,
That never brake, in heaviest wrath,
The sabbath of the deep below.

Up from his dream, on twinkling wings,
The Sky-lark soars amid the dawn;
Yet, while in Paradise he sings,
Looks down upon the quiet lawn,
Where flutters, in his little nest,
More love than music e'er express'd:
Then, though the nightingale may thrill
The soul with keener ecstacy,
The merry bird of morn can fill
All Nature's bosom with his glee.

The Elephant, embower'd in woods,
Coeval with their trees might seem,
As though he drank from Indian floods
Life in a renovating stream;
Ages o'er him have come and fled,
'Midst generations of the dead,
His bulk survives, to feed and range,
Where ranged and fed of old his sires;
Nor knows advancement, lapse, or change,
Beyond their walks, till he expires.

Gem, flower, and fish, the bird, the brute,
Of every kind occult or known,
(Each exquisitely form'd to suit
Its humble lot, and that alone),
Through ocean, earth, and air, fulfil,
Unconsciously, their Maker's will,
Who gave, without their toil or thought,
Strength, beauty, instinct, courage, speed;
While through the whole his pleasure wrought
Whate'er his wisdom had decreed.

But Man, the masterpiece of God,
Man, in his Maker's image framed,—
Though kindred to the valley's clod,
Lord of this low creation named,—
In naked helplessness appears,
Child of a thousand griefs and fears:
To labor, pain, and trouble born,
Weapon, nor wing, nor sleight hath he;
Yet, like the sun, he brings his morn,
And is a king from infancy.

For him no destiny hath bound
To do what others did before,
Pace the same dull perennial round,
And be a man, and be no more:
A man?—a self-will'd piece of earth,
Just as the lion is, by birth;
To hunt his prey, to wake, to sleep,
His father's joys and sorrows share,
His niche in Nature's temple keep,
And leave his likeness in his heir!—

No: infinite the shades between
The motley millions of our race;
No two the changing moon hath seen
Alike in purpose, or in face;
Yet all aspire beyond their fate;
The last, the meanest would be great;
The mighty future fills the mind,
That pants for more than earth can give.
Man, to this narrow sphere confined,
Dies when he but begins to live.

Oh! if there be no world on high
To yield his powers unfetter'd scope;
If man be only born to die,
Whence this inheritance of hope?
Wherefore to him alone were lent
Riches that never can be spent?
Enough, not more, to all the rest,
For life and happiness, was given;
To man, mysteriously unblest,
Too much for any state but heaven.

It is not thus:—it cannot be,
That one so gloriously endow'd
With views that reach eternity,
Should shine and vanish like a cloud:
Is there a God?—all Nature shows
There *is*,—and yet no *mortal* knows:
The mind that could this truth conceive,
Which brute sensation never taught,
No longer to the dust would cleave,
But grow immortal with the thought.

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF

THE LATE RICHARD REYNOLDS,

Member of the Society of Friends, and Founder of the Samaritan Society of Bristol.

I.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

This place is holy ground;
World, with thy cares, away!
Silence and darkness reign around,
But, lo! the break of day:
What bright and sudden dawn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears?

'T is not the morning-light,
That wakes the lark to sing;
'T is not a meteor of the night,
Nor track of angel's wing:
It is an uncreated beam,
Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

Eternity and Time
Met for a moment here;
From earth to heaven, a scale sublime
Rested on either sphere,
Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
By Death's cold hand led home to God.

He landed in our view,
'Midst flaming hosts above;
Whose ranks stood silent, while he drew
Nigh to the throne of love,
And meekly took the lowest seat,
Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.

Thrill'd with ecstatic awe,
Entranced our spirits fell,
And saw—yet wist not what they saw;
And heard—no tongue can tell
What sounds the ear of rapture caught,
What glory fill'd the eye of thought.

Thus far above the pole,
On wings of mounting fire,
Faith may pursue the enfranchised soul,
But soon her pinions tire;
It is not given to mortal man
Eternal mysteries to scan.

—Behold the bed of death;
This pale and lovely clay;
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Mark'd ye the eye's last ray?
No;—life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

Could tears revive the dead,
Rivers should swell our eyes;
Could sighs recall the spirit fled,
We would not quench our sighs,
Till love relumed this alter'd mien,
And all the embodied soul were seen.

Bury the dead;—and weep
In stillness o'er the loss;
Bury the dead;—in Christ *they* sleep,
Who bore on earth his cross,
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In his own image to the skies.

II.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST.

Strike a louder, loftier lyre!
Bolder, sweeter strains employ;
Wake, Remembrance!—and inspire
Sorrow with the song of joy.

Who was He, for whom our tears
Flow'd, and will not cease to flow?
—Full of honors and of years,
In the dust his head lies low.

Yet, resurgent from the dust,
Springs aloft his mighty name;
For the memory of the Just
Lives in everlasting fame.

He was One, whose open face
Did his inmost heart reveal;
One, who wore with meekest grace,
On his forehead, Heaven's broad seal.

Kindness all his looks express'd,
Charity was every word;
Him the eye beheld, and bless'd;
And the ear rejoiced that heard.

Like a patriarchal sage
Holy, humble, courteous, mild,
He could blend the awe of age
With the sweetness of a child.

As a cedar of the Lord,
On the height of Lebanon,
Shade and shelter doth afford,
From the tempest and the sun:—

While in green luxuriant prime,
Fragrant airs its boughs diffuse,
From its locks it shakes sublime,
O'er the hills, the morning dews.

Thus he flourish'd, tall and strong,
Glorious in perennial health;
Thus he scatter'd, late and long,
All his plenitude of wealth:

Wealth, which prodigals had deem'd
Worth the soul's uncounted cost;
Wealth, which misers had esteem'd
Cheap, though Heaven itself were lost.

This, with free unsparing hand,
To the poorest child of need,
This he threw around the land,
Like the sower's precious seed.

In the world's great harvest-day,
Every grain on every ground,
Stony, thorny, by the way,
Shall an hundred-fold be found.

Yet like noon's refulgent blaze,
Though he shone from east to west,
Far withdrawn from public gaze,
Secret goodness pleased him best.

As the sun, retired from sight,
Through the purple evening gleams,
Or, unrisen, clothes the night
In the morning's golden beams:

Thus beneath the horizon dim
He would hide his radiant head,
And on eyes that saw not him
Light and consolation shed.

Oft his silent spirit went,
Like an angel from the throne,
On benign commissions bent,
In the fear of God alone.

Then the widow's heart would sing,
As she turn'd her wheel, for joy;
Then the bliss of hope would spring
On the outcast orphan boy.

To the blind, the deaf, the lame,
To the ignorant and vile,
Stranger, captive, slave, he came
With a welcome and a smile.

Help to all he did dispense,
Gold, instruction, raiment, food;
Like the gifts of Providence,
To the evil and the good.

Deeds of mercy, deeds unknown,
Shall eternity record,
Which he durst not call his own,
For he did them to the Lord.

As the Earth puts forth her flowers,
Heaven-ward breathing from below;
As the clouds descend in showers,
When the southern breezes blow;

Thus his renovated mind,
Warm with pure celestial love,
Shed its influence on mankind,
While its hopes aspired above.

Full of faith at length he died,
And victorious in the race,
Won the crown for which he vied,
—Not of merit, but of grace.

III.

A GOOD MAN'S MONUMENT.

The pyre, that burns the aged Bramin's bones,
Runs cold in blood, and issues living groans,
When the whole Haram with the husband dies,
And demons dance around the sacrifice.

In savage realms, when tyrants yield their breath,
Herds, flocks, and slaves, attend their lord in death;
Arms, chariots, carcasses, a horrid heap,
Rust at his side, or share his mouldering sleep.

When heroes fall triumphant on the plain;
For millions conquer'd, and ten thousands slain,
For cities levell'd, kingdoms drench'd in blood,
Navies annihilated on the flood;
—The pageantry of public grief requires
The splendid homage of heroic lyres;
And genius moulds impassion'd brass to breathe
The deathless spirit of the dust beneath,
Calls marble honor from its cavern'd bed,
And bids it live—the proxy of the dead.

Reynolds expires, a nobler chief than these;
No blood of widows stains his obsequies;
But widows' tears, in sad bereavement, fall,
And foundling voices on their father call:
No slaves, no hecatombs, his relics crave,
To gorge the worm, and crowd his quiet grave;
But sweet repose his slumbering ashes find,
As if in Salem's sepulchre enshrined;
And watching angels waited for the day,
When Christ should bid them roll the stone away.

Not in the fiery hurricane of strife,
'Midst slaughter'd legions, he resign'd his life;
But peaceful as the twilight's parting ray,
His spirit vanish'd from its house of clay,
And left on kindred souls such power imprest,
They seem'd with him to enter into rest.
Hence no vain pomp, his glory to prolong,
No airy immortality of song;
No sculptured imagery, of bronze or stone,
To make his lineaments for ever known,
Reynolds requires:—his labors, merits, name,
Demand a monument of surer fame;
Not to record and praise his virtues *past*,
But show them *living*, while the world shall last;
Not to bewail one Reynolds snatch'd from earth,
But give, in every age, a Reynolds birth;
In every age a Reynolds; born to stand
A prince among the worthies of the land,
By Nature's title, written in his face:
More than a Prince—a sinner saved by grace,
Prompt at his meek and lowly Master's call
To prove himself the minister of all.

Bristol! to thee the eye of Albion turns;
At thought of thee, thy country's spirit burns;
For in thy walls, as on her dearest ground,
Are "British minds and British manners" found:
And, 'midst the wealth which Avon's waters pour,
From every clime, on thy commercial shore,
Thou hast a native mine of worth untold;
Thine heart is *not* encased in rigid gold,
Wither'd to mummy, steel'd against distress;
No—free as Severn's waves, that spring to bless
Their parent hills, but as they roll expand
In argent beauty through a lovelier land,
And widening, brightening to the western sun,
In floods of glory through thy channel run;
Thence, mingling with the boundless tide, are hurl'd
In Ocean's chariot round the utmost world:
Thus flow thine heart-streams, warm and unconfined,
At home, abroad, to woe of every kind.
Worthy wert thou of Reynolds;—worthy he
To rank the first of Britons even in thee.
Reynolds is dead;—thy lap receives his dust
Until the resurrection of the just:
Reynolds is dead; but while thy rivers roll,
Immortal in thy bosom live his soul!

Go, build his monument:—and let it be
Firm as the land, but open as the sea.
Low in *his* grave the strong foundations lie,
Yet be the dome expansive as the sky,
On crystal pillars resting from above,
Its sole supporters—*works of faith and love*;
So clear, so pure, that to the keenest sight,
They cast no shadow: all within be light:
No walls divide the area, nor inclose;
Charter the whole to every wind that blows;
Then rage the tempest, flash the lightnings blue,
And thunders roll,—they pass unharming through.

One simple altar in the midst be placed,
With this, and only this, inscription graced,
The song of angels at Immanuel's birth,
"Glory to God! good-will, and peace on earth."
There be thy duteous sons a tribe of priests,
Not offering incense, nor the blood of beasts,
But with their gifts upon that altar spread;
—Health to the sick, and to the hungry bread,
Beneficence to all, their hands shall deal,
With Reynolds' single eye and hallow'd zeal
Pain, want, misfortune, thither shall repair;
Folly and vice reclaim'd shall worship there
The God of *him*—in whose transcendent mind
Stood *such* a temple, free to all mankind:
Thy God, thrice-honor'd city! bids thee raise
That fallen temple, to the end of days:
Obey his voice; fulfil thine high intent;
—Yea, be thyself the *Good Man's Monument*.

THE CLIMBING BOY'S SOLILOQUIES.

The three following Pieces were first published in *The Climbing Boy's Album*, 1824.

I.

THE COMPLAINT.

Who loves the climbing-boy?—who cares
  If well or ill I be?
Is there a living soul that shares
  A thought or wish with me?

I've had no parents since my birth,
  Brothers and sisters none;
Ah! what to me is all this earth,
  Where I am only one?

I wake and see the morning shine,
  And all around me gay;
But nothing I behold is mine,
  No, not the light of day:—

No! not the very breath I draw;
  These limbs are not my own;
A master calls me his by law:
  My griefs are mine alone:

Ah! these they could not make him feel—
  Would they themselves had felt!
Who bound me to that man of steel,
  Whom mercy cannot melt.

Yet not for wealth or ease I sigh,
  All are not rich and great;
Many may be as poor as I,
  But none so desolate.

For all I know have kin and kind,
  Some home, some hope, some joy;
But these I must not look to find—
  Who knows the climbing-boy?

The world has not a place of rest
  For outcast so forlorn;
T'was all bespoken, all possest,
  Long before I was born.

Affection, too, life's sweetest cup,
  Goes round from hand to hand;
But I am never ask'd to sup—
  Out of the ring I stand.

If kindness beats within my heart,
  What heart will beat again?
I coax the dogs, they snarl and start;
  Brutes are as bad as men.

The beggar's child may rise above
  The misery of his lot;
The gipsy may be loved, and love;
  But I—but I must not.

Hard fare, cold lodgings, cruel toil,
  Youth, health, and strength, consume:
What tree could thrive in such a soil?
  What flower so scathed could bloom?

Should I outgrow this crippling work,
  How shall my bread be sought?
Must I to other lads turn Turk,
  And teach what I am taught?

O, might I roam with flocks and herds
  In fellowship along!
O, were I one among the birds,
  All wing, and life, and song!

Free with the fishes might I dwell,
  Down in the quiet sea!
The snail in his cob-castle shell—
  The snail's a king to me!

For out he glides in April showers,
  Lies snug when storms prevail;
He feeds on fruit, he sleeps on flowers—
  I wish I was a snail.

No, never; do the worst they can,
  I may be happy still;
For I was born to be a man,
  And if I live I will.

II.

THE DREAM.

I dreamt; but what care I for dreams?
  And yet I tremble too:
It look'd so like the truth, it seems
  As if it would come true.

I dreamt that, long ere peep of day,
  I left my cold straw bed,
And o'er a common far away,
  As if I flew, I fled.

The tempest hurried me behind,
  Like a mill-stream along;
I could have lean'd against the wind,
  It was so deadly strong.

The snow—I never saw such snow—
  Raged like the sea all round,
Tossing and tumbling to and fro;
  I thought I must be drown'd.

Now up, now down, with main and might
  I plunged through drift and stour;
Nothing, no, nothing balk'd my flight,
  I had a giant's power.

Till suddenly the storm stood still,
  Flat lay the snow beneath;
I curdled to an icicle,
  I could not stir—not breathe.

My master found me rooted there;
  He flogg'd me back to sense,
Then pluck'd me up, and by the hair,
  Sheer over ditch and fence,

He dragg'd, and dragg'd me on,
  For many and many a mile:
At a grand house he stopp'd anon—
  It was a famous pile.

Up to the moon it seem'd to rise,
Broad as the earth to stand;
The building darken'd half the skies,
Its shadow half the land.

All round was still—as still as death:
I, shivering, chattering, stood;
And felt the coming, going breath,
The tingling, freezing blood.

Soon, at my master's rap, rap, rap,
The door wide open flew:
In went we;—with a thunder-clap
Again the door bang'd to.

I trembled, as I've felt a bird
Tremble within my fist;
For none I saw, and none I heard,
But all was lone and whist.

The moonshine through the windows show'd
Long stripes of light and gloom;
The carpet with all colors glow'd,—
Some men stood round the room:

Fair pictures in their golden frames,
And looking-glasses bright;
Fine things, I cannot tell their names,
Dazed and bewitch'd me quite.

Master soon thwack'd them out my head—
The chimney must be swept!
Yet in the grate the coals were red:
I stamp'd, and scream'd, and wept.

I kneel'd, I kiss'd his feet, I pray'd;
For then—which shows I dreamt—
Methought I ne'er before had made
The terrible attempt:

But, as a butcher lifts the lamb
That struggles for its life
(Far from the ramping, bleating dam)
Beneath his desperate knife,

With his two iron hands he grasp'd
And hoisted me aloof;
His naked neck in vain I clasp'd,
The man was pity-proof.

So forth he swung me through the space
Above the smouldering fire;
I never can forget his face,
Nor his gruff growl, "Go higher!"

As if I climb'd a steep house-side,
Or scaled a dark draw-well,
The horrid opening was so wide,
I had no hold—I fell:

Fell on the embers, all my length,
But scarcely felt their heat,
When, with a madman's rage and strength,
I started on my feet.

And, ere I well knew what I did,
Had clear'd the broader vent;
From his wild vengeance to be hid,
I cared not where I went.

The passage narrow'd as I drew
Limb after limb by force,
Working and worming, like a screw,
My hard, slow, up-hill course.

Rougher than harrow-teeth within,
Sharp lime and jagged stone
Stripp'd my few garments, gored the skin,
And grided to the bone.

Gall'd, wounded, bleeding, ill at ease,
Still I was stout at heart;
Head, shoulders, elbows, hands, feet, knees,
All play'd a stirring part.

I climb'd, and climb'd, and climb'd in vain—
No light at top appear'd;
No end to darkness, toil, and pain,
While worse and worse I fear'd.

I climb'd, and climb'd, and had to climb
Yet more and more astray;
A hundred years I thought the time,
A thousand miles the way.

Strength left me, and breath fail'd at last,—
Then had I headlong dropp'd,
But the strait funnel wedged me fast;
So there dead-lock'd I stopp'd.

I groan'd, I gasp'd, to shriek I tried,
No sound came from my breast;
There was a weight on every side,
As if a stone-delf press'd.

Yet still my brain kept beating on
Through night-mares of all shapes,
Foul fiends, no sooner come than gone,
Dragons, and wolves, and apes.

They gnash'd on me with bloody jaws,
Chatter'd, and howl'd, and hiss'd;
They clutch'd me with their cat-like claws
While off they whirl'd in mist.

Till, like a lamp-flame, blown away,
My soul went out in gloom;
Thought ceased, and dead-alive I lay,
Shut up in that black tomb.

O sweetly on the mother's lap
Her pretty baby lies,
And breathes so freely in his nap,
She can't take off her eyes.

Ah! thinks she then—ah, thinks she not!
How soon the time may be,
When all her love will be forgot,
And he a wretch like me?

She in her grave at rest may lie,
And daisies speck the sod,
Nor see him bleed, nor hear him cry
Beneath a ruffian's rod.

No mother's lap was *then* my bed,
O'er me no mother smiled;
No mother's arm went round my head,
—Am I no mother's child?

Life, on a sudden, ran me through!
  Light, light, all round me blazed,
Red flames rush'd roaring up the flue—
  Flames by my master raised.

I heard his voice, and tenfold might
  Bolted through every limb;
I saw his face, and shot upright;
  Brick walls made way from him.

Swift as a squirrel seeks the bough
  Where he may turn and look
Down on the schoolboy, chap-fallen now,
  My ready flight I took.

The fire was quickly quench'd beneath,
  Blue light above me glanced;
And air, sweet air, I 'gan to breathe,
  The blood within me danced.

I climb'd, and climb'd, and climb'd away,
  Till on the top I stood,
And saw the glorious dawn of day
  Come down on field and flood.

O me! a moment of such joy
  I never knew before;
Right happy was the climbing-boy,
  One moment—but no more.

Sick, sick, I turn'd,—the world ran round,
  The stone I stood on broke,
And plumb I toppled to the ground,
  —Like a scared owl, I woke.

I woke, but slept again, and dream'd
  The self-same things anew:
The storm, the snow, the building, seem'd
  All true, as day-light's true.

But, when I tumbled from the top,
  The world itself had flown;
There was no ground on which to drop,
  'T was emptiness alone.

On winter nights I've seen a star
  Leap headlong from the sky;
I've watch'd the lightning from afar
  Flash out of heaven, and die.

So—but in darkness—so I fell
  Through nothing to no place,
Until I saw the flames of hell
  Shoot upward to my face.

Down, down, as with a mill-stone weight,
  I plunged right through their smoke:
To cry for mercy 't was too late—
  They seized me—I awoke:

Woke, slept, and dream'd the like again
  The third time, through and through,
Except the winding up;—ah! then
  I wish it had been true.

For when I climb'd into the air,
  Spring-breezes flapt me round;
Green hills, and dales, and woods were there,
  And May-flowers on the ground.

The moon was waning in the west,
  The clouds were golden red;
The lark, a mile above his nest,
  Was cheering o'er my head.

The stars had vanish'd, all but one,
  The darling of the sky,
That glitter'd like a tiny sun,
  No bigger than my eye.

I look'd at this—I thought it smiled,
  Which made me feel so glad,
That I became another child,
  And not the climbing-lad:

A child as fair as you may see,
  Whom soot hath never soil'd;
As rosy-cheek'd as I might be,
  If I had not been spoil'd.

Wings, of themselves, about me grew,
  And, free as morning-light,
Up to that single star I flew,
  So beautiful and bright.

Through the blue heaven I stretch'd my hand
  To touch its beams—it broke
Like a sea-bubble on the sand;
  Then all fell dark.—I woke.

III.

EASTER MONDAY AT SHEFFIELD.[1]

Yes, there are some that think of me;
  The blessing on their heads! I say;
May all their lives as happy be
  As mine has been with them to-day!

When I was sold from Lincolnshire
  To this good town, I heard a noise
What merry-making would be here,
  At Easter-tide, for climbing-boys.

'T was strange, because where I had been
  The better people cared no more
For such as me, than had they seen
  A young crab crawling on their shore.

Well, Easter came;—in all the land
  Was e'er a 'prentice lad so fine!
A bran-new suit, at second-hand,
  Caps, shoes, and stockings, all were mine.

The coat was green, the waistcoat red,
  The breeches leather, white and clean;
I thought I must go off my head,
  I could have jump'd out of my skin.

All Sunday through the streets I stroll'd,
  Fierce as a turkey-cock, to see
How all the people, young and old,
  At least I thought so, look'd at me.

1 There are some local allusions in this part, sufficiently intelligible on the spot, but not worth explaining here.

At night, upon my truss of straw,
  Those gaudy clothes hung round the room,
By moon-glimpse oft their shapes I saw,
  Like bits of rainbow in the gloom.

Yet scarce I heeded them at all,
  Although I never slept a wink;
The feast, next day, at Cutlers' Hall,
  Of *that* I could not help but think.

Wearily trail'd the night away;
  Between the watchmen and the clock,
I thought it never would be day:—
  At length outcrew the earliest cock;

A second answer'd, then a third,
  At a long distance—one, two, three:
A dozen more in turn were heard—
  I crew among the rest for glee.

Up gat we, I and little Bill,
  And donn'd our newest and our best:
Nay, let the proud say what they will,
  As grand as fiddlers we were drest.

We left our litter in the nook,
  And wash'd ourselves as white as snow;
On brush and bag we scorn'd to look,
  —It was a holiday, you know.

What ail'd me then I could not tell,
  I yawn'd the whole forenoon away;
And hearken'd while the vicar's bell
  Went ding dong, ding dong, pay, pay, pay!

The clock struck twelve—I love the twelves
  Of all the hours 'twixt sun and moon;
For then poor lads enjoy themselves,
  —We sleep at midnight, rest at noon.

This noon was not a resting time!
  At the first stroke we started all,
And, while the tune rang through the chime,
  Muster'd, like soldiers, at the Hall.

Not much like soldiers in our gait;
  Yet never soldier, in his life,
Tried, as he march'd, to look more straight
  Than Bill and I—to drum and fife.

But now I think on 't, what with scars,
  Lank bony limbs, and spavin'd feet,
Like broken soldiers from the wars,
  We limp'd yet strutted, through the street.

Then, while our meagre motley crew
  Came from all quarters of the town,
Folks to their doors and windows flew;
  I thought the world turn'd upside-down.

For now, instead of oaths and jeers,
  The abuse that I have found elsewhere,
Kind words, and smiles, and hearty cheers
  Met us—with halfpence here and there.

The mothers held their babies high,
  To chuckle at our hobbling train,
  t clipt them close while we went by;
But [illegible] heard their kisses fall like rain—

And wiped my cheek, that never felt
  The sweetness of a mother's kiss;
For heart and eyes began to melt,
  And I was sad, yet pleased, with this.

At Cutlers' Hall we found the crowd
  That shout the gentry to *their* feast;
They made us way, and bawl'd so loud,
  We might have been young lords at least.

We enter'd, twenty lads and more,
  While gentlemen, and ladies too,
All bade us welcome at the door,
  And kindly ask'd us—"How d'ye do?"

"Bravely," I answer'd; but my eye
  Prickled, and leak'd, and twinkled still;
I long'd to be alone, to cry,
  —To be alone, and cry my fill.

Our other lads were blithe and bold,
  And nestling, nodding as they sat,
Till dinner came, their tales they told,
  And talk'd of this, and laugh'd at that.

I pluck'd up courage, gaped, and gazed
  On the fine room, fine folks, fine things,
Chairs, tables, knives and forks, amazed,
  With pots and platters fit for kings.

Roast-beef, plum-pudding, and what not,
  Soon smoked before us—such a size!
Giants their dinners might have got;
  We open'd all our mouths and eyes.

Anon, upon the board, a stroke
  Warn'd each to stand up in his place;
One of our generous friends then spoke
  Three or four words—they call'd it *Grace*.

I think he said—"God bless our food!"
  —Oft had I heard *that* name, in tones
Which ran like ice, cold through my blood,
  And made the flesh creep on my bones.

But now, and with a power so sweet,
  The name of GOD went through my heart,
That my lips trembled to repeat
  Those words, and tears were fain to start.

Tears, words, were in a twinkle gone,
  Like sparrows whirring through the street,
When, at a sign, we all fell on,
  As geese in stubble, to our meat.

The large plum-puddings first were carved,
  And well we yonkers plied them o'er;
You would have thought we *had* been starved,
  Or *were to be*—a month and more.

Next the roast-beef flew reeking round
  In glorious slices, mark ye that!
The dishes were with gravy drown'd!
  A sight to make a weazel fat.

A great meat-pie, a good meat-pie,
  Baked in a cradle length of tin,
Was open'd, emptied, scoop'd so dry,
  You might have seen your face within.

The ladies and the gentlemen
  Took here and there with us, a seat;
They might be hungry, too—but then
  We gave them little time to eat.

Their arms were busy helping us,
  Like cobblers' elbows at their work,
Or see-saw, see-saw, thus and thus;
  A merry game at knife and fork.

O then the din! the deafening din,
  Of plates, cans, crockery, spoons, and knives,
And waiters running out and in!
  We might be eating for our lives.

Such feasting I had never seen:
  Some presently had got enough;
The rest, like fox-hounds, staunch and keen,
  Were made of more devouring stuff.

They cramm'd, like cormorants, their craws,
  As though they never would have done;
It was a feast to watch their jaws
  Grind, and grow weary, one by one.

But there's an end to everything;
  And this grand dinner pass'd away.
I wonder if great George our king
  Has such a dinner every day.

Grace after meat again was said,
  And my good feelings sprang anew;
But, at the sight of gingerbread,
  Wine, nuts, and oranges, they flew.

So while we took a turn with these,
  Almost forgetting we had dined;
As though we might do what we please,
  We loll'd, and joked, and told our mind.

Now I had time, if not before,
  To take a peep at every lad;
I counted them to twenty-four,
  Each in his Easter finery clad.

All wash'd and clean as clean could be,—
  And yet so dingy, marr'd, and grim,
A mole with half an eye might see
  Our craft in every look and limb.

All shapes but straight ones you might find,
  As sapling-firs on the high moors,
Black, stunted, crook'd, through which the wind,
  Like a wild bull, all winter roars.

Two toddling five-years olds were there,
  Twins, that had just begun to climb,
With cherry cheeks, and curly hair,
  And skins not yet ingrain'd with grime.

I wish'd, I did, that they might die,
  Like "Babes i' th' Wood," the little slaves,
And "Robin Red-breast" painfully
  Hide them "with leaves," for want of graves;

Rather than live like me, and weep
  To think that ever they were born;
Toil the long day, and from short sleep
  Wake to fresh miseries every morn.

Gay as young goldfinches in spring,
  They chirp'd and peck'd, top-full of joy,
As if it was some mighty thing
  To be a chimney-sweeper's boy.

And so it is, on such a day
  As welcome Easter brings us here:
In London, too, the first of May—
  But O, what is it all the year!

Close at a Quaker lady's side
  Sat a young girl;—I know not how
I felt when me askance she eyed,
  And a quick blush flew o'er her brow.

For then, just then, I caught a face
  Fair—but I oft had seen it black,
And mark'd the owner's tottering pace
  Beneath a vile two-bushel sack.

Oh! had I known it was a lass,
  Could I have scorn'd her with her load?
—Next time we meet, she shall not pass
  Without a lift along the road.

Her mother—mother but in name!
  Brought her to-day to dine with us:
Her father—she's his 'prentice:—shame
  On both, to use their daughter thus.

Well, *I* shall grow, and *she* will grow
  Older—it may be, taller—yet;
And if she'll smile on me, I know
  Poor Poll shall be poor Reuben's pet.

Time, on his two unequal legs,
  Kept crawling round the church-clock's face,
Though none could see him shift his pegs,
  Each was for ever changing place.

O, why are pleasant hours so short?
  And why are wretched ones so long?
They fly like swallows while we sport,
  They stand like mules when all goes wrong

Before we parted, one kind friend,
  And then another, talk'd so free;
They went from table-end to end,
  And spoke to each, and spoke to me.

Books, pretty books, with pictures in,
  Were given to those who learn to read,
Which show'd them how to flee from sin,
  And to be happy boys indeed.

These climbers go to Sunday schools,
  And hear what things to do or shun,
Get good advice, and golden rules
  For all their lives—but I'm not one.

Nathless I'll go next Sabbath-day,
  Where masters, without thrashing, teach
Lost children how to read and pray,
  And sing, and hear the parsons preach.

For I'm this day determined—not
  With bad companions to grow old,
But, weal or woe, whate'er my lot,
  To mind what our good friends have told.

They told us things I never knew
  Of Him who heaven and earth did make,
And my heart felt their words were true;
  It burn'd within me while they spake.

Can I forget that God is love,
  And sent his Son to dwell on earth?
Or, that our Savior from above,
  Lay in a manger at his birth?—

Grew up in humble poverty,
  A life of grief and sorrow led?
No home to comfort Him had He;
  No, not a place to lay his head.

Yet He was merciful and kind,
  Heal'd with a touch all sort of harms;
The sick, the lame, the deaf, the blind,
  And took young children in his arms.

Then He was kill'd by wicked men,
  And buried in a deep stone cave;
But of Himself He rose again,
  On Easter-Sunday from the grave.

Caught up in clouds—at God's right hand,
  In Heaven He took the highest place;
There dying Stephen saw him stand,
  —Stephen, who had an angel's face.

He loves the poor—He always did;
  The little ones are still his care:
I'll seek Him—let who will forbid—
  I'll go to Him this night in prayer.

O soundly, soundly should I sleep,
  And think no more of sufferings past,
If God would only bless, and keep,
  And make me his—his own, at last.

"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."—Gen. xvi, 13.

O God unseen! but not unknown!
  Thine eye is ever fix'd on me;
I dwell beneath thy secret throne,
  Encompass'd by thy deity.

Throughout this universe of space
  To nothing am I long allied,
For flight of time, and change of place
  My strongest, dearest bonds divide.

Parents I had—but where are they?
  Friends whom I knew, I know no more;
Companions once that cheer'd my way
  Have dropt behind, or gone before.

Now I am one amidst the crowd
  Of life and action hurrying round;
Now left alone—for like a cloud
  They came—they went, and are not found.

Even from myself sometimes I part,
  —Unconscious sleep is nightly death;
Yet surely by my bed Thou art,
  To prompt my pulse, inspire my heart.

Of all that I have done or said,
  How little can I now recall!
Forgotten things to me are dead,
  With thee they live—Thou know'st them all

Thou hast been with me from the womb,
  Witness to every conflict here;
Nor wilt Thou leave me at the tomb,
  Before thy bar I must appear.

The moment comes, the only one
  Of all my time to be foretold;
Though when, and where, and how, can none
  Of all the race of man unfold.

That moment comes, when strength must fail,
  When, health, and hope, and comfort flown,
I must go down into the vale
  And shade of death, with thee alone.

Alone with thee;—in that dread strife
  Uphold me through mine agony,
And gently be this dying life
  Exchanged for immortality.

Then, when th' unbodied spirit lands
  Where flesh and blood have never trod,
And in the unveil'd presence stands
  Of thee, my Savior, and my God:

Be mine eternal portion this,
  Since thou wert always here with me,
That I may view thy face in bliss,
  And be for evermore with Thee.

Sept. 22, 1828.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Imitated from the Italian of Gabriele Fiamma, a poet of the Sixteenth Century.

"Behold the man!" Are these the gracious eyes
Whose beams could kindle life among the dead?
Is this the awful and majestic head
Of Him, the Lord, almighty and all-wise?

Are these the hands that stretch'd abroad the skies,
And earth with verdure, heaven with stars o'erspread?
Are these the feet that on the waves would tread,
And calm their rage when wildest storms arise?

Ah me! how wounded, pale, disfigured now!
Those eyes, the joy of Heaven, eclipsed in night;
Torn, bleeding, cold, those hands, these feet, this brow:
I weep for love, grief, transport, at the sight.
"My Lord! my God!" for me, for me didst Thou,
In shame, reproach, and torment, thus delight?

CHRIST LAID IN THE SEPULCHRE.

Imitated from the same.

Where is the aspect, more than heaven serene,
  That rapt celestial spirits with delight;
The meekness and the majesty of mien,
  That won the yielding heart with gentle might?

Where is the voice, whose harmony could bind
  Seas in their wrath, and demon-frenzy quell;
The eye, whose glance was sight unto "the blind,"
  And fill'd the soul with joy unspeakable?
Where is the arm that crush'd our fiercest foe—
  Satan, and all the powers of darkness bound?
Where is the Servant's humble form below,
  In which the eternal Son of God was found?
  Lo! where his pilgrimage of mercy ends!
  What glory *here* into the grave descends!

A RETROSPECT.

I LEFT the God of truth and light,
  I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
  To perish in the snares of death!

Sweet was his service; and his yoke
  Was light and easy to be borne;—
Through all his bonds of love I broke;
  I cast away his gifts in scorn.

I danced in folly's giddy maze;
  And drank the sea, and chased the wind;—
But falsehood lurk'd in all her ways,
  Her laughter left a pang behind.

I dream'd of bliss in pleasure's bowers,
  While pillowing roses stay'd my head;
But serpents hiss'd among the flowers,—
  I woke, and thorns were all my bed.

In riches then I sought for joy,
  And placed in glittering ore my trust;
But found that gold was all alloy,
  And worldly treasure fleeting dust.

I woo'd ambition—climb'd the pole,
  And shone among the stars;—but fell
Headlong, in all my pride of soul,
  Like Lucifer, from heaven to hell.

Now poor, and lost, and trampled down,
  Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty Vengeance, from thy frown?
  Eternal Justice, from thine eye?

Lo! through the gloom of guilty fears,
  My faith discerns a dawn of grace;
The sun of righteousness appears
  In Jesus' reconciling face.

My suffering, slain, and risen Lord!
  In deep distress I turn to thee—
I claim acceptance on thy word,
  My God! my God! forsake not me!

Prostrate before thy mercy-seat,
  I dare not, if I would, despair;
None ever perish'd at thy feet,
  And I will be for ever there.

MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY!

On the exploit of Arnold Winkelried at the battle of Sempach, in which the Swiss, fighting for their independence, totally defeated the Austrians, in the fourteenth century.

"MAKE way for liberty!"—he cried;
Make way for liberty, and died!

  In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seem'd to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear;
A wood, like that enchanted grove[1]
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possess'd
A spirit prison'd in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Would startle into hideous life;
So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears,
Whose polish'd points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows, to the Sun.

  Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their native land:
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords:
And what insurgent rage had gain'd,
In many a mortal fray maintain'd:
Marshall'd once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquer'd, he who fell,
Was deem'd a dead, or living Tell!
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod
Which his awakening footstep trod.

  And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burnt within,
The battle trembled to begin:
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found,
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 't were suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet,—
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes, the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanging chains above their head?

1 See *Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered*, canto xviii.

It must not be: This day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield—
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the number she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on *one* indeed;
Behold him,—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmark'd he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,
And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done,
The field was in a moment won:—

"Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.

"Make way for Liberty!" he cried:
Their keen points met from side to side:
He bow'd amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rush'd the spears through Arnold's heart;
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scatter'd all:
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free:
Thus death made way for Liberty!

STANZAS.

A RACE, a race on earth we run;
And hold a prize in view,
More bright than if we chased the sun
Through heaven's eternal blue.

Changes we prove, and vanish soon;
Changes from youth to age,
Silent as those that shape the moon,
In her brief pilgrimage.

Like constellations on their way,
That meet the morning light;
We travel up to higher day
Through shades of deeper night.

Their tasks the heavenly host fulfil;
Ere long to shine their last;—
We, if we do our Father's will,
Shall shine when they are past.

Knit like the social stars in love,
Fair as the moon, and clear
As yonder sun enthroned above,
Christians through life appear.

Sheffield, May 9, 1828.

THE RETREAT.

The following lines were named from a Pleasure-house, in the grounds of a gentleman in Lincolnshire, where the writer found some verses addressed to himself, on his arrival there, in September, 18—.

A STRANGER sat down in the lonely retreat:—
Though kindness had welcomed him there,
Yet, weary with travel, and fainting with heat,
His bosom was sadden'd with care:
That sinking of spirit *they* only can know
Whose joys are all chasten'd by fears;
The streams of whose comfort, though deeply they flow,
Still wind through the valley of tears.

What ails thee, O stranger? But open thine eye,
A paradise bursts on thy view;
The sun in his glory is marching on high
Through cloudless and infinite blue:
The woods, in their wildest luxuriance display'd,
Are stretching their coverts of green,
While bright, from the depth of their innermost shade,
Yon mirror of waters is seen.

There richly reflected, the mansion, the lawn,
The banks and the foliage appear,
By nature's own pencil enchantingly drawn—
A landscape enshrined in a sphere!
While the fish in their element sport to and fro,
Quick-glancing, or gliding at ease,
The birds seem to fly in a concave below
Through a vista of down-growing trees.

The current, unrippled by volatile airs,
Now glitters, now darkens along;
And yonder o'erflowing incessantly bears
Symphonious accordance to song;
The song of the ring-dove enamour'd, that floats
Like soft-melting murmurs of grief;
The song of the redbreast in ominous notes,
Foretelling the fall of the leaf;

The song of the bee, in its serpentine flight,
From blossom to blossom that roves;
The song of the wind in the silence of night,
When it wakens or hushes the groves:
And sweet, through the chorus of rapture and love,
Which God in his temple attends,
With the song of all nature, beneath and above,
The voice of these waters ascends!

The beauty, the music, the bliss, of that scene,
With ravishing sympathy stole
Through the stranger's dark bosom, illumined his mien,
And soothed and exalted his soul.

Cold, gloomy forebodings then vanish away,
His terrors to ecstacies turn,
As the vapors of night, at the dawning of day,
With splendor and loveliness burn.

The stranger reposed in the lonely retreat,
Now smiling at phantoms gone by:
When, lo! a new welcome, in numbers most sweet,
Saluted his ear through his eye;
It came to his eye, but it went to his soul—
Some Muse, as she wander'd that way,
Had dropt from her bosom a mystical scroll,
Whose secrets I dare not betray.

Strange tones, we are told, the pale mariner hears
When the mermaids ascend from their caves,
And sing where the moon, newly-risen, appears
A column of gold on the waves:
And wild notes of wonder the shepherd entrance,
Who, dreaming, beholds in the vale,
By torch-light of glow-worms, the fairies that dance
To minstrelsy piped in the gale.

Not less to that stranger mysteriously brought,
With harmony deep and refined,
In language of silence and music of thought,
Those numbers were heard in his mind:
He listen'd and wonder'd, he trembled and wept,
While transport with tenderness vied,
It seem'd as the harp of a seraph were swept
By a spirit that sung at his side.

All ceased in a moment, and nothing was heard,
And nothing was seen through the wood,
But the twittering cry of a fugitive bird,
And the sun-set that blazed on the flood:
He rose; for the shadows of evening grew long,
And narrow the glimpses between:
The owlet in ambush was whooping his song,
And the gossamer waved on the green.

Oft pausing, and hearkening, and turning his eye,
He left the sequester'd retreat,
As the stars in succession awoke through the sky,
And the moon of the harvest shone sweet;
So pure was her lustre, so lovely and bright,
So soft on the landscape it lay,
The shadows appear'd but the slumber of light,
And the night-scene a dream of the day.

He walk'd to the mansion—though silent his tongue,
And his heart with its fullness opprest,
His spirit within him melodiously sung
The feelings that throbb'd in his breast:
"O ye, who inherit this privileged spot,
All blooming like Eden of yore,
What earth can afford is already your lot,
With the promise of life evermore!

"Here, oft as to strangers your table is spread,
May angels sit down at the board!
Here, oft as the poor to your dwelling are led,
Be charity shown to your lord!
Thus walking with God in your paradise here,
In humble communion of love,
At length may your spirits, when Christ shall appear,
Be caught up to glory above!"

LOVEST THOU ME?

"Lovest thou me?" I hear my Savior say:
Oh! that my heart had power to answer "Yea,
Thou knowest all things, Lord, in heaven above,
And earth beneath: Thou knowest that I love!"
But 't is not so; in word, in deed, in thought,
I do not, cannot love thee as I ought.
Thy love must give that power, *thy* love alone;
There's nothing worthy of thee but thine own.
Lord, with the love wherewith thou lovest *me*,
Shed in my heart abroad, would I love *thee*,

A SIMILE ON A LADY'S PORTRAIT.

A fountain, issuing into light
Before a marble palace, threw
To heaven its column, pure and bright,
Returning thence in showers of dew;
But soon an humbler course it took,
And glid away—a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprung,
Flies o'er its eddying surface play'd,
Birds 'midst the waving branches sung,
Flocks through the verdant meadows stray'd;
The weary there lay down to rest,
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful—to stand and watch
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
And such resplendent colors catch,
As though 't were raining diadems;
Yet all was cold and curious art,
That charm'd the eye, but miss'd the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream
Whose unimprison'd waters run,
Wild as the changes of a dream,
By rock and glen, through shade and sun;
Its lovely links have power to bind
And whirl away my willing mind.

So thought I, when I saw the face,
By happy portraiture reveal'd,
Of one, adorn'd with every grace;
Her name and date from me conceal'd,
But not her story:—she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
And frolick'd in the gayest ring,
Where Fashion's high-born minions sport
Like gilded insects on the wing;
But thence, when love had touch'd her soul
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
'Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,
She treads the paths of purer life,
And in affection's bosom reigns:
No fountain scattering diamond-showers,
But the sweet streamlet, edged with flowers

A POET'S BENEDICTION.

Transmitted to a Young Lady, in a distant county, who had desired "a few lines" in the Author's own handwriting.

SPIRITS in heaven may interchange
Thoughts, without voice or sound;
Spirits on earth at will can range
Wherever man is found;—
Their thoughts (as silent and as fleet
As summer-lightnings in the west,
When evening sinks to glorious rest)
In written symbols meet.

The motion of a feather darts
The secrets of sequester'd hearts
To kindred hearts afar,
As in the stillness of the night
Quick rays of intermingling light
Sparkle from star to star.

A spirit to a spirit speaks
Where these few letters stand:
Strangers alike,—the younger seeks
A token from the hand
That traced an unpretending song,
Whose numbers won her gentle soul,
While, like a mountain rill, they stole
In trembling harmony along:

What shall the poet's spirit send
To his unseen, unseeing friend?
—A wish as pure as e'er had birth
In thought or language of this earth.
CYNTHIA is young,—may she be old;
And fair, no doubt,—may she grow wrinkled;
Her locks, in verse at least, are gold,—
May they turn silver, thinly sprinkled;
The rose her cheek, the fire her eye,
Youth, health, and strength successive fly,
And in the end—may CYNTHIA die!

"Unkind—inhuman!" Stay your tears,
I only wish you *length of years;*
And wish them still, with all their woes
And all their blessings, till the close:
For Hope and Fear, with anxious strife,
Are wrestlers in the ring of life;
And yesterday,—to-day,—to-morrow,—
Are but alternate joy and sorrow.

Now mark the sequel:—May your mind
In wisdom's ways true pleasure find,
Grow strong in virtue, rich in truth,
And year by year renew its youth;
Till, in the late triumphant hour,
The Spirit shall the flesh o'erpower,
This from its sufferings gain release,
And *that* take wing and part in peace.

FOR THE FIRST LEAF OF A LADY'S ALBUM.

FLOWER after flower comes forth in spring,
Bird after bird begins to sing;
Till copse and field in richest bloom,
Sparkle with dew, and breathe perfume,—
While hill and valley, all day long,
And half the night, resound with song.
So may acquaintance, one by one,
Come like spring-flowers to meet the sun,
And o'er these pages, pure and white,
Kind words, kind thoughts, kind prayers indite,
Which sweeter odor shall dispense
Than vernal blossoms to the sense;
Till woods and streams less fair appear
Than autographs and sketches here:
—Or, like the minstrels of the grove,
Pour strains of harmony and love,
The music made by heart to heart,
In which the least can bear a part,
More exquisite than all the notes
Of nightingales' and thrushes' throats.
Thus shall this book, from end to end,
Show in succession friend on friend,
By their own living hands portray'd,
In prose and verse, in light and shade,
By pen and pencil,—till *her* eye,
Who owns the volume, shall descry
On many a leaf some lovely trace,
Reminding of a lovelier face;
With here and there the humbler line,
Recalling such a phiz as mine.

THE FIRST LEAF OF AN ALBUM.

Ut pictura, poesis.—*Hor. de Art. Poet*

Two lovely sisters here unite
To blend improvement with delight;
Painting and poetry engage
By turns to deck the Album's page.

Here may each glowing picture be
The quintessence of Poesy,
With skill so exquisitely wrought,
As if the colors were pure thought,—
Thought from the bosom's inmost cell,
By magic tints made visible,
That, while the eye admires, the mind
Itself, as in a glass, may find.

And may the poet's verse, alike,
With all the power of Painting strike;
So freely, so divinely trace,
In every line, the line of grace;
And beautify, with such sweet art,
The image-chamber of the heart,
That Fancy here may gaze her fill,
Forming fresh scenes and shapes at will,
Where silent words alone appear,
Or, borrowing voice, but touch the ear.

Yet humble prose with these shall stand,
Friends, kindred, comrades, hand in hand.
All in this fair inclosure meet,
The lady of the book to greet,
And, with the pen or pencil, make
These leaves love-tokens, for her sake.

Sheffield, 1828.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS RETURN TO CEYLON, AS A MISSIONARY, AFTER A VISIT IN ENGLAND.

HOME, kindred, friends, and country,—these
Are ties with which we never part;
From clime to clime, o'er land and seas,
We bear them with us in our heart:
But O, 't is hard to feel resign'd,
When these must all be left behind!

Yet, when the pilgrim's staff we take,
And follow Christ from shore to shore,
Gladly for Him we all forsake,
Press on, and only look before;
Though humbled Nature mourns her loss,
The spirit glories in the cross.

It is no sin, like man, to weep,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead;
Or yearn for home beyond the deep,
He had not where to lay his head:
The patriot pang will He condemn,
Who grieved o'er lost Jerusalem?

Take up your cross, my friend, again;
Go forth without the camp to Him
Who left his throne to dwell with men,
Who died his murderers to redeem:
O! tell his name in every ear;
Doubt not, the dead themselves shall hear;—

Hear, and come forth to life anew:
Then, while the Gentile courts they fill,
Shall not your Savior's words stand true?
Home, kindred, friends, and country, still,
In Candy's wildest woods you'll find,
Yet lose not those you left behind.

SHORT-HAND,

TO ACCOMPANY SOME LESSONS IN STENOGRAPHY, WHICH THE AUTHOR WROTE FOR A YOUNG LADY.

THESE lines and dots are locks and keys,
In narrow space to treasure thought,
Whose precious hoards, whene'er you please,
Are thus to light from darkness brought.

On the small tablet of your heart,
By Heaven's own finger be engraved,
Within, without, through every part,
The "words whereby you must be saved."

There the bright pages of God's book
In secret characters may lie,
Where you alone have power to look,
Though hid from man or angel's eye.

Could nature's secrets all be found
Unbosom'd where the billows roll,
In flowers embroider'd on the ground,
By stars emblazon'd o'er the pole:—

Less were the sum of truth reveal'd,
Through heaven, and earth, and sea express'd,
Than would be written then, and seal'd,
Once and for ever, in your breast.

BRIDAL GREETINGS.

OCEAN and land the globe divide;
Summer and winter share the year;
Darkness and light walk side by side;
And earth and heaven are always near.

Though each be good and fair, alone,
And glorious, in its time and place;
In all, when fitly pair'd, is shown
More of their Maker's power and grace.

Then may the union of young hearts,
So early and so well begun,
Like sea and shore, in all their parts,
Appear as twain, but be as one.

Be it like summer—may they find
Bliss, beauty, hope, where'er they roam;
Be it like winter, when confined—
Peace, comfort, happiness, at home:—

Like day and night—sweet interchange
Of care, enjoyment, action, rest;
Absence nor coldness e'er estrange
Hearts by unfailing love possess'd:

Like earth's horizon—be their scene
Of life a rich and various ground;
And, whether lowering or serene,
Heaven all above it and around.

When land and ocean, day and night,
When years and nature cease to be,
May their inheritance be light,
Their union one eternity!

EPITAPH ON A GNAT.

Found crushed on the leaf of a Lady's Album, and written (*with a different reading in the last line*) in lead-pencil beneath it.

LIE there, embalm'd from age to age!—
This is the Album's noblest page,
Though every glowing leaf be fraught
With painting, poesy, and thought;
Where tracks of mortal hands are seen,
A hand invisible has been,
And left this autograph behind,
This image from th' eternal mind;
A work of skill surpassing sense,
A labor of Omnipotence!

Though frail as dust it meet the eye,
He form'd this Gnat who built the sky;
Stop—lest it vanish at thy breath—
This speck had life, and suffer'd death!

Sheffield, July 18, 1827.

A RIDDLE,

WHICH EVERY READER MAY SOLVE TO HIMSELF, NONE TO ANOTHER.

I KNOW not what these lines will be,
I know not who these lines may see;

But since a word in season sent,
As from a bow at hazard bent,
May reach a roving eye, or dart
Conviction through a careless heart,
O that an arrow I might find
In the small quiver of my mind,
Which with unerring aim should strike
Each who encounters it alike.

Reader, attention! I will spring
A wondrous thought;—'tis on the wing:
Guard well your heart—you guard in vain,
The wound is made, yet gives no pain;
Surprise may cause your cheek to glow,
Yet, courage! none but you shall know;
The thought awaken'd by my spell
Is more than I myself can tell.
How? search the secrets of your breast,
And think of *that which you love best!*
Then ask within, "What will this be,
A thousand ages hence, to me?"
And if it will not pass the fire
In which all nature shall expire,
Think, ere these rhymes aside are cast,
(As though the thought might be your last),
"When shall I find below, above,
An object worthy of my love?"

Now hearken! and forget it never—
Love that which you may love for ever.

Sheffield, 1820.

TIME EMPLOYED, TIME ENJOYED.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY FROM WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD RECEIVED AN ELEGANTLY WROUGHT WATCH-POCKET.

Within this curious case
Time's Sentinel I place,
Who, while calm unconscious slumber,
Shuts creation from mine eyes,
Through the silent gloom shall number
Every moment as it flies,
And record, at dawn of day,
Thrice ten thousand past away.

On each of these my breath
May pause 'twixt life and death;
By a subtler line depending
Than the ray of twinkling light
Which the smallest star is sending
Every moment through the night;
For, on films more finely spun,
All things hang beneath the sun.

Rapt through a wildering dream,
Awake in sleep I seem;
Sorrow wrings my soul with anguish,
Joy expands my throbbing breast;
Now o'erwhelm'd with care I languish,
Now serene and tranquil rest:
Morning comes; and all between
Is as though it ne'er had been.

But Time has daylight hours,
And Man immortal powers;
Waking joys and sleepless sorrow,
Worldly care, celestial peace;
Life renewing every morrow,
Not with death itself shall cease:
Man, through all eternity,
What he here hath been shall be!

May she, whose skilful hand
This fairy net-work plann'd,
Still in innocent employment,
Far from vanity and vice,
Seek the pearl of true enjoyment,
On her path to Paradise;
Time, for earth or heaven employ'd,
(Both have claims) is Time enjoy'd.

Every day to her in flight
Bequeath a gem at night,—
Some sweet hope, some hallow'd pleasure,
From remembrance ne'er to part;
Hourly blessings swell the treasure
Hidden in her grateful heart;
And may every moment cast
Brighter glory on her last!

THE LAURUSTINUS; FOR H. O.

Fair tree of winter! fresh and flowering,
When all around is dead and dry;
Whose ruby buds, though storms are lowering,
Spread their white blossoms to the sky:
Green are thy leaves, more purely green
Through every changing period seen;
And when the gaudy months are past,
Thy loveliest season is the last.

Be thou an emblem—thus unfolding
The history of that Maiden's mind,
Whose eye, these humble lines beholding,
In them her future lot may find:
Through life's mutations may she be
A modest Evergreen like thee:
Though bless'd in youth, in age more bless'd,
Still be her latest days the best.

MOTTOES FOR ALBUMS.

1.

Mind is invisible, but you may find
A method here to let me see your mind.

2.

Behold my Album unbegun,
Which when 'tis finish'd will be none.

3.

Faint lines, on brittle glass and clear,
A diamond pen may trace with art;
But what the feeblest hand writes here,
Is graven on the Owner's heart.

4.

May all the names recorded here
In the Lamb's book of life appear.

5.

Here friends assemble, hand and heart,
Whom life may sever, death must part;
Sweet be their deaths, their lives well spent,
And this their friendship's monument.

6.

My Album is a barren tree,
Where leaves and only leaves you see;
But touch it—flowers and fruits will spring,
And birds among the foliage sing.

7.

Fairies were kind to country Jennies,
And in their shoes dropp'd silver pennies;
Here the bright tokens which you leave,
As fairy favors I receive.

8.

My Album s open; come and see;—
What, won't you waste a thought on me?
Write but a word, a word or two,
And make me love to think on you.

9.

Give me of your esteem a sample;
A line will be of price untold:
In gifts, the heart is all, and ample;
It makes them worth their weight in gold.

10.

The fairy made the little girl,
Whene'er she spoke, drop gold and pearl,
Sweet flowers or sparkling gems;
So be the words which you indite
Rings, roses, jewels, in my sight,
Worth all the wealth of diadems.

11.

Not every bird in spring
Is seen at once upon the wing,
Or heard in song or call;
So in my Album, turn about
My friends, like birds in spring, come out:
You 're welcome one and all.

12.

THE OWNER OF THE BOOK TO HER FRIEND.

My Album is a garden-plot,
Here all my friends may sow,
Where thorns and thistles flourish not;
But flowers alone will grow:
With smiles for sunshine, tears for showers,
I 'll water, warm, and watch these flowers.

A FRIEND'S REPLY.

Such flowers among these leaves be found,
As once the blissful garden crown'd;
And here the happy owner dwell,
Like Eve in Eden ere she fell.

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

EMBLEM of Eternity,
Unbeginning, endless Sea!
Let me launch my soul on thee.

Sail, nor keel, nor helm, nor oar,
Need I, ask I, to explore
Thine expanse from shore to shore.

By a single glance of thought,
Thy whole realm 's before me brought,
Like the universe, from nought.

All thine aspects now I view,
Ever old, yet ever new;
Time nor tide thy powers subdue.

All thy voices now I hear;
Sounds of gladness, grandeur, fear
Meet and mingle in mine ear.

All thy wonders are reveal'd:
Treasures hidden in thy field!
From the birth of nature seal'd.

But thy depths I search not now,
Nor thy limpid surface plow
With a foam-repelling prow.

Eager fancy, unconfined,
In a voyage of the mind
Sweeps along thee like the wind.

Here a breeze, I skim thy plain;
There a tempest, pour amain
Thunder, lightning, hail, and rain.

Where the billows cease to roll,
Round the silence of the pole,
Thence set out my venturous soul!

See, by Greenland cold and wild,
Rocks of ice eternal piled;
Yet the mother loves her child;

And the wildernesses drear
To the native's heart are dear;
All life's charities dwell here.

Next, on lonely Labrador,
Let me hear the snow-falls roar,
Devastating all before.

Yet even here, in glens and coves,
Man, the heir of all things, roves,
Feasts and fights, and laughs and loves.

But a brighter vision breaks
O'er Canadian woods and lakes;
—These my spirit soon forsakes.

Land of exiled Liberty,
Where our fathers once were free,
Brave New-England, hail to thee!

Pennsylvania, while thy flood
Waters fields unbought with blood,
Stand for peace as thou hast stood.

The West Indies I behold,
Like the Hesperides of old,
—Trees of life, with fruits of gold.

No—a curse is on the soil,
Bonds and scourges, tears and toil,
Man degrade, and earth despoil.

Horror-struck, I turn away,
Coasting down the Mexique bay;
Slavery there hath lost the day.

Loud the voice of Freedom spoke;
Every accent split a yoke,
Every word a dungeon broke.

South America expands
Mountain-forests, river-lands,
And a nobler race demands.

And a nobler race arise,
Stretch their limbs, unclose their eyes,
Claim the earth, and seek the skies.

Gliding through Magellan's Straits,
Where two oceans ope their gates,
What a spectacle awaits!

The immense Pacific smiles
Round ten thousand little isles,
—Haunts of violence and wiles.

But the powers of darkness yield,
For the cross is in the field,
And the light of life reveal'd.

Rays from rock to rock it darts,
Conquers adamantine hearts,
And immortal bliss imparts.

North and west, receding far
From the evening's downward star,
Now I mount Aurora's car,—

Pale Siberia's deserts shun,
From Kamtschatka's headlands run,
South and east, to meet the sun.

Jealous China, strange Japan,
With bewilder'd thought I scan,
—They are but dead seas of man.

Ages in succession find
Forms unchanging, stagnant mind;
And the same they leave behind.

Lo! the eastern Cyclades,
Phœnix-nests, and halcyon seas;
But I tarry not with these.

Pass we low New-Holland's shoals,
Where no ample river rolls;
—World of undiscover'd souls!

Bring them forth—'t is Heaven's decree:
Man, assert thy dignity!
Let not brutes look down on thee.

Either India next is seen,
With the Ganges stretch'd between:
Ah! what horrors there have been!

War, disguised as Commerce, came;
Britain, carrying sword and flame,
Won an empire, lost her name.

But that name shall be restored,
Law and Justice wield her sword,
And her God be here adored.

By the Gulf of Persia sail,
Where the true-love nightingale
Wooes the rose in every vale.

Though Arabia charge the breeze
With the incense of her trees,
On I press o'er southern seas.

Cape of Storms! thy spectre's fled,
And the angel Hope, instead,
Lights from heaven upon thy head.

Where thy Table-mountain stands,
Barbarous hordes, from dreary sands,
Bless the sight, with lifted hands.

St. Helena's dungeon-keep
Scowls defiance o'er the deep—
There a Hero's relics sleep.

Who he was, and how he fell,
Europe, Asia, Afric, tell;
On that theme all times shall dwell.

But, henceforth, till nature dies,
These three simple words comprise
All the future—"Here he lies."

Mammon's plague-ships throng the waves;
Oh 't were mercy to the slaves
Were the maws of sharks their graves!

Not for all the gems and gold
Which thy streams and mountains hold,
Or for which thy sons are sold,—

Land of negroes! would I dare
In this felon trade to share,
Or its infamy to spare.

Hercules, thy pillars stand,
Sentinels of sea and land;
Cloud-capt Atlas towers at hand.

Where, at Cato's word of fate,
Fell the Carthaginian state,
And where exiled Marius sate,—

Mark the dens of caitiff Moors:
Ha! the pirates seize the oars—
Fly the desecrated shores.

Egypt's hieroglyphic realm
Other floods than Nile's o'erwhelm—
Slaves turn'd despots hold the helm.

Judah's cities are forlorn,
Lebanon and Carmel shorn,
Zion trampled down with scorn.

Greece! thine ancient lamp is spent;
Thou art thine own monument;
But the sepulchre is rent,

And a wind is on the wing,
At whose breath new heroes spring,
Sages teach, and poets sing.

Italy, thy beauties shroud
In a gorgeous evening cloud:
Thy refulgent head is bow'd.

Rome, in ruins lovely still,
From her Capitolian hill
Bids thee, mourner! weep thy fill.

Yet where Roman genius reigns,
Roman blood must warm the veins;
—Look well, tyrants! to your chains

Feudal realm of old romance!
Spain, thy lofty front advance,
Grasp thy shield, and couch thy lance.

At the fire-flash of thine eye,
Giant Bigotry shall fly;
At thy voice, Oppression die.

Lusitania! from the dust
Shake thy locks; thy cause is just—
Strike for freedom, strike and trust.

France! I hurry from thy shore;
Thou art not the France of yore;
Thou art new-born France no more.

Great thou wast, and who like thee?
Then mad-drunk with liberty;
Now, thou 'rt neither great nor free.

Sweep by Holland, like the blast;
One quick glance at Denmark cast,
Sweden, Russia;—all is past.

Elbe nor Weser tempt my stay;
Germany! beware the day
When thy Schoolmen bear the sway.

Now to thee, to thee I fly,
Fairest Isle beneath the sky,
To my heart as in mine eye!

I have seen them, one by one,
Every shore beneath the sun,
And my voyage now is done.

While I bid them all be bless'd,
Britain! thou 'rt my home—my rest;
My own land, I love *thee* best.

THE TOMBS OF THE FATHERS.

The Jews occasionally held a solemn assembly in the valley of Jehosaphat, the ancient burial-place of their people. They are compelled to pay a heavy tax to the Mehometans for the privilege of mourning in stillness at the sepulchres of their fathers.

In Babylon they sat and wept
Down by the river's willowy side,
And when the breeze their harp-strings swept,
The strings of breaking hearts replied:
A deeper sorrow now they hide;
No Cyrus comes to set them free
From ages of captivity.

All lands are Babylons to them,
Exiles and fugitives they roam;
What is their own Jerusalem?[1]
The place where they are least at home!
Yet hither from all climes they come,
And pay their gold for leave to shed
Tears o'er the generations fled.

Around th' eternal mountains stand,
With Hinnom's darkling vale between;
Old Jordan wanders through the land,
Blue Carmel's seaward crest is seen;
And Lebanon, yet sternly green,
Throws, when the evening sun declines,
Its cedar shades, in lengthening lines.

But, ah! for ever vanish'd hence
The Temple of the living God,
Once Zion's glory and defence—
Now mourn beneath th' oppressor's rod
The fields where faithful Abraham trod;
Where Isaac walk'd by twilight gleam,
And Heaven came down on Jacob's dream.

For ever mingled with this soil
Those armies of the Lord of Hosts,
That conquer'd Canaan, shared the spoil,
Quell'd Moab's pride, storm'd Midian's posts,
Spread paleness through Philistia's coasts,
And taught the foes, whose idols fell,
"There is a God in Israel."

Now David's tabernacle gone,
What mighty builder shall restore?
The golden throne of Solomon,
And ivory palace, are no more;
The Psalmist's song, the Preacher's lore,
Of all they did, alone remain
Unperish'd trophies of their reign.

Holy and beautiful, of old,
Was Zion 'midst her princely bowers;
Besiegers trembled to behold
Bulwarks that set at nought their powers:
Swept from the earth are all her towers;
Nor is there—so is she bereft—
One stone upon another left.[1]

1 [Though it is hoped that the preceding stanzas will be sufficiently intelligible to many readers, yet, for the information of others, a few brief notices, collected from the travels of Sandys, Clarke, Jowett, and others, may be necessary.]—In no part of the world are the Jews more degraded and oppressed than in Jerusalem, where, on the slightest pretence, and by the most remorseless cruelty, money is extorted from them:—for example, in 1824, Rabbi Mendel was dragged from his bed, with three of his inmates, and imprisoned till he had paid a fine, amounting to 37*l.* sterling, on a charge of having left the street-door of his house open. Mr. Jowett says: "I observed as we passed through the Jewish quarter, and upon many faces in most parts of Jerusalem, a timid expression of countenance called in scripture '*pining away;*' with a curiosity that desires to know everything concerning a stranger, there is, at the same time, a shrinking away from the curiosity of others." *He adds,* with regard to the Jews in this their native city:—"How truly is that threat accomplished, 'Thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear by day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life.' Deut. xxviii. 66."

1 See Psalm xlviii, 1 to 5 and 12 to 13, also *Lamentations*, iv. 12. "The kings of the earth, and all the inhabitants of the world, would not have believed that the adversary and the enemy should have entered into the gates of Jerusalem." This was said of the destruction of the city by Nebuchadnezzar. On its second and irrecoverable destruction by Titus, Josephus says, that the Roman General, on viewing the stupendous strength of its fortifications, exclaimed,—We have surely had God on

The very site whereon she stood,
In vain the foot, the eye would trace,
Vengeance, for saints' and martyrs' blood
Her walls did utterly efface;[1]
Dungeons and dens usurp their place;
The Cross and Crescent shine afar,[2]
But where is Jacob's natal star?

Still inexterminable—still
Devoted to their mother-land,
Her offspring haunt the temple-hill,
Amidst her desecration stand,
And bite the lip, and clench the hand:—
To-day in that lorn vale[3] they weep,
Where patriarchs, kings, and prophets sleep.

O, what a spectacle of woe!
In groups they settle on the ground;
Men, women, children, gathering slow,
Sink down in reverie profound;
There is no voice, nor speech, nor sound—
But through the shuddering frame is shown
The heart's unutterable groan.

Entranced they sit, nor seem to breathe;
Themselves like spectres from the dead;
Where, shrined in rocks above, beneath
With clods along the valley spread,
Their ancestors, each in his bed,
Shall rest, till, at the Judgment-day,
Death and the grave give up their prey.

Before their eyes, as in a glass—
Their eyes that gaze on vacancy—
Pageants of ancient grandeur pass;
But "*Ichabod*"[1] on all they see
Brands Israel's foul idolatry:—
Then, last and worst, and sealing all
Their crimes and sufferings—Salem's fall.

Nor breeze, nor bird, nor palm-tree stirs,
Kedron's unwater'd brook is dumb;
But through that glen of sepulchres
Is heard the city's fervid hum;
Voices of dogs and children come;
Till, loud and long, the Muedzin's[2] cry,
From Omar's mosque, peals round the sky.

Blight through their veins those accents send—
In agony of mute despair,
Their garments as by stealth they rend;
They pluck unconsciously their hair;—
This is the Moslem's hour of prayer!
'T was Judah's once—but fane and priest,
Altar and sacrifice, have ceased.

And by the Gentiles in their pride
Jerusalem is trodden down;[3]—
"How long? for ever wilt thou hide
Thy face, O Lord! for ever frown?
Israel was once thy glorious crown,
In sight of all the heathen worn;
Now from thy brow indignant torn.

"Zion, forsaken and forgot,
Hath felt thy stroke, and owns it just;
O God, our God! reject her not,
Whose sons take pleasure in her dust:
How is the fine gold dimm'd with rust!
The city, throned in gorgeous state,
How doth she now sit desolate!

"Where is thine oath to David sworn?
We by the winds like chaff are driven:
Yet 'unto us a Child is born,'
Yet 'unto us a Son is given;'
His throne is as the throne of Heaven—
When shall he come to our release,
The mighty God, the Prince of Peace?"

---

our side in this war, and it was none other than He who cast out the Jews from these strong holds; for what could the hands of men and the force of machines have otherwise done against these towers?

1 It is difficult, indeed impossible, after the abomination of desolation has for so many centuries been laying waste the Holy City, to ascertain its ancient boundaries. There is very little reason to believe that the localities of the Holy Sepulchre, etc., overbuilt with churches, and visited by pilgrims and travellers from all countries, are genuine; so utterly confounded by undistinguishing ravages have been the very heights on which "Jerusalem was builded as a city compact together." There is nothing that strikes the stranger with more astonishment than the magnificent situation of Jerusalem, with the mountains standing round about it, and adorned with mosques, churches and convents, as seen from a distance, and the contrast of meanness and misery within its narrow, dark, and filthy streets, thronged with squalid and motley inhabitants. The city of palaces seems converted into a den of thieves.

2 The mosque of Omar, a most superb structure, with its blue dome rising above all the adjacent edifices, stands on the very site of the demolished Temple of God. Within the court which surrounds it, none but Mahometans, under pain of death, or conversion to the faith of the false prophet, are permitted to enter. There is a tradition that the possession of the city depends upon the unviolated sanctity of this place. The miserable remnant of Jews, who yet linger about the hill of Zion, pay a tax for permission to assemble once a week (on Friday) to pray on the outside of this usurped seat of the true God, on a spot near the place where, it is said, that the holiest of holies in the ancient temple was built.

3 The valley of Jehosaphat, in which the kings of Judah, the prophets and the illustrious of old, are supposed to have been buried, lies to the east and north of Jerusalem. It is traversed by the brook Cedron at the foot of the mount of Olives; but depending for its stream upon the uncertain rains, the channel is frequently dry in the summer months. Here the Jews believe that the solemnity of the day of judgment will be held, on the authority of the prophet Joel, iii. 1 and 2. "For behold, in those days I will bring again the captivity of Judah and Jerusalem,—I will plead with them there for my people, and for my heritage Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations, and parted my land." The valley of Hinnom is to the south; once a scene of beauty and fertility with its groves and gardens, but at the same time a scene of the most atrocious and bloody idolatry, when infants were sacrificed by their unnatural parents to Moloch. Josiah desecrated it by overturning the shrines, cutting down the groves, and burning the bones of the priests upon their own altars. The valley afterwards became the burying-place of the common people, and under the name of Tophet, a type of that place "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

1 Ichabod: that is, "Where is the glory?" or, "There is no glory." See 1 Samuel, iv. 21. "Jerusalem remembered in the days of her affliction and of her miseries all her pleasant things that she had in the days of old, when her people fell into the hands of the enemy, and none did help her; the adversaries saw her, and did mock at her Sabbaths." Lamentations, i, 7.

2 The Muedzins (*Muedhins*) are criers, with clear sonorous voices, who from the tops of the mosques call the people together at the hours of worship.

3 Mr. Jowett says:—"At every step coming forth out of the city, the heart is reminded of that prophecy, accomplished to the letter—*Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles!* All the streets are wretchedness; and the houses of the Jews more especially are as dunghills."

Thus blind with unbelief they cry;
But hope revisits not their gloom;
Seal'd are the words of prophecy,
Seal'd as the secrets of the tomb,
Where all is dark—though wild flowers bloom,
Birds sing, streams murmur, heaven above,
And earth around, are life, light, love.

The sun goes down; the mourning crowds,
Re-quicken'd, as from slumber start;
They met in silence here, like clouds;
Like clouds in silence they depart:
Still clings this thought to every heart,
Still from their lips escapes in sighs,
"By whom shall Jacob yet arise?"

By whom shall Jacob yet arise?—
Even by the Power that wakes the dead:
He whom your fathers did despise,
He, who for you on Calvary bled,
On Zion shall his ensign spread—
Captives! by all the world enslaved,
Know your Redeemer, and be saved!
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THE END OF MONTGOMERY'S WORKS.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHARLES LAMB.

Contents.

(*The Pieces in italics are by the Author's Sister.*)

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Memoir of Charles Lamb.

Charles Lamb, though less esteemed as a poet than as a writer of essays and sketches of human character, which display extraordinary powers of description and observation, is one of the most peculiar and original characters of the time. His poetry is all copied from the Elizabethan era of England,—or rather modelled upon the style of the Elizabethan writers, for his matter is exclusively his own; and his way of life, like that of the courtiers and literary men around the Maiden Queen, is to the present public much of a mystery. It is known that he was born in London about the year 1775, educated at the Grammar School of Christ's Hospital, and that he spent his years, up to a very recent period, in fulfilling the duties of a clerk in the Accomptant-General's office in the India House, an impediment in his speech having incapacitated him for a situation where he could have displayed his powers.

From the earliest time of his life Charles Lamb showed a strong predisposition for literary pursuits. With his fondness for these the active duties of his situation were never suffered to interfere. His friends were nearly all selected from authors, and not from individuals employed in business or commerce. In early life his intimacies and friendships were principally among that class of writers designated as the "Lake Poets,"[1]—men who set out with revolutionary principles in politics, sonnetized regicides, and planned pantisocratic societies in transatlantic deserts; and then in a few years apostatized, and became the most servile tools of arbitrary power. Not so Charles Lamb. While it does not appear that, even for a moment, he went into their wild extremes, so he never to the present hour deserted the principles with which he began life, and which, at between fifty and sixty years of age, he has lived to see obtain ground, and fix themselves immutably in the world. Whatever he saw of genius in these writers he still admits; and it is not a little honorable to his charity, that with most of his lake acquaintance he remains on terms of friendship, himself unshaken and unseduced by their pernicious example.

In 1798, Charles Lamb appeared before the public, in conjunction with his friend Charles Lloyd; and the volume which they gave to the world was entitled "Blank Verses." A "Tale of Rosamund Grey and Old Blind Margaret" followed, the same year; but a tragedy entitled "John Woodvil," a work of singular power and beauty, which came out in 1801, may be said to have established the writer's fame. This tragedy has all the faults and beauties of its author's style, but it never has been popular, it being a great misfortune of the writers of more than one of the schools of poetry which have been established and declined in England during the last thirty years, that their mannerism has prevented their becoming riveted in the public mind; a sort of stiffness and mystery too, in addition, has excluded them from being classed among those poets whose verses the simple and wayfaring, the child and the uninstructed, keep perpetually upon their lips. The thousand songs of our writers in verse of past time dwell on all tongues, with the Melodies of Moore; but who learns or repeats the cumbrous verses of Wordsworth, which require an initiation from their writer to comprehend? Lamb has written some beautiful poetry, as close as possible to the style in which he thinks Beaumont and Fletcher would write it, or Sir Philip Sidney or any of the poets of the era on which he delights to dwell, and with the characters of which he loves to fancy himself communing.

While he continued his acquaintance with many of the members of the Lake School, most probably from early association and that noble principle which he avows of setting his face against the too prevalent sin of estimating a man's intellect by reference to his political tenets, another school of poetry arose in opposition to that of the Lakers. The latter viewed this new school with bitter hatred; but though opposed in moral, religious, and political principles to his early companions, Lamb became intimate among and lives on terms of friendship with most of its members, who have the merit, whatever may be the opinion of their doctrines, of far greater honesty

1 The lake poets were so designated because they affected solitude and a love of nature, and some of them took up their residence on the Lakes of Cumberland. Southey was their leader.

and consistency of principle than the Lakers.—Their talents are before the world. To this new school belonged the late poet Shelley, whose lofty powers are unquestionable; Keats, also now deceased; and Leigh Hunt. These were generally called the "Cockney" school by their opponents. Their peculiar style of writing is getting into desuetude among that portion of the community with which it was once popular:—wild and theoretic, but displaying talent amidst all, the fate of these literary schools is what might be expected, when they carried so far into extremes, opinions and systems that overstepped the modesty of nature. Charles Lamb's intrepid resistance to despotism in the republic of letters, did him infinite honor; and he never would have been forgiven by the "Lakers," had not his companionship been too interesting and his friendship too honorable, to allow his early associates to forego either in revenge for his liberality. Lamb is independent in property, and beyond any interested motives in his conduct; political subserviency he would look upon with scorn, for he would purchase nothing with the sacrifice of one iota of free thought or expression. It was his lofty abhorrence of calculating a writer's talents by his political creed, that made Charles Lamb alike a contributor to the "London Magazine," the "New Monthly," and "Blackwood's," though each publication supported opposite political parties.

Besides the poetical works already enumerated, Charles Lamb has published, from time to time,—"Tales from Shakspeare," "The Adventures of Ulysses," "Specimens of English Dramatic Poetry, with Notes, etc." "Essays," and an unsuccessful farce called "Mr. H——," brought out at Drury-Lane, in 1806. Having scattered his writings about anonymously in periodical works, it was not until 1818 that the first collection of them was made. Lamb is utterly careless of fame, and looks upon ambition with the eye of a philosopher. His works, though so various, are original, and his essays and criticisms equal to any of modern times; perhaps the first are decidedly superior to any that have been produced by contemporaries. His sketches published under the signature of "Elia" are charming specimens of this kind; and his remarks on the works of the contemporaries of Shakspeare gave a new tone to the criticism of the day, and even were the means of reviving and bringing into general estimation that great body of dramatists. They introduced the public, as it were, into the very literary atmosphere that Shakspeare inhaled.—Of Charles Lamb's comprehension of the finest and subtlest things in a great writer, Leigh Hunt says, that he "would have been worthy of hearing Shakspeare read one of his scenes to him, hot from the brain."

The conversation of Charles Lamb is very pregnant with matter from his extensive reading, particularly on those subjects which are his hobbies. It would be no great difficulty, in this book-making age, to compile one out of the conversations of an evening or two spent in his society. He is a great humorist, even in his most serious opinions, and displays at times a fund of drollery. In everything, however, even in his philosophy and his jokes, humanity is paramount; and no man exists who believes more devoutly in the axiom of Shakspeare, that "there is a soul of goodness in things evil." He is the least obtrusive man in existence, and lives amid the dreams of the past time. Antiquity is his idol; he cannot fling himself forward into the future, and build his image of poetic glory in an approaching optimism of things; he is content to think the past good enough for his quiet unambitious spirit, and to desire to re-embody the dust which he worships. All he does is in a calm atmosphere, musing on bygone things. Obscure or dim as these may be, they lose none of their charms for him. He dislikes novelty of every kind, and has no vulgar artifices or cant about him. To describe an old building, portrait, or his school-days at Christ's Hospital, is his greatest enjoyment.—In reading, it is the same. Few of the books on which he delights to dwell have been written since the first year of the last century. The English authors, down to the year 1700, are his revel,—not that he is ignorant of the productions of more recent writers, but they have not the same hold on his mind, because they do not belong to his peculiar time, to the day with which his spirit claims kindred. Over old John Bunyan he will expatiate by the hour, or on Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." All around him is tempered with a simplicity peculiarly his own, and the same thing is observable in his manners, for he is remarkably plain, with somewhat of singularity in his carriage. He is a connoisseur in pictures of a peculiar class; but his knowledge of art is confined, like his favorite study of poetry, to one particular line. He is in every sense of the word a "Londoner," and lives among its old localities, connecting them with associations of past things, which he would not part with for any earthly consideration. An old building, a spot in a corner of a street, consecrated by tale or romance, by real events, departed genius, or lofty character, is to him fairy-land.

Such a temperament may well be supposed to shrink from everything meretricious and gaudy, and accordingly Charles Lamb is utterly destitute of presumption and intrusion, of everything

connected with show or fashion; he is too proud to be indebted to that which he holds in scorn. His ideas seem to be his realities, and the dusky shadow of a bygone form is more agreeable to him to contemplate than the greatest and, worldly-esteemed, most glorious thing. In abstruse studies he has never made progress; not because he has not the power, but because they do not harmonize with the pursuits to which his peculiar mind can alone assimilate. On his favorite topics he is enthusiastic, and he seems to wish to exact a like enthusiasm from others. He must be courted to friendship, rather than expected to make the first advances, but his friendship is the sounder for the slowness with which it is founded. His retiring nature, and little fondness for display before the public, or, in truth, his contempt for fame, would, but for the publication of his occasional pieces in different periodical publications, have prevented his being known extensively as an essayist. He would hardly ever else have troubled himself to publish a volume of them together; for all he has done is by detached efforts.

In person Charles Lamb is diminutive, and apparently feeble, yet his head is of the finest and most intellectual cast, of which Titian would have painted a most Titianic picture, for it seems of the order which that great artist preferred to represent. Lamb is a great smoker, and not only inhales the fumes of tobacco that way, but takes immoderate quantities of snuff. In reading, it is singular that he hesitates much, though his speech is fluent, and exhibits no signs of halting; and with a friend of congenial temper, he will sit in discourse far into the morning. His residence is close to the New River at Islington, where, as Churchill says—

City swains in lap of dullness dream.

His only living relative, a maiden sister, lives with him, and she too possesses strong intellect, and a heart the counterpart of his own in humanity. They are devotedly attached to each other, and the next best thing to reading a book from the pen of Charles Lamb, is the listening to a conversation between him and his sister.[1]

1 This lady is the author of several pieces given in the following pages amongst her brother's works, with which they have always been published. She has also written some works for youth, such as, "Mrs. Leicester's School," 12mo 1808; and "Poetry for Children," 12mo 1809.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHARLES LAMB.

DEDICATION.

TO S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

You will smile to see the slender labors of your friend designated by the title of *Works;* but such was the wish of the gentlemen who have kindly undertaken the trouble of collecting them, and from their judgment could be no appeal.

It would be a kind of disloyalty to offer to any but yourself a volume containing the *early pieces,* which were first published among your poems, and were fairly derivatives from you and them. My friend Lloyd and myself came into our first battle (authorship is a sort of warfare) under cover of the greater Ajax. How this association, which shall always be a dear and proud recollection to me, came to be broken,—who snapped the three-fold cord,—whether yourself (but I know that was not the case) grew ashamed of your former companions,—or whether (which is by much the more probable) some ungracious bookseller was author of the separation,—I cannot tell;—but wanting the support of your friendly elm (I speak for myself), my vine has, since that time, put forth few or no fruits; the sap (if ever it had any) has become, in a manner, dried up and extinct.

Am I right in assuming this as the cause? or is it that, as years come upon us (except with some more healthy happy spirits), life itself loses much of its Poetry for us? we transcribe but what we read in the great volume of nature; and, as the characters grow dim, we turn off, and look another way. You yourself write no Christabels, nor Ancient Mariners, now.

Some of the Sonnets, which shall be carelessly turned over by the general reader, may haply awaken in you remembrances, which I should be sorry should be ever totally extinct—the memory

Of summer days and of delightful years—

even so far back as to those old suppers at our old ***** Inn,—when life was fresh, and topics exhaustless,—and you first kindled in me, if not the power, yet the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindliness.—

What words have I heard
Spoke at the Mermaid!

The world has given you many a shrewd nip and gird since that time; but either my eyes are grown dimmer, or my old friend is the *same,* who stood before me three-and-twenty years ago—his hair a little confessing the hand of time, but still shrouding the same capacious brain,—his heart not altered, scarcely where it "alteration finds."

One piece, Coleridge, I have ventured to publish in its original form, though I have heard you complain of a certain over-imitation of the antique in the style. If I could see any way of getting rid of the objection, without rewriting it entirely, I would make some sacrifices. But when I wrote John Woodvil, I never proposed to myself any distinct deviation from common English. I had been newly initiated in the writings of our elder dramatists; Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, were then a *first love;* and from what I was so freshly conversant in, what wonder if my language imperceptibly took a tinge? The very *time,* which I had chosen for my story, that which immediately followed the Restoration, seemed to require, in an English play, that the English should be of rather an older cast, than that of the precise year in which it happened to be written. I wish it had not some faults which I can less vindicate than the language.

I remain, My dear Coleridge, Your's, with unabated esteem,

C. LAMB.

John Woodvil;

A TRAGEDY.

CHARACTERS.

SIR WALTER WOODVIL.
JOHN, SIMON, } *his sons.*
LOVEL, GRAY, } *pretended friends of John.*
SANDFORD, *Sir Walter's old steward.*
MARGARET, *orphan ward of Sir Walter.*
FOUR GENTLEMEN, *John's riotous companions.*
SERVANTS.

SCENE—*for the most part at Sir Walter's mansion in* DEVONSHIRE; *at other times in the forest of* SHERWOOD. TIME—*soon after the* RESTORATION.

JOHN WOODVIL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Servants' Apartment in Woodvil Hall.

Servants drinking—Time, the morning.

A Song, by DANIEL.

"*When the King enjoys his own again.*"

PETER.

A delicate song. Where didst learn it, fellow?

DANIEL.

Even there, where thou learnest thy oaths and thy politics—at our master's table.—Where else should a serving-man pick up his poor accomplishments?

MARTIN.

Well spoken, Daniel. O rare Daniel!—his oaths and his politics! excellent!

FRANCIS.

And where did'st pick up thy knavery, Daniel?

PETER.

That came to him by inheritance. His family have supplied the shire of Devon, time out of mind, with good thieves and bad serving-men. All of his race have come into the world without their conscience.

MARTIN.

Good thieves, and bad serving-men! Better and better. I marvel what Daniel hath got to say in reply.

DANIEL.

I marvel more when thou wilt say anything to the purpose, thou shallow serving-man, whose swiftest conceit carries thee no higher than to apprehend with difficulty the stale jests of us thy compeers. When wast ever known to club thy own particular jest among us?

MARTIN.

Most unkind Daniel, to speak such biting things of me!

FRANCIS.

See—if he hath not brought tears into the poor fellow's eyes with the saltness of his rebuke.

DANIEL.

No offence, brother Martin—I meant none. 'T is true, Heaven gives gifts, and withholds them. It has been pleased to bestow upon me a nimble invention to the manufacture of a jest; and upon thee, Martin, an indifferent bad capacity to understand my meaning.

MARTIN.

Is that all? I am content. Here's my hand.

FRANCIS.

Well, I like a little innocent mirth myself, but never could endure bawdry.

DANIEL.

Quot homines tot sententiæ.

MARTIN.

And what is that?

DANIEL.

'T is Greek, and argues difference of opinion.

MARTIN.

I hope there is none between us.

DANIEL.

Here's to thee, brother Martin. [*Drinks.*

MARTIN.

And to thee, Daniel. [*Drinks*

FRANCIS.

And to thee, Peter. [*Drinks.*

PETER.

Thank you, Francis. And here's to thee. [*Drinks.*

MARTIN.

I shall be fuddled anon.

DANIEL.

And drunkenness I hold to be a very despicable vice.

ALL.

O! a shocking vice. [*They drink round.*

PETER.

Inasmuch as it taketh away the understanding.

DANIEL.

And makes the eyes red.

PETER.

And the tongue to stammer.

DANIEL.

And to blab out secrets.

[*During this conversation they continue drinking.*

PETER.

Some men do not know an enemy from a friend when they are drunk.

DANIEL.

Certainly sobriety is the health of the soul.

MARTIN.

Now I know I am going to be drunk.

DANIEL.

How canst tell, dry-bones?

MARTIN.

Because I begin to be melancholy. That's always a sign.

FRANCIS.

Take care of Martin, he'll topple off his seat else.

[MARTIN *drops asleep.*

PETER.

Times are greatly altered, since young master took upon himself the government of this household.

ALL.

Greatly altered.

FRANCIS.

I think everything be altered for the better since His Majesty's blessed restoration.

PETER.

In Sir Walter's days there was no encouragement given to good house-keeping.

ALL.

None.

DANIEL.

For instance, no possibility of getting drunk before two in the afternoon.

PETER.

Every man his allowance of ale at breakfast—his quart!

ALL.

A quart!! [*In derision.*

DANIEL.

Nothing left to our own sweet discretions.

PETER.

Whereby it may appear, we were treated more like beasts than what we were—discreet and r able serving-men.

ALL.

Like beasts.

MARTIN (*opening his eyes*).

Like beasts.

DANIEL.

To sleep, wag-tail!

FRANCIS.

I marvel all this while where the old gentleman has found means to secrete himself. It seems no man has heard of him since the day of the King's return. Can any tell why our young master, being favored by the court, should not have interest to procure his father's pardon?

DANIEL.

Marry, I think 't is the obstinacy of the old Knight, that will not be beholden to the court for his safety.

MARTIN.

Now that is wilful.

FRANCIS.

But can any tell me the place of his concealment?

PETER.

That cannot I; but I have my conjectures.

DANIEL.

Two hundred pounds, as I hear, to the man that shall apprehend him.

FRANCIS.

Well, I have my suspicions.

PETER.

And so have I.

MARTIN.

And I can keep a secret.

FRANCIS (*to Peter*).

Warwickshire, you mean. [*Aside.*

PETER.

Perhaps not.

FRANCIS.

Nearer perhaps.

PETER.

I say nothing.

DANIEL.

I hope there is none in this company would be mean enough to betray him.

ALL.

O Lord! surely not.

[*They drink to* SIR WALTER'S *safety.*

FRANCIS.

I have often wondered how our master came to be excepted by name in the late Act of Oblivion.

DANIEL.

Shall I tell the reason?

ALL.

Ay, do.

DANIEL.

'T is thought he is no great friend to the present happy establishment.

ALL.

O! monstrous!

PETER.

Fellow-servants, a thought strikes me.—Do we, or do we not, come under the penalties of the treason-act, by reason of our being privy to this man's concealment?

ALL.

Truly, a sad consideration.

To them enters SANDFORD *suddenly.*

SANDFORD.

You well-fed and unprofitable grooms,
Maintained for state, not use;
You lazy feasters at another's cost,
That eat like maggots into an estate,
And do as little work,
Being indeed but foul excrescences,
And no just parts in a well-order'd family;
You base and rascal imitators,
Who act up to the height your master's vices,
But cannot read his virtues in your bond:
Which of you, as I enter'd, spake of betraying?
Was it you, or you, or, thin-face, was it you?

MARTIN.

Whom does he call thin-face?

SANDFORD.

No prating, loon, but tell me who he was,
That I may brain the villain with my staff,
That seeks Sir Walter's life?
You miserable men,
With minds more slavish than your slave's estate,
Have you that noble bounty so forgot,
Which took you from the looms, and from the plows,
Which better had ye follow'd, fed ye, clothed ye,
And entertain'd ye in a worthy service,
Where your best wages was the world's repute,
That thus ye seek his life, by whom ye live?
Have you forgot, too,
How often in old times
Your drunken mirths have stunn'd day's sober ears,
Carousing full cups to Sir Walter's health?—
Whom now ye would betray, but that he lies
Out of the reach of your poor treacheries.
This learn from me,
Our master's secret sleeps with trustier tongues,
Than will unlock themselves to carles like you.
Go, get you gone, you knaves. Who stirs? this staff
Shall teach you better manners else.

ALL.

Well, we are going.

SANDFORD.

And quickly too: ye had better, for I see
Young mistress Margaret coming this way.

[*Exeunt all but* SANDFORD.

Enter MARGARET, *as in a fright, pursued by a Gentleman, who, seeing* SANDFORD, *retires muttering a curse.*

SANDFORD, MARGARET.

SANDFORD.

Good morrow to my fair mistress. 'T was a chance
I saw you, lady, so intent was I
On chiding hence these graceless serving-men,
Who cannot break their fast at morning meals
Without debauch and mistimed riotings.
This house hath been a scene of nothing else
But atheist riot and profane excess,
Since my old master quitted all his rights here.

MARGARET.

Each day I endure fresh insult from the scorn
Of Woodvil's friends, the uncivil jests,
And free discourses, of the dissolute men
That haunt this mansion, making me their mirth.

SANDFORD.

Does my young master know of these affronts?

MARGARET.

I cannot tell. Perhaps he has not been told;
Perhaps he might have seen them if he would.
I have known him more quick-sighted. Let that pass.

All things seem changed, I think. I had a friend
(I can't but weep to think him alter'd too),
These things are best forgotten; but I knew
A man, a young man, young, and full of honor,
That would have pick'd a quarrel for a straw,
And fought it out to the extremity,
E'en with the dearest friend he had alive,
On but a bare surmise, a possibility,
That Margaret had suffer'd an affront.
Some are too tame, that were too splenetic once.

SANDFORD.

'T were best he should be *told* of these affronts.

MARGARET.

I am the daughter of his father's friend,
Sir Walter's orphan-ward.
I am not his servant-maid, that I should wait
The opportunity of a gracious hearing,
Inquire the times and seasons when to put
My peevish prayer up at young Woodvil's feet,
And sue to him for slow redress, who was
Himself a suitor late to Margaret.
I am somewhat proud: and Woodvil taught me pride.
I was his favorite once, his playfellow in infancy,
And joyful mistress of his youth.
None once so pleasant in his eyes as Margaret:
His conscience, his religion, Margaret was,
His dear heart's confessor, a heart within that heart,
And all dear things summ'd up in her alone.
As Margaret smiled or frown'd, John lived or died:
His dress, speech, gesture, studies, friendships, all
Being fashion'd to her liking.
His flatteries taught me first this self-esteem,
His flatteries and caresses, while he loved.
The world esteem'd her happy, who had won
His heart, who won all hearts;
And ladies envied me the love of Woodvil.

SANDFORD.

He doth affect the courtier's life too much,
Whose art is to forget,
And that has wrought this seeming change in him,
That was by nature noble.
'T is these court-plagues, that swarm about our house,
Have done the mischief, making his fancy giddy
With images of state, preferment, place,
Tainting his generous spirit with ambition.

MARGARET.

I know not how it is;
A cold protector is John grown to me.
The mistress, and presumptive wife, of Woodvil
Can never stoop so low to supplicate
A man, her equal, to redress those wrongs,
Which he was bound first to prevent;
But which his own neglects have sanction'd rather,
Both sanction'd and provoked: a mark'd neglect,
And strangeness fast'ning bitter on his love,
His love which long has been upon the wane.
For me, I am determined what to do:
To leave this house this night, and lukewarm John,
And trust for food to the earth and Providence.

SANDFORD.

O lady, have a care
Of these indefinite and spleen-bred resolves.
You know not half the dangers that attend
Upon a life of wandering, which your thoughts now,
Feeling the swellings of a lofty anger,
To your abused fancy, as 't is likely,
Portray without its terrors, painting *lies*
And representments of fallacious liberty—
You know not what it is to leave the roof that shelters you.

MARGARET.

I have thought on every possible event,
The dangers and discouragements you speak of,
Even till my woman's heart hath ceased to fear them.
And cowardice grows enamour'd of rare accidents.
Nor am I so unfurnish'd, as you think,
Of practicable schemes.

SANDFORD.

Now God forbid; think twice of this, dear lady.

MARGARET.

I pray you spare me, Mr. Sandford,
And once for all believe, nothing can shake my purpose.

SANDFORD.

But what course have you thought on?

MARGARET.

To seek Sir Walter in the forest of Sherwood.
I have letters from young Simon,
Acquainting me with all the circumstances
Of their concealment, place, and manner of life,
And the merry hours they spend in the green haunts
Of Sherwood, nigh which place they have ta'en a house
In the town of Nottingham, and pass for foreigners,
Wearing the dress of Frenchmen.—
All which I have perused with so attent
And child-like longings, that to my doting ears
Two sounds now seem like one,
One meaning in two words, Sherwood and Liberty.
And, gentle Mr. Sandford,
'T is you that must provide now
The means of my departure, which for safety
Must be in boy's apparel.

SANDFORD.

Since you will have it so,
(My careful age trembles at all may happen),
I will engage to furnish you:
I have the keys of the wardrobe, and can fit you
With garments to your size.
I know a suit
Of lively Lincoln green, that shall much grace you
In the wear, being glossy fresh, and worn but seldom.
Young Stephen Woodvil wore them, while he lived
I have the keys of all this house and passages,
And ere day-break will rise and let you forth.
What things soe'er you have need of I can furnish you;
And will provide a horse and trusty guide,
To bear you on your way to Nottingham.

MARGARET.

That once this day and night were fairly past!
For then I'll bid this house and love farewell;
Farewell, sweet Devon; farewell, lukewarm John,
For with the morning's light will Margaret be gone.
Thanks, courteous Mr. Sandford.—

[*Exeunt divers ways.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An apartment in Woodvil Hall.

JOHN WOODVIL—*alone.*

(*Reading Parts of a Letter.*)

"WHEN Love grows cold, and indifference has usurp-

ed upon old esteem, it is no marvel if the world begin to account *that* dependence, which hitherto has been esteemed honorable shelter. The course I have taken (in leaving this house, not easily wrought thereunto), seemed to me best for the once-for-all releasing of yourself (who in times past have deserved well of me) from the now daily, and not-to-be-endured, tribute of forced love, and ill-dissembled reluctance of affection.

"MARGARET."

Gone: gone! my girl? so hasty, Margaret!
And never a kiss at parting? shallow loves,
And likings of a ten days' growth, use courtesies,
And show red eyes at parting. Who bids "farewell"
In the same tone he cries "God speed you, Sir?"
Or tells of joyful victories at sea,
Where he hath ventures? does not rather muffle
His organs to emit a leaden sound,
To suit the melancholy dull "farewell,"
Which they in Heaven not use?—
So peevish, Margaret?
But 't is the common error of your sex,
When our idolatry slackens, or grows less,
(As who of woman born can keep his faculty
Of Admiration, being a decaying faculty,
For ever strain'd to the pitch? or can at pleasure
Make it renewable, as some appetites are,
As, namely, Hunger, Thirst?—) this being the case,
They tax us with neglect, and love grown cold,
Coin plainings of the perfidy of men,
Which into maxims pass, and apophthegms
To be retail'd in ballads.—
I know them all.
They are jealous, when our larger hearts receive
More guests than one (Love in a woman's heart
Being all in one). For me, I am sure I have room here
For more disturbers of my sleep than one.
Love shall have part, but Love shall not have all.
Ambition, Pleasure, Vanity, all by turns,
Shall lie in my bed, and keep me fresh and waking;
Yet Love not be excluded.—Foolish wench,
I could have loved her twenty years to come,
And still have kept my liking. But since 't is so,
Why fare thee well, old playfellow! I 'll try
To squeeze a tear for old acquaintance sake.
I shall not grudge so much.——

To him enters LOVEL.

LOVEL.

Bless us, Woodvil! what is the matter? I protest, man, I thought you had been weeping.

WOODVIL.

Nothing is the matter, only the wench has forced some water into my eyes, which will quickly disband.

LOVEL.

I cannot conceive you.

WOODVIL.

Margaret is flown.

LOVEL.

Upon what pretence?

WOODVIL.

Neglect on my part: which it seems she has had the wit to discover, maugre all my pains to conceal it.

LOVEL.

Then, you confess the charge?

WOODVIL.

To say the truth, my love for her has of late stopt short on this side idolatry.

LOVEL.

As all good Christians' should, I think.

WOODVIL.

I am sure, I could have loved her still within the limits of warrantable love.

LOVEL.

A kind of brotherly affection, I take it.

WOODVIL.

We should have made excellent man and wife in time.

LOVEL.

A good old couple, when the snows fell, to crowd about a sea-coal fire, and talk over old matters.

WOODVIL.

While each should feel, what neither cared to acknowledge, that stories oft repeated may, at last, come to lose some of their grace by the repetition.

LOVEL.

Which both of you may yet live long enough to discover. For, take my word for it, Margaret is a bird that will come back to you without a lure.

WOODVIL.

Never, never, Lovel. Spite of my levity, with tears I confess it, she was a lady of most confirmed honor, of an unmatchable spirit, and determinable in all virtuous resolutions; not hasty to anticipate an affront, nor slow to feel, where just provocation was given.

LOVEL.

What made you neglect her, then?

WOODVIL.

Mere levity and youthfulness of blood, a malady incident to young men: physicians call it caprice. Nothing else. He, that slighted her, knew her value: and 't is odds, but, for thy sake, Margaret, John will yet go to his grave a bachelor.

[*A noise heard, as of one drunk and singing.*

LOVEL.

Here comes one, that will quickly dissipate these humors.

(*Enter one drunk.*)

DRUNKEN MAN.

Good-morrow to you, gentlemen. Mr. Lovel, I am your humble servant. Honest Jack Woodvil, I will get drunk with you to-morrow.

WOODVIL.

And why to-morrow, honest Mr. Freeman?

DRUNKEN MAN.

I scent a traitor in that question. A beastly question. Is it not his majesty's birth-day? the day of all days in the year, on which King Charles the second was graciously pleased to be born. (*Sings*) "Great pity 't is such days as those should come but once a year."

LOVEL.

Drunk in a morning! foh! how he stinks!

DRUNKEN MAN.

And why not drunk in a morning? can'st tell, bully?

WOODVIL.

Because, being the sweet and tender infancy of the day, methinks, it should ill endure such early blightings.

DRUNKEN MAN.

I grant you, 't is in some sort the youth and tender nonage of the day. Youth is bashful, and I give it a cup to encourage it. (*Sings*) "Ale that will make

Grimalkin prate."—At noon I drink for thirst, at night for fellowship, but, above all, I love to usher in the bashful morning under the auspices of a freshening stoup of liquor. (*Sings*) "Ale in a Saxon rumkin then makes valor burgeon in tall men."—But, I crave pardon. I fear I keep that gentleman from serious thoughts. There be those that wait for me in the cellar.

WOODVIL.

Who are they?

DRUNKEN MAN.

Gentlemen, my good friends, Cleveland, Delaval, and Truby. I know by this time they are all clamorous for me. [*Exit, singing.*

WOODVIL.

This keeping of open house acquaints a man with strange companions.

(*Enter, at another door, Three calling for* HARRY FREEMAN.)

Harry Freeman, Harry Freeman.
He is not here. Let us go look for him.
Where is Freeman?
Where is Harry?

[*Exeunt the Three, calling for* FREEMAN.

WOODVIL.

Did you ever see such gentry? (*laughing.*) These are they that fatten on ale and tobacco in a morning, drink burnt brandy at noon to promote digestion, and piously conclude with quart bumpers after supper, to prove their loyalty.

LOVEL.

Come, shall we adjourn to the Tennis Court?

WOODVIL.

No, you shall go with me into the gallery, where I will show you the *Vandike* I have purchased. "The late King taking leave of his children."

LOVEL.

I will but adjust my dress, and attend you.

[*Exit* LOVEL.

JOHN WOODVIL (*alone*).

Now universal England getteth drunk
For joy that Charles, her monarch, is restored:
And she, that sometime wore a saintly mask,
The stale-grown vizor from her face doth pluck,
And weareth now a suit of morris-bells,
With which she jingling goes through all her towns and villages.
The baffled factions in their houses skulk:
The commonwealthsman, and state machinist,
The cropt fanatic, and fifth-monarchy-man,
Who heareth of these visionaries now?
They and their dreams have ended. Fools do sing,
Where good men yield God thanks; but politic spirits,
Who live by observation, note these changes
Of the popular mind, and thereby serve their ends.
Then why not I? What's Charles to me, or Oliver,
But as my own advancement hangs on one of them?
I to myself am chief.——I know,
Some shallow mouths cry out, that I am smit
With the gauds and show of state, the point of place,
And trick of precedence, the ducks and nods,
Which weak minds pay to rank. 'T is not to sit
In place of worship at the royal masques,
Their pastimes, plays, and Whitehall banquetings,
For none of these,
Nor yet to be seen whispering with some great one,
Do I affect the favors of the court.
I would be great, for greatness hath great *power*,
And that's the fruit I reach at.—
Great spirits ask great play-room. Who could sit,
With these prophetic swellings in my breast,
That prick and goad me on, and never cease,
To the fortunes something tells me I was born to?
Who, with such monitors within to stir him,
Would sit him down, with lazy arms across,
A unit, a thing without a name in the state,
A something to be govern'd, not to govern,
A fishing, hawking, hunting, country gentleman?

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Sherwood Forest.

SIR WALTER WOODVIL. SIMON WOODVIL.

(*Disguised as Frenchmen.*)

SIR WALTER.

How fares my boy, Simon, my youngest born?
My hope my pride, young Woodvil, speak to me.
Some grief untold weighs heavy at thy heart:
I know it by thy alter'd cheer of late.
Thinkest, thy brother plays thy father false?
It is a mad and thriftless prodigal,
Grown proud upon the favors of the court;
Court manners, and court fashions, he affects,
And in the heat and uncheck'd blood of youth,
Harbors a company of riotous men,
All hot, and young, court-seekers, like himself,
Most skilful to devour a patrimony;
And these have eat into my old estates,
And these have drain'd thy father's cellars dry:
But these so common faults of youth not named,
(Things which themselves outgrow, left to themselves)
I know no quality that stains his honor.
My life upon his faith and noble mind,
Son John could never play thy father false.

SIMON.

I never thought but nobly of my brother,
Touching his honor and fidelity.
Still I could wish him charier of his person,
And of his time more frugal, than to spend
In riotous living, graceless society,
And mirth unpalatable, hours better employ'd
(With those persuasive graces nature lent him)
In fervent pleadings for a father's life.

SIR WALTER.

I would not owe my life to a jealous court,
Whose shallow policy I know it is,
On some reluctant acts of prudent mercy
(Not voluntary, but extorted by the times,
In the first tremblings of new-fixed power,
And recollection smarting from old wounds),
On these to build a spurious popularity.
Unknowing what free grace or mercy mean,
They fear to punish, therefore do they pardon.
For this cause have I oft forbid my son,
By letters, overtures, open solicitings,
Or closet-tamperings, by gold or fee,
To beg or bargain with the court for my life.

SIMON.

And John has ta'en you, father, at your word,
True to the letter of his paternal charge!

SIR WALTER.

Well, my good cause, and my good conscience, boy,
Shall be for sons to me, if John prove false.
Men die but once, and the opportunity
Of a noble death is not an every-day fortune:
It is a gift which noble spirits pray for.

SIMON.

I would not wrong my brother by surmise:
I know him generous, full of gentle qualities,
Incapable of base compliances,
No prodigal in his nature, but affecting
This show of bravery for ambitious ends.
He drinks, for 't is the humor of the court,
And drink may one day wrest the secret from him,
And pluck you from your hiding-place in the sequel.

SIR WALTER.

Fair death shall be my doom, and foul life his.
Till when, we'll live as free in this green forest
As yonder deer, who roam unfearing treason;
Who seem the Aborigines of this place,
Or Sherwood theirs by tenure.

SIMON.

'T is said, that Robert Earl of Huntingdon,
Men call'd him Robin Hood, an outlaw bold,
With a merry crew of hunters here did haunt,
Not sparing the king's venison. May one believe
The antique tale?

SIR WALTER.

There is much likelihood,
Such bandits did in England erst abound,
When polity was young. I have read of the pranks
Of that mad archer, and of the tax he levied
On travellers, whatever their degree,
Baron or knight, whoever pass'd these woods,
Layman or priest, not sparing the bishop's mitre
For spiritual regards! nay, once, 't is said,
He robb'd the king himself.

SIMON.

A perilous man. [*Smiling.*

SIR WALTER.

How quietly we live here,
Unread in the world's business,
And take no note of all its slippery changes!
'T were best we make a world among ourselves,
A little world,
Without the ills and falsehoods of the greater;
We two being all the inhabitants of ours,
And kings and subjects both in one.

SIMON.

Only the dangerous errors, fond conceits
Which make the business of that greater world,
Must have no place in ours:
As, namely, riches, honors, birth, place, courtesy,
Good fame and bad, rumors and popular noises,
Books, creeds, opinions, prejudices national.
Humors particular,
Soul-killing lies, and truths that work small good,
Feuds, factions, enmities, relationships,
Loves, hatreds, sympathies, antipathies,
And all the intricate stuff quarrels are made of.

(MARGARET *enters in boy's apparel.*)

SIR WALTER.

What pretty boy have we here?

MARGARET.

Bonjour, messieurs. Ye have handsome English faces.
I should have ta'en you else for other two,
I came to seek in the forest.

SIR WALTER.

Who are they?

MARGARET.

A gallant brace of Frenchmen, curled monsieurs,
That, men say, haunt these woods, affecting privacy,
More than the manner of their countrymen.

SIMON.

We have here a wonder:
The face is Margaret's face.

SIR WALTER.

The face is Margaret's, but the dress the same
My Stephen sometime wore.

(*To* MARGARET.)

Suppose us them; whom do men say we are?
Or know you what you seek?

MARGARET.

A worthy pair of exiles,
Two whom the politics of state revenge,
In final issue of long civil broils,
Have houseless driven from your native France,
To wander idle in these English woods,
Where now ye live; most part
Thinking on home, and all the joys of France,
Where grows the purple vine.

SIR WALTER.

These woods, young stranger,
And grassy pastures, which the slim deer loves,
Are they less beauteous than the land of France
Where grows the purple vine?

MARGARET.

I cannot tell.
To an indifferent eye, both show alike.
'T is not the scene,
But all familiar objects in the scene,
Which now ye miss, that constitute a difference
Ye had a country, exiles, ye have none now;
Friends had ye, and much wealth, ye now have nothing;
Our manners, laws, our customs, all are foreign to you,
I know ye lothe them, cannot learn them readily;
And there is reason, exiles, ye should love
Our English earth less than your land of France,
Where grows the purple vine; where all delights grow,
Old custom has made pleasant.

SIR WALTER.

You, that are read
So deeply in our story, what are you?

MARGARET.

A bare adventurer; in brief a woman,
That put strange garments on, and came thus far
To seek an ancient friend:
And having spent her stock of idle words,
And feeling some tears coming,
Hastes now to clasp Sir Walter Woodvil's knees,
And beg a boon for Margaret, his poor ward. [*Kneeling.*

SIR WALTER.

Not at my feet, Margaret, not at my feet.

MARGARET.

Yes, till her suit is answer'd.

SIR WALTER.

Name it.

MARGARET.

A little boon, and yet so great a grace,
She fears to ask it.

SIR WALTER.

Some riddle, Margaret?

MARGARET.

No riddle, but a plain request.

SIR WALTER.

Name it.

MARGARET.

Free liberty of Sherwood,
And leave to take her lot with you in the forest.

SIR WALTER.

A scant petition, Margaret, but take it,
Seal'd with an old man's tears.—
Rise, daughter of Sir Rowland.

[*Addresses them both.*

O you most worthy,
You constant followers of a man proscribed;
Following poor misery in the throat of danger;
Fast servitors to crazed and penniless poverty,
Serving poor poverty without hope of gain;
Kind children of a sire unfortunate;
Green clinging tendrils round a trunk decay'd,
Which needs must bring on you timeless decay;
Fair living forms to a dead carcass join'd!
What shall I say?
Better the dead were gather'd to the dead,
Than death and life in disproportion meet.—
Go, seek your fortunes, children.—

SIMON.

Why, whither shall we go?

SIR WALTER.

You to the Court, where now your brother John
Commits a rape on Fortune.

SIMON.

Luck to John!
A light-heel'd strumpet, when the sport is done.

SIR WALTER.

You to the sweet society of your equals,
Where the world's fashion smiles on youth and beauty.

MARGARET.

Where young men's flatteries cozen young maids' beauty,
There pride oft gets the vantage hand of duty,
There sweet humility withers.

SIMON.

Mistress Margaret,
How fared my brother John, when you left Devon?

MARGARET.

John was well, Sir.

SIMON.

'T is now nine months almost,
Since I saw home. What new friends has John made?
Or keeps he his first love?—I did suspect
Some foul disloyalty. Now do I know,
John has proved false to her, for Margaret weeps.
It is a scurvy brother.

SIR WALTER.

Fie upon it.
All men are false, I think. The date of love
Is out, expired, its stories all grown stale,
O'erpast, forgotten like an antique tale
Of Hero and Leander.

SIMON.

I have known some men that are too general-contemplative for the narrow passion. I am in some sort a *general* lover.

MARGARET.

In the name of the boy-god, who plays at hoodman-blind with the Muses, and cares not whom he catches; what is it *you* love?

SIMON.

Simply, all things that live,
From the crook'd worm to man's imperial form,
And God-resembling likeness. The poor fly
That makes short holiday in the sunbeam,
And dies by some child's hand. The feeble bird
With little wings, yet greatly venturous
In the upper sky. The fish in th' other element,
That knows no touch of eloquence. What else?
Yon tall and elegant stag,
Who paints a dancing shadow of his horns
In the water, where he drinks.

MARGARET.

I myself love all these things, yet so as with a difference:—for example, some animals better than others, some men rather than other men; the nightingale before the cuckoo, the swift and graceful palfrey before the slow and asinine mule. Your humor goes to confound all qualities.
What sports do you use in the forest?—

SIMON.

Not many; some few, as thus:—
To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amourist with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.
Sometimes the moon on soft night-clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence, while those lovers sleep.
Sometimes outstretch'd, in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds, how they fare,
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
Filch'd from the careless Amalthea's horn;
And how the woods berries and worms provide
Without their pains, when earth has nought beside
To answer their small wants.
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop, and gaze, then turn, they know not why,
Like bashful younkers in society.
To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.

MARGARET (*smiling*).

And afterwards them paint in simile.

SIR WALTER.

Mistress Margaret will have need of some refreshment.
Please you, we have some poor viands within.

MARGARET.

Indeed I stand in need of them.

SIR WALTER.

Under the shade of a thick-spreading tree,
Upon the grass, no better carpeting,
We'll eat our noon-tide meal; and, dinner done,
One of us shall repair to Nottingham,
To seek some safe night-lodging in the town,
Where you may sleep, while here with us you dwell,
By day, in the forest, expecting better times,
And gentler habitations, noble Margaret.

SIMON.

Allons, young Frenchman—

MARGARET.

Allons, Sir Englishman. The time has been,
I've studied love-lays in the English tongue,
And been enamour'd of rare poesy:
Which now I must unlearn. Henceforth,
Sweet mother-tongue, old English speech, adieu;
For Margaret has got new name and language new.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

An Apartment of State in Woodvil Hall.—Cavaliers drinking.

JOHN WOODVIL, LOVEL, GRAY, *and four more.*

JOHN.

More mirth, I beseech you, Gentlemen—
Mr. Gray, you are not merry.

GRAY.

More wine, say I, and mirth shall ensue in course. What! we have not yet above three half-pints a man to answer for. Brevity is the soul of drinking, as of wit. Dispatch, I say. More wine. [*Fills.*

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

I entreat you, let there be some order, some method, in our drinkings. I love to lose my reason with my eyes open, to commit the deed of drunkenness with forethought and deliberation. I love to feel the fumes of the liquor gathering here, like clouds.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

And I am for plunging into madness at once. Damn order, and method, and steps, and degrees, that he speaks of! Let confusion have her legitimate work.

LOVEL.

I marvel why the poets, who, of all men, methinks, should possess the hottest livers, and most empyreal fancies, should affect to see such virtues in cold water.

GRAY.

Virtue in cold water! ha! ha! ha!

JOHN.

Because your poet-born hath an internal wine, richer than lippara or canaries, yet uncrushed from any grapes of earth, unpressed in mortal wine-presses.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

What may be the name of this wine?

JOHN.

It hath as many names as qualities. It is denominated indifferently, wit, conceit, invention, inspiration; but its most royal and comprehensive name is *fancy*.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

And where keeps he this sovereign liquor?

JOHN.

Its cellars are in the brain, whence your true poet deriveth intoxication at will; while his animal spirits, catching a pride from the quality and neighborhood of their noble relative, the brain, refuse to be sustained by wines and fermentations of earth.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

But is your poet-born always tipsy with this liquor?

JOHN.

He hath his stoopings and reposes; but his proper element is the sky, and in the suburbs of the empyrean.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

Is your wine-intellectual so exquisite? henceforth, I, a man of plain conceit, will, in all humility, content my mind with canaries.

FOURTH GENTLEMAN.

I am for a song or a catch. When will the catches come on, the sweet wicked catches?

JOHN.

They cannot be introduced with propriety before midnight. Every man must commit his twenty bumpers first. We are not yet well roused. Frank Lovel, the glass stands with you.

LOVEL.

Gentlemen, the Duke. [*Fills.*

ALL.

The Duke. [*They drink.*

GRAY.

Can any tell, why his Grace, being a Papist—

JOHN.

Pshaw! we will have no questions of state now. Is not this his Majesty's birth-day?

GRAY.

What follows?

JOHN.

That every man should sing, and be joyful, and ask no questions.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Damn politics, they spoil drinking.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

For certain, 't is a blessed monarchy.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

The cursed fanatic days we have seen! The times have been when swearing was out of fashion.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

And drinking.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

And wenching.

GRAY.

The cursed yeas and forsooths, which we have heard uttered, when a man could not rap out an innocent oath, but straight the air was thought to be infected.

LOVEL.

'T was a pleasant trick of the saint, which that trim puritan *Swear-not-at-all Smooth-speech* used, when his spouse chid him with an oath for committing with his servant-maid, to cause his house to be fumigated with burnt brandy, and ends of scripture, to disperse the devil's breath, as he termed it.

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha!

GRAY.

But 't was pleasanter, when the other saint *Resist-the-devil-and-he-will-flee-from-thee Pureman* was overtaken in the act, to plead an illusio visûs, and maintain his sanctity upon a supposed power in the adversary to counterfeit the shapes of things.

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha!

JOHN.

Another round, and then let every man devise what trick he can in his fancy, for the better manifesting our loyalty this day.

GRAY.

Shall we hang a puritan?

JOHN.

No, that has been done already in Coleman-Street.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Or fire a conventicle?

JOHN.

That is stale too.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

Or burn the Assembly's catechism?

FOURTH GENTLEMAN.

Or drink the king's health, every man standing upon his head naked?

JOHN (*To Lovel*).

We have here some pleasant madness.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

Who shall pledge me in a pint bumper, while we drink to the king upon our knees?

LOVEL.

Why on our knees, Cavalier?

JOHN (*smiling*).

For more devotion, to be sure.—(*To a servant*). Sirrah, fetch the gilt goblets.

[*The goblets are brought. They drink the king's health, kneeling. A shout of general approbation following the first appearance of the goblets.*

JOHN.

We have here the unchecked virtues of the grape. How the vapors curl upwards! It were a life of gods to dwell in such an element: to see, and hear, and talk brave things. Now fie upon these casual potations. That a man's most exalted reason should depend upon the ignoble fermenting of a fruit which sparrows pluck at as well as we!

GRAY (*aside to Lovel*).

Observe how he is ravished.

LOVEL.

Vanity and gay thoughts of wine do meet in him, and engender madness.

[*While the rest are engaged in a wild kind of talk, John advances to the front of the stage and soliloquizes.*

JOHN.

My spirits turn to fire, they mount so fast.
My joys are turbulent, my hopes show like fruition.
These high and gusty relishes of life, sure,
Have no allayings of mortality in them.
I am too hot now and o'ercapable,
For the tedious processes, and creeping wisdom,
Of human acts, and enterprises of a man.
I want some seasonings of adversity,
Some strokes of the old mortifier Calamity,
To take these swellings down, divines call vanity.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

Mr. Woodvil, Mr. Woodvil.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Where is Woodvil?

GRAY.

Let him alone. I have seen him in these lunes before.
His abstractions must not taint the good mirth.

JOHN (*continuing to soliloquize*).

O for some friend now,
To conceal nothing from, to have no secrets.
How fine and noble a thing is confidence,
How reasonable too, and almost godlike!
Fast cement of fast friends, band of society,
Old natural go-between in the world's business,
Where civil life and order, wanting this cement,
Would presently rush back
Into the pristine state of singularity,
And each man stand alone.

(*A Servant enters.*)

Gentlemen, the fire-works are ready.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

What be they?

LOVEL.

The work of London artists, which our host has provided in honor of this day.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

'Sdeath, who would part with his wine for a rocket?

LOVEL.

Why truly, gentlemen, as our kind host has been at the pains to provide this spectacle, we can do no less than be present at it. It will not take up much time. Every man may return fresh and thirsting to his liquor.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

There is reason in what he says.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Charge on then, bottle in hand. There's husbandry in that.

[*They go out, singing. Only Lovel remains, who observes Woodvil.*

JOHN (*still talking to himself*.)

This Lovel here's of a tough honesty,
Would put the rack to the proof. He is not of that sort
Which haunt my house, snorting the liquors,
And when their wisdoms are afloat with wine,
Spend vows as fast as vapors, which go off
Even with the fumes, their fathers. He is one,
Whose sober morning actions
Shame not his o'ernight promises;
Talks little, flatters less, and makes no promises;
Why this is he, whom the dark-wisdom'd fate
Might trust her counsels of predestination with,
And the world be no loser.
Why should I fear this man? [*Seeing* LOVEL.
Where is the company gone?

LOVEL.

To see the fire-works, where you will be expected to follow. But I perceive you are better engaged.

JOHN.

I have been meditating this half-hour
On all the properties of a brave friendship,
The mysteries that are in it, the noble uses,
Its limits withal, and its nice boundaries.
Exempli gratiâ, how far a man
May lawfully forswear himself for his friend;
What quantity of lies, some of them brave ones,
He may lawfully incur in a friend's behalf;
What oaths, blood-crimes, hereditary quarrels,
Night brawls, fierce words, and duels in the morning,
He need not stick at, to maintain his friend's honor, or his cause.

LOVEL.

I think many men would die for their friends.

JOHN.

Death! why 't is nothing. We go to it for sport,
To gain a name, or purse, or please a sullen humor,
When one has worn his fortune's livery threadbare,
Or his spleen'd mistress frowns. Husbands will venture on it,
To cure the hot fits and cold shakings of jealousy.
A friend, sir, must do more.

LOVEL.

Can he do more than die?

JOHN.

To serve a friend, this he may do. Pray mark me.

Having a law within (great spirits feel one)
He cannot, ought not to be bound by any
Positive laws or ord'nances extern,
But may reject all these: by the law of friendship
He may do so much, be they, indifferently,
Penn'd statutes, or the land's unwritten usages,
As public fame, civil compliances,
Misnamed honor, trust in matter of secrets,
All vows and promises, the feeble mind's religion
(Binding our morning knowledge to approve
What last night's ignorance spake);
The ties of blood withal, and prejudice of kin.
Sir, these weak terrors
Must never shake me. I know what belongs
To a worthy friendship. Come, you shall have my confidence.

LOVEL.

I hope you think me worthy.

JOHN.

You will smile to hear now—
Sir Walter never has been out of the island.

LOVEL.

You amaze me.

JOHN.

That same report of his escape to France
Was a fine tale, forged by myself—
Ha! ha!
I knew it would stagger him.

LOVEL.

Pray, give me leave.
Where has he dwelt, how lived, how lain conceal'd?
Sure I may ask so much.

JOHN.

From place to place, dwelling in no place long,
My brother Simon still hath borne him company,
('T is a brave youth, I envy him all his virtues).
Disguised in foreign garb, they pass for Frenchmen,
Two Protestant exiles from the Limosin,
Newly arrived. Their dwelling 's now at Nottingham,
Where no soul knows them.

LOVEL.

Can you assign any reason, why a gentleman of Sir Walter's known prudence should expose his person so lightly?

JOHN.

I believe, a certain fondness,
A child-like cleaving to the land that gave him birth,
Chains him like fate.

LOVEL.

I have known some exiles thus
To linger out the term of the law's indulgence,
To the hazard of being known.

JOHN.

You may suppose sometimes
They use the neighb'ring Sherwood for their sport,
Their exercise and freer recreation.—
I see you smile. Pray now, be careful.

LOVEL.

I am no babbler, sir; you need not fear me.

JOHN.

But some men have been known to talk in their sleep,
And tell fine tales that way.

LOVEL.

I have heard so much. But, to say truth, I mostly sleep alone.

JOHN.

Or drink, sir? do you never drink too freely?
Some men will drink, and tell you all their secrets.

LOVEL.

Why do you question me, who know my habits?

JOHN.

I think you are no sot,
No tavern-troubler, worshipper of the grape;
But all men drink sometimes,
And veriest saints at festivals relax,
The marriage of a friend, or a wife's birth-day.

LOVEL.

How much, sir, may a man with safety drink? [*Smiling*

JOHN.

Sir, three half-pints a day is reasonable;
I care not if you never exceed that quantity.

LOVEL.

I shall observe it;
On holidays two quarts.

JOHN.

Or stay; you keep no wench?

LOVEL.

Ha!

JOHN.

No painted mistress for your private hours?
You keep no whore, sir?

LOVEL.

What does he mean?

JOHN

Who for a close embrace, a toy of sin,
And amorous praising of your worship's breath
In rosy junction of four melting lips,
Can kiss out secrets from you?

LOVEL.

How strange this passionate behavior shows in you
Sure you think me some weak one.

JOHN.

Pray pardon me some fears.
You have now the pledge of a dear father's life.
I am a son—would fain be thought a loving one;
You may allow me some fears: do not despise me,
If, in a posture foreign to my spirit,
And by our well-knit friendship I conjure you,
Touch not Sir Walter's life. [*Kneels.*
You see these tears. My father's an old man.
Pray let him live.

LOVEL.

I must be bold to tell you, these new freedoms
Show most unhandsome in you.

JOHN (*rising*).

Ha! do you say so?
Sure, you are not grown proud upon my secret!
Ah! now I see it plain. He would be babbling.
No doubt a garrulous and hard-faced traitor—
But I 'll not give you leave. [*Draws.*

LOVEL.

What does this madman mean?

JOHN.

Come, sir, here is no subterfuge.
You must kill me, or I kill you.

LOVEL (*drawing*).

Then self-defence plead my excuse.
Have at you, sir. [*They fight.*

JOHN.

Stay, Sir:
I hope you have made your will;
If not, 't is no great matter.
A broken cavalier has seldom much
He can bequeath: an old worn peruke,
A snuff-box with a picture of Prince Rupert,
A rusty sword he 'll swear was used at Naseby,
Though it ne'er came within ten miles of the place;
And, if he 's very rich,
A cheap edition of the *Icon Basilike*,
Is mostly all the wealth he dies possess'd of.
You say few prayers, I fancy;—
So to it again.
[*They fight again.* LOVEL *is disarmed.*

LOVEL.

You had best now take my life. I guess you mean it.

JOHN (*musing*).

No:—Men will say I fear'd him, if I kill'd him.
Live still, and be a traitor in thy wish,
But never act thy thought, being a coward.
That vengeance, which thy soul shall nightly thirst for,
And this disgrace I 've done you cry aloud for,
Still have the will without the power to execute.
So now I leave you,
Feeling a sweet security. No doubt
My secret shall remain a virgin for you!—
[*Goes out, smiling in scorn.*

LOVEL (*rising*).

For once you are mistaken in your man.
The deed you wot of shall forthwith be done.
A bird let loose, a secret out of hand,
Returns not back Why, then 't is baby policy
To menace him who hath it in his keeping.
I will go look for Gray;
Then, northward ho! such tricks as we shall play
Have not been seen, I think, in merry Sherwood,
Since the days of Robin Hood that archer good.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in Woodvil Hall.

JOHN WOODVIL (*alone*).

A weight of wine lies heavy on my head,
The unconcocted follies of last night.
Now all those jovial fancies, and bright hopes,
Children of wine, go off like dreams.
This sick vertigo here
Preacheth of temperance, no sermon better.
These black thoughts, and dull melancholy,
That stick like burs to the brain, will they ne'er leave me?
Some men are full of choler, when they are drunk;
Some brawl of matter foreign to themselves;
And some, the most resolved fools of all,
Have told their dearest secrets in their cups.

SCENE II.

The Forest.

SIR WALTER, SIMON, LOVEL, GRAY.

LOVEL.

Sir, we are sorry we cannot return your *French* salutation.

GRAY.

Nor otherwise consider this garb you trust to than as a poor disguise.

LOVEL.

Nor use much ceremony with a traitor.

GRAY.

Therefore, without much induction of superfluous words, I attach you, Sir Walter Woodvil, of High Treason, in the King's name.

LOVEL.

And of taking part in the great rebellion against our late lawful Sovereign, Charles the First

SIMON.

John has betray'd us, father.

LOVEL.

Come, Sir, you had best surrender fairly. We know you, Sir.

SIMON.

Hang ye, villains, ye are two better known than trusted. I have seen those faces before. Are ye not two beggarly retainers, trencher-parasites, to John? I think ye rank above his footmen. A sort of bed and board worms—locusts that infest our house; a leprosy that long has hung upon its walls and princely apartments, reaching to fill all the corners of my brother's once noble heart.

GRAY.

We are his friends.

SIMON.

Fie, Sir, do not weep. How these rogues will triumph! Shall I whip off their heads, father? [*Draws.*

LOVEL.

Come, Sir, although this show handsome in you, being his son, yet the law must have its course.

SIMON.

And if I tell you the law shall not have its course, cannot ye be content? Courage, father; shall such things as these apprehend a man? Which of ye will venture upon me?—Will you, Mr. Constable self-elect? or you, Sir, with a pimple on your nose, got at Oxford by hard drinking, your only badge of loyalty?

GRAY.

'T is a brave youth—I cannot strike at him.

SIMON.

Father, why do you cover your face with your hands? Why do you fetch your breath so hard? See, villains, his heart is burst! O villains, he cannot speak. One of you run for some water: quickly, ye knaves; will ye have your throats cut? [*They both slink off.*] How is it with you, Sir Walter? Look up, Sir, the villains are gone, He hears me not, and this deep disgrace of treachery in his son hath touched him even to the death. O most distuned and distempered world, where sons talk their aged fathers into their graves! Garrulous and diseased world, and still empty, rotten and hollow *talking* world, where good men decay, states turn round in an endless mutability, and still for the worse: nothing is at a stay, nothing abides but vanity, chaotic vanity.—Brother, adieu!

There lies the parent stock which gave us life,
Which I will see consign'd with tears to earth.
Leave thou the solemn funeral rites to me,
Grief and a true remorse abide with thee.
[*Bears in the body.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Forest.

MARGARET (*alone*).

It was an error merely, and no crime,
An unsuspecting openness in youth,
That from his lips the fatal secret drew,
Which should have slept like one of nature's mysteries,
Unveil'd by any man.
Well, he is dead!
And what should Margaret do in the forest?
O ill-starr'd John!
O Woodvil, man enfeoffed to despair!
Take thy farewell of peace.
O never look again to see good days,
Or close thy lids in comfortable nights,
Or ever think a happy thought again,
If what I have heard be true.—
Forsaken of the world must Woodvil live,
If he did tell these men.
No tongue must speak to him, no tongue of man
Salute him, when he wakes up in a morning;
Or bid "good night" to John. Who seeks to live
In amity with thee, must for thy sake
Abide the world's reproach. What then?
Shall Margaret join the clamors of the world,
Against her friend? O undiscerning world,
That cannot from misfortune separate guilt,
No, not in thought! O never, never, John.
Prepared to share the fortunes of her friend
For better or for worse, thy Margaret comes,
To pour into thy wounds a healing love,
And wake the memory of an ancient friendship.
And pardon me, thou spirit of Sir Walter,
Who, in compassion to the wretched living,
Have but few tears to waste upon the dead.

SCENE IV.

Woodvil Hall.

SANDFORD, MARGARET (*as from a journey*).

SANDFORD.

The violence of the sudden mischance hath so wrought in him, who by nature is allied to nothing *less* than a self-debasing humor of dejection, that I have never seen anything more changed and spirit-broken. He hath, with a peremptory resolution, dismissed the partners of his riots and late hours, denied his house and person to their most earnest solicitings, and will be seen by none. He keeps ever alone, and his grief (which is solitary) does not so much seem to possess and govern in him, as it is by him, with a wilfulness of most manifest affection, entertained and cherished.

MARGARET.

How bears he up against the common rumor?

SANDFORD.

With a strange indifference, which whosoever dives not into the niceness of his sorrow might mistake for obdurate and insensate. Yet are the wings of his pride for ever clipt; and yet a virtuous predominance of filial grief is so ever uppermost, that you may discover his thoughts less troubled with conjecturing what living opinions will say, and judge of his deeds, than absorbed and buried with the dead, whom his indiscretion made so.

MARGARET.

I knew a greatness ever to be resident in him, to which the admiring eyes of men should look up even in the declining and bankrupt state of his pride. Fain would I see him, fain talk with him; but that a sense of respect, which is violated, when without deliberation we press into the society of the unhappy, checks and holds me back. How, think you, he would bear my presence?

SANDFORD.

As of an assured friend, whom in the forgetfulness of his fortunes he passed by. See him you must; but not to-night. The newness of the sight shall move the bitterest compunction and the truest remorse; but afterwards, trust me, dear lady, the happiest effects of a returning peace, and a gracious comfort, to him, to you, and all of us.

MARGARET.

I think he would not deny me. He hath ere this received farewell letters from his brother, who hath taken a resolution to estrange himself, for a time, from country, friends, and kindred, and to seek occupation for his sad thoughts in travelling in foreign places, where sights remote and extern to himself may draw from him kindly and not painful ruminations.

SANDFORD.

I was present at the receipt of the letter. The contents seemed to affect him, for a moment, with a more lively passion of grief than he has at any time outwardly shown. He wept with many tears (which I had not before noted in him), and appeared to be touched with a sense of some unkindness; but the cause of their sad separation and divorce quickly recurring, he presently returned to his former inwardness of suffering.

MARGARET.

The reproach of his brother's presence at this hour should have been a weight more than could be sustained by his already oppressed and sinking spirit.— Meditating upon these intricate and wide-spread sorrows, hath brought a heaviness upon me, as of sleep. How goes the night?

SANDFORD.

An hour past sun-set. You shall first refresh your limbs (tired with travel) with meats and some cordial wine, and then betake your no less wearied mind to repose.

MARGARET.

A good rest to us all.

SANDFORD.

Thanks, lady.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

JOHN WOODVIL (*dressing*).

JOHN.

How beautiful, [*Handling his mourning.*
And comely do these mourning garments show!
Sure Grief hath set his sacred impress here,
To claim the world's respect! they note so feelingly
By outward types the serious man within.—
Alas! what part or portion can I claim
In all the decencies of virtuous sorrow,

Which other mourners use? as, namely,
This black attire, abstraction from society,
Good thoughts, and frequent sighs, and seldom smiles,
A cleaving sadness native to the brow,
All sweet condolements of like-grieved friends,
(That steal away the sense of loss almost),
Men's pity, and good offices
Which enemies themselves do for us then,
Putting their hostile disposition off
As we put off our high thoughts and proud looks.
[*Pauses, and observes the pictures.*
These pictures must be taken down:
The portraitures of our most ancient family
For nigh three hundred years! How have I listen'd,
To hear Sir Walter, with an old man's pride,
Holding me in his arms, a prating boy,
And pointing to the pictures where they hung,
Repeat by course their worthy histories,
(As Hugh de Widville, Walter, first of the name,
And Anne the handsome, Stephen, and famous John:
Telling me I must be his famous John).
But that was in old times.
Now, no more
Must I grow proud upon our house's pride.
I rather, I, by most unheard-of crimes,
Have backward tainted all their noble blood,
Rased out the memory of an ancient family,
And quite reversed the honors of our house.
Who now shall sit and tell us anecdotes?
The secret history of his own times,
And fashions of the world when he was young:
How England slept out three-and-twenty years,
While Carr and Villiers ruled the baby king:
The costly fancies of the pedant's reign,
Balls, feastings, huntings, shows in allegory,
And Beauties of the court of James the First.

MARGARET *enters.*

JOHN.

Comes Margaret here to witness my disgrace?
O, lady, I have suffer'd loss,
And diminution of my honor's brightness.
You bring some images of old times, Margaret,
That should be now forgotten.

MARGARET.

Old times should never be forgotten, John.
I came to talk about them with my friend.

JOHN.

I did refuse you, Margaret, in my pride.

MARGARET.

If John rejected Margaret in his pride,
(As who does not, being splenetic, refuse
Sometimes old playfellows), the spleen being gone,
The offence no longer lives.
O Woodvil, those were happy days,
When we two first began to love. When first,
Under pretence of visiting my father,
(Being then a stripling, nigh upon my age),
You came a wooing to his daughter, John.
Do you remember,
With what a coy reserve and seldom speech
(Young maidens must be chary of their speech),
I kept the honors of my maiden pride?
I was your favorite then.

JOHN.

O Margaret, Margaret!
These your submissions to my low estate,
And cleavings to the fates of sunken Woodvil,
Write bitter things 'gainst my unworthiness.
Thou perfect pattern of thy slander'd sex,
Whom miseries of mine could never alienate,
Nor change of fortune shake; whom injuries,
And slights (the worst of injuries) which moved
Thy nature to return scorn with like scorn,
Then when you left in virtuous pride this house,
Could not so separate, but now in this
My day of shame, when all the world forsake me,
You only visit me, love, and forgive me.

MARGARET.

Dost yet remember the green arbor, John,
In the south gardens of my father's house,
Where we have seen the summer sun go down,
Exchanging true-love's vows without restraint?
And that old wood, you call'd your wilderness,
And vow'd in sport to build a chapel in it,
There dwell
"Like hermit poor
In pensive place obscure,"
And tell your Ave Maries by the curls
(Dropping like golden beads) on Margaret's hair;
And make confession seven times a day
Of every thought that stray'd from love and Margaret;
And I your saint the penance should appoint—
Believe me, sir, I will not now be laid
Aside, like an old fashion.

JOHN.

O lady, poor and abject are my thoughts.
My pride is cured, my hopes are under clouds,
I have no part in any good man's love,
In all earth's pleasures portion have I none,
I fade and wither in my own esteem,
This earth holds not alive so poor a thing as I am.
I was not always thus. [*Weeps.*

MARGARET.

Thou noble nature,
Which lion-like didst awe the inferior creatures,
Now trampled on by beasts of basest quality,
My dear heart's lord, life's pride, soul-honor'd John·
Upon her knees (regard her poor request)
Your favorite, once-beloved Margaret, kneels.

JOHN.

What wouldst thou, lady, ever-honor'd Margaret?

MARGARET.

That John would think more nobly of himself,
More worthily of high heaven;
And not for one misfortune, child of chance,
No crime, but unforeseen, and sent to punish
The less offence with image of the greater,
Thereby to work the soul's humility,
(Which end hath happily not been frustrate quite),
O not for one offence mistrust heaven's mercy,
Nor quit thy hope of happy days to come—
John yet has many happy days to live;
To live and make atonement.

JOHN.

Excellent lady,
Whose suit hath drawn this softness from my eyes,
Not the world's scorn, nor falling off of friends
Could ever do. Will you go with me, Margaret?

MARGARET (*rising*).

Go whither, John?

JOHN.

Go in with me,
And pray for the peace of our inquiet minds?

MARGARET.

That I will, John.— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An inner Apartment.

JOHN *is discovered kneeling.*—MARGARET *standing over him.*

JOHN (*rises*).

I cannot bear
To see you waste that youth and excellent beauty
('T is now the golden time of the day with you),
In tending such a broken wretch as I am.

MARGARET.

John will break Margaret's heart, if he speak so.
O sir, sir, sir, you are too melancholy,
And I must call it caprice. I am somewhat bold
Perhaps in this. But you are now my patient,
(You know you gave me leave to call you so),
And I must chide these pestilent humors from you.

JOHN.

They are gone.—
Mark, love, how cheerfully I speak!
I can smile too, and I almost begin
To understand what kind of creature Hope is.

MARGARET.

Now this is better, this mirth becomes you, John.

JOHN.

Yet tell me, if I over-act my mirth,
(Being but a novice, I may fall into that error):
That were a sad indecency, you know.

MARGARET.

Nay, never fear.
I will be mistress of your humors,
And you shall frown or smile by the book.
And herein I shall be most peremptory,
Cry, "this shows well, but that inclines to levity,
This frown has too much of the Woodvil in it,
But that fine sunshine has redeem'd it quite."

JOHN.

How sweetly Margaret robs me of myself!

MARGARET.

To give you in your stead a better self!
Such as you were, when these eyes first beheld
You mounted on your sprightly steed, White Margery,
Sir Rowland my father's gift,
And all my maidens gave my heart for lost.
I was a young thing then, being newly come
Home from my convent education, where
Seven years I had wasted in the bosom of France:
Returning home true Protestant, you call'd me
Your little heretic nun. How timid-bashful
Did John salute his love, being newly seen.
Sir Rowland term'd it a rare modesty,
And praised it in a youth.

JOHN.

Now Margaret weeps herself. [*A noise of bells heard.*

MARGARET.

Hark the bells, John.

JOHN.

Those are the church-bells of St. Mary Ottery.

MARGARET.

I know it.

JOHN.

St. Mary Ottery, my native village
In the sweet shire of Devon.
Those are the bells.

MARGARET.

Wilt go to church, John?

JOHN.

I have been there already.

MARGARET.

How canst say thou hast been there already? The bells are only now ringing for morning service, and hast thou been at church already?

JOHN.

I left my bed betimes, I could not sleep,
And when I rose, I look'd (as my custom is)
From my chamber-window, where I can see the sun rise;
And the first object I discern'd
Was the glistering spire of St. Mary Ottery.

MARGARET.

Well, John.

JOHN.

Then I remember'd 't was the sabbath-day.
Immediately a wish arose in my mind,
To go to church and pray with Christian people.
And then I check'd myself, and said to myself,
"Thou hast been a heathen, John, these two years past
(Not having been at church in all that time),
And is it fit, that now for the first time
Thou shouldst offend the eyes of Christian people
With a murderer's presence in the house of prayer?
Thou wouldst but discompose their pious thoughts,
And do thyself no good: for how couldst thou pray,
With unwash'd hands, and lips unused to the offices?"
And then I at my own presumption smiled;
And then I wept that I should smile at all,
Having such cause of grief! I wept outright:
Tears like a river flooded all my face,
And I began to pray, and found I could pray;
And still I yearn'd to say my prayers in the church
"Doubtless (said I) one might find comfort in it."
So stealing down the stairs, like one that fear'd detection,
Or was about to act unlawful business
At that dead time of dawn,
I flew to the church, and found the doors wide open,
(Whether by negligence I knew not,
Or some peculiar grace to me vouchsafed,
For all things felt like mystery).

MARGARET.

Yes.

JOHN.

So entering in, not without fear,
I past into the family-pew,
And covering up my eyes for shame,
And deep perception of unworthiness,
Upon the little hassock knelt me down,
Where I so oft had kneel'd,
A docile infant by Sir Walter's side;
And, thinking so, I wept a second flood
More poignant than the first;
But afterwards was greatly comforted.
It seem'd, the guilt of blood was passing from me
Even in the act and agony of tears,
And all my sins forgiven.

The Witch;

A DRAMATIC SKETCH OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHARACTERS.

Old Servant in the Family of Sir Francis Fairford.
Stranger.

SERVANT.

One summer night, Sir Francis, as it chanced,
Was pacing to and fro in the avenue
That westward fronts our house,
Among those aged oaks, said to have been planted
Three hundred years ago
By a neighboring prior of the Fairford name.
Being o'ertask'd in thought, he heeded not
The importunate suit of one who stood by the gate,
And begged an alms.
Some say he shoved her rudely from the gate
With angry chiding; but I can never think
(Our master's nature hath a sweetness in it)
That he could use a woman, an old woman,
With such discourtesy: but he refused her—
And better had he met a lion in his path
Than that old woman that night;
For she was one who practised the black arts,
And served the devil, being since burnt for witchcraft.
She look'd at him as one that meant to blast him,
And with a frightful noise
('T was partly like a woman's voice,
And partly like the hissing of a snake),
She nothing said but this—
(Sir Francis told the words)

A mischief, mischief, mischief,
And a nine-times-killing curse,
By day and by night, to the caitiff wight,
Who shakes the poor like snakes from his door,
And shuts up the womb of his purse.

And still she cried

A mischief,
And a nine-fold withering curse:
For that shall come to thee that will undo thee,
Both all that thou fearest and worse.

So saying, she departed,
Leaving Sir Francis like a man, beneath
Whose feet a scaffolding was suddenly falling;
So he described it.

STRANGER.

A terrible curse! What followed?

SERVANT.

Nothing immediate, but some two months after
Young Philip Fairford suddenly fell sick,
And none could tell what ailed him; for he lay
And pined, and pined, till all his hair fell off,
And he that was full-flesh'd, became as thin
As a two-months' babe that has been starved in the nursing.
And sure I think
He bore his death-wound like a little child;
With such rare sweetness of dumb melancholy
He strove to clothe his agony in smiles,
Which he would force up in his poor pale cheeks,
Like ill-timed guests that had no proper dwelling there;
And, when they ask'd him his complaint, he laid
His hand upon his heart, to show the place
Where Susan came to him a-nights, he said,
And prick'd him with a pin.—
And thereupon Sir Francis call'd to mind
The beggar-witch that stood by the gateway
And begged an alms.

STRANGER.

But did the witch confess?

SERVANT.

All this and more at her death.

STRANGER.

I do not love to credit tales of magic.
Heaven's music, which is Order, seems unstrung,
And this brave world
(The mystery of God) unbeautified,
Disorder'd, marr'd, where such strange things are acted.

Miscellaneous Poems.

HESTER.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 't was not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

TO CHARLES LLOYD,

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Alone, obscure, without a friend,
A cheerless, solitary thing,
Why seeks my Lloyd the stranger out?
What offering can the stranger bring

Of social scenes, home-bred delights,
That him in aught compensate may
For Stowey's pleasant winter nights,
For loves and friendships far away?

In brief oblivion to forego
Friends, such as thine, so justly dear,
And be awhile with me content
To stay, a kindly loiterer, here:

For this a gleam of random joy
Hath flush'd my unaccustom'd cheek;
And, with an o'ercharged bursting heart,
I feel the thanks I cannot speak.

Oh! sweet are all the Muses' lays,
And sweet the charm of matin bird;
'Twas long since these estranged ears
The sweeter voice of friend had heard.

The voice hath spoke: the pleasant sounds
In memory's ear in after-time
Shall live, to sometimes rouse a tear,
And sometimes prompt an honest rhyme.

For, when the transient charm is fled,
And when the little week is o'er,
To cheerless, friendless, solitude
When I return, as heretofore,

Long, long, within my aching heart
The grateful sense shall cherish'd be;
I 'll think less meanly of myself,
That Lloyd will sometimes think on me.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

Three young maids in friendship met;
Mary, Martha, Margaret,
Margaret was tall and fair,
Martha shorter by a hair;
If the first excell'd in feature,
The other's grace and ease were greater;
Mary, though to rival loth,
In her best gifts equall'd both.
They a due proportion kept;
Martha mourn'd if Margaret wept;
Margaret joy'd when any good
She of Martha understood;
And in sympathy for either
Mary was outdone by neither.
Thus far, for a happy space,
All three ran an even race,
A most constant friendship proving
Equally beloved and loving;
All their wishes, joys, the same;
Sisters only not in name.

Fortune upon each one smiled,
As upon a fav'rite child;
Well to do and well to see
Were the parents of all three;
Till on Martha's father crosses
Brought a flood of worldly losses,
And his fortunes rich and great
Changed at once to low estate;
Under which o'erwhelming blow
Martha's mother was laid low;
She, a hapless orphan left,
Of maternal care bereft,
Trouble following trouble fast,
Lay in a sick bed at last.

In the depth of her affliction
Martha now received conviction,
That a true and faithful friend
Can the surest comfort lend.
Night and day, with friendship tried,
Ever constant by her side
Was her gentle Mary found,
With a love that knew no bound;
And the solace she imparted
Saved her dying broken-hearted.

In this scene of earthly things
Not one good unmixed springs
That which had to Martha proved
A sweet consolation, moved
Different feelings of regret
In the mind of Margaret.
She, whose love was not less dear,
Nor affection less sincere
To her friend, was, by occasion
Of more distant habitation,
Fewer visits forced to pay her,
When no other cause did stay her;
And her Mary living nearer,
Margaret began to fear her,
Lest her visits day by day
Martha's heart should steal away.
That whole heart she ill could spare her
Where till now she'd been a sharer.
From this cause with grief she pined,
Till at length her health declined.

All her cheerful spirits flew,
Fast as Martha gather'd new;
And her sickness waxed sore,
Just when Martha felt no more.

Mary, who had quick suspicion
Of her alter'd friend's condition,
Seeing Martha's convalescence
Less demanded now her presence,
With a goodness, built on reason,
Changed her measures with the season;
Turn'd her steps from Martha's door,
Went where she was wanted more;
All her care and thoughts were set
Now to tend on Margaret.
Mary, living 'twixt the two,
From her home could oft'ner go,
Either of her friends to see,
Than they could together be.

Truth explain'd is to suspicion
Evermore the best physician.
Soon her visits had the effect;
All that Margaret did suspect,
From her fancy vanish'd clean;
She was soon what she had been,
And the color she did lack
To her faded cheek came back.
Wounds which love had made her feel,
Love alone had power to heal.

Martha, who the frequent visit
Now had lost, and sore did miss it,
With impatience waxed cross,
Counted Margaret's gain her loss:
All that Mary did confer
On her friend, thought due to her.
In her girlish bosom rise
Little foolish jealousies,
Which unto such rancor wrought,
She one day for Margaret sought;
Finding her by chance alone,
She began with reasons shown,
To insinuate a fear
Whether Mary was sincere;
Wish'd that Margaret would take heed
Whence her actions did proceed.
For herself, she'd long been minded
Not with outsides to be blinded;
All that pity and compassion,
She believed, was affectation;
In her heart she doubted whether
Mary cared a pin for either.
She could keep whole weeks at distance,
And not know of their existence,
While all things remain'd the same;
But, when some misfortune came,
Then she made a great parade
Of her sympathy and aid,—
Not that she did really grieve,
It was only *make-believe*,
And she cared for nothing, so
She might her fine feelings show,
And get credit, on her part,
For a soft and tender heart.

With such speeches, smoothly made,
She found methods to persuade
Margaret (who, being sore
From the doubts she'd felt before,
Was prepared for mistrust)
To believe her reasons just,
Quite destroy'd that comfort glad,
Which in Mary late she had;
Made her, in experience' spite,
Think her friend a hypocrite,
And resolve, with cruel scoff,
To renounce and cast her off.

See how good turns are rewarded!
She of both is now discarded,
Who to both had been so late
Their support in low estate,
All their comfort, and their stay—
Now of both is cast away.
But the league her presence cherish'd,
Losing its best prop, soon perish'd;
She, that was a link to either,
To keep them and it together,
Being gone, the two (no wonder)
That were left, soon fell asunder;—
Some civilities were kept,
But the heart of friendship slept:
Love with hollow forms was fed,
But the life of love lay dead:
A cold intercourse they held,
After Mary was expell'd.

Two long years did intervene
Since they'd either of them seen,
Or, by letter, any word
Of their old companion heard,—
When, upon a day, once walking,
Of indifferent matters talking,
They a female figure met;—
Martha said to Margaret,
"That young maid in face does carry
A resemblance strong of Mary."
Margaret, at nearer sight,
Own'd her observation right;
But they did not far proceed
Ere they knew 't was she indeed.
She—but, ah! how changed they view her
From that person which they knew her!
Her fine face disease had scarr'd,
And its matchless beauty marr'd:—
But enough was left to trace
Mary's sweetness—Mary's grace.
When her eye did first behold them,
How they blush'd!—but, when she told them,
How on a sick bed she lay
Months, while they had kept away,
And had no inquiries made
If she were alive or dead;—
How, for want of a true friend,
She was brought near to her end,
And was like so to have died,
With no friend at her bed-side;—
How the constant irritation,
Caused by fruitless expectation
Of their coming, had extended
The illness, when she might have mended,—

Then, O then, how did reflection
Come on them with recollection!
All that she had done for them,
How it did their fault condemn!

But sweet Mary, still the same,
Kindly eased them of their shame;
Spoke to them with accents bland,
Took them friendly by the hand;
Bound them both with promise fast,
Not to speak of troubles past;
Made them on the spot declare
A new league of friendship there;
Which, without a word of strife,
Lasted thenceforth long as life.
Martha now and Margaret
Strove who most should pay the debt
Which they owed her, nor did vary
Ever after from their Mary.

TO A RIVER IN WHICH A CHILD WAS DROWNED.

Smiling river, smiling river,
On thy bosom sunbeams play;
Though they're fleeting, and retreating,
Thou hast more deceit than they.

In thy channel, in thy channel,
Choked with ooze and grav'lly stones,
Deep immersed, and unhearsed,
Lies young Edward's corse: his bones

Ever whitening, ever whitening,
As thy waves against them dash;
What thy torrent in the current,
Swallow'd, now it helps to wash.

As if senseless, as if senseless
Things had feeling in this case;
What so blindly and unkindly,
It destroy'd, it now does grace.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

HELEN.

High-born Helen, round your dwelling
These twenty years I've paced in vain:
Haughty beauty, thy lover's duty
Hath been to glory in his pain.

High-born Helen, proudly telling
Stories of thy cold disdain;
I starve, I die, now you comply,
And I no longer can complain.

These twenty years I've lived on tears,
Dwelling for ever on a frown;
On sighs I've fed, your scorn my bread;
I perish now, you kind are grown.

Can I, who loved my beloved
But for the scorn "was in her eye,"
Can I be moved for my beloved,
When she "returns me sigh for sigh?"

In stately pride, by my bed-side,
High-born Helen's portrait's hung;
Deaf to my praise, my mournful lays
Are nightly to the portrait sung.

To that I weep, nor ever sleep,
Complaining all night long to her—
Helen, grown old, no longer cold,
Said, "you to all men I prefer."

A VISION OF REPENTANCE.

I saw a famous fountain, in my dream,
Where shady pathways to a valley led;
A weeping willow lay upon that stream,
And all around the fountain brink were spread
Wide branching trees, with dark-green leaf rich clad,
Forming a doubtful twilight—desolate and sad.

The place was such, that whoso enter'd in,
Disrobed was of every earthly thought,
And straight became as one that knew not sin,
Or to the world's first innocence was brought;
Enseem'd it now, he stood on holy ground,
In sweet and tender melancholy wrapt around.

A most strange calm stole o'er my soothed sprite;
Long time I stood, and longer had I staid,
When, lo! I saw, saw by the sweet moonlight,
Which came in silence o'er that silent shade,
Where, near the fountain, SOMETHING like DESPAIR
Made, of that weeping willow, garlands for her hair.

And eke with painful fingers she inwove
Many an uncouth stem of savage thorn—
"The willow garland, *that* was for her love,
And *these* her bleeding temples would adorn."
With sighs her heart nigh burst, salt tears fast fell,
As mournfully she bended o'er that sacred well.

To whom when I addrest myself to speak,
She lifted up her eyes, and nothing said;
The delicate red came mantling o'er her cheek,
And, gathering up her loose attire, she fled
To the dark covert of that woody shade,
And in her goings seem'd a timid gentle maid.

Revolving in my mind what this should mean,
And why that lovely lady plained so;
Perplex'd in thought at that mysterious scene,
And doubting if 't were best to stay or go,
I cast mine eyes in wistful gaze around,
When from the shades came slow a small and plaintive sound.

"Psyche am I, who love to dwell
In these brown shades, this woody dell,
Where never busy mortal came,
Till now, to pry upon my shame.

At thy feet what thou dost see
The waters of repentance be,
Which, night and day, I must augment
With tears, like a true penitent.

If haply so my day of grace
Be not yet past; and this lone place,
O'er-shadowy, dark, excludeth hence
All thoughts but grief and penitence."

"*Why dost thou weep, thou gentle maid!*
And wherefore in this barren shade
Thy hidden thoughts with sorrow feed?
Can thing so fair repentance need?"

"O! I have done a deed of shame,
And tainted is my virgin fame,
And stain'd the beauteous maiden white
In which my bridal robes were dight."

"*And who the promised spouse, declare:*
And what those bridal garments were."

"Severe and saintly righteousness
Composed the clear white bridal dress;
Jesus, the son of Heaven's high king,
Bought with his blood the marriage-ring.

"A wretched sinful creature, I
Deem'd lightly of that sacred tie,
Gave to a treacherous world my heart,
And play'd the foolish wanton's part.

"Soon to these murky shades I came,
To hide from the sun's light my shame.
And still I haunt this woody dell,
And bathe me in that healing well,
Whose waters clear have influence
From sin's foul stains the soul to cleanse;
And, night and day, I them augment
With tears, like a true penitent:
Until, due expiation made,
And fit atonement fully paid,
The lord and bridegroom me present,
Where, in sweet strains of high consent,
God's throne before, the Seraphim
Shall chaunt the ecstatic marriage-hymn."

"Now Christ restore thee soon"—I said,
And thenceforth all my dream was fled.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MOTHER AND CHILD.

CHILD.

"O lady, lay your costly robes aside,
No longer may you glory in your pride."

MOTHER.

Wherefore to-day art singing in mine ear
Sad songs, were made so long ago, my dear;
This day I am to be a bride, you know,
Why sing sad songs, were made so long ago?

CHILD.

O, mother lay your costly robes aside,
For you may never be another's bride.
That line I learn'd not in the old sad song.

MOTHER.

I pray thee, pretty one, now hold thy tongue,
Play with the bride-maids, and be glad, my boy
For thou shalt be a second father's joy.

CHILD.

One father fondled me upon his knee.
One father is enough, alone, for me.

QUEEN ORIANA'S DREAM.

On a bank with roses shaded,
Whose sweet scent the violets aided,
Violets whose breath alone
Yields but feeble smell or none,
(Sweeter bed Jove ne'er reposed on
When his eyes Olympus closed on),
While o'er head six slaves did hold
Canopy of cloth o' gold,
And two more did music keep,
Which might Juno lull to sleep,—
Oriana, who was queen
To the mighty Tamerlane,
That was lord of all the land
Between Thrace and Samarchand,
While the noon-tide fervor beam'd,
Mused herself to sleep, and *dream'd.*

Thus far, in magnific strain,
A young poet soothed his vein,
But he had nor prose nor numbers
To express a princess' slumbers.—
Youthful Richard had strange fancies,
Was deep versed in old romances,
And could talk whole hours upon
The great Cham and Prester John,—
Tell the field in which the Sophi
From the Tartar won a trophy—
What he read with such delight of,
Thought he could as easily write of—
But his over-young invention
Kept not pace with brave intention.
Twenty suns did rise and set,
And he could no further get;
But, unable to proceed,
Made a virtue out of need,
And his labors wiselier deem'd of,
Did omit *what the queen dream'd of.*

A BALLAD,

NOTING THE DIFFERENCE OF RICH AND POOR, IN THE WAYS OF A RICH NOBLE'S PALACE AND A POOR WORKHOUSE.

To the Tune of the "Old and Young Courtier."

In a costly palace Youth goes clad in gold;
In a wretched workhouse Age's limbs are cold:
There they sit, the old men by a shivering fire,
Still close and closer cowering, warmth is their desire.

In a costly palace, when the brave gallants dine,
They have store of good venison, with old canary wine,
With singing and music to heighten the cheer;
Coarse bits, with grudging, are the pauper's best fare.

In a costly palace Youth is still caress'd
By a train of attendants which laugh at my young Lord's jest;
In a wretched workhouse the contrary prevails:
Does Age begin to prattle?—no man heark'neth to his tales.

In a costly palace, if the child with a pin
Do but chance to prick a finger, straight the doctor is called in;
In a wretched workhouse men are left to perish
For want of proper cordials, which their old age might cherish.

In a costly palace Youth enjoys his lust;
In a wretched workhouse, Age, in corners thrust,
Thinks upon the former days, when he was well to do,
Had children to stand by him, both friends and kinsmen too.

In a costly palace Youth his temples hides
With a new devised peruke that reaches to his sides;
In a wretched workhouse Age's crown is bare,
With a few thin locks just to fence out the cold air.

In peace, as in war, 't is our young gallants' pride,
To walk, each one i' the streets, with a rapier by his side,
That none to do them injury may have pretence;
Wretched Age, in poverty, must brook offence.

HYPOCHONDRIACUS.

By myself walking,
To myself talking,
When as I ruminate
On my untoward fate,
Scarcely seem I
Alone sufficiently,
Black thoughts continually
Crowding my privacy;
They come unbidden,
Like foes at a wedding,
Thrusting their faces
In better guests' places,
Peevish and malcontent,
Clownish, impertinent,
Dashing the merriment:
So in like fashions
Dim cogitations
Follow and haunt me,
Striving to daunt me,
In my heart festering,
In my ears whispering,
"Thy friends are treacherous,
Thy foes are dangerous,
Thy dreams ominous."

Fierce Anthropophagi,
Spectra, Diaboli,
What scared St. Anthony,
Hobgoblins, Lemures,
Dreams of Antipodes,
Night-riding Incubi
Troubling the fantasy,
All dire illusions
Causing confusions;
Figments heretical,
Scruples fantastical,
Doubts diabolical,
Abaddon vexeth me,
Mahu perplexeth me,
Lucifer teareth me——

Jesu! Maria! liberata nos ab his diris tentationibus Inimici.

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

May the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind,
(Still the phrase is wide or scant)
To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate:
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrain'd hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that makest us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy heightening steam
Does like a smoking Etna seem.

And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowed features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst show
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapors thou mayst raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sov'reign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison,
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite——

Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'T was but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er prosper'd who defamed thee;
Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
Such as perplexed lovers use
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike;
And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe,—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrain'd to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee
For thy sake, TOBACCO, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But, as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any tittle of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Catherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys;
Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarr'd the full fruition
Of thy favors, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odors, that give life
Like glances from a neighbor's wife;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquer'd Canaanite.

TO T. L. H.

A CHILD.

MODEL of thy parent dear,
Serious infant worth a fear;
In thy unfaltering visage well
Picturing forth the son of TELL,
When on his forehead, firm and good,
Motionless mark, the apple stood;

Guileless traitor, rebel mild,
Convict unconscious, culprit-child!
Gates that close with iron roar
Have been to thee thy nursery-door;
Chains that clink in cheerless cells
Have been thy rattles and thy bells;
Walls contrived for giant sin
Have hemm'd thy faultless weakness in;
Near thy sinless bed black Guilt
Her discordant house hath built,
And fill'd it with her monstrous brood—
Sights, by thee not understood—
Sights of fear, and of distress,
That pass a harmless infant's guess!

But the clouds, that overcast
Thy young morning, may not last.
Soon shall arrive the rescuing hour,
That yields thee up to Nature's power.
Nature, that so late doth greet thee,
Shall in o'erflowing measure meet thee.
She shall recompense with cost
For every lesson thou hast lost.
Then wandering up thy sire's loved hill,[1]
Thou shalt take thy airy fill
Of health and pastime. *Birds shall sing*
For thy delight each May morning.
'Mid new-yearn'd lambkins thou shalt play,
Hardly less a lamb than they.
Then thy prison's lengthen'd bound
Shall be the horizon skirting round.
And, while thou fillest thy lap with flowers,
To make amends for wintry hours,
The breeze, the sunshine, and the place,
Shall from thy tender brow efface
Each vestige of untimely care,
That sour restraint had graven there;
And on thy every look impress
A more excelling childishness.

So shall be thy days beguiled,
Thornton Hunt, my favorite child.

BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The clouds are blackening, the storms threatening,
 And ever the forest maketh a moan:
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,
 Thus by herself she singeth alone,
  Weeping right plenteously.

"The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,
 In this world plainly all seemeth amiss:
To thy breast, holy one, take now thy little one,
 I have had earnest of all earth's bliss,
  Living right lovingly."

DAVID IN THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.

David and his three captains bold
Kept ambush once within a hold.

[1] Hampstead.

It was in Adullam's cave,
Nigh which no water they could have,
Nor spring, nor running brook was near
To quench the thirst that parch'd them there
Then David, king of Israel,
Straight bethought him of a well,
Which stood beside the city gate,
At Bethlehem; where, before his state
Of kingly dignity, he had
Oft drunk his fill, a shepherd lad;
But now his fierce Philistine foe
Encamp'd before it he does know.
Yet ne'er the less, with heat opprest,
Those three bold captains he addrest,
And wish'd that one to him would bring
Some water from his native spring.
His valiant captains instantly
To execute his will did fly.
The mighty Three the ranks broke through
Of armed foes, and water drew
For David, their beloved king,
At his own sweet native spring.
Back through their armed foes they haste,
With the hard-earn'd treasure graced.
But when the good king David found
What they had done, he on the ground
The water pour'd. "Because," said he,
"That it was at the jeopardy
Of your three lives this thing ye did,
That I should drink it, God forbid."

SALOME.

Once on a charger there was laid,
And brought before a royal maid,
As price of attitude and grace,
A guiltless head, a holy face.

It was on Herod's natal day,
Who o'er Judea's land held sway.
He married his own brother's wife,
Wicked Herodias. She the life
Of John the Baptist long had sought,
Because he openly had taught
That she a life unlawful led,
Having her husband's brother wed.

This was he, that saintly John,
Who in the wilderness alone
Abiding, did for clothing wear
A garment made of camels' hair;
Honey and locusts were his food,
And he was most severely good.
He preached penitence and tears,
And waking first the sinner's fears,
Prepared a path, made smooth a way,
For his diviner Master's day.

Herod kept in princely state
His birth-day. On his throne he sate,
After the feast, beholding her
Who danced with grace peculiar;
Fair Salome, who did excel
All in that land for dancing well.
The feastful monarch's heart was fired,
And whate'er thing she desired,

Though half his kingdom it should be,
He in his pleasure swore that he
Would give the graceful Salome.
The damsel was Herodias' daughter:
She to the queen hastes, and besought her
To teach her what great gift to name.
Instructed by Herodias, came
The damsel back; to Herod said,
"Give me John the Baptist's head;
And in a charger let it be
Hither straightway brought to me."
Herod her suit would fain deny,
But for his oath's sake must comply.

When painters would by art express
Beauty in unloveliness,
Thee, Herodias' daughter, thee,
They fittest subject take to be.
They give thy form and features grace;
But ever in thy beauteous face
They show a stedfast cruel gaze,
An eye unpitying; and amaze
In all beholders deep they mark,
That thou betrayest not one spark
Of feeling for the ruthless deed,
That did thy praiseful dance succeed.
For on the head they make you look,
As if a sullen joy you took,
A cruel triumph, wicked pride,
That for your sport a saint had died.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF TWO FEMALES BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

The lady Blanch, regardless of all her lovers' fears,
To the Urs'line convent hastens, and long the Abbess hears.
"O Blanch, my child, repent ye of the courtly life ye lead."
Blanch look'd on a rose-bud, and little seem'd to heed.
She look'd on the rose-bud, she look'd round, and thought
On all her heart had whisper'd and all the Nun had taught.
"I am worshipp'd by lovers, and brightly shines my fame,
All Christendom resoundeth the noble Blanch's name.
Nor shall I quickly wither like the rose-bud from the tree,
My queen-like graces shining when my beauty's gone from me.
But when the sculptured marble is raised o'er my head,
And the matchless Blanch lies lifeless among the noble dead,
This saintly lady Abbess hath made me justly fear,
It would nothing well avail me that I were worshipp'd here."

LINES

ON THE SAME PICTURE BEING REMOVED, TO MAKE PLACE FOR A PORTRAIT OF A LADY BY TITIAN.

Who art thou, fair one, who usurp'st the place
Of Blanch the lady of the matchless grace?
Come, fair and pretty, tell to me,
Who, in thy life-time, thou might'st be.
Thou pretty art and fair,
But with the lady Blanch thou never must compare.
No need for Blanch her history to tell;
Whoever saw her face, they there did read it well.
But when I look on thee, I only know
There lived a pretty maid some hundred years ago.

LINES

ON THE CELEBRATED PICTURE BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, CALLED THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS.

While young John runs to greet
The greater Infant's feet,
The Mother, standing by, with trembling passion
Of devout admiration,
Beholds the engaging mystic play, and pretty adoration;
Nor knows as yet the full event
Of those so low beginnings,
From whence we date our winnings,
But wonders at the intent
Of those new rites, and what that strange child-worship meant.
But at her side
An angel doth abide,
With such a perfect joy
As no dim doubts alloy,
An intuition,
A glory, an amenity,
Passing the dark condition
Of blind humanity,
As if he surely knew
All the blest wonders should ensue,
Or, he had lately left the upper sphere,
And had read all the sov'reign schemes and divine riddles there.

ON THE SAME.

Maternal lady with the virgin grace,
Heaven-born thy Jesus seemeth sure,
And thou a virgin pure.
Lady most perfect, when thy sinless face
Men look upon, they wish to be
A Catholic, Madonna fair, to worship thee.

CHILDHOOD.

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled,)
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the press'd daisy scarce declined her head.

THE GRANDAME.

On the green hill top,
Hard by the house of prayer, a modest roof,

And not distinguish'd from its neighbor-barn,
Save by a slender-tapering length of spire,
The Grandame sleeps. A plain stone barely tells
The name and date to the chance passenger.
For lowly born was she, and long had eat,
Well-earn'd, the bread of service:—hers was else
A mounting spirit, one that entertain'd
Scorn of base action, deed dishonorable,
Or aught unseemly. I remember well
Her reverend image: I remember, too,
With what a zeal she served her master's house;
And how the prattling tongue of garrulous age
Delighted to recount the oft-told tale
Or anecdote domestic. Wise she was,
And wondrous skill'd in genealogies,
And could in apt and voluble terms discourse
Of births, of titles, and alliances;
Of marriages, and intermarriages;
Relationship remote, or near of kin;
Of friends offended, family disgraced—
Maiden high-born, but wayward, disobeying
Parental strict injunction, and regardless
Of unmix'd blood, and ancestry remote,
Stooping to wed with one of low degree.
But these are not thy praises; and I wrong
Thy honor'd memory, recording chiefly
Things light or trivial. Better 't were to tell,
How with a nobler zeal, and warmer love,
She served her *heavenly Master*. I have seen
That reverend form bent down with age and pain,
And rankling malady. Yet not for this
Ceased she to praise her Maker, or withdrew
Her trust in Him, her faith, and humble hope—
So meekly had she learn'd to bear her cross—
For she had studied patience in the school
Of Christ, much comfort she had thence derived,
And was a follower of the NAZARENE.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

THE cheerful sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion: chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall *sudden* on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanced to lure
Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again.
Him, thus engaged, the sabbath bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
The cheering music; his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human-kind.

FANCY EMPLOYED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

THE truant Fancy was a wanderer ever,
A lone enthusiast maid. She loves to walk
In the bright visions of empyreal light,
By the green pastures, and the fragrant meads,
Where the perpetual flowers of Eden blow;
By crystal streams, and by the living waters,
Along whose margin grows the wondrous tree
Whose leaves shall heal the nations; underneath
Whose holy shade a refuge shall be found
From pain and want, and all the ills that wait
On mortal life, from sin and death for ever.

COMPOSED AT MIDNIGHT.

FROM broken visions of perturbed rest
I wake, and start, and fear to sleep again.
How total a privation of all sounds,
Sights, and familiar objects, man, bird, beast,
Herb, tree, or flower, and prodigal light of heaven!
'T were some relief to catch the drowsy cry
Of the mechanic watchman, or the noise
Of revel, reeling home from midnight cups.
Those are the moanings of the dying man,
Who lies in the upper chamber; restless moans,
And interrupted only by a cough
Consumptive torturing the wasted lungs.
So in the bitterness of death he lies,
And waits in anguish for the morning's light.
What can that do for him, or what restore?
Short taste, faint sense, affecting notices,
And little images of pleasures past,
Of health, and active life—health not yet slain,
Nor the other grace of life, a good name, sold
For sin's black wages. On his tedious bed
He writhes, and turns him from the accusing light,
And finds no comfort in the sun, but says
"When night comes, I shall get a little rest."
Some few groans more, death comes, and there an end.
'T is darkness and conjecture, all beyond;
Weak Nature fears, though Charity must hope,
And Fancy, most licentious on such themes
Where decent reverence well had kept her mute,
Hath o'er-stock'd hell with devils, and brought down,
By her enormous fablings and mad lies,
Discredit on the gospel's serious truths
And salutary fears. The man of parts,
Poet, or prose declaimer, on his couch
Lolling, like one indifferent, fabricates
A heaven of gold, where he, and such as he,
Their heads encompassed with crowns, their heels
With fine wings garlanded, shall tread the stars
Beneath their feet, heaven's pavement, far removed
From damned spirits, and the torturing cries
Of men, his brethren, fashion'd of the earth,
As he was, nourish'd with the self-same bread,
Belike his kindred or companions once—
Through everlasting ages now divorced,
In chains and savage torments to repent
Short years of folly on earth. Their groans unheard
In heav'n, the saint nor pity feels, nor care,
For those thus sentenced—pity might disturb
The delicate sense and most divine repose
Of spirits angelical. Blessed be God,
The measure of his judgments is not fix'd
By man's erroneous standard. He discerns
No such inordinate difference and vast
Betwixt the sinner and the saint, to doom
Such disproportion'd fates. Compared with him,
No man on earth is holy call'd: they best

Stand in his sight approved, who at his feet
Their little crowns of virtue cast, and yield
To him of his own works the praise, his due.

LIVING WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD.

Mystery of God! thou brave and beauteous world
Made fair with light and shade and stars and flowers,
Made fearful and august with woods and rocks,
Jagg'd precipice, black mountain, sea in storms,
Sun, over all, that no co-rival owns,
But through heaven's pavement rides, as in despite
Or mockery of the littleness of man!
I see a mighty arm, by man unseen,
Resistless, not to be controll'd, that guides,
In solitude of unshared energies,
All these thy ceaseless miracles, O world!
Arm of the world, I view thee, and I muse
On man, who, trusting in his mortal strength,
Leans on a shadowy staff, a staff of dreams.
We consecrate our total hopes and fears
To idols, flesh and blood, our love (heaven's due),
Our praise and admiration; praise bestowed
By man on man, and acts of worship done
To a kindred nature, certes do reflect
Some portion of the glory and rays oblique
Upon the politic worshipper. So man
Extracts a pride from his humility.
Some braver spirits of the modern stamp
Affect a Godhead nearer: These talk loud
Of mind, and independent intellect,
Of energies omnipotent in man,
And man of his own fate artificer;
Yea, of his own life lord, and of the days
Of his abode on earth, when time shall be
That life immortal shall become an art,
Or death, by chymic practices deceived,
Forego the scent, which for six thousand years
Like a good hound he has follow'd; or at length,
More manners learning, and a decent sense
And reverence of a philosophic world,
Relent, and leave to prey on carcasses.
But these are fancies of a few: the rest,
Atheists, or Deists only in the name,
By word or deed deny a God. They eat
Their daily bread, and draw the breath of heaven
Without or thought or thanks; heaven's roof to them
Is but a painted ceiling hung with lamps,
No more, that lights them to their purposes.
They wander "loose about;" they nothing see,
Themselves except, and creatures like themselves,
Short-lived, short-sighted, impotent to save.
So on their dissolute spirits, soon or late,
Destruction cometh "like an armed man,"
Or like a dream of murder in the night,
Withering their mortal faculties, and breaking
The bones of all their pride.

ON AN INFANT DYING AS SOON AS BORN.

I saw where in the shroud did lurk
A curious piece of Nature's work,
A floweret crushed in the bud,
A nameless maid, in babyhood,
Was in her cradle-coffin lying;
Extinct, with scarce a show of dying:
So soon to exchange th' imprisoning womb
For darker prison of the tomb!
She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth—then straight up shut
For the long dark: ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.—
Riddle of Destiny! who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
Shall we say that Nature, blind,
Check'd her hand, and changed her mind,
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finish'd pattern without fault?
Could she flag, or could she tire?—
Or lack'd she the Promethean fire,
(With her tedious workings sicken'd)
That should thy little limbs have quicken'd?
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure
Life of health, and days mature;
Womanhood in miniature!
Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make Beauty by;—
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry
That, babe or mother, one must die;
So, in mercy, left the stock
And cut the branch: to save the shock
Of young years widow'd: and the pain
When single state comes back again
To the lorn man, who, 'reft of wife,
Thenceforward drags a maimed life?
The economy of Heav'n is dark;
And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark,
Why Heaven's buds, like this, should fall
More brief than fly ephemeral,
That has *his* day; while shrivell'd crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones;
And crabbed use the conscience sears
In sinners of a hundred years.
Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss.
Rites, which custom does impose;
Silver bells and baby clothes;
Corals redder than those lips
Which pale Death did late eclipse;
Music framed for infant's glee,
Whistle never tuned for thee;
Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,
(Loving hearts were they which gave them),
Let not one be missing: Nurse,
See them laid upon the hearse
Of Infant, slain by doom perverse.—
Why should kings and nobles have
Pictured trophies to their grave;
And we, churls! to thee deny
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie,—
A more harmless vanity?

VERSES FOR AN ALBUM.

Fresh clad from Heaven, in robes of white,
A young probationer of light,
Thou wert, my soul, an Album bright,

A spotless leaf; but thought, and care,
And friends, and foes, in foul or fair,
Have "written strange defeature" there.

And Time, with heaviest hand of all,
Like that fierce writing on the wall,
Hath stamp'd sad dates, he can't recall.

And Error, gilding worst designs,
Like speckled snake that strays and shines—
Betrays his path by crooked lines.

And Vice hath left his ugly blot—
And Good Resolves, a moment hot,
Fairly began—but finish'd not.

And fruitless late Remorse doth trace,
Like Hebrew lore, a backward pace—
Her irrecoverable race.

Disjointed members—sense unknit—
Huge reams of folly—shreds of wit—
Compose the mingled mass of it.

My scalded eyes no longer brook
Upon this ink-blurr'd thing to look.
Go—shut the leaves—and clasp the book!

QUATRAINS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVERY-DAY BOOK.

I LIKE you, and your book, ingenious Hone!
In whose capacious all-embracing leaves
The very marrow of tradition's shown;
And all that history—much that fiction—weaves.

By every sort of taste your work is graced:
Vast stores of modern anecdote we find,
With good old story quaintly interlaced—
The theme as various as the readers' mind.

Rome's lie-fraught legends you so truly paint—
Yet kindly—that the half-turn'd Catholic
Scarcely forbears to smile at his own saint,
And cannot curse the candid Heretic.

Rags, relics, witches, ghosts, fiends, crowd your page;
Our fathers' mummeries we well pleased behold;
And, proudly conscious of a purer age,
Forgive some fopperies in the times of old.

Verse-honoring Phœbus, Father of bright *Days*,
Must needs bestow on you both good and many,
Who, building trophies to his children's praise,
Run their rich Zodiac through, not missing any.

Dan Phœbus loves your book—trust me, friend Hone—
The title only errs, he bids me say:
For while such art—wit—reading—there are shown,
He swears 't is not a work of *every day*.

TO MARTIN CHARLES BURNEY, ESQ.

ON DEDICATING TO HIM THE PROSE WORKS OF THE AUTHOR.

FORGIVE me, Burney, if to thee these late
And hasty products of a critic pen,
Thyself no common judge of books and men,
In feeling of thy worth I dedicate.
My *verse* was offer'd to an older friend;
The humbler *prose* has fallen to thy share:
Nor could I miss the occasion to declare,
What spoken in thy presence must offend—
That, set aside some few caprices wild,
Those humorous clouds that flit o'er brightest days
In all my threadings of this worldly maze
(And I have watch'd thee almost from a child),
Free from self-seeking, envy, low design,
I have not found a whiter soul than thine.

ANGEL HELP.[1]

THIS rare tablet doth include
Poverty with sanctitude.
Past midnight this poor maid hath spun,
And yet the work not half is done,
Which must supply from earnings scant
A feeble bed-rid parent's want.
Her sleep-charged eyes exemption ask,
And holy hands take up the task;
Unseen the rock and spindle ply,
And do her earthly drudgery.

Sleep, saintly poor one! sleep, sleep on,
And, waking, find thy labors done.

Perchance she knows it by her dreams;
Her eye hath caught the golden gleams
(Angelic presence testifying),
That round her everywhere are flying;
Ostents from which she may presume
That much of Heaven is in the room.
Skirting her own bright hair they run,
And to the sunny add more sun:
Now on that aged face they fix,
Streaming from the crucifix;
The flesh-clogg'd spirit disabusing,
Death-disarming sleeps infusing,
Prelibations, foretastes high,
And equal thoughts to live or die.
Gardener bright from Eden's bower!
Tend with care that lily flower;
To its leaves and root infuse
Heaven's sunshine, heaven's dews;
'T is a type and 't is a pledge
Of a crowning privilege:
Careful as that lily flower
This maid must keep her precious dower;
Live a sainted maid, or die
Martyr to virginity.
Virtuous poor ones! sleep, sleep on,
And, waking, find your labors done.

SONNET.

TO MISS KELLY.

YOU are not, Kelly, of the common strain,
That stoop their pride and female honor down
To please that many-headed beast *the town*,
And vend their lavish smiles and tricks for gain;

1 Suggested by a picture in the possession of Charles Aders, Esq., Euston Square, in which is represented the legend of a poor female Saint, who, having spun past midnight to maintain a bed-ridden mother, has fallen asleep from fatigue, and angels are finishing her work. In another part of the chamber, an angel is tending a lily, the emblem of her purity.

By fortune thrown amid the actors' train,
You keep your native dignity of thought;
The plaudits that attend you come unsought,
As tributes due unto your natural vein.
Your tears have passion in them, and a grace
Of genuine freshness, which our hearts avow;
Your smiles are winds whose ways we cannot trace,
That vanish and return we know not how—
And please the better from a pensive face,
A thoughtful eye, and a reflecting brow.

SONNET.

ON THE SIGHT OF SWANS IN KENSINGTON GARDEN.

Queen-bird! that sittest on thy shining nest,
And thy young cygnets without sorrow hatchest,
And thou, thou other royal bird, that watchest
Lest the white mother wandering feet molest:
Shrined are your offspring in a crystal cradle,
Brighter than Helen's, ere she yet had burst
Her shelly prison. They shall be born at first
Strong, active, graceful, perfect, swan-like, able
To tread the land or waters with security.
Unlike poor human births, conceived in sin,
In grief brought forth, both outwardly and in,
Confessing weakness, error, and impurity.
Did heavenly creatures own succession's line,
The births of heaven like to yours would shine.

SONNET.

Was it some sweet device of Fairy
That mock'd my steps with many a lonely glade,
And fancied wanderings with a fair-hair'd maid?
Have these things been? or what rare witchery,
Impregning with delights the charmed air,
Enlighted up the semblance of a smile
In those fine eyes? Methought they spake the while
Soft soothing things, which might enforce Despair
To drop the murdering knife, and let go by
His foul resolve. And does the lonely glade
Still court the footsteps of the fair-hair'd maid?
Still in her locks the gales of summer sigh?
While I forlorn do wander reckless where,
And 'mid my wanderings meet no Anna there.

SONNET.

Methinks how dainty sweet it were, reclined
Beneath the vast out-stretching branches high
Of some old wood, in careless sort to lie,
Nor of the busier scenes we left behind
Aught envying. And, O Anna! mild-eyed maid;
Beloved! I were well content to play
With thy free tresses all a summer's day,
Losing the time beneath the green-wood shade.
Or we might sit and tell some tender tale
Of faithful vows repaid by cruel scorn,
A tale of true-love, or of friend forgot;
And I would teach thee, lady, how to rail
gentle sort upon those who practise not
Or love or pity, though of woman born.

SONNET.

When last I roved these winding wood-walks green
Green winding walks, and shady pathways sweet,
Oft-times would Anna seek the silent scene,
Shrouding her beauties in the lone retreat.
No more I hear her footsteps in the shade:—
Her image only in these pleasant ways
Meets me self-wandering, where in happier days
I held free converse with the fair-hair'd maid.
I pass'd the little cottage which she loved,
The cottage which did once my all contain;
It spake of days which ne'er must come again,
Spake to my heart, and much my heart was moved.
"Now fair befall thee, gentle maid!" said I,
And from the cottage turn'd me with a sigh.

SONNET.

A timid grace sits trembling in her eye,
As loth to meet the rudeness of men's sight,
Yet shedding a delicious lunar light,
That steeps in kind oblivious ecstacy
The care-crazed mind, like some still melody:
Speaking most plain the thoughts which do possess
Her gentle sprite: peace, and meek quietness,
And innocent loves, and maiden purity:
A look whereof might heal the cruel smart
Of changed friends, or fortune's wrongs unkind;
Might to sweet deeds of mercy move the heart
Of him who hates his brethren of mankind.
Turn'd are those lights from me, who fondly yet
Past joys, vain loves, and buried hopes regret.

SONNET.

If from my lips some angry accents fell,
Peevish complaint, or harsh reproof unkind,
'T was but the error of a sickly mind
And troubled thoughts, clouding the purer well,
And waters clear, of Reason; and for me
Let this my verse the poor atonement be—
My verse, which thou to praise wert e'er inclined
Too highly, and with a partial eye to see
No blemish. Thou to me didst ever show
Kindest affection; and would oft-times lend
An ear to the desponding love-sick lay,
Weeping my sorrows with me, who repay
But ill the mighty debt of love I owe,
Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend.

SONNET.

THE FAMILY NAME.

What reason first imposed thee, gentle name,
Name that my father bore, and his sire's sire,
Without reproach? we trace our stream no higher;
And I, a childless man, may end the same.
Perchance some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,
In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,
Received thee first amid the merry mocks
And arch allusions of his fellow swains.

Perchance from Salem's holier fields return'd,
With glory gotten on the heads abhorr'd
Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord
Took HIS meek title, in whose zeal he burn'd.
Whate'er the fount whence thy beginnings came,
No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name.

SONNET.

TO JOHN LAMB, ESQ. OF THE SOUTH-SEA-HOUSE.

JOHN, you were figuring in the gay career
Of blooming manhood with a young man's joy,
When I was yet a little peevish boy—
Though time has made the difference disappear
Betwixt our ages, which *then* seem'd so great—
And still by rightful custom you retain
Much of the old authoritative strain,
And keep the elder brother up in state.
O! you do well in this. 'T is man's worst deed
To let the "things that have been" run to waste,
And in the unmeaning present sink the past:
In whose dim glass even now I faintly read
Old buried forms, and faces long ago,
Which you, and I, and one more, only know.

SONNET.

O! I could laugh to hear the midnight wind,
That, rushing on its way with careless sweep,
Scatters the ocean waves. And I could weep
Like to a child. For now to my raised mind
On wings of winds comes wild-eyed Phantasy,
And her rude visions give severe delight.
O winged bark! how swift along the night
Pass'd thy proud keel! nor shall I let go by
Lightly of that drear hour the memory,
When wet and chilly on thy deck I stood,
Unbonneted, and gazed upon the flood,
Even till it seem'd a pleasant thing to die,—
To be resolved into th' elemental wave,
Or take my portion with the winds that rave.

SONNET.

WE were two pretty babes, the youngest she,
The youngest, and the loveliest far, I ween,
And INNOCENCE her name. The time has been,
We two did love each other's company;
Time was, we two had wept to have been apart.
But when, by show of seeming good beguiled,
I left the garb and manners of a child,
And my first love, for man's society,
Defiling with the world my virgin heart—
My loved companion dropp'd a tear, and fled,
And hid in deepest shades her awful head
Beloved! who shall tell me where thou art—
In what delicious Eden to be found—
That I may seek thee the wide world around?

SONNET.

THEY talk of Time, and of Time's galling yoke,
That like a mill-stone on man's mind doth press,
Which only works and business can redress:
Of divine Leisure such foul lies are spoke,
Wounding her fair gifts with calumnious stroke.
But might I, fed with silent Meditation,
Assoiled live from that fiend Occupation—
Improbus labor, which my spirits hath broke—
I'd drink of time's rich cup and never surfeit,
Fling in more days than went to make the gem
That crown'd the white top of Methusalem;
Yea, on my weak neck take, and never forfeit,
Like Atlas bearing up the dainty sky,
The heaven-sweet burthen of Eternity.

THE CHRISTENING.

ARRAY'D—a half angelic sight—
In vests of pure Baptismal white—
The mother to the Font doth bring
The little helpless, nameless thing,
With hushes soft and mild caressing,
At once to get—a name and blessing.—
Close by the Babe the Priest doth stand—
The sacred water at his hand,
Which must assoil the soul within
From every stain of Adam's sin.—
The Infant eyes the mystic scenes,
Nor knows what all this wonder means;
And now he smiles, as if to say,
"I am a Christian made this day;"
Now, frighted, clings to Nurse's hold,
Shrinking from the water cold,
Whose virtues, rightly understood,
Are, as Bethesda's waters, good.—
Strange words—the World, the Flesh, the Devil—
Poor babe, what can it know of evil?
But we must silently adore
Mysterious truths, and not explore.
Enough for him, in after-times,
When he shall read these artless rhymes,
If, looking back upon this day,
With easy conscience he can say,
"I have in part redeem'd the pledge
Of my baptismal privilege;
And more and more will strive to flee
All that my sponsers kind renounced for me."

THE END OF LAMB'S WORKS.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

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Account of the Life of Henry Kirke White.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Not alone by the Muses,
But by the Virtues loved, his soul in its youthful aspirings
Sought the Holy Hill, and his thirst was for Siloah's waters.
Vision of Judgment.

No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep.
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom!
BYRON.

It fell to my lot to publish, with the assistance of my friend Mr. Cottle, the first collected edition of the works of Chatterton, in whose history I felt a more than ordinary interest, as being a native of the same city, familiar from my childhood with those great objects of art and nature by which he had been so deeply impressed, and devoted from my childhood with equal ardor to the same pursuits. It is now my fortune to lay before the world some account of one whose early death is not less to be lamented, as a loss to English literature, and whose virtues were as admirable as his genius. In the present instance there is nothing to be recorded, but what is honorable to himself and to the age in which he lived; little to be regretted, but that one so ripe for heaven should so soon have been removed from the world.

Henry Kirke White, the second son of John and Mary White, was born in Nottingham, March 21st, 1785. His father was a butcher; his mother, whose maiden name was Neville, is of respectable Staffordshire family.

From the years of three till five, Henry learnt to read at the school of Mrs. Garrington; whose name, unimportant as it may appear, is mentioned because she had the good sense to perceive his extraordinary capacity, and spoke of what it promised with confidence. She was an excellent woman, and he describes her with affection in his poem upon Childhood. At a very early age his love of reading was decidedly manifested; it was a passion to which everything else gave way. "I could fancy," says his eldest sister, "I see him in his little chair, with a large book upon his knee, and my mother calling, 'Henry, my love, come to dinner;' which was repeated so often without being regarded, that she was obliged to change the tone of her voice before she could rouse him." When he was about seven, he would creep unperceived into the kitchen, to teach the servant to read and write; and he continued this for some time before it was discovered that he had been thus laudably employed. He wrote a tale of a Swiss emigrant, which was probably his first composition, and gave it to this servant, being ashamed to show it to his mother. The consciousness of genius is always at first accompanied with this diffidence; it is a sacred, solitary feeling. And perhaps, no forward child, however extraordinary the promise of his childhood, ever produced anything truly great.

When Henry was about six, he was placed under the Rev. John Blanchard, who kept, at that time, the best school in Nottingham. Here he learnt writing, arithmetic, and French. When he was about eleven, he one day wrote a separate theme for every boy in his class, which consisted of about twelve or fourteen. The master said he had never known them write so well upon any subject before, and could not refrain from expressing his astonishment at the excellence of Henry's. It was considered as a great thing for him to be at so good a school, yet there were some circumstances which rendered it less advantageous to him than it might have been. Mrs. White had not yet overcome her husband's intention of breeding him up to his own business; and by an arrangement which took up too much of his time, and would have crushed his spirit, if that "mounting spirit" could have been crushed, one whole day in the week, and his leisure hours on the others, were employed in carrying the butcher's basket. Some differences at length arose between his father and Mr. Blanchard, in consequence of which Henry was removed.

One of the ushers, when he came to receive the money due for tuition, took the opportunity of informing Mrs. White what an incorrigible son she had, and that it was impossible to make the lad do anything. This information made his friends very uneasy: they were dispirited about him; and had they relied wholly upon this report, the stupidity or malice of this man would have blasted Henry's progress for ever. He was, however, placed under the care of a Mr. Shipley, who soon discovered that he was a boy of quick perception, and very admirable talents; and came with joy, like a good man, to relieve the anxiety and painful suspicions of his family.

While his schoolmasters were complaining that they could make nothing of him, he discovered what Nature had made him, and wrote satires upon them. These pieces were never shown to any, except his most particular friends, who say that they were pointed and severe. They are enumerated in the table of contents to one of his manuscript volumes, under the title of School-Lampoons; but, as was to be expected, he had cut the leaves out and destroyed them.

One of his poems, written at this time, and under these feelings, is preserved:

ON BEING CONFINED TO SCHOOL ONE PLEASANT MORNING IN SPRING.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

The morning sun's enchanting rays
Now call forth every songster's praise;
Now the lark, with upward flight,
Gayly ushers in the light:
While, wildly warbling from each tree,
The birds sing songs to Liberty.

But for me no songster sings,
For me no joyous lark up-springs;
For I, confined in gloomy school,
Must own the pedant's iron rule,
And, far from sylvan shades and bowers,
In durance vile must pass the hours;
There con the scholiast's dreary lines,
Where no bright ray of genius shines,
And close to rugged learning cling,
While laughs around the jocund spring.

How gladly would my soul forego
All that arithmeticians know,
Or stiff grammarians quaintly teach,
Or all that industry can reach,
To taste each morn of all the joys
That with the laughing sun arise;
And unconstrain'd to rove along
The bushy brakes and glens among;
And woo the muse's gentle power,
In unfrequented rural bower!
But, ah! such heaven-approaching joys
Will never greet my longing eyes;
Still will they cheat in vision fine,
Yet never but in fancy shine.

Oh, that I were the little wren
That shrilly chirps from yonder glen!
Oh, far away I then would rove,
To some secluded bushy grove,
There hop and sing with careless glee,
Hop and sing at liberty
And till death should stop my lays,
Far from men would spend my days.

About this time his mother was induced, by the advice of several friends, to open a Ladies' Boarding and Day School in Nottingham, her eldest daughter having previously been a teacher in one for some time. In this she succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations, and Henry's home-comforts were thus materially increased, though it was still out of the power of his family to give him that education and direction in life which his talents deserved and required.

It was now determined to breed him up to the hosiery trade, the staple manufacture of his native place; and at the age of fourteen he was placed in a stocking-loom, with the view, at some future period, of getting a situation in a hosier's warehouse. During the time that he was thus employed, he might be said to be truly unhappy; he went to his work with evident reluctance, and could not refrain from sometimes hinting his extreme aversion to it; but the circumstances of his family obliged them to turn a deaf ear.[1] His mother, however, secretly felt that he was worthy of better

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1 His temper and tone of mind at this period, when he was in his fourteenth year, are displayed in this extract from an Address to Contemplation.

Thee do I own, the prompter of my joys,
The soother of my cares, inspiring peace;
And I will ne'er forsake thee.—Men may rave,
And blame and censure me, that I don't tie
My ev'ry thought down to the desk, and spend
The morning of my life in adding figures
With accurate monotony; that so
The good things of the world may be my lot,
And I may taste the blessedness of wealth:
But, oh! I was not made for money-getting;
For me no much-respected plume awaits,
Nor civic honor, envied.—For as still
I tried to cast with school dexterity
The interesting sums, my vagrant thoughts
Would quick revert to many a woodland haunt,
Which fond remembrance cherish'd, and the pen
Dropt from my senseless fingers as I pictured,
In my mind's eye, how on the shores of Trent
I erewhile wander'd with my early friends
In social intercourse. And then I'd think
How contrary pursuits had thrown us wide,
One from the other, scatter'd o'er the globe;
They were set down with sober steadiness,
Each to his occupation. I alone,
A wayward youth, misled by Fancy's vagaries,
Remain'd unsettled, insecure, and veering
With ev'ry wind to ev'ry point o' th' compass.
Yes, in the counting-house I could indulge
In fits of close abstraction: yea, amid
The busy, bustling crowds could meditate,
And send my thoughts ten thousand leagues away
Beyond the Atlantic, resting on my friend.
Aye, Contemplation, ev'n in earliest youth

things: to her he spoke more openly; he could not bear, he said, the thought of spending seven years of his life in shining and folding up stockings; he wanted *something to occupy his brain*, and he should be wretched if he continued longer at this trade, or indeed in anything except one of the learned professions. These frequent complaints, after a year's application, or rather misapplication (as his brother says), at the loom, convinced her that he had a mind destined for nobler pursuits.

To one so situated, and with nothing but his own talents and exertions to depend upon, the Law seemed to be the only practicable line. His affectionate and excellent mother made every possible effort to effect his wishes, his father being very averse to the plan; and at length, after overcoming a variety of obstacles, he was fixed in the office of Messrs. Coldham and Enfield, attorneys and town-clerks of Nottingham. As no premium could be given with him, he was engaged to serve two years before he was articled: so that, though he entered this office when he was fifteen, he was not articled till the commencement of the year 1802.

On his thus entering the Law, it was recommended to him by his employers, that he should endeavor to obtain some knowledge of Latin. He had now only the little time which an attorney's office, in very extensive practice, afforded; but great things may be done in "those hours of leisure which even the busiest may create,"[1] and to his ardent mind no obstacles were too discouraging. He received some instruction in the first rudiments of this language from a person who then resided at Nottingham under a feigned name, but was soon obliged to leave it, to elude the search of government, who were then seeking to secure him. Henry discovered him to be Mr. Cormick, from a print affixed to a continuation of Hume and Smollett, and published, with their histories, by Cooke. He is, I believe, the same person who wrote a life of Burke. If he received any other assistance it was very trifling; yet, in the course of ten months, he enabled himself to read Horace with tolerable facility, and had made some progress in Greek, which indeed he began first. He used to exercise himself in declining the Greek nouns and verbs as he was going to and from the office, so valuable was time become to him. From this time he contracted a habit of employing his mind in study during his walks, which he continued to the end of his life.

He now became almost estranged from his family; even at his meals he would be reading, and his evenings were entirely devoted to intellectual improvement. He had a little room given him, which was called his study; and here his milk supper was taken up to him; for, to avoid any loss of time, he refused to sup with his family, though earnestly entreated so to do, as his mother already began to dread the effects of this severe and unremitting application. The Law was his first pursuit, to which his papers show he had applied himself with such industry, as to make it wonderful that he could have found time, busied as his days were, for anything else. Greek and Latin were the next objects: at the same time he made himself a tolerable Italian scholar, and acquired some knowledge both of the Spanish and Portuguese. His medical friends say that the knowledge he had obtained of chemistry was very respectable. Astronomy and electricity were among his studies. Some attention he paid to drawing, in which it is probable he would have excelled. He was passionately fond of music, and could play very pleasingly by ear on the piano-forte, composing the bass to the air he was playing; but this propensity he checked, lest it might interfere with more important objects. He had a turn for mechanics; and all the fittings-up of his study were the work of his own hands.

At a very early age, indeed soon after he was taken from school, Henry was ambitious of being admitted a member of a Literary Society then existing in Nottingham, but was objected to on account of his youth. After repeated attempts and repeated failures, he succeeded in his wish, through the exertions of some of his friends, and was elected. There were six Professors in this Society;

I woo'd thy heavenly influence! I would walk
A weary way when all my toils were done,
To lay myself at night in some lone wood,
And hear the sweet song of the nightingale.
Oh, those were times of happiness, and still
To memory doubly dear! for growing years
Had not then taught me man was made to mourn,
And a short hour of solitary pleasure,
Stolen from sleep, was ample recompense
For all the hateful bustles of the day.
My op'ning mind was ductile then, and plastic,
And soon the marks of care were worn away,
While I was sway'd by every novel impulse,
Yielding to all the fancies of the hour.
But it has now assumed its character;
Mark'd by strong lineaments, its haughty tone,
Like the firm oak, would sooner break than bend.
Yet still, Oh Contemplation! I do love
To indulge thy solemn musings; still the same
With thee alone I know to melt and weep,
In thee alone delighting. Why along
The dusky track of commerce should I toil,
When, with an easy competence content,
I can alone be happy? where, with thee,
I may enjoy the loveliness of Nature,
And loose the wings of Fancy!—Thus alone
Can I partake of happiness on earth;
And to be happy here is man's chief end,
For to be happy he must needs be good.

1 Turner's Preface to the History of the Anglo-Saxons.

and, upon the first vacancy, he was appointed to the chair of Literature. It may well appear strange that a society, in so large a town as Nottingham, instituted for the purpose of acquiring and diffusing knowledge, and respectable enough to be provided with a good philosophical apparatus, should have chosen a boy, in the fifteenth year of his age, to deliver lectures to them upon general literature. The first subject upon which he held forth was Genius. Having taken a day to consider the subject, he spoke upon it extempore, and harangued for two hours and three quarters: yet, instead of being wearied, his hearers passed a unanimous resolution, "That the most sincere thanks be given to the Professor for his most instructive and entertaining lecture; at the same time assuring him that the Society never had the pleasure of hearing a better lecture delivered from that chair which he so much honored:" and they then elected him one of their committee. There are certain courts at Nottingham, in which it is necessary for an attorney to plead; and he wished to qualify himself for a speaker as well as a sound lawyer.

With the profession in which he was placed he was well pleased, and suffered no pursuit, numerous as his pursuits were, to interfere in the slightest degree with its duties. Yet he soon began to have higher aspirations, and to cast a wistful eye toward the Universities, with little hope of ever attaining their important advantages, yet probably not without some, however faint. There was at this time a magazine in publication, called the Monthly Preceptor, which proposed prizethemes for boys and girls to write upon; and which was encouraged by many schoolmasters, some of whom, for their own credit, and that of the important institutions in which they were placed, ought to have known better than to encourage it. But in schools, and in all practical systems of education, emulation is made the mainspring, as if there were not enough of the leaven of disquietude in our natures, without inoculating it with this dilutement—this *vaccine virus* of envy. True it is, that we need encouragement in youth; that though our vices spring up and thrive in shade and darkness, like poisonous fungi, our better powers require light and air; and that praise is the sunshine, without which genius will wither, fade, and die; or rather in search of which, like a plant that is debarred from it, will push forth in contortions and deformity. But such practices as that of writing for public prizes, of publicly declaiming, and of enacting plays before the neighboring gentry, teach boys to look for applause instead of being satisfied with approbation, and foster in them that vanity which needs no such cherishing. This is administering stimulants to the heart, instead of "feeding it with food convenient for it;" and the effect of such stimulants is to dwarf the human mind, as lap-dogs are said to be stopt in their growth by being dosed with gin. Thus *forced*, it becomes like the sapling which shoots up when it should be striking its roots far and deep, and which therefore never attains to more than a sapling's size.

To Henry, however, the opportunity of distinguishing himself, even in the Juvenile Library, was useful; if he had acted with a man's foresight, he could not have done more wisely than by aiming at every distinction within his little sphere. At the age of fifteen, he gained a silver medal for a translation from Horace; and the following year a pair of twelve-inch globes, for an imaginary Tour from London to Edinburgh. He determined upon trying for this prize one evening when at tea with his family, and at supper he read to them his performance, to which seven pages were granted in the magazine, though they had limited the allowance of room to three. Shortly afterwards he won several books for exercises on different subjects. Such honors were of great importance to him; they were testimonies of his ability, which could not be suspected of partiality, and they prepared his father to regard with less reluctance that change in his views and wishes which afterwards took place. It appears by a letter written soon after he had completed his fifteenth year, that many of his pieces in prose and verse, under feigned signatures, had gained admission in the various magazines of the day, more particularly in the Monthly Magazine and the Monthly Visitor: "In prosaic composition," he says, "I never had one article refused: in poetic, many."—"I am conscious," he observes, at this time, to his brother, "that if I chose I could produce poems infinitely superior to any you have *yet* seen of mine; but I am so indolent, and at the same time so much engaged, that I cannot give the time and attention necessary for the formation of correct and accurate pieces." Less time and attention are necessary for correcting prose, and this may be one reason why, contrary to the usual process, a greater prematurity is discernable in his prose than in his metrical compositions. "The reason," he says, "of the number of erasures and corrections in my letter is, that it contains a rough transcript of the state of my mind, without my having made any sketch on another paper. When I sit down to write, ideas crowd into my mind too fast for utterance upon paper. Some of them I think too precious to be lost, and for fear their impression should be effaced, I write as rapidly as possible. This accounts for my bad writing."

He now became a correspondent in the Monthly Mirror, a magazine which first set the example of

typographical neatness in periodical publications, which has given the world a good series of portraits, and which deserves praise also on other accounts, having among its contributors some persons of extensive erudition and acknowledged talents. Magazines are of great service to those who are learning to write; they are fishing-boats, which the Buccaneers of Literature do not condescend to sink, burn, and destroy: young poets may safely try their strength in them; and that they should try their strength before the public, without danger of any shame from failure, is highly desirable. Henry's rapid improvement was now as remarkable as his unwearied industry. The pieces which had been rewarded in the Juvenile Preceptor might have been rivalled by many boys; but what he produced a year afterwards, few men could equal. Those which appeared in the Monthly Mirror attracted some notice, and introduced him to the acquaintance of Mr. Capel Lofft, and of Mr. Hill, the proprietor of the work, a gentleman who was himself a lover of English literature, and who possessed one of the most copious collections of English poetry in existence. Their encouragement induced him, about the close of the year 1802, to prepare a little volume of poems for the press. It was his hope that this publication might either, by the success of its sale, or the notice which it might excite, enable him to prosecute his studies at college, and fit himself for holy orders. For, though so far was he from feeling any dislike to his own profession, that he was even attached to it, and had indulged a hope that one day or other he should make his way to the Bar, a deafness, to which he had always been subject, and which appeared to grow progressively worse, threatened to preclude all possibility of advancement; and his opinions, which had at one time inclined to infidelity, had now taken a strong devotional bias.

Henry was earnestly advised to obtain, if possible, some patroness for his book, whose rank in life, and notoriety in the literary world, might afford it some protection. The days of such dedications are happily well-nigh at an end; but this was of importance to him, as giving his little volume consequence in the eyes of his friends and townsmen. The Countess of Derby was first applied to, and the manuscript submitted to her perusal. She returned it with a refusal, upon the ground that it was an invariable rule with her never to accept a compliment of the kind; but this refusal was couched in language as kind as it was complimentary, and he felt more pleasure at the kindness which it expressed, than disappointment at the failure of his application: a 2*l.* note was inclosed as her subscription to the work. The margravine of Anspach was also thought of. There is among his papers the draught of a letter addressed to her upon the subject, but I believe it was never sent. He was then recommended to apply to the Duchess of Devonshire. Poor Henry felt a fit of repugnance at courting patronage in this way, but he felt that it was of consequence in his little world, and submitted; and the manuscript was left, with a letter, at Devonshire House, as it had been with the Countess of Derby. Some time elapsed, and no answer arrived from her Grace; and, as she was known to be pestered with such applications, apprehensions began to be entertained for the safety of the papers. His brother Neville (who was now settled in London) called several times; of course he never obtained an interview: the case at last became desperate, and he went with a determination not to quit the house till he had obtained them. After waiting four hours in the servants' hall, his perseverance conquered their idle insolence, and he got possession of the manuscript. And here he, as well as his brother, sick of "dancing attendance" upon the great, would have relinquished all thoughts of the dedication, but they were urged to make one more trial:—a letter to her Grace was procured, with which Neville obtained audience, wisely leaving the manuscript at home: and the Duchess, with her usual good-nature, gave permission that the volume should be dedicated to her. Accordingly her name appeared in the title-page, and a copy was transmitted to her in due form, and in its due morocco livery,—of which no notice was ever taken. Involved as she was in an endless round of miserable follies, it is probable that she never opened the book, otherwise her heart was good enough to have felt a pleasure in encouraging the author. Oh, what a lesson would the history of that heart hold out!

Henry sent his little volume to each of the then existing Reviews, and accompanied it with a letter, wherein he stated what his disadvantages had been, and what were the hopes which he proposed to himself from the publication: requesting from them that indulgence of which his productions did not stand in need, and which it might have been thought, under such circumstances, would not have been withheld from works of less promise. It may be well conceived with what anxiety he looked for their opinions, and with what feelings he read the following article in the Monthly Review for February, 1804.

Monthly Review, February, 1804.

"The circumstances under which this little volume is offered to the public, must, in some measure, disarm criticism. We have been informed that Mr. White has scarcely attained his eighteenth year, has hitherto exerted himself in

the pursuit of knowledge under the discouragements of penury and misfortune, and now hopes, by this early authorship, to obtain some assistance in the prosecution of his studies at Cambridge. He appears, indeed, to be one of those young men of talents and application who merit encouragement; and it would be gratifying to us to hear that this publication had obtained for him a respectable patron; for we fear that the mere profit arising from the sale cannot be, in any measure, adequate to his exigencies as a student at the university. A subscription, with a statement of the particulars of the author's case, might have been calculated to have answered his purpose; but, as a book which is to 'win its way' on the sole ground of its own merit, this poem cannot be contemplated with any sanguine expectation. The author is very anxious, however, that critics should find in it something to commend, and he shall not be disappointed: we commend his exertions and his laudable endeavors to excel; but we cannot compliment him with having learned the difficult art of writing good poetry.

"Such lines as these will sufficiently prove our assertion:

> Here would I run, a visionary *Boy*,
> When the hoarse thunder shook the vaulted *Sky*,
> And, fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form
> Sternly *careering* in the eddying storm.

"If Mr. White should be instructed by Alma-mater, he will, doubtless, produce better sense and better rhymes."

I know not who was the writer of this precious article. It is certain that Henry could have no personal enemy: his volume fell into the hands of some dull man, who took it up in an hour of ill-humor, turned over the leaves to look for faults, and finding that *Boy* and *Sky* were not orthodox rhymes, according to his wise canons of criticism, sat down to blast the hopes of a boy, who had confessed to him all his hopes and all his difficulties, and thrown himself upon his mercy. With such a letter before him (by mere accident I saw that which had been sent to the Critical Review), even though the poems had been bad, a good man would not have said so: he would have avoided censure, if he had found it impossible to bestow praise. But that the reader may perceive the wicked injustice, as well as the cruelty of this reviewal, a few specimens of the volume, thus contemptuously condemned because *Boy* and *Sky* are used as rhymes in it, shall be inserted in this place.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.[1]

Sweet-scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song:
And sweet the strain shall be and long,
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flow'r! who lovest to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly Alder-tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf-altar of the dead;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

[1] The Rosemary buds in January. It is the flower commonly put in the coffins of the dead.

TO THE MORNING.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

Beams of the day-break faint! I hail
Your dubious hues, as on the robe
Of Night, which wraps the slumbering globe,
I mark your traces pale.
Tired with the taper's sickly light,
And with the wearying, number'd night,
I hail the streaks of morn divine:
And lo! they break between the dewy wreaths
That round my rural casement twine:
The fresh gale o'er the green lawn breathes;
It fans my feverish brow,—it calms the mental strife,
And cheerily re-illumes the lambent flame of life.

The lark has her gay song begun,
She leaves her grassy nest,
And soars till the *unrisen sun*
Gleams on her speckled breast.
Now let me leave my restless bed,
And o'er the spangled uplands tread;
Now through the custom'd wood-walk wend;
By many a green lane lies my way,
Where high o'erhead the wild briers bend,
Till on the mountain's summit grey,
I sit me down, and mark the glorious dawn of day.

Oh, Heav'n! the soft refreshing gale
It breathes into my breast!
My sunk eye gleams; my cheek, so pale,
Is with new colors drest.
Blithe Health! thou soul of life and ease,
Come thou too on the balmy breeze,
Invigorate my frame:
I'll join with thee the buskin'd chace,
With thee the distant clime will trace,
Beyond those clouds of flame.

Above, below, what charms unfold
In all the varied view!
Before me all is burnish'd gold,
Behind the twilight's hue.
The mists which on old Night await,
Far to the west they hold their state,
They shun the clear blue face of Morn;
Along the fine cerulean sky,
The fleecy clouds successive fly,
While bright prismatic beams their shadowy folds adorn.

And hark! the Thatcher has begun
His whistle on the eaves,
And oft the Hedger's bill is heard
Among the rustling leaves.
The slow team creaks upon the road,
The noisy whip resounds,
The driver's voice, his carol blithe,
The mower's stroke, his whetting scythe,
Mix with the morning's sounds.

Who would not rather take his seat
Beneath these clumps of trees,
The early dawn of day to greet,
And catch the healthy breeze,
Than on the silken couch of Sloth
Luxurious to lie?
Who would not from life's dreary waste
Snatch, when he could, with eager haste,
An interval of joy?

To him who simply thus recounts
The morning's pleasures o'er,
Fate dooms, ere long, the scene must close,
To ope on him no more:
Yet, Morning! unrepining still
He'll greet thy beams awhile;
And surely thou, when o'er his grave
Solemn the whispering willows wave,
Wilt sweetly on him smile;
And the pale glow-worm's pensive light
Will guide his ghostly walks in the drear moonless night.

An author is proof against reviewing, when, like myself, he has been reviewed some seventy times; but the opinion of a reviewer, upon his first publication, has more effect, both upon his feelings and his success, than it ought to have, or would have, if the mystery of the *ungentle craft* were more generally understood. Henry wrote to the editor to complain of the cruelty with which he had been treated. This remonstrance produced the following answer in the next number:

Monthly Review, *March*, 1804.

ADDRESS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"In the course of our long critical labors, we have necessarily been forced to encounter the resentment, or withstand the lamentations, of many disappointed authors; but we have seldom, if ever, been more affected than by a letter from Mr. White, of Nottingham, complaining of the tendency of our strictures on his poem of Clifton Grove, in our last number. His expostulations are written with a warmth of feeling in which we truly sympathize, and which shall readily excuse, with us, some expressions of irritation; but Mr. White must receive our most serious declaration, that we did 'judge of the book by the book itself'; excepting only, that, from his former letter, we were desirous of mitigating the pain of that decision which our public duty required us to pronounce. We spoke with the utmost sincerity when we stated our wishes for patronage to an unfriended man of talents, for talents Mr. White certainly possesses, and we repeat those wishes with equal cordiality. Let him still trust that, like Mr. Gifford (see preface to his translation of Juvenal), some Mr. Cookesley may yet appear to foster a capacity which endeavors to escape from its present confined sphere of action; and let the opulent inhabitants of Nottingham reflect, that some portion of that wealth which they have worthily acquired by the habits of industry, will be laudably applied in assisting the efforts of mind."

Henry was not aware that reviewers are infallible. His letter seems to have been answered by a different writer; the answer has none of the commonplace and vulgar insolence of the criticism: but to have made any concession would have been admitting that a review can do wrong, and thus violating the fundamental principle of its constitution.

The poems which had been thus condemned, appeared to me to discover strong marks of genius. I had shown them to two of my friends, than whom no persons living better understand what poetry is, nor have given better proofs of it; and their opinion coincided with my own. I was indignant at the injustice of this pretended criticism, and having accidentally seen the letter which he had written to the reviewers, understood the whole cruelty of their injustice. In consequence of this I wrote to Henry, to encourage him; told him, that though I was well aware how imprudent it was in young poets to publish their productions, his circumstances seemed to render that expedient, from which it would otherwise be right to dissuade him; advised him therefore, if he had no better prospects, to print a larger volume by subscription, and offered to do what little was in my power to serve him in the undertaking. To this he replied in the following letter:—

* * * * *

"I dare not say all I feel respecting your opinion of my little volume. The extreme acrimony with which the Monthly Review (of all others the most important) treated me, threw me into a state of stupefaction; I regarded all that had passed as a dream, and I thought I had been deluding myself into an idea of possessing poetic

genius, when in fact I had only the longing, without the *afflatus*. I mustered resolution enough, however, to write spiritedly to them: their answer in the ensuing number was a tacit acknowledgment that they had been somewhat too unsparing in their correction. It was a poor attempt to salve over a wound wantonly and most ungenerously inflicted. Still I was damped, because I knew the work was very respectable; and therefore could not, I concluded, give a criticism *grossly* deficient in equity—the more especially, as I knew of no sort of inducement to extraordinary severity. Your letter, however, has revived me, and I do again venture to hope that I may still produce something which will survive me.

"With regard to your advice and offers of assistance, I will not attempt, because I am unable, to thank you for them. To-morrow morning I depart for Cambridge; and I have considerable hopes that, as I do not enter into the University with any sinister or interested views, but sincerely desire to perform the duties of an affectionate and vigilant pastor, and become more useful to mankind, I therefore have hopes, I say, that I shall find means of support *in the University*. If I do not, I shall certainly act in pursuance of your recommendations; and shall, without hesitation, avail myself of your offers of service, and of your directions.

"In a short time this will be determined; and when it is, I shall take the liberty of writing to you at Keswick, to make you acquainted with the result.

"I have only one objection to publishing by subscription, and I confess it has weight with me;—it is, that, in this step, I shall seem to be acting upon the advice so unfeelingly and contumeliously given by the Monthly Reviewers, who say what is equal to this—that had I gotten a subscription for my poems before their merit was known, I might have succeeded; provided, it seems, I had made a *particular statement of my case*; like a beggar who stands with his hat in one hand, and a full account of his cruel treatment on the coast of Barbary in the other, and so gives you his penny sheet for your sixpence, by way of half-purchase, half-charity.

"I have materials for another volume; but they were written principally while Clifton Grove was in the press, or soon after, and do not now at all satisfy me. Indeed, of late, I have been obliged to desist, almost entirely, from converse with the dames of Helicon. The drudgery of an attorney's office, and the necessity of preparing myself, in case I should succeed in getting to college, in what little leisure I could boast, left no room for the flights of the imagination."

In another letter he speaks, in still stronger terms, of what he had suffered from the unfeeling and iniquitous criticism:

"The unfavorable review (in the 'Monthly') of my unhappy work, has cut deeper than you could have thought; not in a literary point of view, but as it affects my respectability. It represents me actually as a *beggar*, going about gathering money to put myself at college, when my work is worthless; and this with every appearance of candor. They have been sadly misinformed respecting me: this review goes before me wherever I turn my steps: it haunts me incessantly; and I am persuaded it is an instrument in the hands of Satan to drive me to distraction. I must leave Nottingham."

It is not unworthy of remark, that this very reviewal, which was designed to crush the hopes of Henry, and suppress his struggling genius, has been, in its consequences, the main occasion of bringing his Remains to light, and obtaining for him that fame which assuredly will be his portion. Had it not been for the indignation which I felt at perusing a criticism at once so cruel and so stupid, the little intercourse between Henry and myself would not have taken place; his papers would probably have remained in oblivion, and his name in a few years have been forgotten.

I have stated that his opinions were, at one time, inclining towards deism: it needs not be said on what slight grounds the opinions of a youth must needs be founded: while they are confined to matters of speculation, they indicate, whatever their eccentricities, only an active mind; and it is only when a propensity is manifested to such principles as give a sanction to immorality, that they show something wrong at heart. One little poem of Henry's Remains, which was written in this unsettled state of mind, exhibits much of his character, and can excite no feelings towards him, but such as are favorable.

MY OWN CHARACTER.

ADDRESSED (DURING ILLNESS) TO A YOUNG LADY.

DEAR Fanny, I mean, now I'm laid on the shelf,
To give you a sketch—ay, a sketch of myself.
'Tis a pitiful subject, I frankly confess,
And one it would puzzle a painter to dress;
But however, here goes, and, as sure as a gun,
I'll tell all my faults like a penitent nun,
For I know, for my Fanny, before I address her,
She won't be a cynical father confessor.
Come, come, 't will not do! put that purling brow down
You can't, for the soul of you, learn how to frown.
Well, first, I promise, it's my honest conviction,
That my breast is the chaos of all contradiction;
Religious—deistic,—now loyal and warm,
Then a dagger-drawn democrat hot for reform;
This moment a fop, *that*, sententious as Titus;
Democritus now, and anon Heraclitus;
Now laughing and pleased, like a child with a rattle
Then vex'd to the soul with impertinent tattle;

Now moody and sad, now unthinking and gay,
To all points of the compass I veer in a day.

I 'm proud and disdainful to Fortune's gay child,
But to Poverty's *offspring* submissive and mild:
As rude as a boor, and as rough in dispute;
Then as for politeness—oh! dear—I'm a brute!
I show no respect where I never can feel it;
And as for contempt, take no pains to conceal it;
And so in the suit, by these laudable ends,
I 've a great many foes, and a very few friends.

And yet, my dear Fanny, there are who can feel
That this proud heart of mine is not fashion'd like steel.
It can love (can it not?)—it can hate, I am sure;
And it 's friendly enough, though in friends it be poor.
For itself though it bleed not, for others it bleeds;
If it have not *ripe* virtues, I 'm sure it 's the *seeds:*
And though far from faultless, or even so-so,
I think it may pass as our worldly things go.

Well, I 've told you my frailties without any gloss;
Then as to my virtues I'm quite at a loss!
I think I'm devout, and yet I can't say,
But in process of time I may get the wrong way.
I 'm a *general lover*, if that 's commendation,
And yet can't withstand *you know whose* fascination.
But I find that amidst all my tricks and devices,
In fishing for virtues, I'm pulling up vices;
So as for the *good*, why, if I possess it,
I am not yet learned enough to express it.

You yourself must examine the lovelier side,
And after your every art you have tried,
Whatever my faults, I may venture to say,
Hypocrisy never will come in your way.
I am upright, I hope; I am downright, I 'm clear!
And I think my worst foe must allow I 'm sincere;
And if ever sincerity glow'd in my breast,
'Tis now when I swear————* *

At this time, when Henry doubted the truth of Christianity, and professed a careless indifference concerning it which he was far from feeling, it happened that one of his earliest and most intimate friends, Mr. Almond, was accidentally present at a death-bed, and was so struck with what he then saw of the power and influence, and inestimable value of religion, that he formed a firm determination to renounce all such pursuits as were not strictly compatible with it. That he might not be shaken in this resolution, he withdrew from the society of all those persons whose ridicule or censure he feared; and was particularly careful to avoid Henry, of whose raillery he stood most in dread. He anxiously shunned him, therefore; till Henry, who would not suffer an intimacy of long standing to be broken off he knew not why, called upon his friend, and desired to know the cause of this unaccountable conduct towards himself and their common acquaintance. Mr. Almond, who had received him with trembling and reluctance, replied to this expostulation, that a total change had been effected in his religious views, and that he was prepared to defend his opinions and conduct, if Henry would allow the Bible to be the word of truth and the standard of appeal. Upon this Henry exclaimed in a tone of strong emotion:—"Good God, you surely regard me in a worse light than I deserve!"—His friend proceeded to say, that what he had said was from a conviction that they had no common ground on which to contend, Henry having more than once suggested, that the book of *Isaiah* was an *epic*, and that of *Job* a *dramatic*, poem. He then stated what the change was which had taken place in his own views and intentions, and the motives for his present conduct. From the manner in which Henry listened, it became evident that his mind was ill at ease, and that he was noways satisfied with himself. His friend, therefore, who had expected to be assailed in a tone of triumphant superiority by one in the pride and youthful confidence of great intellectual powers, and, as yet, ignorant of his own ignorance, found himself unexpectedly called upon to act the monitor; and, putting into his hands Scott's "Force of Truth," which was lying on the table, entreated him to take it with him, and peruse it at his leisure.

The book produced little effect, and was returned with disapprobation. Men differ as much in mind as in countenance: some are to be awakened by passionate exhortation, or vehement reproof, appealing to their fears and exciting their imagination; others yield to force of argument, or, upon slow inquiry, to the accumulation of historical testimony and moral proofs; there are others, in whom the innate principle of our nature retains more of its original strength, and these are led by their inward monitor into the way of peace. Henry was of this class. His intellect might have been on the watch to detect a flaw in evidence, a defective argument, or an illogical inference; but, in his heart, he felt that there is no happiness, no rest, without religion; and in him who becomes willing to believe, the root of infidelity is destroyed. Mr. Almond was about to enter at Cambridge: on the evening before his departure for the University, Henry requested that he would accompany him to the little room, which was called his study. "We had no sooner entered," says Mr. Almond, "than he burst into tears, and declared that his anguish of mind was insupportable. He entreated that I would kneel down and pray for him; and most cordially were our tears and supplications mingled at that interesting moment. When I took my leave, he exclaimed:—'What must I do?—You are the only friend to whom I can apply in this agonizing state, and you are about to leave me. My literary associates are all inclined to deism. I have no one with whom I can communicate!"

A new pursuit was thus opened to him, and he engaged in it with his wonted ardor. "It was a constant feature in his mind," says Mr. Pigott, "to persevere in the pursuit of what he deemed noble and important. Religion, in which he now appeared to himself not yet to have taken a step, engaged all his anxiety, as of all concerns the most important. He could not rest satisfied till he had formed his principles upon the basis of Christianity, and till he had begun in earnest to think and act agreeably to its pure and heavenly precepts. His mind loved to make distant excursions into the future and remote consequences of things. He no longer limited his views to the narrow confines of earthly existence; he was not happy till he had learnt to rest and expatiate in a world to come. What he said to me when we became intimate is worthy of observation: that, he said, which first made him dissatisfied with the creed he had adopted, and the standard of practice which he had set up for himself, was the *purity of mind* which he perceived was everywhere inculcated in the Holy Scriptures, and required of every one who would become a successful candidate for future blessedness. He had supposed that morality of conduct was all the purity required; but when he observed that purity of the very *thoughts* and *intentions* of the soul also was requisite, he was convinced of his deficiencies, and could find no comfort to his penitence but in the atonement made for human frailty by the Redeemer of mankind; and no strength adequate to his weakness, and sufficient for resisting evil, but the aid of God's spirit, promised to those who seek them from above in the sincerity of earnest prayer."

From the moment when he had fully contracted those opinions, he was resolved upon devoting his life to the promulgation of them; and therefore to leave the law, and, if possible, place himself at one of the universities. Every argument was used by his friends to dissuade him from his purpose, but to no effect; his mind was unalterably fixed, and great and numerous as the obstacles were, he was determined to surmount them all. He had now served the better half of the term for which he was articled: his entrance and continuance in the profession had been a great expense to his family; and to give up this lucrative profession, in the study of which he had advanced so far, and situated as he was, for one wherein there was so little prospect of his obtaining even a decent competency, appeared to them the height of folly or of madness. This determination cost his poor mother many tears; but determined he was, and that by the best and purest motives. Without ambition he could not have existed; but his ambition now was to be eminently useful in the ministry.

It was Henry's fortune through his short life, as he was worthy of the kindest treatment, always to find it. His employers, Mr. Coldham and Mr. Enfield, listened with a friendly ear to his plans, and agreed to give up the remainder of his time, though it was now become very valuable to them, as soon as they should think his prospects of getting through the university were such as he might reasonably trust to; but, till then, they felt themselves bound, for his own sake, to detain him. Mr. Dashwood, a clergyman, who at that time resided in Nottingham, exerted himself in his favor: he had a friend at Queen's College, Cambridge, who mentioned him to one of the fellows of St. John's, and that gentleman, on the representations made to him of Henry's talents and piety, spared no effort to obtain for him an adequate support.

As soon as these hopes were held out to him, his employers gave him a month's leave of absence, for the benefit of uninterrupted study, and of change of air, which his health now began to require. Instead of going to the sea-coast, as was expected, he chose for his retreat the village of Wilford, which is situated on the banks of the Trent, and at the foot of Clifton Woods. These woods had ever been his favorite place of resort, and were the subject of the longest poem in his little volume, from which, indeed, the volume was named. He delighted to point out to his more intimate friends the scenery of this poem: the islet to which he had often forded when the river was not knee-deep; and the little hut wherein he had sat for hours, and sometimes all day long, reading or writing, or dreaming with his eyes open. He had sometimes wandered in these woods till night was far advanced, and used to speak with pleasure of having once been overtaken there by a thunder-storm at midnight, and watching the lightning over the river and the vale towards the town.

In this village his mother procured lodgings for him, and his place of retreat was kept secret, except from his nearest friends. Soon after the expiration of the month, intelligence arrived that the plans which had been formed in his behalf had entirely failed. He went immediately to his mother: "All my hopes," said he, "of getting to the University are now blasted; in preparing myself for it, I have lost time in my profession; I have much ground to get up; and as I am determined not to be a *mediocre* attorney, I must endeavor to recover what I have lost." The consequence was, that he applied himself more severely than ever to his studies. He now allowed himself no time for relaxation, little for his meals,

and scarcely any for sleep. He would read till one, two, three o'clock in the morning; then throw himself on the bed, and rise again to his work at five, at the call of a *larum*, which he had fixed to a Dutch clock in his chamber. Many nights he never lay down at all. It was in vain that his mother used every possible means to dissuade him from this destructive application. In this respect, and in this only one, was Henry undutiful, and neither commands, nor tears, nor entreaties, could check his desperate and deadly ardor. At one time she went every night into his room, to put out his candle: as soon as he heard her coming up stairs, he used to hide it in a cupboard, throw himself into bed, and affect sleep while she was in the room; then, when all was quiet, rise again, and pursue his baneful studies.

"The night," says Henry, in one of his letters, "has been everything to me; and did the world know how I have been indebted to the hours of repose, they would not wonder that night-images are, as they judge, so ridiculously predominant in my verses." During some of these midnight hours he indulged himself in complaining, but in such complaints that it is to be wished more of them had been found among his papers.

ODE ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

Come, Disappointment, come!
  Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
  The restless and the bad:
    But I recline
    Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow, resign'd, thy peaceful cypress twine.

Though Fancy flies away
  Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation, in her cell,
Hears, with faint eye, the lingering knell,
  That tells her hopes are dead;
    And though the tear
    By chance appear,
Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid here.

Come, Disappointment, come!
  Though from Hope's summit hurl'd,
Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from heaven
  To wean me from the world:
    To turn my eye
    From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

What is this passing scene?
  A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
  And all things fade away.
    Man (soon discuss'd)
    Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Oh, what is beauty's power?
  It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
  Beneath its surface lies?
    Mute, mute is all
    O'er beauty's fall;
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

The most beloved on earth
  Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 't was sweet, 't was passing sweet,
  But now 't is gone away.
    Thus does the shade
    In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

Then since this world is vain,
  And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,
  And cares and sorrows eat?
    Why fly from ill
    With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still.

Come, Disappointment, come!
  Thou art not stern to me;
Sad Monitress! I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
  I bend my knee to thee.
    From sun to sun
    My race will run,
I only bow, and say, My God, thy will be done!

On another paper are a few lines, written probably in the freshness of his disappointment.

I dream no more—the vision flies away,
And Disappointment * * * *
There fell my hopes—I lost my all in this,
My cherish'd all of visionary bliss.
Now hope farewell, farewell all joys below;
Now welcome sorrow, and now welcome woe.
Plunge me in glooms * * * *

His health soon sunk under these habits: he became pale and thin, and at length had a sharp fit of sickness. On his recovery, he wrote the following lines in the church-yard of his favorite village.

LINES
WRITTEN IN WILFORD CHURCH-YARD ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

Here would I wish to sleep.—This is the spot
Which I have long mark'd out to lay my bones in;
Tired out and wearied with the riotous world,
Beneath this yew I would be sepulchred.
It is a lovely spot! The sultry sun,
From his meridian height, endeavors vainly
To pierce the shadowy foliage, while the zephyr
Comes wafting gently o'er the rippling Trent,
And plays about my wan cheek. 'T is a nook
Most pleasant. Such a one perchance did Gray
Frequent, as with a vagrant muse he wanton'd.
Come, I will sit me down and meditate,

For I am wearied with my summer's walk;
And here I may repose in silent ease;
And thus, perchance, when life's sad journey 's o'er,
My harass'd soul, in this same spot, may find
The haven of its rest—beneath this sod
Perchance may sleep it sweetly, sound as death.

I would not have my corpse cemented down
With brick and stone, defrauding the poor earth-worm
Of its predestined dues; no, I would lie
Beneath a little hillock, grass o'er-grown,
Swathed down with oziers, just as sleep the cotters.
Yet may not *undistinguish'd* be my grave;
But there at eve may some congenial soul
Duly resort, and shed a pious tear,
The good man's benison—no more I ask.
And, oh! (if heavenly beings may look down
From where, with cherubim, inspired they sit,
Upon this little dim-discover'd spot,
The earth), then will I cast a glance *below*
On him who thus my ashes shall embalm;
And I will weep too, and will bless the wanderer,
Wishing he may not long be doom'd to pine
In this low-thoughted world of darkling woe,
But that, ere long, he reach his kindred skies.

Yet 't was a silly thought, as if the body,
Mouldering beneath the surface of the earth,
Could taste the sweets of summer scenery,
And feel the freshness of the balmy breeze!
Yet nature speaks within the human bosom,
And, spite of reason, bids it look beyond
His narrow verge of being, and provide
A decent residence for its clayey shell,
Endear'd to it by time. And who would lay
His body in the city burial-place,
To be thrown up again by some rude sexton,
And yield its narrow house another tenant,
Ere the moist flesh had mingled with the dust,
Ere the tenacious hair had left the scalp,
Exposed to insult lewd, and wantonness?
No, I will lay me in the *village* ground;
There are the dead respected. The poor hind,
Unletter'd as he is, would scorn to invade
The silent resting-place of death. I've seen
The laborer, returning from his toil,
Here stay his steps, and call his children round,
And slowly spell the rudely sculptured rhymes,
And, in his rustic manner, moralize.
I've mark'd with what a silent awe he'd spoken,
With head uncover'd, his respectful manner,
And all the honors which he paid the grave,
And thought on cities, where even cemeteries,
Bestrew'd with all the emblems of mortality,
Are not protected from the drunken insolence
Of wassailers profane, and wanton havoc.
Grant, Heaven, that here my pilgrimage may close!
Yet, if this be denied, where'er my bones
May lie—or in the city's crowded bounds,
Or scatter'd wide o'er the huge sweep of waters,
Or left a prey on some deserted shore
To the rapacious cormorant,—yet still,
(For why should sober reason cast away
A thought which soothes the soul?—yet still my spirit
Shall wing its way to these my native regions,
And hover o'er this spot. Oh, then I'll think
Of times when I was seated 'neath this yew
In solemn rumination; and will smile
With joy that I have got my long'd release.

His friends are of opinion that he never thoroughly recovered from the shock which his constitution then sustained. Many of his poems indicate that he thought himself in danger of consumption; he was not aware that he was generating or fostering in himself another disease little less dreadful, and which threatens intellect as well as life. At this time youth was in his favor, and his hopes, which were now again renewed, produced perhaps a better effect than medicine. Mr. Dashwood obtained for him an introduction to Mr. Simeon, of King's College, and with this he was induced to go to Cambridge His friend Almond, who had recently entered at Trinity College, had already endeavored to interest in his behalf some persons who might be able to assist him in the great object of his desire, that of passing through the University, and qualifying himself for holy orders. It is neither to be wondered at, nor censured, that his representations, where he had an opportunity of making them, were for the most part coldly received. They who have been most conversant with youth best understand how little the promises of early genius are to be relied upon: it is among the mortifying truths which we learn from experience, and no common spirit of benevolence is required to overcome the chilling effect of repeated disappointments. He found, however, encouragement from two persons, whose names have since become well known. Mr. Dealtry, then one of the mathematical lecturers at Trinity, was one. This gentleman, whom the love of the abstract sciences had not rendered intolerant of other pursuits more congenial to youthful imaginations, consented to look at Henry's poem of "*Time*," a manuscript of which was in Almond's possession. The perusal interested him greatly: he entered with his wonted benignity into the concerns of the author: and would gladly have befriended him, if the requisite assistance had not just at that time been secured from other quarters.

The other person in whom Mr. Almond excited an interest for his friend was *Henry Martyn*, who has since sacrificed his life in the missionary service: he was then only a few years older than Henry; equally ardent, equally devout, equally enthusiastic. He heard with emotion of this kindred spirit; read some of his letters, and undertook to enter his name upon the boards of St. John's, (of which college he was a fellow), saying that a friend in London, whose name he was not at liberty to communicate, had empowered him to assist any deserving young man with thirty pounds a year during his stay at the University. To insure success, one of Henry's letters was transmitted to this unknown friend; and Martyn was not a little surprised and grieved, to learn in reply, that a passage in that letter seemed to render it doubtful whether the writer were a

Churchman or a Dissenter; and, therefore, occasioned a demur as to the propriety of assisting him. Just at this time Henry arrived at Cambridge, with an introduction to Mr. Simeon. That gentleman, being in correspondence with Martyn's friend in London, expressed displeasure at his arrival; but the first interview removed all objection. Mr. Simeon, from Mr. Dashwood's recommendation, and from what he saw of his principles and talents, promised to procure for him a sizarship at St. John's, and, with the additional aid of a friend, to supply him with 30*l.* annually. His brother Neville promised twenty; and his mother, it was hoped, would be able to allow fifteen or twenty more. With this, it was thought, he could go through college. If this prospect had not been opened to him, he would probably have turned his thoughts towards the orthodox Dissenters.

On his return to Nottingham, the Rev.—— Robinson of Leicester, and some other friends, advised him to apply to the Elland Society for assistance, conceiving that it would be less oppressive to his feelings to be dependent on a Society instituted for the express purpose of training up such young men as himself (that is, such in circumstances and opinions) for the ministry, than on the bounty of an individual. In consequence of this advice he went to Elland at the next meeting of the Society, a stranger there, and without one friend among the members. He was examined, for several hours, by about five-and-twenty clergymen, as to his religious views and sentiments, his theological knowledge, and his classical attainments. In the course of the inquiry it appeared that he had published a volume of poems: their questions now began to be very unpleasantly inquisitive concerning the nature of these poems, and he was assailed by queries from all quarters. It was well for Henry that they did not think of referring to the Monthly Review for authority. My letter to him happened to be in his pocket; he luckily recollected this, and produced it as a testimony in his favor. They did me the honor to say that it was quite sufficient, and pursued this part of their inquiry no farther. Before he left Elland, he was given to understand, that they were well satisfied with his theological knowledge; that they thought his classical proficiency prodigious for his age, and that they had placed him on their books. He returned little pleased with his journey. His friends had been mistaken: the bounty of an individual calls forth a sense of kindness as well as of dependence; that of a Society has the virtue of charity, perhaps, but it wants the grace. He now wrote to Mr. Simeon, stating what he had done, and that the beneficence of his unknown friends was no longer necessary: but that gentleman obliged him to decline the assistance of the Society, which he very willingly did.

This being finally arranged, he quitted his employers in October, 1804. How much he had conducted himself to their satisfaction, will appear by this testimony of Mr. Enfield, to his diligence and uniform worth. "I have great pleasure," says this gentleman, "in paying the tribute to his memory, of expressing the knowledge which was afforded me during the period of his connexion with Mr. Coldham and myself, of his diligent application, his ardor for study, and his virtuous and amiable disposition. He very soon discovered an unusual aptness in comprehending the routine of business, and great ability and rapidity in the execution of everything which was intrusted to him. His diligence and punctual attention were unremitted, and his services became extremely valuable, a considerable time before he left us. He seemed to me to have no relish for the ordinary pleasures and dissipations of young men; his mind was perpetually employed, either in the business of his profession, or in private study. With his fondness for literature we were well acquainted, but had no reason to offer any check to it, for he never permitted the indulgence of his literary pursuits to interfere with the engagements of business. The difficulty of hearing, under which he labored, was distressing to him in the practice of his profession, and was, I think, an inducement, in co-operation with his other inclinations, for his resolving to relinquish the law. I can, with truth, assert, that his determination was matter of serious regret to my partner and myself."

I may here add, as at the same time showing Henry's aspirations after fame and the principles by which he had learnt to regulate his ambition, that on the cover of one of his commonplace books he had written these mottoes:

ΑΛΛΑ ΓΑΡ ΕΣΤΙΝ ΜΟΥΣΑ ΚΑΙ ΗΜΙΝ.
ΕURIP. *Medea.* 1001.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds),
To scorn delight and live laborious days.
MILTON'S *Lycidas*, 70.

Under these lines was placed a reference to the following extract (in another page), from Barrow: "The Holy Scripture does not teach us to slight honor; but rather, in its fit order and just measure, to love and prove it. It directs us not to make a regard thereto our chief principle; not to propound it as our main end of action. It charges us, to bear contentedly the want or loss thereof, as of other temporal goods; yea, in some cases, for conscience-sake, or for God's service (that is, for a good incomparably better), it obliges us willingly to prostitute and sacrifice it, choosing

rather to be infamous than impious; in disgrace with man, rather than in disfavor with God. It, in fine, commands us to seek and embrace it only in subordination, and with final reference to God's honor."

Mr. Simeon had advised him to *degrade* for a year, and place himself, during that time, under some scholar. He went accordingly to the Rev. —— Grainger, of Winteringham, in Lincolnshire, and there, notwithstanding all the entreaties of his friends, pursuing the same unrelenting course of study, a second illness was the consequence. When he was recovering, he was prevailed upon to relax, to ride on horseback, and to drink wine: these latter remedies he could not long afford, and he would not allow himself time for relaxation when he did not feel its immediate necessity. He frequently, at this time, studied fourteen hours a-day: the progress which he made in twelve months was indeed astonishing. When he went to Cambridge, he was immediately as much distinguished for his classical knowledge as his genius: but the seeds of death were in him, and the place to which he had so long looked on with hope, served unhappily as a hot-house to ripen them.[1]

During his first term one of the university-scholarships became vacant, and Henry, young as he was in college, and almost self-taught, was advised, by those who were best able to estimate his chance of success, to offer himself as a candidate for it. He passed the whole time in preparing himself for this, reading for college subjects in bed, in his walks, or, as he says, where, when, and how he could, never having a moment to spare, and often going to his tutor without having read at all. His strength sunk under this, and though he had declared himself a candidate, he was compelled to decline: but this was not the only misfortune. The general college-examination came on! he was utterly unprepared to meet it, and believed that a failure here would have ruined his prospects for ever. He had only about a fortnight to read what other men had been the whole term reading. Once more he exerted himself beyond what his shattered health could bear: the disorder returned; and he went to his tutor, Mr. Catton, with tears in his eyes, and told him that he could not go into the hall to be examined. Mr. Catton, however, thought his success here of so much importance, that he exhorted him, with all possible earnestness, to hold out the six days of the examination. Strong medicines were given him, to enable him to support it; and he was pronounced the first man of his year. But life was the price which he was to pay for such honors as this; and Henry is not the first young man to whom such honors have proved fatal. He said to his most intimate friend, almost the last time he saw him, that were he to paint a picture of Fame crowning a distinguished under-graduate, after the Senate-house examination, he would represent her as concealing a death's-head under a mask of beauty.

When this was over he went to London. London was a new scene of excitement,—and what his mind required was tranquillity and rest. Before he left college, he had become anxious concerning his expenses, fearing that they exceeded his means. Mr. Catton perceived this, and twice called him to his rooms, to assure him of every necessary support, and every encouragement, and to give him every hope. This kindness relieved his spirits of a heavy weight, and on his return he relaxed a little from his studies, but it was only a little. I found among his papers the day thus planned out:—"Rise at half past five. Devotions and walk till seven. Chapel and breakfast till eight. Study and lectures till one. Four and a half clear reading. Walk, etc. and dinner, and Wollaston, and chapel to six. Six to nine, reading—three hours. Nine to ten, devotions. Bed at ten."

Among his latest writings are these resolutions:
—"I will never be in bed after six.
I will not drink tea out above once a week, excepting on Sundays, unless there appear some good reason for so doing.
I will never pass a day without reading some portion of the Scriptures.
I will labor diligently in my mathematical studies, because I half suspect myself of a dislike to them.
I will walk two hours a day, upon the average of every week.

Sit mihi gratia addita ad hæc facienda."

About this time, judging by the handwriting, he wrote down the following admonitory sentences, which, as the paper on which they are written is folded into the shape of a very small book, it is probable he carried about with him as a manual.

"1. Death and judgment are near at hand.
2. Though thy bodily part be now in health

1 During his residence in my family, says Mr. Grainger, his conduct was highly becoming, and suitable to a Christian profession. He was mild and inoffensive, modest, unassuming, and affectionate. He attended, with great cheerfulness, a Sunday School which I was endeavoring to establish in the village; and was at considerable pains in the instruction of the children: and I have repeatedly observed, that he was most pleased, and most edified, with such of my sermons and addresses to my people as were most close, plain, and familiar. When we parted, we parted with mutual regret; and by us his name will long be remembered with affection and delight

and ease, the dews of death will soon sit upon thy forehead.

3. That which seems so sweet and desirable to thee now, will, if yielded to, become bitterness of soul to thee all thy life after.

4. When the waters are come over thy soul, and when, in the midst of much bodily anguish, thou distinguishest the dim shores of Eternity before thee, what wouldest thou not give to be lighter by this one sin?

5. God has long withheld his arm; what if his forbearance be now at an end? Canst thou not contemplate these things with the eyes of death? Art thou not a dying man, dying every day, every hour?

6. Is it not a fearful thing to shrink from the summons when it comes?—to turn with horror and despair from the future being? Think what strains of joy and tranquillity fall on the ear of the saint who is just swooning into the arms of his Redeemer: what fearful shapes, and dreadful images of a disturbed conscience, surround the sinner's bed, when the last twig which he grasped fails him, and the gulf yawns to receive him!

7. Oh, my soul, if thou art yet ignorant of the enormity of sin, turn thine eyes to the Man who is bleeding to death on the cross! See how the blood, from his pierced hands, trickles down his arms, and the more copious streams from his feet run on the accursed tree, and stain the grass with purple! Behold his features, though scarcely animated with a few remaining sparks of life, yet how full of love, pity, and tranquillity! A tear is trickling down his cheek, and his lip quivers.—He is praying for his murderers! O, my soul! it is thy Redeemer—it is thy God! And this, too, for *Sin*—for Sin! and wilt thou ever again submit to its yoke?

8. Remember that the grace of the Holy Spirit of God is ready to save thee from transgression. It is always at hand: thou canst not sin without wilfully rejecting its aid.

9. And is there real pleasure in sin? Thou knowest there is not. But there is pleasure, pure and exquisite pleasure, in holiness. The Holy Ghost can make the paths of religion and virtue, hard as they seem, and thorny, ways of pleasantness and peace, where, though there be thorns, yet are there also roses; and where all the wounds which we suffer in the flesh, from the hardness of the journey, are so healed by the balm of the Spirit, that they rather give joy than pain."

The exercise which Henry took was no relaxation: he still continued the habit of studying while he walked; and in this manner, while he was at Cambridge, committed to memory a whole tragedy of Euripides. Twice he distinguished himself in the following year, being again pronounced first at the great college-examination, and also one of the three best theme-writers between whom the examiners could not decide. The college offered him, at their expense, a private tutor in mathematics during the long vacation; and Mr. Catton, by procuring for him exhibitions to the amount of 66*l.* per annum, enabled him to give up the pecuniary assistance which he had received from Mr. Simeon and other friends. This intention he had expressed in a letter written twelve months before his death. "With regard to my college-expenses (he says), I have the pleasure to inform you, that I shall be obliged, in strict rectitude, to waive the offers of many of my friends. I shall not even need the sum Mr. Simeon mentioned after the first year; and it is not impossible that I may be able to live without any assistance at all. I confess I feel pleasure at the thought of this, not through any vain pride of independence, but because I shall then give a more unbiassed testimony to the truth, than if I were *supposed* to be bound to it by any ties of obligation or gratitude. I shall always feel as much indebted for intended as for actually afforded assistance; and though I should never think a sense of thankfulness an oppressive burden, yet I shall be happy to evince it, when, *in the eyes of the world*, the obligation to it has been discharged." Never, perhaps, had any young man, in so short a time, excited such expectations: every university-honor was thought to be within his reach; he was set down as a medallist, and expected to take a senior wrangler's degree: but these expectations were poison to him; they goaded him to fresh exertions when his strength was spent. His situation became truly miserable: to his brother, and to his mother, he wrote always that he had relaxed in his studies, and that he was better; always holding out to them his hopes, and his good fortune; but to the most intimate of his friends (Mr. B. Maddock), his letters told a different tale: to him he complained of dreadful palpitations—of nights of sleeplessness and horror, and of spirits depressed to the very depth of wretchedness, so that he went from one acquaintance to another, imploring society, even as a starving beggar entreats for food. During the course of this summer, it was expected that the mastership of the free-school at Nottingham would shortly become vacant. A relation of his family was at that time mayor of the town; he suggested to them what an advantageous situation it would be for Henry, and offered to secure for him the necessary interest. But though the salary and emoluments are estimated at from 4 to 600*l.* per annum, Henry declined the offer; because, had he accepted it,

it would have frustrated his intentions with respect to the ministry. This was certainly no common act of forbearance in one so situated as to fortune, especially as the hope which he had most at heart, was that of being enabled to assist his family, and in some degree requite the care and anxiety of his father and mother, by making them comfortable in their declining years.

The indulgence shown him by his college, in providing him a tutor during the long vacation, was peculiarly unfortunate. His only chance of life was from relaxation, and home was the only place where he would have relaxed to any purpose. Before this time he had seemed to be gaining strength; it failed as the year advanced: he went once more to London to recruit himself,—the worst place to which he could have gone: the variety of stimulating objects there hurried and agitated him; and when he returned to college, he was so completely ill, that no power of medicine could save him. His mind was worn out; and it was the opinion of his medical attendants, that if he had recovered, his intellect would have been affected. His brother Neville was just at this time to have visited him. On his first seizure, Henry found himself too ill to receive him, and wrote to say so: he added, with that anxious tenderness towards the feelings of a most affectionate family, which always appeared in his letters, that he thought himself recovering; but his disorder increased so rapidly, that this letter was never sent; it was found in his pocket after his decease. One of his friends wrote to acquaint Neville with his danger: he hastened down; but Henry was delirious when he arrived. He knew him only for a few moments; the next day, sunk into a state of stupor; and on Sunday, October 19th, 1806, it pleased God to remove him to a better world, and a higher state of existence.

* * * *

The will which I had manifested to serve Henry, he had accepted as the deed, and had expressed himself upon the subject in terms which it would have humbled me to read, at any other time than when I was performing the last service to his memory. On his decease, Mr. B. Maddock addressed a letter to me, informing me of the event, as one who had professed an interest in his friend's fortunes. I inquired, in my reply, if there was any intention of publishing what he might have left, and if I could be of any assistance in the publication: this led to a correspondence with his excellent brother, and the whole of his papers were consigned into my hands, with as many of his letters as could be collected.

These papers (exclusive of the correspondence) filled a box of considerable size. Mr. Coleridge was present when I opened them, and was, as well as myself, equally affected and astonished at the proofs of industry which they displayed. Some of them had been written before his hand was formed, probably before he was thirteen. There were papers upon law, upon electricity, upon chemistry, upon the Latin and Greek Languages, from their rudiments to the higher branches of critical study, upon history, chronology, divinity, the fathers, etc. Nothing seemed to have escaped him. His poems were numerous: among the earliest was a sonnet addressed to myself, long before the little intercourse which had subsisted between us had taken place. Little did he think, when it was written, on what occasion it would fall into my hands. He had begun three tragedies when very young; one was upon Boadicea, another upon Inez de Castro; the third was a fictitious subject. He had planned also a history of Nottingham. There was a letter upon the famous Nottingham election, which seemed to have been intended either for the newspapers, or for a separate pamphlet. It was written to confute the absurd stories of the Tree of Liberty and the Goddess of Reason; with the most minute knowledge of the circumstances, and a not improper feeling of indignation against so infamous a calumny: and this came with more weight from him, as his party inclinations seemed to have leaned towards the side which he was opposing. This was his only finished composition in prose. Much of his time, latterly, had been devoted to the study of Greek prosody: he had begun several poems in Greek, and a translation of the Samson Agonistes. I have inspected all the existing manuscripts of Chatterton, and they excited less wonder than these.

Had my knowledge of Henry terminated here, I should have hardly believed that my admiration and regret for him could have been increased; but I had yet to learn that his moral qualities, his good sense, and his whole feelings, were as admirable as his industry and genius. All his letters to his family have been communicated to me without reserve, and most of those to his friends. They make him his own biographer, and lay open as pure and as excellent a heart as it ever pleased the Almighty to warm into life.

It is not possible to conceive a human being more amiable in all the relations of life. He was the confidential friend and adviser of every member of his family: this he instinctively became; and the thorough good sense of his advice is not less remarkable, than the affection with which it is always communicated. To his mother he is as earnest in beseeching her to be careful of her health, as he is in laboring to convince her that

his own complaints were abating: his letters to her are always of hopes, of consolation, and of peace. To Neville he writes with the most brotherly intimacy, still, however, in that occasional tone of advice which it was his nature to assume, not from any arrogance of superiority, but from earnestness of pure affection. To his younger brother he addresses himself like the tenderest and wisest parent; and to two sisters, then too young for any other communication, he writes to direct their studies, to inquire into their progress, to encourage and to improve them. Such letters as these are not for the public; but they to whom they are addressed will lay them to their hearts like relics, and will find in them a saving virtue, more than ever relics possessed.

With regard to his poems, the criterion for selection was not so plain; undoubtedly many have been chosen which he himself would not have published; and some few which, had he lived to have taken that rank among English poets which would assuredly have been within his reach, I also should then have rejected among his posthumous papers. I have, however, to the best of my judgment, selected none which does not either mark the state of his mind, or its progress, or discover evident proofs of what he would have been, if it had not been the will of Heaven to remove him so soon. The reader, who feels any admiration for Henry, will take some interest in all these Remains, because they are his: he who shall feel none must have a blind heart, and therefore a blind understanding. Such poems are to be considered as making up his history. But the greater number are of such beauty, that Chatterton is the only youthful poet whom he does not leave far behind him.

While he was under Mr. Grainger he wrote very little; and when he went to Cambridge he was advised to stifle his poetical fire, for severer and more important studies; to lay a billet on the embers until he had taken his degree, and then he might fan it into a flame again. This advice he followed so scrupulously, that a few fragments, written chiefly upon the back of his mathematical papers, are all which he produced at the University. The greater part, therefore, of these poems, indeed nearly the whole of them, were written before he was nineteen. Wise as the advice may have been which had been given him, it is now to be regretted that he adhered to it, his latter fragments bearing all those marks of improvement which were to be expected from a mind so rapidly and continually progressive. Frequently he expresses a fear that early death would rob him of his fame; yet, short as his life was, it has been long enough for him to leave works worthy of remembrance. The very circumstance of his early death gives a new interest to his memory, and thereby new force to his example. Just at that age when the painter would have wished to fix his likeness, and the lover of poetry would delight to contemplate him,—in the fair morning of his virtues, the full spring-blossom of his hopes,—just at that age hath death set the seal of eternity upon him, and the beautiful hath been made permanent. To the young poets who come after him, Henry will be what Chatterton was to him; and they will find in him an example of hopes with regard to worldly fortune, as humble, and as exalted in all better things, as are enjoined equally by wisdom and religion, by the experience of man, and the word of God: and this example will be as encouraging as it is excellent. It has been too much the custom to complain that genius is neglected, and to blame the public when the public is not in fault. They who are thus lamented as the victims of genius, have been, in almost every instance, the victims of their own vices; while genius has been made, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins, and to excuse that which in reality it aggravates. In this age, and in this country, whoever deserves encouragement is, sooner or later, sure to receive it. Of this Henry's history is an honorable proof. The particular patronage which he accepted was given as much to his piety and religious opinions as to his genius: but assistance was offered him from other quarters. Mr. P. Thomson (of Boston, Lincolnshire), merely upon perusing his little volume, wrote to know how he could serve him; and there were many friends of literature who were ready to have afforded him any support which he needed, if he had not been thus provided. In the University he received every encouragement which he merited; and from Mr. Simeon, and his tutor, Mr. Catton, the most fatherly kindness.

"I can venture," says a lady of Cambridge, in a letter to his brother,—"I can venture to say, with certainty, there was no member of the University, however high his rank or talents, who would not have been happy to have availed themselves of the opportunity of being acquainted with Mr. Henry Kirke White. I mention this to introduce a wish which has been expressed to me so often by the senior members of the University, that I dare not decline the task they have imposed upon me; it is their hope that Mr. Southey will do as much justice to Mr. Henry White's limited wishes, to his unassuming pretensions, and to his rational and fervent piety, as to his various acquirements, his polished taste, his poetical fancy, his undeviating principles, and the excellence of his moral character: and that he will suffer it to be understood, that these inestimable qualities

had not been unobserved, nor would they have remained unacknowledged. It was the general observation, that he possessed genius without its eccentricities." Of fervent piety, indeed, his letters, his prayers, and his hymns, will afford ample and interesting proofs. It was in him a living and quickening principle of goodness, which sanctified all his hopes and all his affections; which made him keep watch over his own heart, and enabled him to correct the few symptoms, which it ever displayed, of human imperfection.

His temper had been irritable in his younger days; but this he had long since effectually overcome: the marks of youthful confidence, which appear in his earliest letters, had also disappeared; and it was impossible for any man to be more tenderly patient of the faults of others, more uniformly meek, or more unaffectedly humble. He seldom discovered any sportiveness of imagination, though he would very ably and pleasantly rally any one of his friends for any little peculiarity; his conversation was always sober and to the purpose. That which is most remarkable in him, is his uniform *good sense*, a faculty perhaps less common than genius. There never existed a more dutiful son, a more affectionate brother, a warmer friend, nor a devouter Christian. Of his powers of mind it is superfluous to speak; they were acknowledged wherever they were known. It would be idle, too, to say what hopes were entertained of him, and what he might have accomplished in literature. This volume contains what he has left, immature buds and blossoms shaken from the tree, and green fruit; yet will they evince what the harvest would have been, and secure for him that remembrance upon earth for which he toiled.

> Thou soul of God's best earthly mould,
> Thou happy soul! and can it be
> That these——————
> Are all that must remain of thee!
>
> WORDSWORTH.

Keswick, 1807

PREFACE

To a supplementary Volume, the contents of which are included in the present edition.

FEW books have issued from the press, during the last fifteen years, which have excited such general and unabating interest as the Remains of Henry Kirke White. I hoped, and indeed expected, this with some confidence; in reliance upon something better than the taste or judgment of that many-headed idol, the Public. I trusted, that the genius of the writer, and the purity and beauty of his character, would call forth admiration in young and generous hearts; while a large portion of the community would duly appreciate his good sense, his prudence, and his piety. And in this I was not deceived: youth and age, the learned and the unlearned, the proud intellect and the humble heart, have derived from these melancholy relics a pleasure, equal perhaps in degree, though different in kind.

In consequence of this general acceptation, the relatives of the Author were often advised and solicited to publish a farther selection, and applications to the same effect were sometimes addressed to me. The wishes, thus privately expressed, for a farther selection, having been seconded by the publishers, the present volume has been formed.

With regard to the poetry, having in the first instance exercised my own judgment, I did not now think myself justified in rejecting what others recommended for insertion.[1] The poems had been

[1] At page 12 will be found the two first stanzas of the following piece, which, having been discovered in MS. since the appearance of the earlier editions of these Poems, is here given as completed by the author:

TO THE WIND AT MIDNIGHT.

Nor unfamiliar to mine ear,
Blasts of the night! ye howl, as now
My shudd'ring casement round
With fitful force ye beat.

Mine ear hath caught in silent awe
The bowling sweep, the sudden rush;
And when the pausing gale
Pour'd deep the hollow dirge.

Once more I listen; sadly communing
Within me,—once more mark, storm-clothed,
The moon as the dark cloud
Glides rapidly away.

I, deeming that the voice of spirits dwells
In these mysterious moans, in solemn thought
Muse in the choral dance,
The dead man's Jubilee.

Hark! how the spirit knocks,—how loud—
Even at my window knocks,—again:—
I cannot—dare not sleep,—
It is a boisterous night.

I would not, at this moment, be
In the drear forest-groves, to hear
This uproar and rude song
Ring o'er the arched aisles.

The ear doth shudder at such sounds
As the embodied winds, in their disport,
Wake in the hollow woods,
When man is gone to sleep.

There have been heard unchristian shrieks,
And rude distemper'd merriment,
As though the autumnal woods
Were all in morrice-dance.

There's mystery in these sounds, and I
Love not to have the grave disturb'd;

seen by many friends of the family, and as in this case no possible injury could be done to the reputation of the dead, I willingly deferred to their wishes and feelings. That which has pleased one person may be expected to please others, and the productions of an immature mind will be read by other minds in the same stage, with which they will be in unison. The lover of poetry, as well as the artist and the antiquary, may be allowed to have his relics. Even in the relic-worship of the Romish superstition, what we condemn, is not the natural and becoming sentiment, but the abuse which has been made of it, and the follies and villanies which have been committed in consequence.

It is a mournful thing to consider how much the world has lost in a mind so highly gifted, and regulated by such principles. The country is overflowing with talents: and more talents, directed as they are more frequently to evil than to good, are to be regretted when they are cut off, only in compassion for those who must answer for their misapplication: but one who had chosen his part well, and would have stood forward, armed at all points, among the conservative spirits of the age, can ill be spared. Yet he has not lived in vain, either for himself or others. Perhaps no after-works which he might have left on earth, however elaborate, could have been so influential as his youthful example. For many are the young and ardent minds who have received, and many, many more are they who will receive from him a right bias in the beginning of their course. Many are the youthful poets who will recognise their own feelings concerning *Henry Kirke White*, in this sweet Sonnet:

Though as the dew of morning, short thy date,
Though Sorrow look'd on thee, and said—"Be mine!"
Yet with a holy ardor, bard divine,
I burn—I burn to share thy glorious fate,
Above whate'er of honors or estate,
This transient world can give! I would resign,
With rapture, Fortune's choicest gifts for thine,—
More truly noble, more sublimely great!
For thou hast gain'd the prize of well-tried worth,
That prize which from thee never can be riven;
Thine, Henry, is a deathless name on earth,
Thine amaranthine wreaths, new-pluck'd in heaven!
By what aspiring child of mortal birth
Could more be ask'd, to whom might more be given?

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSEND.

And dismal trains arise
From the unpeopled tombs.

Spirits, I pray ye, let them sleep
Peaceful in their cold graves, nor waft
The sear and whispering leaf
From the inhumed breast.

A tablet to Henry's memory, with a medallion by Chantrey, has been placed in All-Saints Church, Cambridge, at the expense of a young American gentleman, Mr. Francis Boott, of Boston. During his travels in this country, he visited the grave of one whom he had learnt to love and regret in America; and finding no other memorial of him than the initials of his name upon the plain stone which covers his perishable remains, ordered this monument to be erected. It bears an inscription[1] by Professor Smyth, who, while Henry was living, treated him with characteristic kindness, and has consigned to posterity this durable expression of his friendship.

Keswick, 1822.

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1 *Lines by Professor Smyth of Cambridge, on a monument, erected by Francis Boott, Esq. an American Gentleman, in All-Saints Church, Cambridge, to the Memory of* HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Warm with fond hope, and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers, the youthful poet came;
Unconquer'd powers th' immortal mind display'd:
But worn with anxious thought, the frame decay'd:
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
The martyr student faded and expired.
Oh! genius, taste, and piety sincere,
Too early lost, 'midst studies too severe!
Foremost to mourn, was gen'rous Southey seen,
He told the tale, and show'd what White had been,
Nor told in vain—Far o'er th' Atlantic wave
A wanderer came, and sought the poet's grave;
On yon low stone, he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

Lines and Note by Lord Byron.

Unhappy White! (*a*) while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroy'd her favorite son!
Yes! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sow'd the seeds, but Death has reap'd the fruit.
'T was thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

(*a*) Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents, which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Poems,

WRITTEN BEFORE THE PUBLICATION OF CLIFTON GROVE.

CHILDHOOD.

This is one of the author's earliest productions, and appears, by the handwriting, to have been written when he was between fourteen and fifteen. The picture of the school-mistress is from nature.

PART I.

PICTURED in memory's mellowing glass, how sweet
Our infant days, our infant joys, to greet!
To roam in fancy in each cherish'd scene,
The village church-yard and the village-green,
The woodland walk remote, the green-wood glade,
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's shade,
The white-wash'd cottage, where the woodbine grew,
And all the favorite haunts our childhood knew!
How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,
To view th' unclouded skies of former days!

Beloved age of innocence and smiles,
When each wing'd hour some new delight beguiles;
When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true,
Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue.
Blest Childhood, hail!—Thee simply will I sing,
And from myself the artless picture bring;
These long-lost scenes to me the past restore,
Each humble friend, each *pleasure* now no more,
And every stump familiar to my sight
Recalls some fond idea of delight.

This shrubby knoll was once my favorite seat;
Here did I love at evening to retreat,
And muse alone, till in the vault of night,
Hesper, aspiring, show'd his golden light.
Here once again, remote from human noise,
I sit me down to think of former joys;
Pause on each scene, each treasured scene, once more,
And once again each infant walk explore:
While as each grove and lawn I recognize,
My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

And oh! thou Power, whose myriad trains resort
To distant scenes, and picture them to thought;
Whose mirror, held unto the mourner's eye,
Flings to his soul a borrow'd gleam of joy;
Blest Memory! guide, with finger nicely true,
Back to my youth my retrospective view;
Recall with faithful vigor to my mind,
Each face familiar, each relation kind;
And all the finer traits of them afford,
Whose general outline in my heart is stored.

In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls,
In many a fold the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school,
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule;
Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien;
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean;
Her neatly border'd cap, as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pinn'd with decent care;
And pendant ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
A pair of spectacles their want supplies:
These does she guard secure in leathern case,
From thoughtless wights, in some unweeted place.

Here first I enter'd, though with toil and pain,
The low vestibule of learning's fane;
Enter'd with pain, yet soon I found the way,
Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display.
Much did I grieve on that ill-fated morn,
While I was first to school reluctant borne:
Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried
To soothe my swelling spirits when I sigh'd;
And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept,
To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,
And thought of tender home where anger never kept.

But soon inured to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles!
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favorite rapidly I grew:
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talk'd of the honors of my future days.

Oh! had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought;

Could she have seen me when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears,
Then had she wept, and wish'd my wayward fate
Had been a lowlier, and unletter'd state;
Wish'd that, remote from worldly woes and strife,
Unknown, unheard, I might have pass'd through life.

Where, in the busy scene, by peace unblest,
Shall the poor wanderer find a place of rest?
A lonely mariner on the stormy main,
Without a hope the calms of peace to gain;
Long toss'd by tempest o'er the world's wide shore,
When shall his spirit rest to toil no more?
Not till the light foam of the sea shall lave
The sandy surface of his unwept grave.
Childhood, to thee I turn, from life's alarms,
Serenest season of perpetual calms,—
Turn with delight, and bid the passions cease,
And joy to think with thee I tasted peace.
Sweet reign of innocence where no crime defiles,
But each new object brings attendant smiles;
When future evils never haunt the sight,
But all is pregnant with unmixt delight;
To thee I turn from riot and from noise,
Turn to partake of more congenial joys.

'Neath yonder elm, that stands upon the moor,
When the clock spoke the hour of labor o'er,
What clamorous throngs, what happy groups were seen,
In various postures scatt'ring o'er the green!
Some shoot the marble, others join the chase
Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race;
While others, seated on the dappled grass,
With doleful tales the light-wing'd minutes pass.
Well I remember how, with gesture starch'd,
A band of soldiers, oft with pride we march'd;
For banners, to a tall sash we did bind
Our handkerchiefs, flapping to the whistling wind;
And for our warlike arms we sought the mead,
And guns and spears we made of brittle reed;
Then, in uncouth array, our feats to crown,
We storm'd some ruin'd pig-sty for a town.

Pleased with our gay disports, the dame was wont
To set her wheel before the cottage front,
And o'er her spectacles would often peer,
To view our gambols and our boyish gear.
Still as she look'd, her wheel kept turning round,
With its beloved monotony of sound.
When tired of play we'd set us by her side
(For out of school she never knew to chide)—
And wonder at her skill—well known to fame—
For who could match in spinning with the dame?
Her sheets, her linen, which she show'd with pride
To strangers, still her thriftness testified;
Though we, poor wights! did wonder much in troth,
How 't was her spinning manufactured cloth.

Oft would we leave, though well beloved, our play,
To chat at home the vacant hour away.
Many's the time I've scamper'd down the glade,
To ask the promised ditty from the maid,
Which well she loved, as well she knew to sing,
While we around her form'd a little ring:
She told of innocence foredoom'd to bleed,
Of wicked guardians bent on bloody deed,
Of little children murder'd as they slept;
While at each pause we wrung our hands and wept.
Sad was such tale, and wonder much did we
Such hearts of stone there in the world could be
Poor simple wights! ah, little did we ween
The ills that wait on man in life's sad scene!
Ah, little thought that we ourselves should know
This world's a world of weeping and of woe!

Beloved moment! then 't was first I caught
The first foundation of romantic thought;
Then first I shed bold Fancy's thrilling tear,
Then first that poesy charm'd mine infant ear.
Soon stored with much of legendary lore,
The sports of Childhood charm'd my soul no more.
Far from the scene of gaiety and noise,
Far, far from turbulent and empty joys,
I hied me to the thick o'er-arching shade,
And there, on mossy carpet, listless laid,
While at my feet the rippling runnel ran,
The days of wild romance antique I'd scan;
Soar on the wings of fancy through the air,
To realms of light, and pierce the radiance there

* * * * *

PART II.

There are, who think that Childhood does not share
With age, the cup, the bitter cup of care:
Alas! they know not this unhappy truth,
That every age, and rank, is born to ruth.

From the first dawn of reason in the mind,
Man is foredoom'd the thorns of grief to find;
At every step has further cause to know
The draught of pleasure still is dash'd with woe.

Yet in the youthful breast, for ever caught
With some new object for romantic thought,
The impression of the moment quickly flies,
And with the morrow every sorrow dies.

How different manhood!—then does Thought's control
Sink every pang still deeper in the soul;
Then keen Affliction's sad unceasing smart
Becomes a painful resident in the heart;
And Care, whom not the gayest can out-brave,
Pursues its feeble victim to the grave.
Then, as each long-known friend is summon'd hence
We feel a void no joy can recompense,
And as we weep o'er every new-made tomb,
Wish that ourselves the next may meet our doom

Yes, Childhood, thee no rankling woes pursue,
No forms of future ill salute thy view,
No pangs repentant bid thee wake to weep,
But halcyon peace protects thy downy sleep;
And sanguine Hope, through every storm of life,
Shoots her bright beams, and calms the internal strife
Yet e'en round Childhood's heart, a thoughtless shrine,
Affection's little thread will ever twine;
And though but frail may seem each tender tie,
The soul foregoes them but with many a sigh.
Thus, when the long-expected moment came,
When forced to leave the gentle-hearted dame,
Reluctant throbbings rose within my breast,
And a still tear my silent grief express'd.

When to the public school compell'd to go,
What novel scenes did on my senses flow!

There in each breast each active power dilates!
Which broils whole nations, and convulses states:
There reigns, by turns alternate, love and hate,
Ambition burns, and factious rebels prate;
And in a smaller range, a smaller sphere,
The dark deformities of man appear.
Yet there the gentler virtues kindred claim,
There Friendship lights her pure untainted flame,
There mild Benevolence delights to dwell.
And sweet Contentment rests without her cell;
And there, 'mid many a stormy soul, we find
The good of heart, the intelligent of mind.

'T was there, Oh, George! with thee I learn'd to join
In Friendship's bands—in amity divine.
Oh, mournful thought!—Where is thy spirit now?
As here I sit on fav'rite Logar's brow,
And trace below each well-remember'd glade.
Where, arm in arm, erewhile with thee I stray'd.
Where art thou laid—on what untrodden shore,
Where nought is heard save Ocean's sullen roar?
Dost thou in lowly, unlamented state,
At last repose from all the storms of fate?
Methinks I see thee struggling with the wave,
Without one aiding hand stretch'd out to save;
See thee, convulsed, thy looks to heaven bend,
And send thy parting sigh unto thy friend;
Or where immeasurable wilds dismay,
Forlorn and sad thou bend'st thy weary way,
While sorrow and disease, with anguish rife,
Consume apace the ebbing springs of life.
Again I see his door against thee shut,
The unfeeling native turn thee from his hut:
I see thee spent with toil and worn with grief,
Sit on the grass, and wish the long'd relief;
Then lie thee down, the stormy struggle o'er,
Think on thy native land—and rise no more!

Oh! that thou couldst, from thine august abode,
Survey thy friend in life's dismaying road!
That thou couldst see him at this moment here,
Embalm thy memory with a pious tear,
And hover o'er him as he gazes round,
Where all the scenes of infant joys surround!

Yes! yes! his spirit's near!—The whispering breeze,
Conveys his voice sad sighing on the trees;
And lo! his form transparent I perceive,
Borne on the grey mist of the sullen eve:
He hovers near, clad in the night's dim robe,
While deathly silence reigns upon the globe.

Yet, ah! whence comes this visionary scene?
'T is Fancy's wild aërial dream, I ween;
By her inspired, when reason takes its flight,
What fond illusions beam upon the sight!
She waves her hand, and lo! what forms appear!
What magic sounds salute the wandering ear!
Once more o'er distant regions do we tread,
And the cold grave yields up its cherish'd dead;
While present sorrow's banish'd far away,
Unclouded azure gilds the placid day,
Or in the future's cloud-encircled face,
Fair scenes of bliss to come we fondly trace,
And draw minutely every little wile,
Which shall the feathery hours of time beguile.

So when forlorn, and lonesome at her gate,
The Royal Mary solitary sate,
And view'd the moonbeam trembling on the wave,
And heard the hollow surge her prison lave,
Towards France's distant coast she bent her sight,
For there her soul had wing'd its longing flight;
There did she form full many a scheme of joy,
Visions of bliss unclouded with alloy,
Which bright through Hope's deceitful optics beam'd,
And all became the surety which it seem'd;
She wept, yet felt, while all within was calm,
In every tear a melancholy charm.

To yonder hill, whose sides, deform'd and steep,
Just yield a scanty sust'nance to the sheep,
With thee, my friend, I oftentimes have sped,
To see the sun rise from his healthy bed;
To watch the aspect of the summer morn,
Smiling upon the golden fields of corn,
And taste delighted of superior joys,
Beheld through Sympathy's enchanted eyes:
With silent admiration oft we view'd
The myriad hues o'er heaven's blue concave strew'd;
The fleecy clouds, of every tint and shade,
Round which the silvery sunbeam glancing play'd,
And the round orb itself, in azure throne,
Just peeping o'er the blue hill's ridgy zone;
We mark'd delighted, how with aspect gay,
Reviving Nature hail'd returning day;
Mark'd how the flowerets rear'd their drooping heads
And the wild lambkins bounded o'er the meads,
While from each tree, in tones of sweet delight,
The birds sung pæans to the source of light:
Oft have we watch'd the speckled lark arise,
Leave his grass bed, and soar to kindred skies,
And rise, and rise, till the pain'd sight no more
Could trace him in his high aërial tour;
Though on the ear, at intervals, his song
Came wafted slow the wavy breeze along;
And we have thought how happy were our lot,
Bless'd with some sweet, some solitary cot,
Where, from the peep of day, till russet eve
Began in every dell her forms to weave,
We might pursue our sports from day to day,
And in each other's arms wear life away.

At sultry noon too, when our toils were done,
We to the gloomy glen were wont to run:
There on the turf we lay, while at our feet
The cooling rivulet rippled softly sweet:
And mused on holy theme, and ancient lore,
Of deeds, and days, and heroes now no more;
Heard, as his solemn harp Isaiah swept,
Sung woe unto the wicked land—and wept:
Or, fancy-led—saw Jeremiah mourn
In solemn sorrow o'er Judea's urn.
Then to another shore perhaps would rove,
With Plato talk in his Illyssian grove;
Or, wandering where the Thespian palace rose,
Weep once again o'er fair Jocasta's woes.

Sweet then to us was that romantic band,
The ancient legends of our native land—
Chivalric Britomart and Una fair,
And courteous Constance, doom'd to dark despair,
By turns our thoughts engaged; and oft we talk'd
Of times when monarch superstition stalk'd,

And when the blood-fraught galliots of Rome
Brought the grand Druid fabric to its doom:
While, where the wood-hung Meinai's waters flow,
The hoary harpers pour'd the strain of woe.

While thus employ'd, to us how sad the bell
Which summon'd us to school! 'T was Fancy's knell,
And, sadly sounding on the sullen ear,
It spoke of study pale, and chilling fear.
Yet even then, (for Oh! what chains can bind,
What powers control, the energies of mind?)
E'en then we soar'd to many a height sublime,
And many a day-dream charm'd the lazy time.

At evening too, how pleasing was our walk,
Endear'd by Friendship's unrestrained talk!
When to the upland heights we bent our way,
To view the last beam of departing day;
How calm was all around! no playful breeze
Sigh'd 'mid the wavy foliage of the trees,
But all was still, save when, with drowsy song,
The grey-fly wound his sullen horn along;
And save when, heard in soft, yet merry glee,
The distant church-bells' mellow harmony;
The silver mirror of the lucid brook,
That 'mid the tufted broom its still course took;
The rugged arch that clasp'd its silent tides,
With moss and rank weeds hanging down its sides:
The craggy rock, that jutted on the sight;
The shrieking bat, that took its heavy flight;
All, all was pregnant with divine delight.
We loved to watch the swallow swimming high,
In the bright azure of the vaulted sky;
Or gaze upon the clouds, whose color'd pride
Was scatter'd thinly o'er the welkin wide,
And, tinged with such variety of shade,
To the charm'd soul sublimest thoughts convey'd.
In these what forms romantic did we trace,
While Fancy led us o'er the realms of space!

Now we espied the Thunderer in his car,
Leading the embattled seraphim to war,
Then stately towers descried, sublimely high,
In Gothic grandeur frowning on the sky—
Or saw, wide-stretching o'er the azure height,
A ridge of glaciers in mural white,
Hugely terrific.—But those times are o'er,
And the fond scene can charm mine eyes no more;
For thou art gone, and I am left below,
Alone to struggle through this world of woe.

The scene is o'er—still seasons onward roll,
And each revolve conducts me towards the goal;
Yet all is blank, without one soft relief,
One endless continuity of grief,
And the tired soul, now led to thoughts sublime,
Looks but for rest beyond the bounds of time.

Toil on, toil on, ye busy crowds! that pant
For hoards of wealth which ye will never want:
And, lost to all but gain, with ease resign
The calms of peace and happiness divine!
Far other cares be mine,—Men little crave
In this short journey to the silent grave;
And the poor peasant, bless'd with peace and health,
I envy more than Crœsus with his wealth.

Yet grieve not I, that Fate did not decree
Paternal acres to await on me:
She gave me more; she placed within my breast
A heart with little pleased—with little blest!
I look around me, where, on every side,
Extensive manors spread in wealthy pride;
And could my sight be borne to either zone,
I should not find one foot of land my own.

But whither do I wander? shall the Muse,
For golden baits, her simple theme refuse?
Oh, no! but while the weary spirit greets
The fading scenes of childhood's far-gone sweets,
It catches all the infant's wandering tongue,
And prattles on in desultory song.
That song must close—the gloomy mists of night
Obscure the pale stars' visionary light,
And ebon darkness, clad in vapory wet,
Steals on the welkin in primeval jet.

The song must close.—Once more my adverse lot
Leads me reluctant from this cherish'd spot;
Again compels to plunge in busy life,
And brave the hateful turbulence of strife.

Scenes of my youth! ere my unwilling feet
Are turn'd for ever from this loved retreat,
Ere on these fields, with plenty cover'd o'er,
My eyes are closed to ope on them no more,
Let me ejaculate, to feeling due,
One long, one last affectionate adieu.
Grant that, if ever Providence should please
To give me an old age of peace and ease,
Grant that, in these sequester'd shades, my days
May wear away in gradual decays;
And oh! ye spirits, who unbodied play,
Unseen, upon the pinions of the day,
Kind genii of my native fields benign,
Who were * * * *

THE FAIR MAID OF CLIFTON.

A NEW BALLAD IN THE OLD STYLE.

The night it was dark, and the winds were high,
 And mournfully waved the wood,
As Bateman met his Margaret
 By Trent's majestic flood.

He press'd the maiden to his breast,
 And his heart it was rack'd with fear,
For he knew, that again, 't was a deadly chance
 If ever he press'd her there.

"Oh! Margaret, wilt thou bear me true,"
 He said, "while I am far away,
For to-morrow I go to a foreign land,
 And there I have long to stay."

And the maid she vow'd she would bear him true,
 And thereto she plighted her troth;
And she pray'd the fiend might fetch her away,
 When she forgot her oath.

And the night-owl scream'd, as again she swore,
 And the grove it did mournfully moan,
And Bateman's heart within him sunk,
 He thought 't was his dying groan.

And shortly he went with Clifton, his Lord,
To abide in a foreign land;
And Margaret she forgot her oath,
And she gave to another her hand.

Her husband was rich, but old, and crabb'd,
And oft the false one sigh'd,
And wish'd that ere she broke her vow,
She had broken her heart, and died.

And now return'd, her Bateman came
To demand his betrothed bride;
But soon he learn'd that she had sought
A wealthier lover's side.

And when he heard the dreadful news,
No sound he utter'd more,
But his stiffen'd corse, ere the morn, was seen
Hung at his false one's door.

And Margaret, all night, in her bed,
She dreamed hideous dreams;
And oft upon the moaning wind
Were heard her frightful screams.

And when she knew of her lover's death,
On her brow stood the clammy dew,
She thought of her oath, and she thought of her fate,
And she saw that her days were few.

But the Lord he is just, and the guilty alone
Have to fear of his vengeance the lash,
The thunderbolt harms not the innocent head,
While the criminal dies 'neath the flash.

His justice, she knew, would spare her awhile
For the child that she bare in her womb;
But she felt, that when it was born therefrom
She must instantly go to her tomb.

The hour approach'd, and she view'd it with fear
As the date of her earthly time;
And she tried to pray to Almighty God,
To expiate her crime.

And she begg'd her relations would come at the day,
And the parson would pray at her side;
And the clerk would sing a penitent hymn,
With all the singers beside.

And she begg'd they would bar the windows so strong,
And put a new lock to the door;
And sprinkle with holy water the house,
And over her chamber-floor.

And they barr'd with iron the windows so strong,
And they put a new lock on the door;
And the parson he came, and he carefully strew'd
With holy water the floor.

And her kindred came to see the dame,
And the clerk, and the singers beside;
And they did sing a penitent hymn,
And with her did abide.

And midnight came, and shortly the dame
Did give to her child the light;
And then she did pray, that they would stay,
And pass with her the night.

And she begg'd they would sing the penitent hymn,
And pray with all their might;
For sadly I fear, the fiend will be here,
And fetch me away this night.

And now without, a stormy rout,
With howls, the guests did hear;
And the parson he pray'd, for he was afraid,
And the singers they quaver'd with fear.

And Marg'ret pray'd the Almighty's aid,
For louder the tempest grew;
And every guest, his soul he bless'd,
As the tapers burned blue.

And the fair again, she pray'd of the men
To sing with all their might;
And they did sing, till the house did ring,
And louder they sung for affright.

But now their song, it died on their tongue,
For sleep it was seizing their sense;
And Marg'ret scream'd, and bid them not sleep,
Or the fiends would bear her thence.

* * * * *

SONG.

THE ROBIN RED-BREAST. A VERY EARLY COMPOSITION.

When the winter wind whistles around my lone cot,
And my holiday friends have my mansion forgot,
Though a lonely poor being, still do not I pine,
While my poor Robin Red-breast forsakes not my shrine.

He comes with the morning, he hops on my arm,
For he knows 't is too gentle to do him a harm:
And in gratitude ever beguiles with a lay
The soul-sick'ning thoughts of a bleak winter's day.

What, though he may leave me, when spring again smiles,
To waste the sweet summer in love's little wiles,
Yet will he remember his fosterer long,
And greet her each morning with one little song.

And when the rude blast shall again strip the trees,
And plenty no longer shall fly on the breeze,
Oh! then he 'll return to his Helena kind,
And repose in her breast from the rude northern wind.

My sweet little Robin 's no holiday guest,
He 'll never forget his poor Helena's breast;
But will strive to repay, by his generous song,
Her love, and her cares, in the winter day long.

WINTER SONG.

Rouse the blazing midnight fire,
Heap the crackling fagots higher;
Stern December reigns without,
With old Winter's blust'ring rout.

Let the jocund timbrels sound,
Push the jolly goblet round;
Care avaunt, with all thy crew,
Goblins dire, and devils blue.

Hark! without the tempest growls:
And the affrighted watch-dog howls;
Witches on their broomsticks sail,
Death upon the whistling gale.

Heap the crackling fagots higher,
Draw your easy chairs still nigher;
And to guard from wizards hoar,
Nail the horse-shoe on the door.

Now repeat the freezing story,
Of the murder'd traveller gory,
Found beneath the yew-tree sear,
Cut, his throat, from ear to ear.

Tell, too, how his ghost, all bloody,
Frighten'd once a neighb'ring goody;
And how, still at twelve he stalks,
Groaning o'er the wild-wood walks.

Then, when fear usurps her sway,
Let us creep to bed away;
Each for ghosts, but little bolder,
Fearfully peeping o'er his shoulder.

SONG.

Sweet Jessy! I would fain caress
That lovely cheek divine;
Sweet Jessy, I 'd give worlds to press
That rising breast to mine.

Sweet Jessy! I with passion burn
Thy soft blue eyes to see;
Sweet Jessy, I would die to turn
Those melting eyes on me.

Yet, Jessy, lovely as * * *
Thy form and face appear,
I 'd perish ere I would consent
To buy them with a tear.
* * * * *

SONG.

Oh, that I were the fragrant flower that kisses
My Arabella's breast that heaves on high;
Pleased should I be to taste the transient blisses,
And on the melting throne to faint, and die.

Oh, that I were the robe that loosely covers
Her taper limbs, and Grecian form divine;
Or the entwisted zones, like meeting lovers,
That clasp her waist in many an aëry twine.

Oh, that my soul might take its lasting station
In her waved hair, her perfumed breath to sip;
Or catch, by chance, her blue eyes' fascination!
Or meet, by stealth, her soft vermilion lip.

But chain'd to this dull being, I must ever
Lament the doom by which I 'm hither placed;
Must pant for moments I must meet with never,
And dream of beauties I must never taste.

FRAGMENT OF AN ECCENTRIC DRAMA

WRITTEN AT A VERY EARLY AGE.

In a little volume which the author had copied out, apparently for the press, before the publication of Clifton Grove, the Song with which this fragment commences was inserted, under the title of "The Dance of the Consumptives, in imitation of Shakspeare, taken from an eccentric Drama, written by H. K. W. when very young." The rest was discovered among his loose papers, in the first rude draught, having, to all appearance, never been transcribed. The song was extracted when he was sixteen, and must have been written at least a year before, probably more, by the handwriting. There is something strikingly wild and original in the fragment.

THE DANCE OF THE CONSUMPTIVES.

Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Merry, merry, go the bells,
Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Over the heath, over the moor, and over the dale,
"Swinging slow with sullen roar."
Dance, dance away the jocund roundelay!
Ding-dong, ding-dong, calls us away.

Round the oak, and round the elm,
Merrily foot it o'er the ground!
The sentry ghost it stands aloof,
So merrily, merrily foot it round.
Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Merry, merry, go the bells,
Swelling in the nightly gale,
The sentry ghost,
It keeps its post,
And soon, and soon, our sports must fail:
But let us trip the nightly ground,
While the merry, merry bells ring round.

Hark! hark! the death-watch ticks;
See, see, the winding-sheet!
Our dance is done,
Our race is run,
And we must lie at the alder's feet!
Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Merry, merry, go the bells,
Swinging o'er the weltering wave!
And we must seek
Our death-beds bleak,
Where the green sod grows upon the grave.

They vanish.—The GODDESS OF CONSUMPTION *descends, habited in a sky-blue robe, attended by mournful Music.*

Come, Melancholy, sister mine!
Cold the dews, and chill the night!
Come from thy dreary shrine!
The wan moon climbs the heavenly height,
And underneath the sickly ray,
Troops of squalid spectres play,
And the dying mortals' groan
Startles the Night on her dusky throne
Come, come, sister mine!
Gliding on the pale moonshine:
We 'll ride at ease,
On the tainted breeze,
And oh! our sport will be divine.

The GODDESS OF MELANCHOLY *advances out of a deep Glen, in the rear, habited in black, and covered with a thick Veil.—She speaks.*

Sister, from my dark abode,
Where nests the raven, sits the toad,
Hither I come at thy command:
Sister, sister, join thy hand!
Sister, sister, join thy hand!
I will smooth the way for thee,
Thou shalt furnish food for me.
Come, let us speed our way
Where the troops of spectres play.
To charnel-houses, church-yards drear,
Where Death sits with a horrible leer,
A lasting grin on a throne of bones,
And skim along the blue tomb-stones.
Come, let us speed away.
Lay our snares, and spread our tether!
I will smooth the way for thee,
Thou shalt furnish food for me:
And the grass shall wave
O'er many a grave,
Where youth and beauty sleep together.

CONSUMPTION.

Come, let us speed our way!
Join our hands, and spread our tether!
I will furnish food for thee,
Thou shalt smooth the way for me;
And the grass shall wave
O'er many a grave,
Where youth and beauty sleep together.

MELANCHOLY.

Hist! sister, hist! who comes here?
Oh! I know her by that tear,
By that blue eye's languid glare,
By her skin, and by her hair:
She is mine,
And she is thine,
Now the deadliest draught prepare.

CONSUMPTION.

In the dismal night-air drest,
I will creep into her breast!
Flush her cheek, and bleach her skin,
And feed on the vital fire within.
Lover, do not trust her eyes,—
When they sparkle most, she dies!
Mother, do not trust her breath,—
Comfort she will breathe in death!
Father, do not strive to save her,
She is mine, and I must have her!
The coffin must be her bridal-bed;
The winding-sheet must wrap her head:
The whispering winds must o'er her sigh,
For soon in the grave the maid must lie;
The worm it will riot
On heavenly diet,
When death has deflower'd her eye.
[*They vanish.*

While CONSUMPTION *speaks,* ANGELINA *enters*

ANGELINA.

With[1] what a silent and dejected pace
Dost thou, wan Moon! upon thy way advance
In the blue welkin's vault!—Pale wanderer!
Hast thou too felt the pangs of hopeless love,
That thus, with such a melancholy grace,
Thou dost pursue thy solitary course?
Has thy Endymion, smooth-faced boy, forsook
Thy widow'd breast!—on which the spoiler oft
Has nestled fondly, while the silver clouds
Fantastic pillow'd thee, and the dim night,
Obsequious to thy will, encurtain'd round
With its thick fringe thy couch?—Wan traveller,
How like thy fate to mine!—yet I have still
One heavenly hope remaining, which thou lack'st;
My woes will soon be buried in the grave
Of kind forgetfulness.—My journey here,
Though it be darksome, joyless and forlorn,
Is yet but short, and soon my weary feet
Will greet the peaceful inn of lasting rest.
But thou, unhappy Queen! art doom'd to trace
Thy lonely walk in the drear realms of night,
While many a lagging age shall sweep beneath
The leaden pinions of unshaken Time;
Though not a hope shall spread its glittering hue
To cheat thy steps along the weary way.

O that the sum of human happiness
Should be so trifling, and so frail withal,
That, when possess'd, it is but lessen'd grief!
And even then there's scarce a sudden gust
That blows across the dismal waste of life,
But bears it from the view.—O! who would shun
The hour that cuts from earth, and fear to press
The calm and peaceful pillows of the grave,
And yet endure the various ills of life,
And dark vicissitudes!—Soon, I hope, I feel,
And am assured, that I shall lay my head,
My weary aching head, on its last rest,
And on my lowly bed the grass-green sod
Will flourish sweetly.—And then they will weep
That one so young, and what they're pleased to call
So beautiful, should die so soon—and tell
How painful Disappointment's canker'd fang
Wither'd the rose upon my maiden cheek:
Oh, foolish ones! why, I shall sleep so sweetly,
Laid in my darksome grave, that they themselves
Might envy me my rest!—And as for them,
Who, on the score of former intimacy,
May thus remembrance me—they must themselves
Successive fall.
Around the winter fire
(When out-a-doors the biting frost congeals,
And shrill the skater's irons on the pool
Ring loud, as by the moonlight he performs
His graceful evolutions) they not long
Shall sit and chat of older times, and feats
Of early youth, but silent, one by one,
Shall drop into their shrouds.—Some, in their age,
Ripe for the sickle; others young like me,
And falling green beneath th' untimely stroke.
Thus, in short time, in the church-yard forlorn,
Where I shall lie, my friends will lay them down,
And dwell with me, a happy family.
And oh! thou cruel, yet beloved youth,
Who now hast left me hopeless here to mourn,
Do thou but shed one tear upon my corse,
And say that I was gentle, and deserved

1 With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
Sir P. Sidney.

A better lover, and I shall forgive
All, all thy wrongs;—and then do thou forget
The hapless Margaret, and be as blest
As wish can make thee—Laugh, and play, and sing,
With thy dear choice, and never think of me.

Yet hist, I hear a step.—In this dark wood—
* * * * *

TO A FRIEND.

WRITTEN AT A VERY EARLY AGE.

I've read, my friend, of Dioclesian,
And many other noble Grecian,
Who wealth and palaces resign'd
In cots the joys of peace to find;
Maximian's meal of turnip-tops
(Disgusting food to dainty chops),
I've also read of, without wonder;
But such a cursed egregious blunder,
As that a man of wit and sense,
Should leave his books to hoard up pence—
Forsake the loved Aonian maids,
For all the petty tricks of trades,
I never, either now, or long since,
Have heard of such a piece of nonsense;
That one who learning's joys hath felt,
And at the Muse's altar knelt,
Should leave a life of sacred leisure,
To taste the accumulating pleasure;
And, metamorphosed to an alley duck,
Grovel in loads of kindred muck.
Oh! 't is beyond my comprehension!
A courtier throwing up his pension,—
A lawyer working without a fee,—
A parson giving charity,—
A truly pious methodist preacher,—
Are not, egad, so out of nature.
Had nature made thee half a fool,
But given thee wit to keep a school,
I had not stared at thy backsliding;
But when thy wit I can confide in,
When well I know thy just pretence
To solid and exalted sense;
When well I know that on thy head
Philosophy her lights hath shed,
I stand aghast! thy virtues sum too,
And wonder what this world will come to!

Yet, whence this strain? shall I repine
That thou alone dost singly shine?
Shall I lament that thou alone,
Of men of parts, hath prudence known?

LINES ON READING THE POEMS OF WARTON.

AGE FOURTEEN.

Oh, Warton! to thy soothing shell,
Stretch'd remote in hermit cell,
Where the brook runs babbling by,
For ever I could listening lie!
And, catching all the Muse's fire,
Hold converse with the tuneful quire,

What pleasing themes thy page adorn!
The ruddy streaks of cheerful morn,
The pastoral pipe, the ode sublime,
And Melancholy's mournful chime:
Each with unwonted graces shines
In thy ever-lovely lines.

Thy Muse deserves the lasting meed:
Attuning sweet the Dorian reed,
Now the lovelorn swain complains,
And sings his sorrows to the plains;
Now the Sylvan scenes appear
Through all the changes of the year;
Or the elegiac strain
Softly sings of mental pain,
And mournful diapasons sail
On the faintly-dying gale.
But ah! the soothing scene is o'er!
On middle flight we cease to soar,
For now the Muse assumes a bolder sweep,
Strikes on the lyric string her sorrows deep,
In strains unheard before.
Now, now the rising fire thrills high,
Now, now to heaven's high realms we fly,
And every throne explore;
The soul entranced, on mighty wings
With all the poet's heat up-springs,
And loses earthly woes;
Till, all alarmed at the giddy height,
The Muse descends on gentler flight,
And lulls the wearied soul to soft repose.

TO THE MUSE.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

Ill-fated maid, in whose unhappy train
Chill poverty and misery are seen,
Anguish and discontent, the unhappy bane
Of life, and blackener of each brighter scene.
Why to thy votaries dost thou give to feel
So keenly all the scorns—the jeers of life?
Why not endow them to endure the strife
With apathy's invulnerable steel,
Of self-content and ease, each torturing wound to heal?

Ah! who would taste your self-deluding joys,
That lure the unwary to a wretched doom,
That bid fair views and flattering hopes arise,
Then hurl them headlong to a lasting tomb?
What is the charm which leads thy victims on
To persevere in paths that lead to woe?
What can induce them in that route to go,
In which innumerous before have gone,
And died in misery, poor and woe-begone?

Yet can I ask what charms in thee are found;
I, who have drunk from thine ethereal rill,
And tasted all the pleasures that abound
Upon Parnassus' loved Aonian hill?
I, through whose soul the Muses' strains aye thrill!
Oh! I do feel the spell with which I'm tied;
And though our annals fearful stories tell,
How Savage languish'd, and how Otway died,
Yet must I persevere, let whate'er will betide.

TO LOVE.

Why should I blush to own I love?
'T is love that rules the realms above.
Why should I blush to say to all,
That Virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
Lest Love's dear secret be betray'd?
Why the stern brow deceitful move,
When I am languishing with love?

Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell?
Such weakness I would ever prove:
'T is painful, though 't is sweet, to love.

THE WANDERING BOY.

A SONG.

When the winter wind whistles along the wild moor,
And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door;
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye,
Oh, how hard is the lot of the Wandering Boy!

The winter is cold, and I have no vest,
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;
No father, no mother, no kindred have I,
For I am a parentless Wandering Boy.

Yet I had a home, and I once had a sire,
A mother who granted each infant desire;
Our cottage it stood in a wood-embower'd vale,
Where the ring-dove would warble its sorrowful tale.

But my father and mother were summon'd away,
And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;
I fled from their rigor with many a sigh,
And now I'm a poor little Wandering Boy.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,
And no one will list to my innocent tale;
I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie,
And death shall befriend the poor Wandering Boy.

FRAGMENT

—The western gale,
Mild as the kisses of connubial love,
Plays round my languid limbs, as all dissolved,
Beneath the ancient elm's fantastic shade
I lie, exhausted with the noontide heat:
While rippling o'er his deep-worn pebble bed,
The rapid rivulet rushes at my feet,
Dispensing coolness.—On the fringed marge
Full many a flow'ret rears its head,—or pink,
Or gaudy daffodil.—'T is here, at noon,
The buskin'd wood-nymphs from the heat retire,
And lave them in the fountain: here, secure
From Pan, or savage satyr, they disport;
Or, stretch'd supinely on the velvet turf,
Lull'd by the laden bee, or sultry fly,
Invoke the God of slumber. * * *
* * * * * * * * *
And, hark! how merrily, from distant tower,
Ring round the village-bells! now on the gale
They rise with gradual swell, distinct and loud;
Anon they die upon the pensive ear,
Melting in faintest music.—They bespeak
A day of jubilee; and oft they bear,
Commixt along the unfrequented shore,
The sound of village dance and tabor loud,
Startling the musing ear of Solitude.

Such is the jocund wake of Whitsuntide,
When happy Superstition, gabbling eld!
Holds her unhurtful gambols.—All the day
The rustic revellers ply the mazy dance
On the smooth-shaven green, and then at eve
Commence the harmless rites and auguries:
And many a tale of ancient days goes round.
They tell of wizard seer, whose potent spells
Could hold in dreadful thrall the laboring moon,
Or draw the fix'd stars from their eminence,
And still the midnight tempest.—Then anon
Tell of uncharnell'd spectres, seen to glide
Along the lone wood's unfrequented path,
Startling the 'nighted traveller; while the sound
Of undistinguish'd murmurs, heard to come
From the dark centre of the deep'ning glen,
Struck on his frozen ear.

Oh, Ignorance!
Thou art fall'n man's best friend! With thee he speeds
In frigid apathy along his way,
And never does the tear of agony
Burn down his scorching cheek; or the keen steel
Of wounded feeling penetrate his breast.

Ev'n now, as leaning on this fragrant bank,
I taste of all the keener happiness
Which sense refined affords—Ev'n now my heart
Would fain induce me to forsake the world,
Throw off these garments, and in shepherd's weeds,
With a small flock, and short suspended reed,
To sojourn in the woodland.—Then my thought
Draws such gay pictures of ideal bliss,
That I could almost err in reason's spite,
And trespass on my judgment.

Such is life:
The distant prospect always seems more fair,
And, when attain'd, another still succeeds,
Far fairer than before,—yet compass'd round
With the same dangers, and the same dismay.
And we poor pilgrims in this dreary maze,
Still discontented, chase the fairy form
Of unsubstantial Happiness, to find,
When life itself is sinking in the strife,
'T is but an airy bubble and a cheat.

ODE

WRITTEN ON WHIT-MONDAY.

Hark! how the merry bells ring jocund round,
And now they die upon the veering breeze;
Anon they thunder loud
Full on the musing ear.

Wafted in varying cadence, by the shore
Of the still twinkling river, they bespeak
A day of jubilee,
An ancient holiday.

And, lo! the rural revels are begun,
And, gaily echoing to the laughing sky,
On the smooth-shaven green
Resounds the voice of Mirth.

Alas! regardless of the tongue of Fate,
That tells them 't is but as an hour since they,
Who now are in their graves,
Kept up the Whitsun dance;

And that another hour, and they must fall
Like those who went before, and sleep as still
Beneath the silent sod,
A cold and cheerless sleep.

Yet why should thoughts like these intrude to scare
The vagrant Happiness, when she will deign
To smile upon us here,
A transient visitor?

Mortals! be gladsome while ye have the power,
And laugh and seize the glittering lapse of joy;
In time the bell will toll
That warns ye to your graves.

I to the woodland solitude will bend
My lonesome way—where Mirth's obstreperous shout
Shall not intrude to break
The meditative hour:

There will I ponder on the state of man,
Joyless and sad of heart, and consecrate
This day of jubilee
To sad Reflection's shrine;

And I will cast my fond eye far beyond
This world of care, to where the steeple loud
Shall rock above the sod,
Where I shall sleep in peace.

CANZONET.

Maiden! wrap thy mantle round thee,
Cold the rain beats on thy breast:
Why should Horror's voice astound thee,
Death can bid the wretched rest!
All under the tree
Thy bed may be,
And thou mayest slumber peacefully.

Maiden! once gay Pleasure knew thee;
Now thy cheeks are pale and deep:
Love has been a felon to thee,
Yet, poor maiden, do not weep:
There's rest for thee
All under the tree,
Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

COMMENCEMENT OF A POEM ON DESPAIR.

Some to Aonian lyres of silver sound
With winning elegance attune their song,
Form'd to sink lightly on the soothed sense,
And charm the soul with softest harmony:
'T is then that Hope with sanguine eye is seen
Roving through Fancy's gay futurity;
Her heart light dancing to the sounds of pleasure,
Pleasure of days to come.—Memory too, then
Comes with her sister, Melancholy sad,
Pensively musing on the scenes of youth,
Scenes never to return.[1]
Such subjects merit poets used to raise
The attic verse harmonious; but for me
A deadlier theme demands my backward hand,
And bids me strike the strings of dissonance
With frantic energy.
'T is wan Despair I sing; if sing I can
Of him before whose blast the voice of Song,
And Mirth, and Hope, and Happiness, all fly,
Nor ever dare return. His notes are heard
At noon of night, where, on the coast of blood,
The lacerated son of Angola
Howls forth his sufferings to the moaning wind;
And, when the awful silence of the night
Strikes the chill death-dew to the murderer's heart,
He speaks in every conscience-prompted word
Half-utter'd, half suppress'd—
'T is him I sing—Despair—terrific name,
Striking unsteadily the tremulous chord
Of timorous terror—discord in the sound:
For to a theme revolting as is this,
Dare not I woo the maids of harmony,
Who love to sit and catch the soothing sound
Of lyre Æolian, or the martial bugle,
Calling the hero to the field of glory,
And firing him with deeds of high emprise,
And warlike triumph: but from scenes like mine
Shrink they affrighted, and detest the bard
Who dares to sound the hollow tones of horror.

Hence, then, soft maids,
And woo the silken zephyr in the bowers
By Heliconia's sleep-inviting stream:
For aid like yours I seek not; 't is for powers
Of darker hue to inspire a verse like mine!
'T is work for wizards, sorcerers, and fiends!

Hither, ye furious imps of Acheron,
Nurslings of hell, and beings shunning light,
And all the myriads of the burning concave;
Souls of the damned;—Hither, oh! come and join
Th' infernal chorus. 'T is Despair I sing!
He, whose sole tooth inflicts a deadlier pang
Than all your tortures join'd. Sing, sing Despair!
Repeat the sound, and celebrate his power;
Unite shouts, screams, and agonizing shrieks,
Till the loud pæan ring through hell's high vault,
And the remotest spirits of the deep
Leap from the lake, and join the dreadful song.

ON RURAL SOLITUDE.

When wandering, thoughtful, my stray steps at eve
(Released from toil and careless of their way),
Have reach'd, unwittingly, some rural spot
Where Quiet dwells in cluster'd cottages,
Fast by a wood, or on the river's marge,
I have sat down upon the shady stile,

1 Alluding to the two pleasing poems, the Pleasures of Hope and of Memory.

Half wearied with the long and lonesome walk,
And felt strange sadness steal upon the heart,
And unaccountable.—The rural smells
And sounds speak all of peacefulness and home;
The lazy mastiff, who my coming eyed,
Half balancing 'twixt fondness and distrust,
Recall'd some images, now half forgot,
Of the warm hearth at eve, when flocks are penn'd
And cattle housed, and every labor done.
And as the twilight's peaceful hour closed in,
The spiral smoke ascending from the thatch,
And the eve sparrow's last retiring chirp,
Have brought a busy train of hov'ring thoughts
To recollection,—rural offices,
In younger days and happier times perform'd;
And rural friends, now with their grave-stones carved,
And tales which wore away the winter's night
Yet fresh in memory.—Then my thoughts assume
A different turn, and I am e'en at *home*.
That hut is mine; that cottage half-embower'd
With modest jessamine, and that sweet spot
Of garden-ground, where, ranged in meet array,
Grow countless sweets, the wall-flower and the pink
And the thick thyme-bush—even that is mine:
And that old mulberry that shades the court,
Has been my joy from very childhood up.

* * *

In hollow music sighing through the glade,
The breeze of autumn strikes the startled ear,
And fancy, pacing through the woodland shade,
Hears in the gust the requiem of the year.

As with lone tread along the whisp'ring grove
I list the moan of the capricious wind,
I, too, o'er fancy's milky-way would rove,
But sadness chains to earth my pensive mind.

When by the huddling brooklet's secret brim
I pause, and woo the dreams of Helicon,
Sudden my saddest thoughts revert to him
Who taught that brook to wind, and now is gone.

When by the poet's sacred urns I kneel,
And rapture springs exultant to my reed,
The pæan dies, and sadder measures steal,
And grief and Montague demand the meed.

* * *

Thou mongrel, who dost show thy teeth, and yelp,
And bay the harmless stranger on his way,
Yet, when the wolf appears, dost roar for help,
And scamperest quickly from the bloody fray;
Dare but on my fair fame to cast a slur,
And I will make thee know, unto thy pain,
Thou vile old good-for-nothing cur!
I, a Laconian dog, can bite again:
Yes, I can make the Daunian tiger flee,
Much more a bragging, foul-mouth'd whelp like thee.
Beware Lycambes', or Bupalus' fate—
The wicked still shall meet my deadly hate;
And know, when once I seize upon my prey,
I do not languidly my wrongs bemoan;
I do not whine and cant the time away,
But, with revengeful gripe, I bite him to the bone.

ODE

TO THE MORNING STAR.

Many invoke pale Hesper's pensive sway,
When rest supine leans o'er the pillowing clouds,
And the last tinklings come
From the safe folded flock.

But me, bright harbinger of coming day,
Who shone the first on the primeval morn:
Me, thou delightest more—
Chastely luxuriant.

Let the poor silken sons of slothful pride
Press now their downy couch in languid ease,
While visions of dismay
Flit o'er their troubled brain.

Be mine to view, awake to nature's charms,
Thy paly flame evanish from the sky,
As gradual day usurps
The welkin's glowing bounds.

Mine, to snuff up the pure ambrosial breeze,
Which bears aloft the rose-bound car of morn,
And mark his early flight
The rustling skylark wing.

And thou, Hygeia, shalt my steps attend,
Thou, whom distracted, I so lately woo'd,
As on my restless bed
Slow past the tedious night;

And slowly, by the taper's sickly gleam,
Drew my dull curtain; and with anxious eye
Strove through the veil of night
To mark the tardy morn.

Thou, Health, shalt bless me in my early walk,
As o'er the upland slope I brush the dew,
And feel the genial thrill
Dance in my lighten'd veins.

And as I mark the Cotter from his shed
Peep out with jocund face—thou, too, Content,
Shalt steal into my breast,
Thy mild, thy placid sway.

Star of the morning! these, thy joys, I'll share,
As rove my pilgrim feet the sylvan haunts;
While to thy blushing shrine
Due orisons shall rise.

THE HERMIT OF THE PACIFIC;

OR, THE HORRORS OF UTTER SOLITUDE.

Oh! who can paint the unspeakable dismay
Of utter Solitude, shut out from all
Of social intercourse.—Oh! who can say
What haggard horrors hold in shuddering thrall
Him, who by some Carvaggian waterfall
A shipwreck'd man hath scoop'd his desert cave,
Where Desolation, in her giant pall,
Sits frowning on the ever-falling wave,
That wooes the wretch to dig, by her lord shore, his grave.

Thou youthful pilgrim, whose untoward feet
Too early hath been torn in life's rough way,
Thou, who endow'd with Fancy's holiest heat,
Seest dark Misfortune cloud thy morning ray:
Though doom'd in penury to pine thy day,
O seek not,—seek not in the glooms to shroud
Of waste, or wilderness—a cast-away—
Where noise intrudes not, save when in the cloud
Riding sublime, the storm roars fearfully, and loud.

Though man to man be as the ocean shark,
Reckless, and unrelentingly severe;
Though friendship's cloak must veil the purpose dark,
While the red poniard glimmers in the rear,
Yet, is society most passing dear.
Though mix'd with clouds, its sunshine gleams refined
Will through the glooms most pleasantly appear,
And soothe thee, when thy melancholy mind
Must ask for comfort else of the loud pitiless wind.

Yet is it distant from the Muse's theme
To bid thee fly the rural covert still,
And plunge impetuous in the busy stream,
Of crowds to take of * * joys thy fill.
Ah! no, she wooes thee to attune thy quill
In some low village's remote recess,
Where thou may'st learn—O enviable skill,—
To heal the sick, and soothe the comfortless,
To give, and to receive—be blessed, and to bless.

God unto men hath different powers assign'd—
There be, who love the city's dull turmoil;
There be, who, proud of an ambitious mind,
From lonely Quiet's hermit-walks recoil:
Leave thou these insects to their grov'lling toil—
Thou, whom retired leisure best can please;
For thee, the hazle copse's verdant aisle,
And summer bower, befitting studious ease,
Prepare a keener bliss than they shall ever seize.

Lo, the grey morning climbs the eastern tower,
The dew-drop glistening in her op'ning eye;
Now on the upland lawn salute the hour
That wakes the warbling woods to melody;
There sauntering on the stile, embower'd high
With fragrant hawthorn, and the gadding brier,
Pore on thy book, or cast by fits thine eye
Where far below, hill, dale, and village spire,
And brook, and mead, and wood, far from the sight retire.

But what are these, *forsaken* and *forlorn*?
'T is animation breathes the subtle spell—
Hark! from the echoing wood the mellow horn
Winds round from hill to hill, with distant swell;
The peasant's matin rises from the dell;
The heavy wagon creaks upon its way,
While tinkling soft the silver-tuning bell
Floats on the gale, or dies by fits away
From the sweet straw-roof'd grange, deep buried from the day.

Man was not made to pine in solitude,
Ensepulchred, and far from converse placed,
Not for himself alone, untamed and rude,
To live the Bittern of the desert waste;
It is not his (by manlier virtues graced)
To pore upon the noontide brook, and sigh,
And weep for aye o'er sorrow uneffaced;
Him social duties call the tear to dry,
And wake the nobler powers of usefulness to ply.

The savage broods that in the forest shroud,
The Pard and Lion mingle with their kind;
And, oh, shall man, with nobler powers endow'd
Shall he, to nature's strongest impulse blind,
Bury in shades his proud immortal mind!
Like the sweet flower, that on some steep rock thrown,
Blossoms forlorn, rock'd by the mountain wind;
A little while it decks the rugged stone,
Then, withering, fades away, unnoticed and unknown!

For ye who, fill'd with fancy's wildest dreams,
Run from the imperious voice of human pride,
And shrinking quick from woe's unheeded screams,
Long in some desert-cell your heads to hide,
Where you may muse from morn to eventide,
Free from the taunts of contumely and scorn,
From sights of woe—the power to soothe denied,
Attend the song which in life's early morn—

* * * * *

TO THE WIND.

AT MIDNIGHT.

Not unfamiliar to mine ear,
Blasts of the night! ye howl, as now
My shudd'ring casement loud
With fitful force ye beat.

Mine ear has dwelt in silent awe,
The howling sweep, the sudden rush;
And when the passing gale
Pour'd deep the hollow dirge.

THE EVE OF DEATH.

IRREGULAR.

I.

Silence of Death—portentous calm,
Those airy forms that yonder fly,
Denote that your void foreruns a storm,
That the hour of fate is nigh.
I see, I see, on the dim mist borne,
The Spirit of battles rear his crest!
I see, I see, that ere the morn,
His spear will forsake its hated rest,
And the widow'd wife of Larrendill will beat her naked breast.

II.

O'er the smooth bosom of the sullen deep,
No softly ruffling zephyrs fly;
But nature sleeps a deathless sleep,
For the hour of battle is nigh.
Not a loose leaf waves on the dusky oak,
But a creeping stillness reigns around;
Except when the raven, with ominous croak,
On the ear does unwelcomely sound.

I know, I know, what this silence means;
I know what the raven saith—
Strike, oh, ye bards! the melancholy harp,
For this is the eve of death.

III.

Behold, how along the twilight air
The shades of our fathers glide!
There Morven fled, with the blood-drench'd hair,
And Colma with grey side.
No gale around its coolness flings,
Yet sadly sigh the gloomy trees;
And, hark! how the harp's unvisited strings
Sound sweet, as if swept by a whispering breeze!
'T is done! the sun he has set in blood!
He will never set more to the brave;
Let us pour to the hero the dirge of death—
For to-morrow he hies to the grave.

THANATOS.

Oh! who would cherish life,
And cling unto this heavy clog of clay,
Love this rude world of strife,
Where glooms and tempests cloud the fairest day;
And where, 'neath outward smiles,
Conceal'd, the snake lies feeding on its prey,
Where pit-falls lie in ev'ry flowery way,
And syrens lure the wanderer to their wiles!
Hateful it is to me,
Its riotous railings and revengeful strife;
I 'm tired with all its screams and brutal shouts
Dinning the ear—away—away with life!
And welcome, oh! thou silent maid,
Who in some foggy vault art laid,
Where never daylight's dazzling ray
Comes to disturb thy dismal sway;
And there amid unwholesome damps dost sleep,
In such forgetful slumbers deep,
That all thy senses stupified,
Are to marble petrified.
Sleepy Death, I welcome thee!
Sweet are thy calms to misery.
Poppies I will ask no more,
Nor the fatal hellebore;
Death is the best, the only cure,
His are slumbers ever sure.
Lay me in the Gothic tomb,
In whose solemn fretted gloom
I may lie in mouldering state,
With all the grandeur of the great:
Over me, magnificent,
Carve a stately monument:
Then thereon my statue lay,
With hands in attitude to pray,
And angels serve to hold my head,
Weeping o'er the father dead.
Duly too at close of day,
Let the pealing organ play;
And while the harmonious thunders roll,
Chaunt a vesper to my soul;
Thus how sweet my sleep will be,
Shut out from thoughtful misery!

ATHANATOS.

Away with Death!—away
With all her sluggish sleeps and chilling damps,
Impervious to the day,
Where Nature sinks into inanity.
How can the soul desire
Such hateful nothingness to crave,
And yield with joy the vital fire,
To moulder in the grave?
Yet mortal life is sad,
Eternal storms molest its sullen sky;
And sorrows ever rife
Drain the sacred fountain dry
Away with mortal life!
But, hail the calm reality,
The seraph Immortality!
Hail the heavenly bowers of peace!
Where all the storms of passion cease.
Wild Life's dismaying struggle o'er,
The wearied spirit weeps no more;
But wears the eternal smile of joy,
Tasting bliss without alloy.
Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers;
But the azure heavens display
The everlasting smile of day;
Where the choral seraph choir,
Strike to praise the harmonious lyre;
And the spirit sinks to ease,
Lull'd by distant symphonies.
Oh! to think of meeting there
The friends whose graves received our tear,
The daughter loved, the wife adored,
To our widow'd arms restored;
And all the joys which death did sever,
Given to us again for ever!
Who would cling to wretched life,
And hug the poison'd thorn of strife;
Who would not long from earth to fly,
A sluggish senseless lump to lie,
When the glorious prospect lies
Full before his raptured eyes?

MUSIC.

WRITTEN BETWEEN THE AGES OF FOURTEEN AND FIFTEEN, WITH A FEW SUBSEQUENT VERBAL ALTERATIONS.

Music, all-powerful o'er the human mind,
Can still each mental storm, each tumult calm,
Soothe anxious Care on sleepless couch reclined,
And e'en fierce Anger's furious rage disarm.

At her command, the various passions lie;
She stirs to battle, or she lulls to peace,
Melts the charm'd soul to thrilling ecstacy,
And bids the jarring world's harsh clangor cease.

Her martial sounds can fainting troops inspire
With strength unwonted, and enthusiasm raise;
Infuse new ardor, and with youthful fire
Urge on the warrior grey with length of days.

Far better she, when with her soothing lyre
She charms the falchion from the savage grasp,
And melting into pity vengeful Ire,
Looses the bloody breast-plate's iron clasp.

With her in pensive mood I long to roam,
At midnight's hour, or evening's calm decline,
And thoughtful o'er the falling streamlet's foam,
In calm Seclusion's hermit-walks recline.

Whilst mellow sounds from distant copse arise,
Of softest flute or reeds harmonic join'd,
With rapture thrill'd each worldly passion dies,
And pleased Attention claims the passive mind.

Soft through the dell the dying strains retire,
Then burst majestic in the varied swell;
Now breathe melodious as the Grecian lyre,
Or on the ear in sinking cadence dwell.

Romantic sounds! such is the bliss ye give,
That heaven's bright scenes seem bursting on the soul,
With joy I'd yield each sensual wish to live
For ever 'neath your undefiled control.

Oh! surely melody from heaven was sent,
To cheer the soul when tired with human strife,
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.

ODE

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

———Cum ruit imbriferum ver:
Spicea jam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum
Frumenta in viridi stipula lactentia turgent:

Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret.
Virgil.

Moon of Harvest, herald mild
Of plenty, rustic labor's child,
Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
And gilds the straw-thatch'd hamlet wide,
Where Innocence and Peace reside;
'T is thou that glad'st with joy the rustic throng,
Promptest the tripping dance, th' exhilarating song.

Moon of Harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapor intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 't is, oh! modest Moon!
Now the Night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tann'd wheat,
Ripen'd by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
Oh, modest Moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest home!

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity:
May no winds careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky,
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou show'st thy face, O Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-seal'd eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound;
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy!
God of the Winds! oh, hear his humble prayer,
And while the Moon of Harvest shines, thy blustering whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you
Leave I Sleep's dull power to woo:
Press ye still the downy bed
While fev'rish dreams surround your head;
I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapt in Contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail
The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And oft my eyes
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!

SONG.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

Softly, softly blow, ye breezes,
Gently o'er my Edwy fly!
Lo! he slumbers, slumbers sweetly;
Softly, zephyrs, pass him by;
My love is asleep,
He lies by the deep,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

I have cover'd him with rushes,
Water-flags, and branches dry;
Edwy, long have been thy slumbers;
Edwy, Edwy, ope thine eye!
My love is asleep,
He lies by the deep,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

Still he sleeps; he will not waken;
Fastly closed is his eye;
Paler is his cheek, and chiller
Than the icy moon on high.

Alas! he is dead,
He has chose his death-bed
All along where the salt waves sigh.

Is it, is it so, my Edwy?
Will thy slumbers never fly?
Could'st thou think I would survive thee?
No, my love, thou bid'st me die.
Thou bid'st me seek
Thy death-bed bleak
All along where the salt waves sigh.

I will gently kiss thy cold lips,
On thy breast I'll lay my head,
And the winds shall sing our death-dirge,
And our shroud the waters spread;
The moon will smile sweet,
And the wild wave will beat,
Oh! so softly, o'er our lonely bed.

THE SHIPWRECKED SOLITARY'S SONG TO THE NIGHT.

Thou, spirit of the spangled night!
I woo thee from the watch-tower high,
Where thou dost sit to guide the bark
Of lonely mariner.

The winds are whistling o'er the wolds,
The distant main is moaning low;
Come, let us sit and weave a song!
A melancholy song!

Sweet is the scented gale of morn,
And sweet the noontide's fervid beam,
But sweeter far the solemn calm
That marks thy mournful reign.

I've pass'd here many a lonely year,
And never human voice have heard;
I've pass'd here many a lonely year,
A solitary man.

And I have linger'd in the shade,
From sultry noon's hot beam; and I
Have knelt before my wicker door,
To sing my evening song.

And I have hail'd the grey morn high
On the blue mountain's misty brow,
And tried to tune my little reed
To hymns of harmony.

But never could I tune my reed,
At morn, or noon, or eve, so sweet,
As when upon the ocean shore
I hail'd thy star-beam mild.

The day-spring brings not joy to me,
The moon it whispers not of peace!
But oh! when darkness robes the heav'ns,
My woes are mix'd with joy.

And then I talk, and often think
Aërial voices answer me;
And oh! I am not then alone—
A solitary man.

And when the blust'ring winter winds
Howl in the woods that clothe my cave,
I lay me on my lonely mat,
And pleasant are my dreams.

And Fancy gives me back my wife;
And Fancy gives me back my child;
She gives me back my little home,
And all its placid joys.

Then hateful is the morning hour,
That calls me from the dream of bliss
To find myself still lone, and hear
The same dull sounds again.

The deep-toned winds, the moaning sea,
The whisp'ring of the boding trees,
The brook's eternal flow, and oft
The condor's hollow scream.

ELEGY

Occasioned by the Death of Mr. Gill, who was drowned in the river Trent, while bathing, 9th August, 1802.

He sunk—the impetuous river roll'd along,
The sullen wave betray'd his dying breath;[1]
And rising sad the rustling sedge among,
The gale of evening touch'd the chords of death.

Nymph of the Trent! why did'st not thou appear,
To snatch the victim from thy felon wave?
Alas! too late thou camest to embalm his bier,
And deck with water-flags his early grave.

Triumphant, riding o'er its tumid prey,
Rolls the red stream in sanguinary pride;
While anxious crowds, in vain, expectant stay,
And ask the swoln corse from the murdering tide.

The stealing tear-drop stagnates in the eye,
The sudden sigh by friendship's bosom proved,
I mark them rise—I mark the gen'ral sigh;
Unhappy youth! and wert thou so beloved?

On thee, as lone I trace the Trent's green brink,
When the dim twilight slumbers on the glade,
On thee my thoughts shall dwell, nor Fancy shrink
To hold mysterious converse with thy shade.

Of thee, as early I, with vagrant feet,
Hail the grey-sandal'd morn in Colwick's vale,
Of thee my sylvan reed shall warble sweet,
And wild-wood echoes shall repeat the tale.

And oh! ye nymphs of Pæon! who preside
O'er running rill and salutary stream,
Guard ye in future well the halcyon tide
From the rude death-shriek, and the dying

1 This line may appear somewhat obscure. It alludes to the last bubbling of the water, after a person has sunk, caused by the final expiration of the air from the lungs: inhalation, by introducing the water, produces suffocation.

Clifton Grove,[1] and other Poems.

DEDICATION.

To Her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire, the following trifling effusions of a very youthful Muse are, by permission, dedicated by her Grace's much obliged and grateful servant,

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Nottingham.

PREFACE.

THE following attempts in verse are laid before the Public with extreme diffidence. The author is very conscious that the juvenile efforts of a youth, who has not received the polish of Academical discipline, and who has been but sparingly blessed with opportunities for the prosecution of scholastic pursuits, must necessarily be defective in the accuracy and finished elegance which mark the works of the man who has passed his life in the retirement of his study, furnishing his mind with images, and at the same time attaining the power of disposing those images to the best advantage.

The unpremeditated effusions of a Boy, from his thirteenth year, employed, not in the acquisition of literary information, but in the more active business of life, must not be expected to exhibit any considerable portion of the correctness of a Virgil, or the vigorous compression of a Horace. Men are not, I believe, frequently known to bestow much labor on their amusements: and these Poems were, most of them, written merely to beguile a leisure hour, or to fill up the languid intervals of studies of a severer nature.

Πας το οικειος εργον αγαπαω, "Every one loves his own work," says the Stagyrite; but it was no overweening affection of this kind which induced this publication. Had the Author relied on his own judgment only, these Poems would not, in all probability, ever have seen the light.

Perhaps it may be asked of him, what are his motives for this publication? He answers—simply these: The facilitation, through its means, of those studies which, from his earliest infancy, have been the principal objects of his ambition; and the increase of the capacity to pursue those inclinations which may one day place him in an honorable station in the scale of society.

The principal Poem in this little collection (Clifton Grove) is, he fears, deficient in numbers and harmonious coherency of parts. It is, however, merely to be regarded as a description of a nocturnal ramble in that charming retreat, accompanied with such reflections as the scene naturally suggested. It was written twelve months ago, when the Author was in his sixteenth year:—The Miscellanies are some of them the productions of a very early age.—Of the Odes, that "To an early Primrose" was written at thirteen—the others are of a later date.—The Sonnets are chiefly irregular; they have, perhaps, no other claim to that *specific* denomination, than that they consist only of fourteen lines.

Such are the Poems towards which I entreat the lenity of the Public. The Critic will doubtless find in them much to condemn; he may likewise possibly discover something to commend. Let him scan my faults with an indulgent eye, and in the work of that correction which I invite, let him remember he is holding the iron Mace of Criticism over the flimsy superstructure of a youth of seventeen; and, remembering that, may he forbear from crushing, by too much rigor, the painted butterfly whose transient colors may otherwise be capable of affording a moment's innocent amusement.

TO MY LYRE.

AN ODE.

THOU simple Lyre;—Thy music wild
  Has served to charm the weary hour,
And many a lonely night has 'guiled,
When even pain has own'd, and smiled,
  Its fascinating power.

Yet, oh my Lyre! the busy crowd
  Will little heed thy simple tones:
Them mightier minstrels harping loud
Engross,—and thou and I must shroud
  Where dark oblivion 'thrones.

No hand, thy diapason o'er,
  Well skill'd, I throw with sweep sublime;
For me, no academic lore
Has taught the solemn strain to pour,
  Or build the polish'd rhyme.

Yet thou to *Sylvan* themes can'st soar;
  Thou know'st to charm the *woodland* train:
The rustic swains believe thy power
Can hush the wild winds when they roar,
  And still the billowy main.

These honors, Lyre, we yet may keep,
  I, still unknown, may live with thee,
And gentle Zephyr's wing will sweep
Thy solemn string, where low I sleep,
  Beneath the alder-tree.

This little dirge will please me more
  Than the full requiem's swelling peal;
I'd rather than that crowds should sigh
For me, that from some kindred eye
  The trickling tear should steal.

Yet dear to me the wreath of bay,
  Perhaps from me debarr'd:
And dear to me the classic zone,
Which, snatch'd from learning's labor'd throne,
  Adorns the accepted bard.

1 This, and the following Poems, are reprinted from the little Volume which the Author published in 1803.

And O! if yet 't were mine to dwell
Where Cam or Isis winds along,
Perchance, inspired with ardor chaste,
I yet might call the ear of taste
To listen to my song.

Oh! then, my little friend, thy style
I 'd change to happier lays,
Oh! then, the cloister'd glooms should smile,
And through the long, the fretted aisle
Should swell the note of praise.

CLIFTON GROVE.

A SKETCH IN VERSE.

Lo! in the west, fast fades the lingering light,
And day's last vestige takes its silent flight.
No more is heard the woodman's measured stroke,
Which, with the dawn, from yonder dingle broke;
No more hoarse clamoring o'er the uplifted head,
The crows assembling, seek their wind-rock'd bed;
Still'd is the village hum—the woodland sounds
Have ceased to echo o'er the dewy grounds,
And general silence reigns, save when below,
The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow;
And save when, swung by 'nighted rustic late,
Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring gate;
Or when the sheep-bell, in the distant vale,
Breathes its wild music on the downy gale.

Now, when the rustic wears the social smile,
Released from day and its attendant toil,
And draws his household round their evening fire,
And tells the oft-told tales that never tire;
Or where the town's blue turrets dimly rise,
And manufacture taints the ambient skies,
The pale mechanic leaves the laboring loom,
The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,
And rushes out, impatient to begin
The stated course of customary sin:
Now, now my solitary way I bend
Where solemn groves in awful state impend,
And cliffs, that boldly rise above the plain,
Bespeak, blest Clifton! thy sublime domain.
Here lonely wandering o'er the sylvan bower,
I come to pass the meditative hour;
To bid awhile the strife of passion cease,
And woo the calms of solitude and peace.
And oh! thou sacred Power, who rear'st on high
Thy leafy throne where waving poplars sigh!
Genius of woodland shades! whose mild control
Steals with resistless witchery to the soul,
Come with thy wonted ardor, and inspire
My glowing bosom with thy hallow'd fire.
And thou too, Fancy! from thy starry sphere,
Where to the hymning orbs thou lend'st thine ear,
Do thou descend, and bless my ravish'd sight,
Veil'd in soft visions of serene delight.
At thy command, the gale that passes by
Bears in its whispers mystic harmony.
Thou wavest thy wand, and lo! what forms appear!
On the dark cloud what giant shapes career!
The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty vale,
And hosts of Sylphids on the moonbeams sail.
This gloomy alcove, darkling to the sight,
Where meeting trees create eternal night;
Save when, from yonder stream, the sunny ray,
Reflected, gives a dubious gleam of day;
Recalls, endearing to my alter'd mind,
Times when, beneath the boxen hedge reclined,
I watch'd the lapwing to her clamorous brood;
Or lured the robin to its scatter'd food;
Or woke with song the woodland echo wild,
And at each gay response delighted smiled.
How oft, when childhood threw its golden ray
Of gay romance o'er every happy day,
Here would I run, a visionary boy,
When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky,
And, fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form
Sternly careering on the eddying storm;
And heard, while awe congeal'd my inmost soul,
His voice terrific in the thunder's roll.
With secret joy I view'd, with vivid glare,
The volley'd lightnings cleave the sullen air;
And, as the warring winds around reviled,
With awful pleasure big,—I heard and smiled.
Beloved remembrance!—Memory which endears
This silent spot to my advancing years.
Here dwells eternal peace, eternal rest,
In shades like these to live is to be blest.
While happiness evades the busy crowd,
In rural coverts loves the maid to shroud.
And thou too, Inspiration, whose wild flame
Shoots with electric swiftness through the frame,
Thou here dost love to sit with upturn'd eye,
And listen to the stream that murmurs by,
The woods that wave, the grey owl's silken flight,
The mellow music of the listening night:
Congenial calms, more welcome to my breast
Than maddening joy in dazzling lustre drest.
To heaven my prayers, my daily prayers, I raise,
That ye may bless my unambitious days,
Withdrawn, remote, from all the haunts of strife,
May trace with me the lowly vale of life,
And when her banner Death shall o'er me wave,
May keep your peaceful vigils on my grave.
Now as I rove, where wide the prospect grows,
A livelier light upon my vision flows.
No more above the embracing branches meet,
No more the river gurgles at my feet,
But seen deep down the cliff's impending side,
Through hanging woods, now gleams its silver tide.
Dim is my upland path,—across the Green
Fantastic shadows fling, yet oft between
The chequer'd glooms, the moon her chaste ray sheds
Where knots of blue-bells droop their graceful heads,
And beds of violets, blooming 'mid the trees,
Load with waste fragrance the nocturnal breeze.

Say, why does Man, while to his opening sight
Each shrub presents a source of chaste delight,
And Nature bids for him her treasures flow,
And gives to him alone his bliss to know,
Why does he pant for Vice's deadly charms?
Why clasp the syren Pleasure to his arms?
And suck deep draughts of her voluptuous breath,
Though fraught with ruin, infamy, and death?
Could he who thus to vile enjoyment clings,
Know what calm joy from purer sources springs;

Could he but feel how sweet, how free from strife,
The harmless pleasures of a harmless life,
No more his soul would pant for joys impure,
The deadly chalice would no more allure,
But the sweet potion he was wont to sip
Would turn to poison on his conscious lip.
Fair Nature! thee, in all thy varied charms,
Fain would I clasp for ever in my arms!
Thine are the sweets which never, never sate,
Thine still remain through all the storms of fate.
Though not for me 't was Heaven's divine command
To roll in acres of paternal land,
Yet still my lot is blest, while I enjoy
Thine opening beauties with a lover's eye.

Happy is he, who, though the cup of bliss
Has ever shunn'd him when he thought to kiss,
Who, still in abject poverty or pain,
Can count with pleasure what small joys remain:
Though were his sight convey'd from zone to zone,
He would not find one spot of ground his own,
Yet as he looks around, he cries with glee,
These bounding prospects all were made for me:
For me yon waving fields their burthen bear,
For me yon laborer guides the shining share,
While happy I in idle ease recline,
And mark the glorious visions as they shine.
This is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold.
Content can soothe, where'er by Fortune placed,
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

How lovely, from this hill's superior height,
Spreads the wide view before my straining sight!
O'er many a varied mile of lengthening ground,
E'en to the blue-ridged hill's remotest bound,
My ken is borne; while o'er my head serene,
The silver moon illumes the misty scene;
Now shining clear, now darkening in the glade,
In all the soft varieties of shade.

Behind me, lo! the peaceful hamlet lies,
The drowsy god has seal'd the cotter's eyes.
No more, where late the social fagot blazed,
The vacant peal resounds, by little raised,
But lock'd in silence, o'er Arion's[1] star
The slumbering Night rolls on her velvet car:
The church-bell tolls, deep-sounding down the glade,
The solemn hour for walking spectres made!
The simple plow-boy, wakening with the sound,
Listens aghast, and turns him startled round,
Then stops his ears, and strives to close his eyes,
Lest at the sound some grisly ghost should rise.
Now ceased the long, the monitory toll,
Returning silence stagnates in the soul;
Save when, disturb'd by dreams, with wild affright,
The deep-mouth'd mastiff bays the troubled night:
Or where the village ale-house crowns the vale,
The creaking sign-post whistles to the gale,
A little onward let me bend my way
Where the moss'd seat invites the traveller's stay.
That spot, oh! yet it is the very same;
That hawthorn gives it shade, and gave it name:

1 The constellation Delphinus. For authority for this appellation, vide Ovid's Fasti, B. xi 113.

There yet the primrose opes its earliest bloom,
There yet the violet sheds its first perfume,
And in the branch that rears above the rest
The robin unmolested builds its nest.
'T was here, when Hope, presiding o'er my breast
In vivid colors every prospect drest;
'T was here, reclining, I indulged her dreams,
And lost the hour in visionary schemes.
Here, as I press once more the ancient seat,
Why, bland deceiver! not renew the cheat?
Say, can a few short years this change achieve,
That thy illusions can no more deceive?
Time's sombrous tints have every view o'erspread,
And thou too, gay Seducer! art *thou* fled?
Though vain thy promise, and the suit severe,
Yet thou couldst 'guile Misfortune of her tear,
And oft thy smiles across life's gloomy way
Could throw a gleam of transitory day.
How gay, in youth, the fluttering future seems!
How sweet is manhood in the infant's dreams!
The dire mistake too soon is brought to light,
And all is buried in redoubled night.
Yet some can rise superior to their pain,
And in their breasts the charmer Hope retain;
While others, dead to feeling, can survey,
Unmoved, their fairest prospects fade away:
But yet a few there be,—too soon o'ercast!
Who shrink unhappy from the adverse blast,
And woo the first bright gleam, which breaks the gloom
To gild the silent slumbers of the tomb.
So in these shades the early primrose blows,
Too soon deceived by suns and melting snows;
So falls untimely on the desert waste,
Its blossoms withering in the northern blast.

Now, pass'd whate'er the upland heights display,
Down the steep cliff I wind my devious way,
Oft rousing, as the rustling path I beat,
The timid hare from its accustom'd seat.
And oh! how sweet this walk o'erhung with wood
That winds the margin of the solemn flood!
What rural objects steal upon the sight!
What rising views prolong the calm delight!
The brooklet branching from the silver Trent,
The whispering birch by every zephyr bent
The woody island, and the naked mead,
The lowly hut half hid in groves of reed
The rural wicket, and the rural stile,
And, frequent interspersed, the woodman's pile.
Above, below, where'er I turn my eyes,
Rocks, waters, woods, in grand succession rise
High up the cliff the varied groves ascend,
And mournful larches o'er the wave impend.
Around, what sounds, what magic sounds, arise,
What glimmering scenes salute my ravish'd eyes!
Soft sleep the waters on their pebbly bed,
The woods wave gently o'er my drooping head,
And, swelling slow, comes wafted on the wind,
Lorn Progne's note from distant copse behind.
Still, every rising sound of calm delight
Stamps but the fearful silence of the night,
Save when is heard, between each dreary rest,
Discordant from her solitary nest,
The owl, dull-screaming to the wandering moon,
Now riding, cloud-rapt, near her highest noon:

Or when the wild-duck, southering, hither rides,
And plunges sullen in the sounding tides.
How oft, in this sequester'd spot, when youth
Gave to each tale the holy force of truth,
Have I long linger'd, while the milk-maid sung
The tragic legend, till the woodland rung?
That tale, so sad! which still to memory dear,
From its sweet source can call the sacred tear,
And (lull'd to rest stern Reason's harsh control)
Steal its soft magic to the passive soul.
These hallow'd shades,—these trees that woo the wind,
Recall its faintest features to my mind.

A hundred passing years, with march sublime,
Have swept beneath the silent wing of time,
Since, in yon hamlet's solitary shade,
Reclusely dwelt the far-famed Clifton Maid,
The beauteous Margaret; for her each swain
Confest in private his peculiar pain,
In secret sigh'd, a victim to despair,
Nor dared to hope to win the peerless fair.
No more the shepherd on the blooming mead
Attuned to gaiety his artless reed;
No more entwined the pansied wreath, to deck
His favorite wether's unpolluted neck,
But listless, by yon babbling stream reclined,
He mix'd his sobbings with the passing wind,
Bemoan'd his helpless love; or, boldly bent,
Far from these smiling fields, a rover went,
O'er distant lands, in search of ease, to roam,
A self-will'd exile from his native home.

Yet not to all the maid express'd disdain;
Her Bateman loved, nor loved the youth in vain.
Full oft, low whispering o'er these arching boughs,
The echoing vault responded to their vows,
As here, deep hidden from the glare of day,
Enamour'd oft, they took their secret way.

Yon bosky dingle, still the rustics name;
'T was there the blushing maid confess'd her flame.
Down yon green lane they oft were seen to hie,
When evening slumber'd on the western sky.
That blasted yew, that mouldering walnut bare,
Each bears mementoes of the fated pair.

One eve, when Autumn loaded every breeze
With the fallen honors of the mourning trees,
The maiden waited at the accustom'd bower,
And waited long beyond the appointed hour,
Yet Bateman came not;—o'er the woodland drear,
Howling portentous, did the winds career;
And bleak and dismal on the leafless woods,
The fitful rains rush'd down in sullen floods;
The night was dark; as, now and then, the gale
Paused for a moment,—Margaret listen'd, pale;
But through the covert, to her anxious ear,
No rustling footstep spoke her lover near.
Strange fears now fill'd her breast,—she knew not why,
She sigh'd, and Bateman's name was in each sigh.
She hears a noise,—'t is he,—he comes at last;—
Alas! 't was but the gale which hurried past:
But now she hears a quickening footstep sound,
Lightly it comes, and nearer does it bound;
'T is Bateman's self,—he springs into her arms,
'T is he that clasps, and chides her vain alarms.

"Yet why this silence?—I have waited long,
And the cold storm has yell'd the trees among.
And, now thou 'rt here, my fears are fled—yet speak,
Why does the salt tear moisten on thy cheek?
Say, what is wrong?"—Now, through a parting cloud,
The pale moon peer'd from her tempestuous shroud,
And Bateman's face was seen:—'t was deadly white,
And sorrow seem'd to sicken in his sight.
"Oh, speak, my love!" again the maid conjured;
"Why is thy heart in sullen woe immured?"
He raised his head, and thrice essay'd to tell,
Thrice from his lips the unfinish'd accents fell;
When thus, at last, reluctantly he broke
His boding silence, and the maid bespoke:
"Grieve not, my love, but ere the morn advance
I on these fields must cast my parting glance.
For three long years, by cruel fate's command,
I go to languish in a foreign land.
Oh, Margaret! omens dire have met my view,
Say, when far distant, wilt thou bear me true?
Should honors tempt thee, and should riches fee,
Wouldst thou forget thine ardent vows to me,
And, on the silken couch of wealth reclined,
Banish thy faithful Bateman from thy mind?"

"Oh! why," replies the maid, "my faith thus prove?
Canst thou! ah, canst thou, then, suspect my love?
Hear me, just God! if from my traitorous heart,
My Bateman's fond remembrance e'er shall part,
If, when he hail again his native shore,
He finds his Margaret true to him no more,
May fiends of hell, and every power of dread,
Conjoin'd, then drag me from my perjured bed,
And hurl me headlong down these awful steeps,
To find deserved death in yonder deeps!"[1]

Thus spake the maid, and from her finger drew
A golden ring, and broke it quick in two;
One half she in her lovely bosom hides,
The other, trembling, to her love confides.
"This bind the vow," she said; "this mystic charm
No future recantation can disarm;
The right vindictive does the fates involve;
No tears can move it, no regrets dissolve."

She ceased. The death-bird gave a dismal cry,
The river moan'd, the wild gale whistled by,
And once again the lady of the night
Behind a heavy cloud withdrew her light.
Trembling she view'd these portents with dismay,
But gently Bateman kiss'd her fears away:
Yet still he felt conceal'd a secret smart,
Still melancholy bodings fill'd his heart.

When to the distant land the youth was sped,
A lonely life the moody maiden led.
Still would she trace each dear, each well-known walk,
Still by the moonlight to her love would talk,
And fancy, as she paced among the trees,
She heard his whispers in the dying breeze.
Thus two years glided on in silent grief;
The third her bosom own'd the kind relief:
Absence had cool'd her love,—the impoverish'd flame
Was dwindling fast, when, lo! the tempter came;

1 This part of the Trent is commonly called "*The Clifton Deeps.*"

He offer'd wealth, and all the joys of life,
And the weak maid became another's wife!
Six guilty months had mark'd the false one's crime,
When Bateman hail'd once more his native clime.
Sure of her constancy, elate he came,
The lovely partner of his soul to claim:
Light was his heart, as up the well-known way
He bent his steps—and all his thoughts were gay.
Oh! who can paint his agonizing throes,
When on his ear the fatal news arose!
Chill'd with amazement,—senseless with the blow,
He stood a marble monument of woe;
Till, call'd to all the horrors of despair,
He smote his brow, and tore his horrent hair;
Then rush'd impetuous from the dreadful spot,
And sought those scenes (by memory ne'er forgot),
Those scenes, the witness of their growing flame,
And now like witnesses of Margaret's shame.
'T was night—he sought the river's lonely shore,
And traced again their former wanderings o'er.
Now on the bank in silent grief he stood,
And gazed intently on the stealing flood,
Death in his mien and madness in his eye,
He watch'd the waters as they murmur'd by;
Bade the base murderess triumph o'er his grave—
Prepared to plunge into the whelming wave.
Yet still he stood irresolutely bent,
Religion sternly stay'd his rash intent.
He knelt.—Cool play'd upon his cheek the wind,
And fann'd the fever of his maddening mind.
The willows waved, the stream it sweetly swept,
The paly moonbeam on its surface slept,
And all was peace,—he felt the general calm
O'er his rack'd bosom shed a genial balm:
When casting far behind his streaming eye,
He saw the Grove,—in fancy saw *her* lie,
His Margaret, lull'd in Germain's[1] arms to rest,
And all the demon rose within his breast.
Convulsive now, he clench'd his trembling hand,
Cast his dark eye once more upon the land,
Then, at one spring, he spurn'd the yielding bank,
And in the calm deceitful current sank.

Sad, on the solitude of night, the sound,
As in the stream he plunged, was heard around:
Then all was still—the wave was rough no more,
The river swept as sweetly as before;
The willows waved, the moonbeams shone serene,
And peace returning brooded o'er the scene.

Now, see upon the perjured fair one hang
Remorse's glooms and never-ceasing pang.
Full well she knew, repentant now too late,
She soon must bow beneath the stroke of fate.
But, for the babe she bore beneath her breast,
The offended God prolong'd her life unblest.
But fast the fleeting moments roll'd away,
And near, and nearer, drew the dreaded day;
That day, foredoom'd to give her child the light,
And hurl its mother to the shades of night.
The hour arrived, and from the wretched wife
The guiltless baby struggled into life.—
As night drew on, around her bed, a band
Of friends and kindred kindly took their stand;
In holy prayer they pass'd the creeping time,
Intent to expiate her awful crime.
Their prayers were fruitless.—As the midnight came,
A heavy sleep oppress'd each weary frame.
In vain they strove against the o'erwhelming load,
Some power unseen their drowsy lids bestrode.
They slept, till in the blushing eastern sky
The blooming Morning oped her dewy eye;
Then waking wide they sought the ravish'd bed,
But, lo! the hapless Margaret was fled;
And never more the weeping train were doom'd
To view the false one, in the deeps entomb'd.

The neighboring rustics told, that in the night
They heard such screams as froze them with affright,
And many an infant, at its mother's breast,
Started, dismay'd, from its unthinking rest.
And even now, upon the heath forlorn,
They show the path down which the fair was borne
By the fell demons, to the yawning wave,
Her own, and murder'd lover's, mutual grave.

Such is the tale, so sad, to memory dear,
Which oft in youth has charm'd my listening ear:
That tale, which bade me find redoubled sweets
In the drear silence of these dark retreats;
And even now, with melancholy power,
Adds a new pleasure to the lonely hour.
'Mid all the charms by magic Nature given
To this wild spot, this sublunary heaven,
With double joy enthusiast Fancy leans
On the attendant legend of the scenes.
This sheds a fairy lustre on the floods,
And breathes a mellower gloom upon the woods;
This, as the distant cataract swells around,
Gives a romantic cadence to the sound;
This, and the deep'ning glen, the alley green,
The silver stream, with sedgy tufts between,
The massy rock, the wood-encompass'd leas,
The broom-clad islands, and the nodding trees,
The lengthening vista, and the present gloom,
The verdant pathway breathing waste perfume;
These are thy charms: the joys which these impart
Bind thee, blest Clifton! close around my heart.

Dear Native Grove! where'er my devious track,
To thee will Memory lead the wanderer back.
Whether in Arno's polish'd vales I stray,
Or where "Oswego's swamps" obstruct the day;
Or wander lone, where, wildering and wide,
The tumbling torrent laves St. Gothard's side;
Or by old Tejo's classic margent muse,
Or stand entranced with Pyrennean views;
Still, still to thee, where'er my footsteps roam,
My heart shall point, and lead the wanderer home.

When Splendor offers, and when fame incites,
I'll pause, and think of all thy dear delights,
Reject the boon, and, wearied with the change,
Renounce the wish which first induced to range;
Turn to these scenes, these well-known scenes once more,
Trace once again old Trent's romantic shore,
And, tired with worlds, and all their busy ways,
Here waste the little remnant of my days.
But, if the Fates should this last wish deny,
And doom me on some foreign shore to die;

[1] Germain is the traditionary name of her husband.

Oh! should it please the world's supernal King,
That weltering waves my funeral dirge shall sing;
Or that my corse should, on some desert strand,
Lie stretch'd beneath the Simōom's blasting hand;
Still, though unwept I find a stranger tomb,
My sprite shall wander through this favorite gloom,
Ride on the wind that sweeps the leafless grove,
Sigh on the wood-blast of the dark alcove,
Sit, a lorn spectre, on yon well-known grave,
And mix its moanings with the desert wave.

GONDOLINE.

A BALLAD.

The night it was still, and the moon it shone
Serenely on the sea,
And the waves at the foot of the rifted rock
They murmur'd pleasantly,

When Gondoline roam'd along the shore,
A maiden full fair to the sight;
Though love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,
And turn'd it to deadly white.

Her thoughts they were drear, and the silent tear
It fill'd her faint blue eye,
As oft she heard, in Fancy's ear,
Her Bertrand's dying sigh.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth
Of all our good King's men,
And he was gone to the Holy Land
To fight the Saracen.

And many a month had pass'd away,
And many a rolling year,
But nothing the maid from Palestine
Could of her lover hear.

Full oft she vainly tried to pierce
The Ocean's misty face;
Full oft she thought her lover's bark
She on the wave could trace.

And every night she placed a light
In the high rock's lonely tower,
To guide her lover to the land,
Should the murky tempest lower.

But now despair had seized her breast,
And sunken in her eye:
"Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace will die."

She wander'd o'er the lonely shore,
The Curlew scream'd above,
She heard the scream with a sickening heart
Much boding of her love.

Yet still she kept her lonely way,
And this was all her cry,
"Oh. tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace shall die."

And now she came to a horrible rift,
All in the rock's hard side,
A bleak and blasted oak o'erspread
The cavern yawning wide.

And pendent from its dismal top
The deadly nightshade hung;
The hemlock and the aconite
Across the mouth were flung.

And all within was dark and drear,
And all without was calm;
Yet Gondoline enter'd, her soul upheld
By some deep-working charm.

And as she enter'd the cavern wide,
The moonbeam gleamed pale,
And she saw a snake on the craggy rock
It clung by its slimy tail.

Her foot it slipp'd, and she stood aghast,
She trod on a bloated toad;
Yet, still upheld by the secret charm,
She kept upon her road.

And now upon her frozen ear
Mysterious sounds arose;
So, on the mountain's piny top,
The blustering north wind blows.

Then furious peals of laughter loud
Were heard with thundering sound,
Till they died away in soft decay,
Low whispering o'er the ground.

Yet still the maiden onward went,
The charm yet onward led,
Though each big glaring ball of sight
Seem'd bursting from her head.

But now a pale blue light she saw,
It from a distance came,
She follow'd, till upon her sight,
Burst full a flood of flame.

She stood appall'd; yet still the charm
Upheld her sinking soul;
Yet each bent knee the other smote,
And each wild eye did roll.

And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal saw before,
And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal shall see more.

A burning caldron stood in the midst,
The flame was fierce and high,
And all the cave so wide and long
Was plainly seen thereby.

And round about the caldron stout
Twelve wither'd witches stood:
Their waists were bound with living snakes
And their hair was stiff with blood.

Their hands were gory too; and red
And fiercely flamed their eyes:
And they were muttering indistinct
Their hellish mysteries.

And suddenly they join'd their hands,
And utter'd a joyous cry,
And round about the caldron stout
They danced right merrily.

And [illegible] they stopt; and each prepared
   [illegible] what she had done,
Since [illegible] the Lady of the night
   Her waning course had run.

Behind a rock stood Gondoline,
   Thick weeds her face did veil,
And she leaned fearful forwarder,
   To hear the dreadful tale.

The first arose: She said she'd seen
   Rare sport since the blind cat mew'd,
She'd been to sea in a leaky sieve,
   And a jovial storm had brew'd.

She call'd around the winged winds,
   And raised a devilish rout;
And she laugh'd so loud, the peals were heard
   Full fifteen leagues about.

She said there was a little bark
   Upon the roaring wave,
And there was a woman there wh[illegible]d been
   To see her husband's grave.

And she had got a child in her arm[illegible]
   It was her only child,
And oft its little infant pranks
   Her heavy heart beguiled.

And there was too, in that same bark
   A father and his son;
The lad was sickly, and the sire
   Was old and woe-begone.

And when the tempest waxed strong,
   And the bark could no more it 'bi[illegible]
She said it was jovial fun to hear
   How the poor devils cried.

The mother clasp'd her orphan child
   Unto her breast, and wept;
And, sweetly folded in her arms,
   The careless baby slept.

And she told how, in the shape o' the wind,
   As manfully it roar'd,
She twisted her hand in the infant's hair
   And threw it overboard.

And to have seen the mother's pangs
   'T was a glorious sight to see;
The crew could scarcely hold her down
   From jumping in the sea.

The hag held a lock of the hair in her hand,
   And it was soft and fair:
It must have been a lovely child,
   To have had such lovely hair.

And she said, the father in his arms
   He held his sickly son,
And his dying throes, they fast arose,
   His pains were nearly done.

And she throttled the youth with her sinewy hands,
   And his face grew deadly blue:
And his father he tore his thin grey hair,
   And kissed the livid hue.

And then she told, how she bored a hole
   In the bark, and it fill'd away:
And 't was rare to hear, how some did swear,
   And some did vow and pray.

The man and woman they soon were dead,
   The sailors their strength did urge;
But the billows that beat were their winding-sheet,
   And the winds sung their funeral dirge.

She threw the infant's hair in the fire,
   The red flame flamed high,
And round about the caldron stout
   They danced right merrily.

The second begun: She said she had done
   The task that Queen Hecate had set her,
And that the devil, the father of evil,
   Had never accomplish'd a better.

She said, there was an aged woman,
   And she had a daughter fair,
Whose evil habits fill'd her heart
   With misery and care.

The daughter had a paramour,
   A wicked man was he,
And oft the woman him against
   Did murmur grievously.

And the hag had work'd the daughter up
   To murder her old mother,
That then she might seize on all her goods,
   And wanton with her lover.

And one night as the old woman
   Was sick and ill in bed,
And pondering sorely on the life
   Her wicked daughter led,

She heard her footstep on the floor,
   And she raised her pallid head,
And she saw her daughter, with a knife,
   Approaching to her bed.

And said, My child, I'm very ill,
   I have not long to live,
Now kiss my cheek, that ere I die
   Thy sins I may forgive.

And the murderess bent to kiss her cheek,
   And she lifted the sharp bright knife,
And the mother saw her full intent,
   And hard she begg'd for life.

But prayers would nothing her avail,
   And she scream'd aloud with fear,
But the house was lone, and the piercing screams
   Could reach no human ear.

And though that she was sick and old,
   She struggled hard and fought;
The murderess cut three fingers through
   Ere she could reach her throat.

And the hag she held the fingers up,
   The skin was mangled sore,
And they all agreed, a nobler deed
   Was never done before.

And she threw the fingers in the fire,
The red flame flamed high,
And round about the caldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The third arose: She said she'd been
To Holy Palestine;
And seen more blood in one short day,
Than they had all seen in nine.

Now Gondoline, with fearful steps,
Drew nearer to the flame.
For much she dreaded now to hear
Her hapless lover's name.

The hag related then the sports
Of that eventful day,
When on the well-contested field
Full fifteen thousand lay.

She said that she in human gore
Above the knees did wade,
And that no tongue could truly tell
The tricks she there had play'd.

There was a gallant-featured youth,
Who like a hero fought;
He kiss'd a bracelet on his wrist,
And every danger sought.

And in a vassal's garb disguised,
Unto the knight she sues,
And tells him she from Britain comes,
And brings unwelcome news.

That three days ere she had embark'd,
His love had given her hand
Unto a wealthy Thane, and thought
Him dead in holy land.

And to have seen how he did writhe
When this her tale she told,
It would have made a wizard's blood
Within his heart run cold.

Then fierce he spurr'd his warrior steed,
And sought the battle's bed:
And soon, all mangled o'er with wounds,
He on the cold turf bled.

And from his smoking corse she tore
His head, half clove in two,—
She ceased, and from beneath her garb
The bloody trophy drew.

The eyes were starting from their socks,
The mouth it ghastly grinn'd,
And there was a gash across the brow,
The scalp was nearly skinn'd.

'T was BERTRAND'S HEAD!! With a terrible scream,
The maiden gave a spring,
And from her fearful hiding-place
She fell into the ring.

The lights they fled—the caldron sunk,
Deep thunders shook the dome,
And hollow peals of laughter came
Resounding through the gloom.

Insensible the maiden lay
Upon the hellish ground,
And still mysterious sounds were heard
At intervals around.

She woke—she half arose,—and wild,
She cast a horrid glare:
The sounds had ceased, the lights had fled
And all was stillness there.

And through an awning in the rock,
The moon it sweetly shone,
And show'd a river in the cave
Which dismally did moan.

The stream was black, it sounded deep,
As it rush'd the rocks between,
It offer'd well, for madness fired
The breast of Gondoline.

She plunged in, the torrent moan'd
With its accustom'd sound,
And hollow peals of laughter loud
Again rebellow'd round.

The maid was seen no more.—But oft
Her ghost is known to glide,
At midnight's silent solemn hour,
Along the ocean's side.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS, IN THE MORNING BEFORE DAY-BREAK.

YE many twinkling stars, who yet do hold
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominions!—Planets, and central orbs
Of other systems;—big as the burning sun
Which lights this nether globe,—yet to our eye
Small as the glow-worm's lamp!—To you I raise
My lowly orisons, while, all bewilder'd,
My vision strays o'er your etherial hosts;
Too vast, too boundless for our narrow mind,
Warp'd with low prejudices, to unfold,
And sagely comprehend, thence higher soaring,
Through ye I raise my solemn thoughts to Him,
The mighty Founder of this wondrous maze,
The great Creator! Him! who now sublime,
Wrapt in the solitary amplitude
Of boundless space, above the rolling sphere
Sits on his silent throne, and meditates.

The angelic hosts, in their inferior Heaven,
Hymn to the golden harps his praise sublime,
Repeating loud, "The Lord our God is great!"
In varied harmonies.—The glorious sounds
Roll o'er the air serene.—The Æolian spheres,
Harping along their viewless boundaries,
Catch the full note, and cry, "The Lord is great!'
Responding to the Seraphim.—O'er all,
From orb to orb, to the remotest verge
Of the created world, the sound is borne,
Till the whole universe is full of HIM.

Oh! 't is this heavenly harmony which now
In fancy strikes upon my listening ear,

And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me smile
On the vain world, and all its bustling cares,
And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.
Oh! what is man, when at ambition's height,
What even are kings, when balanced in the scale
Of these stupendous worlds! Almighty God!
Thou, the dread Author of these wondrous works!
Say, canst Thou cast on me, poor passing worm,
One look of kind benevolence?—Thou can'st;
For Thou art full of universal love,
And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart
Thy beams as well to me as to the proud,
The pageant insects of a glittering hour.

Oh! when reflecting on these truths sublime,
How insignificant do all the joys,
The gauds, and honors of the world appear!
How vain ambition!—Why has my wakeful lamp
Outwatch'd the slow-paced night?—Why on the page,
The schoolman's labor'd page, have I employ'd
The hours devoted by the world to rest,
And needful to recruit exhausted nature?
Say, can the voice of narrow Fame repay
The loss of health? or can the hope of glory
Lend a new throb unto my languid heart,
Cool, even now, my feverish aching brow,
Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,
Or paint new colors on this pallid cheek?

Say, foolish one—can that unbodied fame,
For which thou barterest health and happiness,
Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave?
Give a new zest to bliss, or chase the pangs
Of everlasting punishment condign?
Alas! how vain are mortal man's desires!
How fruitless his pursuits! Eternal God!
Guide thou my footsteps in the way of truth,
And oh! assist me so to live on earth,
That I may die in peace, and claim a place
In thy high dwelling.—All but this is folly,
The vain illusions of deceitful life.

LINES,

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY A LOVER AT THE GRAVE OF HIS MISTRESS.

OCCASIONED BY A SITUATION IN A ROMANCE.

Mary, the moon is sleeping on thy grave,
And on the turf thy lover sad is kneeling,
The big tear in his eye.—Mary, awake,
From thy dark house arise, and bless his sight
On the pale moonbeam gliding. Soft, and low,
Pour on the silver ear of night thy tale,
Thy whisper'd tale of comfort and of love,
To soothe thy Edward's lorn, distracted soul,
And cheer his breaking heart.—Come, as thou didst,
When o'er the barren moors the night-wind howl'd,
And the deep thunders shook the ebon throne
Of the startled night,—Oh! then, as lone reclining,
I listen'd sadly to the dismal storm,
Thou on the lambent lightnings wild careering
ist strike my moody eye;—dead pale thou wert,
And, passing lovely.—Thou didst smile upon me,
, oh! thy voice it rose so musical,
And ixt the hollow pauses of the storm,
A

That at the sound the winds forgot to rave,
And the stern demon of the tempest, charm'd,
Sunk on his rocking throne to still repose,
Lock'd in the arms of silence.
Spirit of her!
My only love!—O! now again arise,
And let once more thine aëry accents fall
Soft on my listening ear. The night is calm,
The gloomy willows wave in sinking cadence
With the stream that sweeps below. Divinely swelling
On the still air, the distant waterfall
Mingles its melody;—and, high above,
The pensive empress of the solemn night,
Fitful, emerging from the rapid clouds,
Shows her chaste face in the meridian sky.
No wicked elves upon the *Warlock-knoll*
Dare now assemble at their mystic revels;
It is a night, when from their primrose beds,
The gentle ghosts of injured innocents
Are known to rise and wander on the breeze,
Or take their stand by the oppressor's couch,
And strike grim terror to his guilty soul.
The spirit of my love might now awake,
And hold its custom'd converse.
Mary, lo!
Thy Edward kneels upon thy verdant grave,
And calls upon thy name.—The breeze that blows
On his wan cheek will soon sweep over him
In solemn music, a funereal dirge,
Wild and most sorrowful.—His cheek is pale:
The worm that play'd upon thy youthful bloom,
It canker'd green on his.—Now lost he stands,
The ghost of what he was, and the cold dew
Which bathes his aching temples gives sure omen
Of speedy dissolution.——Mary, soon
Thy love will lay his pallid cheek to thine,
And sweetly will he sleep with thee in death.

MY STUDY.

A LETTER IN HUDIBRASTIC VERSE.

You bid me, Ned, describe the place
Where I, one of the rhyming race,
Pursue my studies *con amore*,
And wanton with the Muse in glory.

Well, figure to your senses straight,
Upon the house's topmost height,
A closet, just six feet by four,
With white-wash'd walls and plaster floor,
So nobly large, 't is scarcely able
To admit a single chair and table;
And (lest the Muse should die with cold),
A smoky grate my fire to hold,
So wondrous small, 't would much it pose
To melt the ice-drop on one's nose;
And yet so big, it covers o'er
Full half the spacious room and more.

A window vainly stuff'd about,
To keep November's breezes out,
So crazy, that the panes proclaim
That soon they mean to leave the frame.

My furniture I sure may crack—
A broken chair without a back;

'table wanting just two legs,
One end sustain'd by wooden pegs;
A desk—of that I am not fervent,
The work of, Sir, your humble servant,
(Who, though I say 't, am no such fumbler);
A glass decanter and a tumbler,
From which my night-parch'd throat I lave,
Luxurious, with the limpid wave.
A chest of drawers, in antique sections,
And saw'd by me in all directions;
So small, Sir, that whoever views 'em
Swears nothing but a doll could use 'em.
To these, if you will add a store
Of oddities upon the floor,
A pair of globes, electric balls,
Scales, quadrants, prisms, and cobblers' awls,
And crowds of books, on rotten shelves,
Octavos, folios, quartos, twelves;
I think, dear Ned, you curious dog,
You 'll have my earthly catalogue.
But stay,—I nearly had left out
My bellows, destitute of snout;
And on the walls,—Good Heavens! why there
I 've such a load of precious ware,
Of heads, and coins, and silver medals
And organ works, and broken pedals,
(For I was once a-building music,
Though soon of that employ I grew sick);
And skeletons of laws which shoot
All out of one primordial root;
That you, with such a sight, would swear
Confusion's self had settled there.
There stands, just by a broken sphere,
A Cicero without an ear,
A neck, on which, by logic good,
I know for sure a head *once* stood;
But who it was the able master
Had moulded in the mimic plaster,
Whether 't was Pope, or Coke, or Burn,
I never yet could justly learn:
But knowing well, that any head
Is made to answer for the dead,
(And sculptors first their faces frame,
And after pitch upon a name,
Nor think it aught of a misnomer
To christen Chaucer's busto Homer,
Because they both have beards, which, you know,
Will mark them well from Joan and Juno),
For some great man, I could not tell
But Neck might answer just as well,
So perch'd it up, all in a row
With Chatham and with Cicero.

Then all around, in just degree,
A range of portraits you may see
Of mighty men, and eke of women,
Who are no whit inferior *to* men.

With these fair dames, and heroes round,
I call my garret classic ground,
For though confined, 't will well contain
The ideal flights of Madam Brain.
No dungeon's walls, no cell confined,
Can cramp the energies of mind!
Thus, though my heart may seem so small
I 've friends, and 't will contain them all;

And should it e'er become so cold
That these it will no longer hold,
No more may Heaven her blessings give,
I shall not then be fit to live.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first question'd Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale the promise of the year,
Serene thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity: in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

SONNET.

TO THE RIVER TRENT.—WRITTEN ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

Once more, oh Trent! along thy pebbly marge
A pensive invalid, reduced and pale,
From the close sick-room newly let at large,
Wooes to his wan-worn cheek the pleasant gale.
O! to his ear how musical the tale
Which fills with joy the throstle's little throat;
And all the sounds which on the fresh breeze sail
How wildly novel on his senses float!
It was on this that, many a sleepless night,
As, lone, he watch'd the taper's sickly gleam,
And at his casement heard, with wild affright,
The owl's dull wing and melancholy scream,
On this he thought, this, this, his sole desire,
Thus once again to hear the warbling woodland choir.

SONNET.

Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where, far from cities, I may spend my days,
And, by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.
While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
List to the mountain-torrent's distant noise,
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive joys;
But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more;
And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
I 'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,

And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

SONNET.[1]

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN ADDRESSED BY A FEMALE LUNATIC TO A LADY.

Lady, thou weepest for the maniac's woe,
And thou art fair, and thou, like me, art young:
Oh! may thy bosom never, never know
The pangs with which my wretched heart is wrung.
I had a mother once,—a brother too—
(Beneath yon yew my father rests his head:)
I had a lover once,—and kind and true,
But mother, brother, lover, all are fled!
Yet, whence the tear which dims thy lovely eye?
Oh! gentle lady—not for me thus weep,
The green sod soon upon my breast will lie,
And soft and sound will be my peaceful sleep.
Go thou and pluck the roses while they bloom—
My hopes lie buried in the silent tomb.

SONNET.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE UNHAPPY POET, DERMODY, IN A STORM, WHILE ON BOARD A SHIP IN HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

Lo! o'er the welkin the tempestuous clouds
Successive fly, and the loud-piping wind
Rocks the poor sea-boy on the dripping shrouds;
While the pale pilot, o'er the helm reclined,
Lists to the changeful storm, and as he plies
His wakeful task, he oft bethinks him sad,
Of wife, and little home, and chubby lad,
And the half-strangled tear bedews his eyes.
I, on the deck, musing on themes forlorn,
View the drear tempest, and the yawning deep,
Nought dreading in the green sea's caves to sleep;
For not for me shall wife or children mourn,
And the wild winds shall ring my funeral knell,
Sweetly, as solemn peal of pious passing-bell.

SONNET.

THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

God help thee, Traveller! on thy journey far;
The wind is bitter keen,—the snow o'erlays
The hidden pits, and dangerous hollow ways,
And darkness will involve thee.—No kind star
To-night will guide thee, Traveller,—and the war
Of winds and elements on thy head will break,
And in thy agonizing ear the shriek
Of spirits howling on their stormy car,
Will often ring appalling—I portend
A dismal night—and on my wakeful bed
Thoughts, Traveller, of thee, will fill my head,
And him who rides where winds and waves contend,
And strives, rude cradled on the seas, to guide
His lonely bark through the tempestuous tide.

1 This Quatorzain had its rise from an elegant Sonnet, "occasioned by seeing a young Female Lunatic," written by Mrs. Lofft, and published in the Monthly Mirror

SONNET.

BY CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

This Sonnet was addressed to the Author of this Volume, and was occasioned by several little Quatorzains, misnomered Sonnets, which he published in the Monthly Mirror. He begs leave to return his thanks to the much-respected writer, for the permission so politely granted to insert it here, and for the good opinion he has been pleased to express of his productions.

Ye, whose aspirings court the muse of lays,
"Severest of those orders which belong,
Distinct and separate, to Delphic song,"
Why shun the Sonnet's undulating maze?
And why its name, boast of Petrarchian days,
Assume, its rules disown'd? whom from the throng
The muse selects, their ear the charm obeys
Of its full harmony:—they fear to wrong
The *Sonnet*, by adorning with a name
Of that distinguish'd import, lays, though sweet,
Yet not in magic texture taught to meet
Of that so varied and peculiar frame.
O think! to vindicate its genuine praise
Those it beseems, whose *Lyre* a favoring impulse sways.

SONNET.

RECANTATORY, IN REPLY TO THE FOREGOING ELEGANT ADMONITION.

Let the sublimer muse, who, wrapt in night,
Rides on the raven pennons of the storm,
Or o'er the field, with purple havoc warm,
Lashes her steeds, and sings along the fight,
Let her, whom more ferocious strains delight,
Disdain the plaintive Sonnet's little form,
And scorn to its wild cadence to conform
The impetuous tenor of her hardy flight.
But me, far lowest of the sylvan train,
Who wake the wood-nymphs from the forest shade
With wildest song;—Me, much behoves thy aid
Of mingled melody to grace my strain,
And give it power to please, as soft it flows
Through the smooth murmurs of thy frequent close

SONNET.

ON HEARING THE SOUNDS OF AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

So ravishingly soft upon the tide
Of the infuriate gust it did career,
It might have soothed its rugged charioteer,
And sunk him to a zephyr;—then it died,
Melting in melody:—and I descried,
Borne to some wizard stream, the form appear
Of Druid sage, who on the far-off ear
Pour'd his lone song, to which the surge replied:
Or thought I heard the hapless pilgrim's knell,
Lost in some wild enchanted forest's bounds,
By unseen beings sung; or are these sounds
Such, as 't is said, at night are known to swell
By startled shepherd on the lonely heath,
Keeping his night-watch sad, portending death?

SONNET.

What art thou, Mighty One! and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet;
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
Thou guidest the northern storm at night's dead noon,
Or on the red wing of the fierce Monsoon,
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought! the confines of his throne to trace,
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

A BALLAD.

Be hush'd, be hush'd, ye bitter winds!
Ye pelting rains, a little rest;
Lie still, lie still, ye busy thoughts,
That wring with grief my aching breast.

Oh! cruel was my faithless love,
To triumph o'er an artless maid;
Oh! cruel was my faithless love,
To leave the breast by him betray'd.

When exiled from my native home,
He should have wiped the bitter tear;
Nor left me faint and lone to roam,
A heart-sick, weary wand'rer here.

My child moans sadly in my arms,
The winds they will not let it sleep:
Ah, little knows the hapless babe
What makes its wretched mother weep!

Now lie thee still, my infant dear,
I cannot bear thy sobs to see,
Harsh is thy father, little one,
And never will he shelter thee.

Oh, that I were but in my grave,
And winds were piping o'er me loud,
And thou, my poor, my orphan babe,
Wert nestling in thy mother's shroud!

THE LULLABY

OF A FEMALE CONVICT TO HER CHILD, THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO EXECUTION.

Sleep, Baby mine,[1] enkerchieft on my bosom,
Thy cries they pierce again my bleeding breast;
Sleep, Baby mine, not long thou'lt have a mother
To lull thee fondly in her arms to rest.

Baby, why dost thou keep this sad complaining,
Long from mine eyes have kindly slumbers fled;
Hush, hush, my babe, the night is quickly waning,
And I would fain compose my aching head.

Poor wayward wretch! and who will heed thy weeping,
When soon an outcast on the world thou'lt be?
Who then will soothe thee, when thy mother's sleeping
In her low grave of shame and infamy?

Sleep, baby mine—To-morrow I must leave thee,
And I would snatch an interval of rest:
Sleep these last moments, ere the laws bereave thee,
For never more thou'lt press a mother's breast.

1 Sir Philip Sidney has a poem beginning, "Sleep, baby mine."

Poems of a later Date.

EXTEMPORANEOUS VERSES.

These lines were composed *extempore* soon after the publication of "Clifton Grove," in the presence of an acquaintance who doubted the author's ability to write poetry.

Thou base repiner at another's joy,
Whose eye turns green at merit not thine own,
Oh, far away from generous Britons fly,
And find in meaner climes a fitter throne.
Away, away; it shall not be,
Thou shalt not dare defile our plains;
The truly generous heart disdains
Thy meaner, lowlier fires, while he
Joys at another's joy, and smiles at others' jollity.

Triumphant monster! though thy schemes succeed;
Schemes laid in Acheron, the brood of night,
Yet, but a little while, and nobly freed,
Thy happy victim will emerge to light;
When o'er his head in silence that reposes,
Some kindred soul shall come to drop a tear;
Then will his last cold pillow turn to roses,
Which thou hadst planted with the thorn severe;
Then will thy baseness stand confest, and all
Will curse the ungen'rous fate, that bade a Poet fall.

* * * * *

Yet, ah! thy arrows are *too* keen, too sure:
Couldst thou not pitch upon another prey?
Alas! in robbing him thou robb'st the poor,
Who only boast what thou wouldst take away.
See the lorn Bard at midnight-study sitting,
O'er his pale features streams his dying lamp;
While o'er fond Fancy's pale perspective flitting,
Successive forms their fleet ideas stamp.
Yet say, is bliss upon his brow imprest?
Does jocund Health in thought's still mansion live?
Lo, the cold dews that on his temples rest,
That short quick sigh—their sad responses give.

And canst thou rob a Poet of his song?
Snatch from the bard his trivial meed of praise?
Small are his gains, nor does he hold them long:
Then leave, oh, leave him to enjoy his lays
While yet he lives—for, to his merits just,
Though future ages join, his fame to raise,
Will the loud trump awake his cold unheeding dust?
* *

TO POESY.

ADDRESSED TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ., SEPT. 10, 1805.

Yes, my stray steps have wander'd, wandered far
From thee, and long, heart-soothing Poesy!
And many a flower, which in the passing time
My heart hath register'd, nipp'd by the chill
Of undeserved neglect, hath shrunk and died.
Heart-soothing Poesy!—though thou hast ceased
To hover o'er the many-voiced strings
Of my long silent lyre, yet thou canst still
Call the warm tear from its thrice-hallow'd cell,
And with recalled images of bliss
Warm my reluctant heart.—Yes, I would throw,
Once more would throw, a quick and hurried hand
O'er the responding chords.—It hath not ceased:
It cannot, will not cease; the heavenly warmth
Plays round my heart, and mantles o'er my cheek;
Still, though unbidden, plays.—Fair Poesy!
The summer and the spring, the wind and rain,
Sunshine and storm, with various interchange,
Have mark'd full many a day, and week, and month,
Since by dark wood, or hamlet far retired,
Spell-struck, with thee I loiter'd.—Sorceress!
I cannot burst thy bonds!—It is but lift
Thy blue eyes to that deep-bespangled vault,
Wreathe thy enchanted tresses round thine arm,
And mutter some obscure and charmed rhyme,
And I could follow thee, on thy night's work,
Up to the regions of thrice-chasten'd fire,
Or in the caverns of the ocean-flood,
Thrid the light mazes of thy volant foot.
Yet other duties call me, and mine ear
Must turn away from the high minstrelsy
Of thy soul-trancing harp, unwillingly
Must turn away; there are severer strains
(And surely they are sweet as ever smote
The ear of spirit, from this mortal coil
Released and disembodied), there are strains,
Forbid to all, save those whom solemn thought,
Through the probation of revolving years,
And mighty converse with the spirit of truth,
Have purged and purified.—To these my soul
Aspireth; and to this sublimer end
I gird myself, and climb the toilsome steep
With patient expectation.—Yea, sometimes
Foretaste of bliss rewards me; and sometimes
Spirits unseen upon my footsteps wait,
And minister strange music, which doth seem
Now near, now distant, now on high, now low,
Then swelling from all sides, with bliss complete
And full fruition filling all the soul.
Surely such ministry, though rare, may soothe
The steep ascent, and cheat the lassitude
Of toil; and but that my fond heart
Reverts to day-dreams of the summer gone;
When by clear fountain, or embower'd brake,
I lay a listless muser, prizing, far
Above all other lore, the poet's theme;
But for such recollections, I could brace
My stubborn spirit for the arduous path
Of science unregretting; eye afar
Philosophy upon her steepest height,
And with bold step, and resolute attempt,
Pursue her to the innermost recess,
Where throned in light she sits, the Queen of Truth

ODE

ADDRESSED TO H. FUSELI, ESQ. R. A.

On seeing Engravings from his Designs.

Mighty magician! who on Torneo's brow,
When sullen tempests wrap the throne of night,
Art wont to sit, and catch the gleam of light
That shoots athwart the gloom opaque below;
And listen to the distant death-shriek long
From lonely mariner foundering in the deep,
Which rises slowly up the rocky steep,
While the weird sisters weave the horrid song:
Or when along the liquid sky
Serenely chaunt the orbs on high,
Dost love to sit in musing trance,
And mark the northern meteor's dance,
(While far below the fitful oar
Flings its faint pauses on the steepy shore)
And list the music of the breeze,
That sweeps by fits the bending seas;
And often bears with sudden swell
The shipwreck'd sailor's funeral knell,
By the spirits sung, who keep
Their night-watch on the treacherous deep,
And guide the wakeful helmsman's eye
To Helice in northern sky:
And there, upon the rock inclined
With mighty visions fill'st the mind,
Such as bound in magic spell
Him[1] who grasp'd the gates of Hell,
And, bursting Pluto's dark domain,
Held to the day the terrors of his reign.

Genius of Horror and romantic awe!
Whose eye explores the secrets of the deep,
Whose power can bid the rebel fluids creep,
Can force the inmost soul to own its law;
Who shall now, sublimest spirit,
Who shall now thy wand inherit,
From him[2] thy darling child who best
Thy shuddering images exprest?
Sullen of soul, and stern and proud,
His gloomy spirit spurn'd the crowd,
And now he lays his aching head
In the dark mansion of the silent dead.

Mighty magician! long thy wand has lain
Buried beneath the unfathomable deep;
And oh! for ever must its efforts sleep?
May none the mystic sceptre e'er regain?
Oh yes, 'tis his!—thy other son;
He throws the dark-wrought tunic on,

1 Dante. 2 Idem.

Fuesslin waves thy wand,—again they rise,
Again thy 'wildering forms salute our ravish'd eyes;
Him didst thou cradle on the dizzy steep
Where round his head the volley'd lightnings flung,
And the loud winds that round his pillow rung,
Woo'd the stern infant to the arms of sleep.
Or on the highest top of Teneriffe
Seated the fearless boy, and bade him look
Where far below the weather-beaten skiff
On the gulf-bottom of the ocean strook.
Thou mark'dst him drink with ruthless ear
The death-sob, and, disdaining rest,
Thou saw'st how danger fired his breast,
And in his young hand couch'd the visionary spear.
Then, Superstition, at thy call,
She bore the boy to Odin's Hall,
And set before his awe-struck sight,
The savage feast, and spectred fight;
And summon'd from his mountain-tomb
The ghastly warrior son of gloom,
His fabled Runic rhymes to sing,
While fierce Hresvelger flapp'd his wing;
Thou show'dst the trains the shepherd sees,
Laid on the stormy Hebrides,
Which on the mists of evening gleam
Or crowd the foaming desert stream:
Lastly her storied hand she waves,
And lays him in Florentian caves;
There milder fables, lovelier themes,
Enwrap his soul in heavenly dreams,
There Pity's lute arrests his ear,
And draws the half-reluctant tear;
And now at noon of night he roves
Along the embowering moonlight groves,
And as from many a cavern'd dell
The hollow wind is heard to swell,
He thinks some troubled spirit sighs;
And as upon the turf he lies,
Where sleeps the silent beam of night,
He sees below the gliding sprite,
And hears in Fancy's organs sound
Aërial music warbling round.

Taste lastly comes and smoothes the whole,
And breathes her polish o'er his soul;
Glowing with wild, yet chasten'd heat,
The wondrous work is now complete.
The Poet dreams:—The shadow flies,
And fainting fast its image dies.
But, lo! the Painter's magic force
Arrests the phantom's fleeting course;
It lives—it lives—the canvas glows,
And tenfold vigor o'er it flows.
The Bard beholds the work achieved,
And as he sees the shadow rise,
Sublime before his wandering eyes,
Starts at the image his own mind conceived.

ODE

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE, K. G.

I.

Retired, remote from human noise,
An humble Poet dwelt serene;
His lot was lowly, yet his joys
Were manifold, I ween.
He laid him by the brawling brook
At eventide to ruminate,
He watch'd the swallow skimming round,
And mused, in reverie profound,
On wayward man's unhappy state,
And ponder'd much, and paused on deeds of ancient date.

II. 1.

"Oh, 't was not always thus," he cried;
"There was a time, when Genius claim'd
Respect from even towering Pride,
Nor hung her head ashamed:
But now to Wealth alone we bow;
The titled and the rich alone
Are honor'd, while meek Merit pines,
On Penury's wretched couch reclines,
Unheeded in his dying moan,
As overwhelm'd with want and woe, he sinks unknown.

III. 1.

"Yet was the Muse not always seen
In Poverty's dejected mien,
Not always did repining rue,
And misery her steps pursue.
Time was, when nobles thought their titles graced
By the sweet honors of poetic bays,
When Sidney sung his melting song,
When Sheffield join'd the harmonious throng,
And Lyttleton attuned to love his lays.
Those days are gone—alas, for ever gone!
No more our nobles love to grace
Their brows with anadems, by genius won,
But arrogantly deem the Muse as base;
How different thought the sires of this degenerate race!"

I. 2.

Thus sang the minstrel:—still at eve
The upland's woody shades among
In broken measures did he grieve,
With solitary song.
And still his theme was aye the same,
Neglect had stung him to the core;
And he with pensive joy did love
To seek the still congenial grove,
And muse on all his sorrows o'er,
And vow that he would join the abjured world no more.

II. 2.

But human vows, how frail they be!
Fame brought Carlisle into his view,
And all amazed, he thought to see
The Augustan age anew.
Fill'd with wild rapture, up he rose,
No more he ponders on the woes,
Which erst he felt that forward goes,
Regrets he'd sunk in impotence,
And hails the ideal day of virtuous eminence.

III. 2.

Ah! silly man, yet smarting sore,
With ills which in the world he bore,
Again on futile hope to rest,
An unsubstantial prop at best,
And not to know one swallow makes no summer!

Ah! soon he'll find the brilliant gleam,
Which flash'd across the hemisphere,
Illumining the darkness there,
Was but a single solitary beam,
While all around remain'd in 'customed night.
Still leaden Ignorance reigns serene,
In the false court's delusive height,
And only one Carlisle is seen,
To illume the heavy gloom with pure and steady light.

DESCRIPTION OF A SUMMER'S EVE.

Down the sultry arc of day
The burning wheels have urged their way,
And eve along the western skies
Spreads her intermingling dyes.
Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creaking comes the empty wain,
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits;
And oft, with his accustom'd call,
Urging on the sluggish Ball.
The barn is still, the master's gone,
And thresher puts his jacket on,
While Dick, upon the ladder tall,
Nails the dead kite to the wall.
Here comes shepherd Jack at last,
He has penn'd the sheep-cote fast,
For 'twas but two nights before,
A lamb was eaten on the moor:
His empty wallet *Rover* carries,
Now for Jack, when near home, tarries.
With lolling tongue he runs to try
If the horse-trough be not dry.
The milk is settled in the pans,
And supper messes in the cans;
In the hovel carts are wheel'd,
And both the colts are drove a-field;
The horses are all bedded up,
And the ewe is with the tup,
The snare for Mister Fox is set,
The leaven laid, the thatching wet,
And Bess has slink'd away to talk
With Roger in the holly-walk.

Now, on the settle all, but Bess,
Are set to eat their supper mess;
And little Tom, and roguish Kate,
Are swinging on the meadow gate.
Now they chat of various things,
Of taxes, ministers, and kings,
Or else tell all the village news,
How madam did the squire refuse;
How parson on his tithes was bent,
And landlord oft distrain'd for rent.
Thus do they, till in the sky
The pale-eyed moon is mounted high,
And from the alehouse drunken Ned
Had reel'd—then hasten all to bed.
The mistress sees that lazy Kate
The happing coal on kitchen grate
Has laid—while master goes throughout,
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out,
s candles safe, the hearths all clear,
d nought from thieves or fire to fear:
Then both to bed together creep,
And join the general troop of sleep.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

Come, pensive sage, who lov'st to dwell
In some retired Lapponian cell,
Where, far from noise and riot rude,
Resides sequester'd Solitude,
Come, and o'er my longing soul
Throw thy dark and russet stole,
And open to my duteous eyes
The volume of thy mysteries.

I will meet thee on the hill,
Where, with printless footsteps, still
The morning, in her buskin grey,
Springs upon her eastern way;
While the frolic zephyrs stir,
Playing with the gossamer,
And, on ruder pinions borne,
Shake the dew-drops from the thorn.
There, as o'er the fields we pass,
Brushing with hasty feet the grass,
We will startle from her nest
The lively lark with speckled breast,
And hear the floating clouds among,
Her gale-transported matin song,
Or on the upland stile embower'd,
With fragrant hawthorn snowy flower'd,
Will sauntering sit, and listen still
To the herdsman's oaten quill,
Wafted from the plain below;
Or the heifer's frequent low;
Or the milkmaid in the grove,
Singing of one that died for love:
Or when the noontide heats oppress,
We will seek the dark recess,
Where, in the embower'd translucent stream
The cattle shun the sultry beam,
And o'er us, on the marge reclined,
The drowsy fly her horn shall wind,
While Echo, from her ancient oak,
Shall answer to the woodman's stroke;
Or the little peasant's song,
Wandering lone the glens among,
His artless lip with berries dyed,
And feet through ragged shoes descried.

But, oh! when evening's virgin queen
Sits on her fringed throne serene,
And mingling whispers, rising near,
Steal on the still reposing ear:
While distant brooks decaying round,
Augment the mix'd dissolving sound,
And the zephyr, flitting by,
Whispers mystic harmony,
We will seek the woody lane,
By the hamlet, on the plain,
Where the weary rustic nigh
Shall whistle his wild melody,
And the creaking wicket oft
Shall echo from the neighboring croft;
And as we trace the green path lone,
With moss and rank weeds overgrown,

We will muse on pensive lore
Till the full soul, brimming o'er,
Shall in our upturn'd eyes appear,
Embodied in a quivering tear:
Or else, serenely silent, set
By the brawling rivulet,
Which on its calm unruffled breast,
Bears the old mossy arch impress'd,
That clasps its secret stream of glass
Half hid in shrubs and waving grass,
The wood-nymph's lone secure retreat,
Unpress'd by fawn or sylvan's feet,
We'll watch, in eve's etherial braid,
The rich vermilion slowly fade;
Or catch, faint twinkling from afar,
The first glimpse of the eastern star,
Fair Vesper, mildest lamp of light,
That heralds in imperial night;
Meanwhile, upon our wandering ear,
Shall rise, though low, yet sweetly clear,
The distant sounds of pastoral lute,
Invoking soft the sober suit
Of dimmest darkness—fitting well
With love or sorrow's pensive spell
(So erst did music's silver tone
Wake slumbering Chaos on his throne).
And haply then, with sudden swell,
Shall roar the distant curfew-bell,
While in the castle's mouldering tower
The hooting owl is heard to pour
Her melancholy song, and scare
Dull Silence brooding in the air.
Meanwhile her dusk and slumbering car
Black-suited Night drives on from far,
And Cynthia, 'merging from her rear,
Arrests the waxing darkness drear,
And summons to her silent call,
Sweeping in their airy pall,
The unshrived ghosts in fairy trance,
To join her moonshine morrice-dance:
While around the mystic ring
The shadowy shapes elastic spring,
Then with a passing shriek they fly,
Wrapt in mists, along the sky,
And oft are by the shepherd seen,
In his lone night-watch on the green.

Then, hermit, let us turn our feet
To the low abbey's still retreat,
Embower'd in the distant glen,
Far from the haunts of busy men,
Where, as we sit upon the tomb,
The glow-worm's light may gild the gloom,
And show to Fancy's saddest eye,
Where some lost hero's ashes lie.
And oh! as through the mouldering arch,
With ivy fill'd and weeping larch,
The night-gale whispers sadly clear,
Speaking drear things to Fancy's ear,
We'll hold communion with the shade
Of some deep-wailing ruin'd maid—
Or call the ghost of Spenser down,
To tell of woe and Fortune's frown;
And bid us cast the eye of hope
Beyond this bad world's narrow scope.
Or if these joys, to us denied,
To linger by the forest's side;
Or in the meadow, or the wood,
Or by the lone romantic flood;
Let us in the busy town,
When sleep's dull streams the people drown,
Far from drowsy pillows flee,
And turn the church's massy key;
Then, as through the painted glass
The moon's faint beams obscurely pass;
And darkly on the trophied wall,
Her faint ambiguous shadows fall;
Let us, while the faint winds wail,
Through the long reluctant aisle,
As we pace with reverence meet,
Count the echoings of our feet:
While from the tombs, with confess'd breath,
Distinct responds the voice of death.
If thou, mild sage, wilt condescend
Thus on my footsteps to attend,
To thee my lonely lamp shall burn,
By fallen Genius' sainted urn,
As o'er the scroll of Time I pore,
And sagely spell of ancient lore,
Till I can rightly guess of all
That Plato could to memory call,
And scan the formless views of things,
Or with old Egypt's fetter'd kings,
Arrange the mystic trains that shine
In night's high philosophic mine;
And to thy name shall e'er belong
The honors of undying song.

ODE

TO THE GENIUS OF ROMANCE.

Oh! thou who, in my early youth,
When fancy wore the garb of truth,
Wert wont to win my infant feet,
To some retired, deep-fabled seat,
Where by the brooklet's secret tide,
The midnight ghost was known to glide;
Or lay me in some lonely glade,
In native Sherwood's forest shade,
Where Robin Hood, the outlaw bold,
Was wont his sylvan courts to hold;
And there, as musing deep I lay,
Would steal my little soul away,
And all thy pictures represent,
Of siege and solemn tournament;
Or bear me to the magic scene
Where, clad in greaves and gaberdine,
The warrior knight of chivalry
Made many a fierce enchanter flee,
And bore the high-born dame away,
Long held the fell magician's prey;
Or oft would tell the shuddering tale
Of murders, and of goblins pale
Haunting the guilty baron's side
(Whose floors with secret blood were dyed),
Which o'er the vaulted corridor
On stormy nights were heard to roar,
By old domestic, waken'd wide
By the angry winds that chide;

Or else the mystic tale would tell
Of Greensleeve, or of Blue-Beard fell.

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

Oh! yonder is the well-known spot,
My dear, my long-lost native home!
Oh! welcome is yon little cot,
Where I shall rest, no more to roam!
Oh! I have travell'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband:
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

Of distant climes the false report
Allured me from my native land;
It bade me rove—my sole support
My cymbals and my saraband.
The woody dell, the hanging rock,
The chamois skipping o'er the heights;
The plain adorn'd with many a flock,
And, oh! a thousand more delights,
That graced yon dear beloved retreat,
Have backward won my weary feet.

Now safe return'd, with wandering tired,
No more my little home I'll leave;
And many a tale of what I've seen
Shall while away the winter's eve.
Oh! I have wander'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband;
But all their charms could not prevail,
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

LINES,

Written impromptu, on reading the following passage in Mr. Capel Lofft's beautiful and interesting Preface to Nathaniel Bloomfield's Poems, just published.—"It has a mixture of the sportive, which deepens the impression of its melancholy close. I could have wished, as I have said in a short note, the conclusion had been otherwise. The sours of life less offend my taste than its sweets delight it."

Go to the raging sea, and say, "Be still!"
Bid the wild lawless winds obey thy will;
Preach to the storm, and reason with despair,
But tell not misery's son *that life is fair.*

Thou, who in Plenty's lavish lap hast roll'd,
And every year with new delight hast told,
Thou, who recumbent on the lacquer'd barge,
Hast dropt down joy's gay stream of pleasant marge,
Thou may'st extol life's calm, untroubled sea—
The storms of misery never burst on *thee.*

Go to the mat, where squalid Want reclines,
Go to the shade obscure, where Merit pines;
Abide with him whom Penury's charms control,
And bind the rising yearnings of his soul;
Survey his sleepless couch, and standing there,
Tell the poor pallid wretch that *life is fair!*
Press thou the lonely pillow of his head,
And ask why sleep his languid eyes had fled:
Mark his dew'd temples, and his half-shut eye,
His trembling nostrils, and his deep-drawn sigh,
His muttering mouth contorted with despair,
And ask if Genius could inhabit there.

Oh, yes! that sunken eye with fire once gleam'd,
And rays of light from its full circlet stream'd;
But now Neglect has stung him to the core,
And Hope's wild raptures thrill his breast no more;
Domestic anguish winds his vitals round,
And added Grief compels him to the ground.
Lo! o'er his manly form, decay'd and wan,
The shades of death with gradual steps steal on;
And the pale mother, pining to decay,
Weeps for her boy her wretched life away.

Go, child of fortune! to his early grave,
Where o'er his head obscure the rank weeds wave;
Behold the heart-wrung parent lay her head
On the cold turf, and ask to share his bed.
Go, child of Fortune, take thy lesson there,
And tell us then that life is *wondrous fair!*

Yet, Lofft, in thee, whose hand is still stretch'd forth,
T' encourage genius, and to foster worth;
On thee, the unhappy's firm, unfading friend,
'T is just that every blessing should descend;
'T is just that life to thee should only show
Her fairer side, but little mix'd with woe.

WRITTEN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

Sad solitary *Thought!* who keep'st thy vigils,
Thy solemn vigils, in the sick man's mind;
Communing lonely with his sinking soul,
And musing on the dubious glooms that lie
In dim obscurity before him,—thee,
Wrapt in thy dark magnificence, I call
At this still midnight hour, this awful season,
When on my bed in wakeful restlessness,
I turn me wearisome; while all around,
All, all, save me, sink in forgetfulness;
I only wake to watch the sickly taper
Which lights me to my tomb.—Yes, 't is the hand
Of Death I feel press heavy on my vitals,
Slow sapping the warm current of existence.
My moments now are few—the sand of life
Ebbs fastly to its finish.—Yet a little,
And the last fleeting particle will fall,
Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented.
Come then, sad Thought! and let us meditate
While meditate we may.—We have now
But a small portion of what men call time
To hold communion; for even now the knife,
The separating knife, I feel divide
The tender bond that binds my soul to earth.
Yes, I must die—I feel that I must die;
And though to me has life been dark and dreary,
Though Hope for me has smiled but to deceive,
And Disappointment still pursued her blandishments,
Yet do I feel my soul recoil within me
As I contemplate the dim gulf of death,

The shuddering void, the awful blank—futurity.
Ay, I had plann'd full many a sanguine scheme
Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes,
And fraught with loveliness; and it is hard
To feel the hand of Death arrest one's steps,
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion.
Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
Oh! none;—another busy brood of beings
Will shoot up in the interim, and none
Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink,
As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets
Of busy London:—Some short bustle's caused,
A few inquiries, and the crowds close in,
And all 's forgotten.—On my grassy grave
The men of future times will careless tread,
And read my name upon the sculptured stone;
Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,
Recall my vanish'd memory.—I did hope
For better things!—I hoped I should not leave
The earth without a vestige;—Fate decrees
It shall be otherwise, and I submit.
Henceforth, O world, no more of thy desires!
No more of Hope! the wanton vagrant Hope!
I abjure all.—Now other cares engross me,
And my tired soul, with emulative haste,
Looks to its God, and plumes its wings for Heaven.

PASTORAL SONG.

Come, Anna! come, the morning dawns,
Faint streaks of radiance tinge the skies:
Come, let us seek the dewy lawns,
And watch the early lark arise;
While Nature, clad in vesture gay,
Hails the loved return of day.

Our flocks, that nip the scanty blade
Upon the moor, shall seek the vale;
And then, secure beneath the shade,
We'll listen to the throstle's tale;
And watch the silver clouds above,
As o'er the azure vault they rove.

Come, Anna! come, and bring thy lute,
That with its tones, so softly sweet,
In cadence with my mellow flute,
We may beguile the noontide heat;
While near the mellow bee shall join,
To raise a harmony divine.

And then at eve, when silence reigns,
Except when heard the beetle's hum,
We'll leave the sober-tinted plains,
To these sweet heights again we'll come;
And thou to thy soft lute shall play
A solemn vesper to departing day.

VERSES.

When pride and envy, and then scorn
Of wealth, my heart with gall imbued,
I thought how pleasant were the morn
Of silence, in the solitude;
To hear the forest bee on wing,
Or by the stream, or woodland spring,
To lie and muse alone—alone,
While the tinkling waters moan,
Or such wild sounds arise, as say,
Man and noise are far away.

Now, surely, thought I, there 's enow
To fill life's dusty way;
And who will miss a poet's feet,
Or wonder where he stray?
So to the woods and waste I'll go:
And I will build an osier bower:
And sweetly there to me shall flow
The meditative hour.

And when the Autumn's withering hand
Shall strew with leaves the sylvan land,
I'll to the forest caverns hie:
And in the dark and stormy nights,
I'll listen to the shrieking sprites,
Who, in the wintry wolds and floods,
Keep jubilee, and shred the woods:
Or, as it drifted soft and slow,
Hurl in ten thousand shapes the snow.

* * * *

EPIGRAM

ON ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Bloomfield, thy happy-omen'd name
Insures continuance to thy fame;
Both sense and truth this verdict give,
While *fields* shall *bloom*, thy name shall live!

ODE TO MIDNIGHT.

Season of general rest, whose solemn still
Strikes to the trembling heart a fearful chill,
But speaks to philosophic souls delight,
Thee do I hail, as at my casement high,
My candle waning melancholy by,
I sit and taste the holy calm of night.

Yon pensive orb, that through the ether sails,
And gilds the misty shadows of the vales,
Hanging in thy dull rear her vestal flame,
To her, while all around in sleep recline,
Wakeful I raise my orisons divine,
And sing the gentle honors of her name:

While Fancy lone o'er me her votary bends,
To lift my soul her fairy visions sends,
And pours upon my ear her thrilling song,
And Superstition's gentle terrors come,
See, see yon dim ghost gliding through the gloom!
See round yon church-yard elm what spectres throng!

Meanwhile I tune, to some romantic lay,
My flageolet—and, as I pensive play,
The sweet notes echo o'er the mountain scene:
The traveller late journeying o'er the moors,
Hears them aghast—(while still the dull owl pours
Her hollow screams each dreary pause between),

Till in the lonely tower he spies the light
Now, faintly flashing on the glooms of night,
Where I, poor muser, my lone vigils keep,
And 'mid the dreary solitude serene,
Cast a much meaning glance upon the scene,
And raise my mournful eye to Heaven, and weep.

ODE TO THOUGHT.

Written at Midnight.

HENCE away, vindictive Thought!
Thy pictures are of pain;
The visions through thy dark eye caught,
They with no gentle charms are fraught,
So pr'ythee back again.
I would not weep,
I wish to sleep,
Then why, thou busy foe, with me thy vigils keep?

Why dost o'er bed and couch recline?
Is this thy new delight?
Pale visitant! it is not thine
To keep thy sentry through the mine,
The dark vault of the night:
'T is thine to die,
While o'er the eye
The dews of slumber press, and waking sorrows fly.

Go thou, and bide with him who guides
His bark through lonely seas;
And as reclining on his helm,
Sadly he marks the starry realm,
To him thou mayst bring ease;
But thou to me
Art misery,
So pr'ythee, pr'ythee, plume thy wings, and from my pillow flee.

And, Memory! pray what art thou?
Art thou of Pleasure born?
Does bliss untainted from thee flow?
The rose that gems thy pensive brow,
Is it without a thorn?
With all thy smiles,
And witching wiles,
Yet not unfrequent bitterness thy mournful sway defiles.

The drowsy night-watch has forgot
To call the solemn hour:
Lull'd by the winds he slumbers deep,
While I in vain, capricious Sleep!
Invoke thy tardy power;
And restless lie,
With unclosed eye,
And count the tedious hours as slow they minute by.

GENIUS.

AN ODE.

I. 1.

MANY there be, who, through the vale of life,
With velvet pace, unnoticed, softly go,
While jarring Discord's inharmonious strife
Awakes them not to woe.
By them unheeded, carking Care,
Green-eyed Grief, and dull Despair;
Smoothly they pursue their way,
With even tenor and with equal breath,
Alike through cloudy and through sunny day,
Then sink in peace to death.

II. 1.

But, ah! a few there be whom griefs devour,
And weeping Woe and Disappointment keen,
Repining Penury, and Sorrow sour,
And self-consuming Spleen,
And these are Genius' favorites: these
Know the thought-throned mind to please,
And from her fleshy seat to draw
To realms where Fancy's golden orbits roll,
Disdaining all but 'wildering Rapture's law,
The captivated soul.

III. 1.

Genius, from thy starry throne,
High above the burning zone,
In radiant robe of light array'd,
Oh! hear the plaint by thy sad favorite made,
His melancholy moan.
He tells of scorn, he tells of broken vows,
Of sleepless nights, of anguish-ridden days,
Pangs that his sensibility uprouse
To curse his being and his thirst for praise.
Thou gavest to him with treble force to feel
The sting of keen neglect, the rich man's scorn,
And what o'er all does in his soul preside
Predominant, and tempers him to steel,
His high indignant pride.

I. 2.

Lament not ye, who humbly steal through life,
That Genius visits not your lowly shed;
For ah! what woes and sorrows ever rife
Distract his hapless head!
For him awaits no balmy sleep,
He wakes all night, and wakes to weep;
Or by his lonely lamp he sits
At solemn midnight when the peasant sleeps,
In feverish study, and in moody fits
His mournful vigils keeps.

II. 2.

And, oh! for what consumes his watchful oil?
For what does thus he waste life's fleeting breath?
'T is for neglect and penury he doth toil,
'T is for untimely death.
Lo! where dejected pale he lies,
Despair depicted in his eyes:
He feels the vital flame decrease,
He sees the grave wide-yawning for its prey,
Without a friend to soothe his soul to peace,
And cheer the expiring ray.

III. 2.

By Sulmo's bard of mournful fame,
By gentle Otway's magic name,
By him, the youth, who smiled at death,
And rashly dared to stop his vital breath,

Will I thy pangs proclaim;
For still to misery closely thou 'rt allied.
Though gaudy pageants glitter by thy side,
And far-resounding Fame.
What though to thee the dazzled millions bow,
And to thy posthumous merit bend them low;
Though unto thee the monarch looks with awe,
And thou at thy flash'd car dost nations draw,
Yet, ah! unseen behind thee fly
Corroding Anguish, soul-subduing Pain,
And Discontent, that clouds the fairest sky:
A melancholy train.
Yes, Genius! thee a thousand cares await,
Mocking thy derided state:
Thee chill Adversity will still attend,
Before whose face flies fast the summer's friend,
And leaves thee all forlorn;
While leaden Ignorance rears her head and laughs,
And fat Stupidity shakes his jolly sides,
And while the cup of affluence he quaffs,
With bee-eyed Wisdom, Genius derides,
Who toils, and every hardship doth out-brave,
To gain the meed of praise, when he is mouldering in his grave.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE TO THE MOON.

I.

Mild orb, who floatest through the realm of night,
A pathless wanderer o'er a lonely wild,
Welcome to me thy soft and pensive light,
Which oft in childhood my lone thoughts beguiled.
Now doubly dear as o'er my silent seat,
Nocturnal Study's still retreat,
It casts a mournful melancholy gleam,
And through my lofty casement weaves,
Dim through the vine's encircling leaves,
An intermingled beam.

II.

These feverish dews that on my temples hang,
This quivering lip, these eyes of dying flame;
These the dread signs of many a secret pang:
These are the meed of him who pants for fame!
Pale moon! from thoughts like these divert my soul;
Lowly I kneel before thy shrine on high:
My lamp expires;—beneath thy mild control,
These restless dreams are ever wont to fly.

Come, kindred mourner! in my breast
Soothe these discordant tones to rest,
And breathe the soul of peace:
Mild visitor! I feel thee here,
It is not pain that brings this tear,
For thou hast bid it cease.
Oh! many a year has pass'd away
Since I, beneath thy fairy ray,
Attuned my infant reed:
When wilt thou, Time! those days restore,
Those happy moments now no more—

* * *

When on the lake's damp marge I lay,
And mark'd the northern meteor's dance,
Bland Hope and Fancy, ye were there
To inspirate my trance.

Twin sisters! faintly now ye deign
Your magic sweets on me to shed,
In vain your powers are now essay'd
To chase superior pain.

And art thou fled, thou welcome orb?
So swiftly pleasure flies!
So to mankind, in darkness lost,
The beam of ardor dies.
Wan Moon! thy nightly task is done,
And now, encurtain'd in the main,
Thou sinkest into rest;
But I, in vain, on thorny bed,
Shall woo the god of soft repose—

* * * * *

FRAGMENT.

Loud rage the winds without.—The wintry cloud
O'er the cold north star casts her flitting shroud;
And Silence, pausing in some snow-clad dale,
Starts as she hears, by fits, the shrieking gale:
Where now, shut out from every still retreat,
Her pine-clad summit, and her woodland seat,
Shall Meditation, in her saddest mood,
Retire o'er all her pensive stores to brood?
Shivering and blue the peasant eyes askance
The drifted fleeces that around him dance,
And hurries on his half-averted form,
Stemming the fury of the sidelong storm.
Him soon shall greet his snow-topt [cot of thatch,]
Soon shall his 'numb'd hand tremble on the latch,
Soon from his chimney's nook the cheerful flame
Diffuse a genial warmth throughout his frame;
Round the light fire, while roars the north wind loud,
What merry groups of vacant faces crowd;
These hail his coming—these his meal prepare,
And boast in all that cot no lurking care.

What, though the social circle be denied?
Even sadness brightens at her own fire-side,
Loves, with fix'd eye, to watch the fluttering blaze,
While musing Memory dwells on former days;
Or Hope, blest spirit! smiles—and, still forgiven,
Forgets the passport, while she points to Heaven.
Then heap the fire,—shut out the biting air,
And from its station wheel the easy chair:
Thus fenced and warm, in silent fit 't is sweet
To hear without the bitter tempest beat,
All, all alone—to sit, and muse, and sigh,
The pensive tenant of obscurity.

* * * * *

FRAGMENT.

Oh! thou most fatal of Pandora's train,
Consumption! silent cheater of the eye;
Thou comest not robed in agonizing pain,
Nor mark'st thy course with Death's delusive dye,
But silent and unnoticed thou dost lie;
O'er life's soft springs thy venom dost diffuse,
And, while thou givest new lustre to the eye,
While o'er the cheek are spread health's ruddy hues,
E'en then life's little rest thy cruel power subdues.

Oft I've beheld thee, in the glow of youth,
  Hid 'neath the blushing roses which there bloom'd,
And dropt a tear, for then thy cankering tooth
  I knew would never stay, till, all consumed,
  In the cold vault of death he were entomb'd.

But oh! what sorrow did I feel, as swift,
  Insidious ravager! I saw thee fly
Through fair Lucina's breast of whitest snow,
  Preparing swift her passage to the sky!
Though still intelligence beam'd in the glance,
  The liquid lustre of her fine blue eye;
Yet soon did languid listlessness advance,
And soon she calmly sunk in death's repugnant trance.

Even when her end was swiftly drawing near,
  And dissolution hover'd o'er her head;
Even then *so beauteous* did her form appear,
  That none who saw her but admiring said,
  Sure so much beauty never could be dead.
Yet the dark lash of her expressive eye,
Bent lowly down upon the languid——
* * * *

I HAVE a wish, and near my heart
  That wish lies buried;
To keep it there's a foolish part,
  For, oh! it must not be,
  It must not, must not be.

Why, my fond heart, why beat'st thou so?
  The dream is fair to see—
But, did the lovely flatterer go;
  It must not, must not be,
  Oh! no, it must not be.

'T is well this tear in secret falls,
  This weakness suits not me;
I know where sterner duty calls—
  It must not, cannot be,
  Oh! no, it cannot be.

ONCE more his beagles wake the slumb'ring morn,
And the high woodland echoes to his horn,
As on the mountain cliff the hunter band
Chase the fleet chamois o'er the unknown land;
Or sadly silent, from some jutting steep,
He throws his line into the gulfy deep,
Where, in the wilderness grotesque and drear,
The loud Arve stuns the eve's reposing ear;
Or, if his lost domestic joys arise,
Once more the prattler its endearments tries—
It lisps, "My father!" and as newly prest
Its close embraces meet his lonely breast.
His long-lost partner, too, at length restored,
Leans on his arm, and decks the social board.
Yet still, mysterious on his fever'd brain
The deep impressions of his woes remain;
He thinks she weeps.—"And why, my love, so pale?
What hidden grief could o'er thy peace prevail,
Or is it fancy—yet thou dost but * *;"
And then he weeps, and weeps, he knows not why.

DREAR winter! who dost knock
So loud and angry on my cottage roof,
In the loud night-storm wrapt, while drifting snows
The cheerless waste invest, and cold, and wide,
Seen by the flitting star, the landscape gleams;
With no unholy awe I hear thy voice,
As by my dying embers, safely housed,
I, in deep silence, muse. Though I am lone,
And my low chimney owns no cheering voice
Of friendly converse; yet not comfortless
Is my long evening, nor devoid of thoughts
To cheat the silent hours upon their way.
There are, who in this dark and fearful night,
Houseless, and cold of heart, are forced to bide
These beating snows, and keen relentless winds—
Wayfaring men, or wanderers whom no home
Awaits, nor rest from travel, save the inn
Where all the journiers of mortal life
Lie down at last to sleep. Yet some there be
Who merit not to suffer.—Infancy,
And sinew-shrinking age, are not exempt
From penury's severest, deadliest gripe.
Oh! it doth chill the eddying heart's blood to see
The guileless cheek of infancy turn'd blue
With the keen cold.—Lo, where the baby hangs
On his wan parent's hand; his shiv'ring skin
Half bare, and opening to the biting gale.
Poor shiverer, to his mother he upturns
A meaning look in silence! then he casts
Askance, upon the howling waste before,
A mournful glance upon the forward way—
But all lies dreary, and cold as hope
In his forsaken breast.

BEHOLD the shepherd boy, who homeward tends,
Finish'd his daily labor.—O'er the path,
Deep overhung with herbage, does he stroll
With pace irregular: by fits he runs,
Then sudden stops with vacant countenance,
And picks the pungent herb, or on the stile
Listlessly sits and twines the reedy whip,
And carols blithe his short and simple song.
Thrice happy idler!—thou hast never known
Refinement's piercing pang; thy joys are small,
Yet are they unalloy'd with bitter thought
And after misery.—As I behold
Thy placid, artless countenance, I feel
Strange envy of thy state, and fain would change
These short, uncommon hours of keener bliss
For thy long day of equal happiness.

Heaven grant no after trials may imprint
Trouble's deep wrinkle on thine open face,
And cloud thy generous features.—May'st thou tread
In the calm paths through which thy fathers trod
To their late graves of honorable rest:
So will thy lot be happy. So the hour
Of death come clad in loveliness and joy;
And as thou lay'st down thy blanched head
Beneath the narrow mound, affection's hand
Will bend the osier o'er thy peaceful grave,
And bid the lily blossom on thy turf.
But, oh! may Heaven avert from thee the curse
Of mad fanaticism: away, away!—
Let not the restless monster dare pollute
The calm abodes of rural innocence!
Oh! if the wide contagion reach thy breast,

Unhappy peasant! peace will vanish thence,
And raging turbulence will rack thy heart
With feverish dismay: then discontent
Will prey upon thy vitals, then will doubt
And sad uncertainty in fierce array,
With superstition's monstrous train, surround
Thy dreadful death-bed; and no soothing hand
Will smooth the painful pillow, for the bonds
Of tender amity are all consumed
By the prevailing fire. They all are lost
In one ungovernable, selfish flame.
Where has this pestilence arisen?—where
The Hydra multitude of sister ills,
Of infidelity, and open sin,
Of disaffection, and repining gall?
Oh ye revered, venerable band,
Who wear religion's ephod, unto ye
Belongs with wakeful vigilance to check
The growing evil. In the vicious town
Fearless, and fix'd, the monster stands secure;
But guard the rural shade! let honest peace
Yet hold her ancient seats, and still preserve
The village groups in their primeval bliss.
Such was, Placidio, thy divine employ,
Ere thou wert borne to some sublimer sphere
By death's mild angel.
* * * * *

Where yonder woods in gloomy pomp arise,
Embower'd, remote, a lowly cottage lies:
Before the door a garden spreads, where blows
Now wild, once cultivate, the brier rose;
Though choked with weeds, the lily there will peer,
And early primrose hail the nascent year;
There to the walls did jess'mine wreaths attach,
And many a sparrow twitter'd in the thatch,
While in the woods that wave their heads on high
The stock-dove warbled murmuring harmony.

There, buried in retirement, dwelt a sage,
Whose reverend locks bespoke him far in age:
Silent he was, and solemn was his mien,
And rarely on his cheek a smile was seen.
The village gossips had full many a tale
About the aged "hermit of the dale."
Some call'd him wizard, some a holy seer,
Though all beheld him with an equal fear,
And many a stout heart had he put to flight,
Met in the gloomy wood-walks late at night.

Yet well I ween, the sire was good of heart,
Nor would to aught one heedless pang impart;
His soul was gentle, but he 'd known of woe,
Had known the world, nor longer wish'd to know.
Here, far retired from all its busy ways,
He hoped to spend the remnant of his days;
And here, in peace, he till'd his little ground,
And saw, unheeded, years revolving round.
Fair was his daughter, as the blush of day,
In her alone his hopes and wishes lay:
His only care, about her future life,
When death should call him from the haunts of strife.
Sweet was her temper, mild as summer skies
When o'er their azure no thin vapor flies:
And but to see her aged father sad,
No fear, no care, the gentle Fanny had.

Still at her wheel, the live-long day she sung,
Till with the sound the lonesome woodlands rung,
And till, usurp'd his long unquestion'd sway,
The solitary bittern wing'd its way,
Indignant rose, on dismal pinions borne,
To find, untrod by man, some waste forlorn,
Where, unmolested, he might hourly wail,
And with his screams still load the heavy gale.

Once as I stray'd, at eve, the woods among,
To pluck wild strawberries,—I heard her song;
And heard, enchanted,—oh! it was so soft,
So sweet, I thought the cherubim aloft
Were quiring to the spheres. Now the full note
Did on the downy wings of silence float
Full on the ravish'd sense, then died away,
Distantly on the ear, in sweet decay.

Then, first I knew the cot; the simple pair;
Though soon become a welcome inmate there:
At eve, I still would fly to hear the lay,
Which Fanny to her lute was wont to play;
Or with the Sire would sit and talk of war,
For wars he 'd seen, and bore full many a scar,
And oft the plan of gallant siege he drew,
And loved to teach me all the arts he knew.
* * * * *

With slow step, along the desert sand,
Where o'er the parching plains broods red dismay
The Arab chief leads on his ruthless band.
And, lo! a speck of dust is seen to play,
On the remotest confines of the day.
Arouse! arouse! fierce does the chieftain cry,
Death calls! the caravan is on its way!
The warrior shouts. The Siroc hurries by,
Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd his murderous eye.

These lines might appear, by the metre, to have been intended for a stanza of the "*Christiad*," perhaps to have been introduced as a simile; but though the conception is striking, the composition is far more incorrect than *that* of that fine fragment.

TO A FRIEND.

To *you* these pensive lines I fondly send,
Far distant now, my brother, and my friend.
If, 'mid the novel scene, thou yet art free
To give one silent, museful hour to me,
Turn from the world, and fancy, whisp'ring near,
Thou hear'st the voice thou once didst love to hear.
Can time and space, howe'er with anguish fraught,
Damp the warm heart, or chain the soaring thought?
Or, when most dread, the nascent joy they blast,
Chase from the mind the image of the past?
Ah, no! when death has robb'd her hoard of bliss,
What stays to soothe the widow's hours, but this?—
This cheers her dreams, and cheats the ling'ring time
Till she shall reach * * * * * * *

Oh! had the soul's deep silence power to speak;
Could the warm thought the bars of distance break!
Could the lone music to thine ear convey
Each rising sigh, and all the heart can say!

Dear to my breast, beyond conception dear,
Would the long solitude of night appear:
Sweet would it be to hear the winds complain—
To mark the heavings of the moonlight main;
Sweet to behold the silent hamlet lie,
With * * * * * *
But sweeter far * * * * *
Rose not unshared, nor fell unmark'd by thee.

The harp is still! Weak though the spirit were
That whisper'd in its rising harmonies;
Yet Mem'ry, with her sister, fond Regret,
Loves to recall the wild and wandering airs
That cheer'd the long-fled hours, when o'er the strings
That spirit hover'd. Weak and though it were
To pour the torrent of impetuous song,
It was not weak to touch the sacred chords
Of pity, or to summon with dark spell
Of witching rhymes, the spirits of the deep
Form'd to do Fancy's bidding; and to fetch
Her perfumes from the morning star, or dye
Her volant robes with the bright rainbow's hues.
* * *

---

* * *

Or should the day be overcast,
We 'll linger till the shower be past;
Where the hawthorn's branches spread
A fragrant covert o'er the head.
And list the rain-drops beat the leaves,
Or smoke upon the cottage eaves;
Or, silent dimpling on the stream,
Convert to lead its silver gleam;
And we will muse on human life,
And think, from all the storms of strife,
How sweet to find a snug retreat
Where we may hear the tempests beat,
Secure and fearless,—and provide
Repose for life's calm eventide.

Mild Vesper! favorite of the Paphian Queen,
Whose lucid lamp on evening's twilight zone,
Sheds a soft lustre o'er the gloom serene,
Only by Cynthia's silver beam outshone:
Thee I invoke to point my lonely way
O'er these wild wastes, to where my lover bides,
For thou alone canst lend thy friendly ray,
Now the bright moon toward the ocean glides—
No midnight murderer asks thy guilty aid,
No nightly robber * * * * *
I am alone, by silly love betray'd.
To woo the star of Venus * * *
* * * *

In every clime, from Lapland to Japan,
This truth 's confess'd,—that man's worst foe is man.
The rav'ning tribes, that crowd the sultry zone,
Prey on all kinds and colors but their own.
Lion with lion herds, and pard with pard,
Instinct's first law, their covenant and guard.
But man, alone, the lord of ev'ry clime,
Whose post is godlike, and whose pow'rs sublime,
Man, at whose birth the Almighty hand stood still,
Pleased with the last great effort of his will,
Man, man alone, no tenant of the wood,
Preys on his kind, and laps his brother's blood:
His fellow leads where hidden pit-falls lie,
And drinks with ecstacy his dying sigh.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

Hence to thy darkest shades, dire Slavery, hence!
Thine icy touch can freeze,
Swift as the Polar breeze,
The proud defying port of human sense.
Hence to thine Indian cave,
To where the tall canes whisper o'er thy rest,
Like the murmuring wave
Swept by the dank wing of the rapid west:
And at the night's still noon,
The lash'd Angolan, in his grated cell,
Mix'd with the tiger's yell,
Howls to the dull ear of the silent moon.

But come, thou goddess, blithe and free,
Thou mountain-maid, sweet Liberty!
With buskin'd knee, and bosom bare,
Thy tresses floating in the air;
Come,—and treading on thy feet,
Independence let me meet,
Thy giant mate, whose awful form
Has often braved the bellowing storm,
And heard its angry spirit shriek,
Rear'd on some promontory's peak,
Seen by the lonely fisher far,
By the glimpse of flitting star.

His awful bulk, in dusky shroud,
Commixing with the pitchy cloud;
While at his feet the lightnings play,
And the deep thunders die away.
Goddess! come, and let us sail
On the fresh reviving gale;
O'er dewy lawns, and forests lone,
Till lighting on some mountain stone,
That scales the circumambient sky,
We see a thousand nations lie,
From Zembla's snows to Afric's heat,
Prostrate beneath our frolic feet.

From Italy's luxurious plains,
Where everlasting summer reigns,
Why, goddess, dost thou turn away?
Didst thou never sojourn there?
Oh, yes, thou didst—but fallen is Rome;
The pilgrim weeps her silent doom,
As at midnight, murmuring low,
Along the mouldering portico,
He hears the desolate wind career,
While the rank ivy whispers near.

Ill-fated Gaul! ambitious grasp
Bids thee again in slavery gasp.
Again the dungeon-walls resound
The hopeless shriek, the groan profound.
But, lo, in yonder happy skies,
Helvetia's airy mountains rise,

And, oh! on her tall cliffs reclined,
Gay Fancy, whispering to the mind:
As the wild herdsman's call is heard,
Tells me, that she, o'er all preferr'd,
In every clime, in every zone,
Is Liberty's divinest throne.
Yet, whence that sigh? O goddess! say,
Has the tyrant's thirsty sway
Dared profane the sacred seat,
Thy long high-favor'd, best retreat?
It has! it has! away, away
To where the green isles woo the day!
Where thou art still supreme, and where
Thy Pæans fill the floating air.
* * * * *

Who is it leads the planets on their dance—
The mighty sisterhood? who is it strikes
The harp of universal harmony?

Hark! 't is the voice of planets on their dance,
Led by the arch-contriver. Beautiful
The harmony of order! How they sing,
The regulated orbs, upon their path
Through the wide trackless ether! sing as though
A syren sat upon each glitt'ring gem,
And made fair music—such as mortal hand
Ne'er raised on the responding chords; more like
The mystic melody that oft the bard
Hears in the strings of the suspended harp,
Touch'd by some unknown beings that reside
In evening breezes, or, at dead of night,
Wake in the long, shrill pauses of the wind.
This is the music which, in ages hush'd,
Ere the Assyrian quaff'd his cups of blood,
Kept the lone Chald awake, when through the night
He watch'd his herds. The solitary man,
By frequent meditation, learnt to spell
Yon sacred volume of high mystery.
He could arrange the wandering passengers,
From the pale star, first on the silent brow
Of the meek-tressed Eve, to him who shines,
Son of the morning, orient Lucifer;
Sweet were to him, in that unletter'd age,
The openings of wonder.—He could gaze
Till his whole soul was fill'd with mystery,
And every night-wind was a spirit's voice,
And every far-off mist, a spirit's form:
So with fables, and wild romantic dreams,
He mix'd his truth, and couch'd in symbols dark.
Hence, blind idolatry arose, and men
Knelt to the sun, or at the dead of night
Pour'd their orisons to the cloud-wrapt moon.
Hence, also, after ages into stars
Transform'd their heroes; and the warlike chief,
With fond eye fix'd on some resplendent gem,
Held converse with the spirits of his sires:—
With other eyes than these did Plato view
The heavens, and, fill'd with reasonings sublime,
Half-pierced, at intervals, the mystery,
Which with the gospel vanish'd, and made way
For noon-day brightness. * * *

How beautiful upon the element
The Egyptian moonlight sleeps!
The Arab on the bank hath pitch'd his tent;
The light wave dances, sparkling, o'er the deeps;
The tall reeds whisper in the gale,
And o'er the distant tide moves slow the silent sail.

Thou mighty Nile! and thou receding main,
How peacefully ye rest upon your shores,
Tainted no more, as when from Cairo's towers,
Roll'd the swoln corse, by plague! the monster! slain.
Far as the eye can see around,
Upon the solitude of waters wide,
There is no sight, save of the restless tide—
Save of the winds, and waves, there is no sound

Egyptia sleeps, her sons in silence sleep!
Ill-fated land, upon thy rest they come—
Th' invader, and his host. Behold the deep
Bears on her farthest verge a dusky gloom—
And now they rise, the masted forests rise,
And gallants, through the foam, their way they make
Stern Genius of the Memphian shores, awake!—
The foeman in thy inmost harbor lies,
And ruin o'er thy land with brooding pennon flies.
* * * * *

Ghosts of the dead, in grim array,
Surround the tyrant's nightly bed!
And in the still, distinctly say,
I by thy treachery bled.
And I, and I, ten thousands cry;
From Jaffa's plains, from Egypt's sands
They come, they raise the chorus high,
And whirl around in shrieking bands.
Loud, and more loud, the clamors rise,
"Lo! there the traitor! murderer! lies.
He murder'd me, he murder'd thee,
And now his bed his rack shall be.
As when a thousand torrents roar,
Around his head their yells they pour.
The sweat-drops start, convulsion's hand
Binds every nerve in iron band.
'T is done! they fly, the clamors die,
The moon is up, the night is calm,
Man's busy broods in slumbers lie;
But horrors still the tyrant's soul alarm,
And ever and anon, serenely clear,
Have mercy, mercy, heaven! strikes on dull mid night's ear.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

What means yon trampling! what that light
That glimmers in the inmost wood;
As though beneath the felon night,
It mark'd some deed of blood;
Behold yon figures, dim descried
In dark array; they speechless glide.
The forest moans; the raven's scream
Swells slowly o'er the moated stream,
As from the castle's topmost tower,
It chants its boding song alone:
A song, that at this awful hour
Bears dismal tidings in its funeral tone;

Tidings, that in some grey domestic's ear
Will on his wakeful bed strike deep mysterious fear.

And, hark, that loud report! 't is done;
There's murder couch'd in yonder gloom;
'T is done, 't is done! the prize is won,
Another rival meets his doom.
The tyrant smiles,—with fell delight
He dwells upon the * * * * *
The tyrant smiles; from terror freed,
Exulting in the foul misdeed,
And sternly in his secret breast
Marks out the victims next to fall.
His purpose fix'd; their moments fly no more,
He points,—the poniard knows its own;
Unseen it strikes,—unseen they die,
Foul midnight only hears, and shudders at the groan.
But justice yet shall lift her arm on high,
And Bourbon's blood no more ask vengeance from the sky.

SONNET.

TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

Lofft, unto thee one tributary song
The simple Muse, admiring, fain would bring;
She longs to lisp thee to the listening throng,
And with thy name to bid the woodlands ring.
Fain would she blazon all thy virtues forth,
Thy warm philanthropy, thy justice mild;
Would say how thou didst foster kindred worth,
And to thy bosom snatch'd Misfortune's child:
Firm she would paint thee, with becoming zeal,
Upright, and learned, as the Pylian sire,
Would say how sweetly thou couldst sweep the lyre,
And show thy labors for the public weal.
Ten thousand virtues tell with joy supreme,
But ah! she shrinks abash'd before the arduous theme.

SONNET.

TO THE MOON.—WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER.

Sublime, emerging from the misty verge
Of the horizon dim, thee, Moon, I hail,
As, sweeping o'er the leafless grove, the gale
Seems to repeat the year's funereal dirge.
Now Autumn sickens on the languid sight,
And leaves bestrew the wanderer's lonely way,
Now unto thee, pale arbitress of night!
With double joy my homage do I pay.
When clouds disguise the glories of the day,
And stern November sheds her boisterous blight,
How doubly sweet to mark the moony ray,
Shoot through the mist from the etherial height,
And, *still unchanged*, back to the memory bring
The smiles Favonian of life's earliest spring.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

Fast from the West the fading day-streaks fly,
And ebon Night assumes her solemn sway,
Yet here alone, unheeding time, I lie,
And o'er my friend still pour the plaintive lay.
Oh! 't is not long since, George, with thee I woo'd
The maid of musings by yon moaning wave,
And hail'd the moon's mild beam, which now renew'd,
Seems sweetly sleeping on thy silent grave!
The busy world pursues its boisterous way,
The noise of revelry still echoes round,
Yet I am sad while all beside is gay;
Yet still I weep o'er thy deserted mound.
Oh! that, like thee, I might bid sorrow cease,
And 'neath the green-sward sleep the sleep of peace.

SONNET.

Sweet to the gay of heart is summer's smile,
Sweet the wild music of the laughing Spring;
But ah! my soul far other scenes beguile,
Where gloomy storms their sullen shadows fling.
Is it for me to strike the Idalian string—
Raise the soft music of the warbling wire,
While in my ears the howls of fairies ring,
And melancholy wastes the vital fire?
Away with thoughts like these! to some lone cave,
Where howls the shrill blast, and where sweeps the wave,
Direct my steps; there, in the lonely drear,
I'll sit remote from worldly noise, and muse
Till through my soul shall Peace her balm infuse,
And whisper sounds of comfort in mine ear.

SONNET.

Poor little one! most bitterly did pain,
And life's worst ills, assail thine early age;
And, quickly tired with this rough pilgrimage,
Thy wearied spirit did its heaven regain.
Moaning, and sickly, on the lap of life
Thou laid'st thine aching head, and thou didst sigh
A little while, ere to its kindred sky
Thy soul return'd, to taste no more of strife!
Thy lot was happy, little sojourner!
Thou hadst no mother to direct thy ways;
And fortune frown'd most darkly on thy days,
Short as they were. Now, far from the low stir
Of this dim spot, in heaven thou dost repose,
And look'st and smilest on this world's transient woes.

SONNET.

TO DECEMBER.

Dark-visaged visitor! who comest here
Clad in thy mournful tunic, to repeat
(While glooms and chilling rains enwrap thy feet)
The solemn requiem of the dying year;
Not undelightful to my list'ning ear
Sound thy dull showers, as o'er my woodland seat,
Dismal, and drear, the leafless trees they beat:
Not undelightful, in their wild career,
Is the wild music of thy howling blasts,
Sweeping the groves' long aisle, while sullen Time
Thy stormy mantle o'er his shoulder casts,
And, rock'd upon his throne, with chant sublime,
Joins the full-pealing dirge, and winter weaves
Her dark sepulchral wreath of faded leaves.

SONNET.

MISFORTUNE.

Misfortune! I am young, my chin is bare;
• And I have wonder'd much when men have told
How youth was free from sorrow and from care,
That thou shouldst dwell with me, and leave the old.
Sure dost not like me!—Shrivell'd hag of hate,
My phiz, and thanks to thee, is sadly long;
I am not either, Beldame, over strong;
Nor do I wish at all to be thy mate,
For thou, sweet fury, art my utter hate!
Nay, shake not thus thy miserable pate,
I am yet young, and do not like thy face;
And, lest thou shouldst resume the wild-goose chase,
I 'll tell thee something all thy heat to assuage,
—Thou wilt not hit my fancy in my age.

SONNET.

As thus oppress'd with many a heavy care
(Though young yet sorrowful), I turn my feet
To the dark woodland, longing much to greet
The form of Peace, if chance she sojourn there;
Deep thought and dismal, verging to despair,
Fills my sad breast; and, tired with this vain coil,
I shrink dismay'd before life's upland toil.
And as amid the leaves the evening air
Whispers still melody,—I think ere long,
When I no more can hear, these woods will speak;
And then a sad smile plays upon my cheek,
And mournful phantasies upon me throng,
And I do ponder with most strange delight
On the calm slumbers of the dead man's night.

SONNET.—TO APRIL.

Emblem of life! see changeful April sail
In varying vest along the shadowy skies,
Now bidding summer's softest zephyrs rise,
Anon, recalling Winter's stormy gale,
And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail!
Then smiling through the tear that dims her eyes,
While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes,
Promise of sunshine, not so prone to fail.
So to us, sojourners in Life's low vale,
The smiles of Fortune flatter to deceive,
While still the Fates the web of Mystory weave;
So Hope exultant spreads her aëry sail,
And from the present gloom the soul conveys
To distant summers and far happier days.

SONNET.

Ye unseen spirits, whose wild melodies,
At evening rising slow, yet sweetly clear,
Steal on the musing poet's pensive ear,
As by the wood-spring stretch'd supine he lies,
When he who now invokes you low is laid,
His tired frame resting on the earth's cold bed,
Hold ye your nightly vigils o'er his head,
And chant a dirge to his reposing shade!
For he was wont to love your madrigals;
And often by the haunted stream, that laves
The dark sequester'd woodland's inmost caves,
Would sit and listen to the dying falls,
Till the full tear would quiver in his eye,
And his big heart would heave with mournful ecstacy.

SONNET.

TO A TAPER.

'Tis midnight.—On the globe dead slumber sits,
And all is silence—in the hour of sleep;
Save when the hollow gust, that swells by fits,
In the dark wood roars fearfully and deep.
I wake alone to listen and to weep,
To watch, my taper, thy pale beacon burn;
And, as still Memory does her vigils keep,
To think of days that never can return.
By thy pale ray I raise my languid head,
My eye surveys the solitary gloom;
And the sad meaning tear, unmixt with dread,
Tells thou dost light me to the silent tomb.
Like thee I wane; like thine, my life's last ray
Will fade in loneliness, unwept, away.

SONNET.

TO MY MOTHER.

And canst thou, *Mother*, for a moment think,
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honors on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought!—where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

SONNET.

Yes, 't will be over soon.—This sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain;
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of unvaried pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvest grow,—
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar,
When Henry's name is heard no more below.
I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,
They laugh in health, and future evils brave;
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,
While I am mouldering in my silent grave.
God of the just!—Thou gavest the bitter cup;
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

SONNET.

TO CONSUMPTION.

Gently, most gently, on thy victim's head,
Consumption, lay thine hand!—let me decay,

Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
And softly go to slumber with the dead.
And if 't is true, what holy men have said,
That strains angelic oft foretell the day
Of death to those good men who fall thy prey,
O let the aërial music round my bed,
Dissolving sad in dying symphony,
Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear!
That I may bid my weeping friends good bye
Ere I depart upon my journey drear:
And, smiling faintly on the painful past,
Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.

SONNET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DESBARREAUX.

Thy judgments, Lord, are just: thou lovest to wear
The face of pity and of love divine;
But mine is guilt—thou must not, canst not, spare,
While heaven is true and equity is thine.
Yes, oh my God!—such crimes as mine, so dread,
Leave but the choice of punishment to thee;
Thy interest calls for judgment on my head,
And even thy mercy dares not plead for me!
Thy will be done—since 't is thy glory's due,
Did from mine eyes the endless torrents flow;
Smite—it is time—though endless death ensue,
I bless the avenging hand that lays me low.
But on what spot shall fall thine anger's flood,
That has not first been drench'd in Christ's atoning blood.

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS,

Who, when the Author reasoned with him calmly, asked "if he did not feel for him?"

"*Do I not feel?*" The doubt is keen as steel.
Yea, I do feel—most exquisitely feel;
My heart can weep, when from my downcast eye
I chase the tear, and stem the rising sigh:
Deep-buried there I close the rankling dart,
And smile the most when heaviest is my heart.
On this I act, whatever pangs surround,
'*T is magnanimity to hide the wound!*
When all was new, and life was in its spring,
I lived an unloved solitary thing;
Even then I learnt to bury deep from day,
The piercing cares that wore my youth away:
Even then I learnt for others' cares to feel:
Even then I wept I had not power to heal:
Even then, deep-sounding through the nightly gloom,
I heard the wretched's groan, and mourn'd the wretched's doom.
Who were my friends in youth?—The midnight fire—
The silent moonbeam, or the starry choir;
To these I 'plain'd, or turn'd from outer sight,
To bless my lonely taper's friendly light;
I never yet could ask, howe'er forlorn,
For vulgar pity mixt with vulgar scorn;
The sacred source of woe I never ope,
My breast 's my coffer, and my God 's my hope.
But that I *do* feel, Time, my friend, will show,
Though the cold crowd the secret never know;
With them I laugh—yet when no eye can see,
I weep for nature, and I weep for thee.

Yes, thou didst wrong me, * * *; I fondly thought
In thee I 'd found the friend my heart had sought!
I fondly thought, that thou couldst pierce the guise,
And read the truth that in my bosom lies;
I fondly thought, ere Time's last days were gone,
Thy heart and mine had mingled into one!
Yes,—and they yet will mingle. Days and years
Will fly, and leave us partners in our tears:
We then shall feel that friendship has a power
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour;
Time's trial o'er, shall clasp each other's hand,
And wait the passport to a better land.

Thine,
H. K. White

Half-past Eleven o'Clock at Night.

CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1804.

Yet once more, and once more, awake, my Harp!
From silence and neglect—one lofty strain,
Lofty, yet wilder than the winds of Heaven,
And speaking mysteries more than words can tell
I ask of thee; for I, with hymnings high,
Would join the dirge of the departing year.

Yet with no wintry garland from the woods,
Wrought of the leafless branch of ivy sear,
Wreathe I thy tresses, dark December! now;
Me higher quarrel calls, with loudest song,
And fearful joy, to celebrate the day
Of the Redeemer.—Near two thousand suns
Have set their seals upon the rolling lapse
Of generations, since the day-spring first
Beam'd from on high!—Now to the mighty mass
Of that increasing aggregate, we add
One unit more. Space, in comparison
How small, yet mark'd with how much misery!
Wars, famines, and the fury, Pestilence,
Over the nations hanging her dread scourge;
The oppressed too, in silent bitterness,
Weeping their sufferance; and the arm of wrong,
Forcing the scanty portion from the weak,
And steeping the lone widow's couch with tears.
So has the year been character'd with woe
In Christian land, and mark'd with wrongs and crimes
Yet 't was not thus *He* taught—not thus *He* lived,
Whose birth we this day celebrate with prayer
And much thanksgiving.—He, a man of woes,
Went on the way appointed,—path, though rude,
Yet borne with patience still:—He came to cheer
The broken-hearted, to raise up the sick,
And on the wandering and benighted mind
To pour the light of truth.—O task divine!
O more than angel teacher! He had words
To soothe the barking waves, and hush the winds,
And when the soul was toss'd in troubled seas,
Wrapt in thick darkness and the howling storm,
He, pointing to the star of peace on high,
Arm'd it with holy fortitude, and bade it smile
At the surrounding wreck.——
When with deep agony his heart was rack'd,
Not for himself the tear-drop dew'd his cheek,
For *them* He wept, for *them* to Heaven He pray'd,
His persecutors—"Father, pardon them,
They know not what they do."

Angels of heaven,

Yé who beheld Him fainting on the cross,
And did him homage, say, may mortal join
The hallelujahs of the risen God?
Will the faint voice and grovelling song be heard
Amid the seraphim in light divine?
Yes, He will deign, the Prince of Peace will deign,
For mercy, to accept the hymn of faith,
Low though it be and humble.—Lord of life!
The Christ, the Comforter, thine advent now
Fills my uprising soul. I mount, I fly
Far o'er the skies, beyond the rolling orbs;
The bonds of flesh dissolve, and earth recedes,
And care, and pain, and sorrow, are no more.
* * * * * * *

NELSONI MORS.

Yet once again, my Harp! yet once again,
One ditty more, and on the mountain-ash
I will again suspend thee. I have felt
The warm tear frequent on my cheek, since last,
At eventide, when all the winds were hush'd,
I woke to thee the melancholy song.
Since then with *Thoughtfulness*, a maid severe,
I've journey'd, and have learn'd to shape the freaks
Of frolic fancy to the line of truth;
Not unrepining, for my froward heart
Still turns to thee, mine Harp, and to the flow
Of spring-gales past—the woods and storied haunts
Of my not songless boyhood.—Yet once more,
Not fearless, I will wake thy tremulous tones,
My long-neglected Harp.—He must not sink;
The good, the brave—he must not, shall not sink
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Though from the Muse's chalice I may pour
No precious dews of Aganippe's well,
Or Castaly,—though from the morning cloud
I fetch no hues to scatter on his hearse:
Yet will I wreathe a garland for his brows,
Of simple flowers, such as the hedge-rows scent
Of Britain, my loved country; and with tears
Most eloquent, yet silent, I will bathe
Thy honor'd corse, my *Nelson*, tears as warm
And *honest* as the ebbing blood that flow'd
Fast from thy *honest* heart.—Thou, Pity, too,
If ever I have loved, with faltering step,
To follow thee in the cold and starless night,
To the top-crag of some rain-beaten cliff;
And as I heard the deep gun bursting loud
Amid the pauses of the storm, have pour'd
Wild strains, and mournful, to the hurrying winds,
The dying soul's viaticum; if oft
Amid the carnage of the field I've sate
With thee upon the moonlight throne, and sung
To cheer the fainting soldier's dying soul,
With mercy and forgiveness—visitant
Of heaven—sit thou upon my harp,
And give it feeling, which were else too cold
For argument so great, for theme so high.

How dimly on that morn the sun arose,
'Kerchieft in mists, and tearful, when——

PSALM XXII.

My God, my God, oh, why dost thou forsake me?
Why art thou distant in the hour of fear?
To thee, my wonted help, I still betake me,
To thee I clamor, but thou dost not hear.

The beam of morning witnesses my sighing,
The lonely night-hour views me weep in vain,
Yet thou art holy, and, on thee relying,
Our fathers were released from grief and pain.

To thee they cried, and thou didst hear their wailing,
On thee they trusted, and their trust was sure;
But I, poor, lost, and wretched son of failing,
I, without hope, must scorn and hate endure.

Me they revile; with many ills molested,
They bid me seek of thee, O Lord, redress:
On God, they say, his hope and trust he rested,
Let God relieve him in his deep distress.

To me, Almighty! in thy mercy shining,
Life's dark and dangerous portals thou didst ope;
And softly on my mother's lap reclining,
Breathed through my breast the lively soul of hope.

Even from the womb, thou art my God, my Father!
Aid me, now trouble weighs me to the ground:
Me heavy ills have worn, and, faint and feeble,
The bulls of Bashan have beset me round.

My heart is melted and my soul is weary,
The wicked ones have pierced my hands and feet!
Lord, let thy influence cheer my bosom dreary:
My help! my strength! let me thy presence greet.

Save me! oh, save me! from the sword dividing,
Give me my darling from the jaws of death!
Thee will I praise, and, in thy name confiding,
Proclaim thy mercies with my latest breath.
* * * * * *

HYMN I.

The Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will:
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar!
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

Howl, winds of night, your force combine!
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

His voice sublime is heard afar,
In the distant peal it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye nations, bend,—in reverence bend:
Ye monarchs, wait his nod;
And bid the choral song ascend,
To celebrate your God.

HYMN II.

The Lord our God is Lord of all,
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall!
I hear him in the wind!

If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

He lives, he reigns in every land,
From winter's polar snows
To where, across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor glows!

He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;
We hang upon his word:—
He rears his red right arm on high,
And ruin bares the sword.

He bids his blasts the fields deform—
Then when his thunders cease,
Sits like an angel 'mid the storm,
And smiles the winds to peace!

HYMN III.

Through sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie,
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To see its kindred sky.

These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

HYMN IV.

A FRAGMENT.

Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Fight the fight, and worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians; will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
* * *

HYMN V.

Christians! brethren! ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

Christians! we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again.

Now to God, the Three in One,
Be eternal glory done;
Raise, ye saints, the sound again:
Ye nations, join the loud Amen.

HYMN.

In Heaven we shall be purified, so as to be able to endure the splendors of the Deity.

Awake, sweet harp of Judah! wake,
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake;
We sing the Savior of our race,
The Lamb, our shield, and hiding-place.

When God's right arm is bared for war,
And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
Where, where, oh where, shall man retire,
To escape the horrors of his ire?

'T is he, the Lamb, to him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by;
God sees his Well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hiding-place.

Thus while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen;
To him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for his Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow;
Fallen, abject, mean—a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.

Yet courage—days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside;
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

The last stanza of this hymn was added extemporaneously, one summer evening, when the author was with a few friends the Trent, and singing it as he was used to do on such occasions.

A HYMN

FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

O Lord! another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

And wilt Thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!

Thus chasten'd, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The sun of holiness shall shine,
In glory, on our head.

And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem:
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore
The Star!—The Star of Bethlehem!

A HYMN.

O Lord! my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!
To thee I call, to thee I cry,
O leave me, leave me not to die!

I strove against thee, Lord, I know,
I spurn'd thy grace, I mock'd thy *law;*
The hour is past—the day's gone by,
And I am left alone to die.

O pleasures past! what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow?
Sceptres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain.

For pleasure I have given my soul:
Now, Justice, let thy thunders roll!
Now, Vengeance! smile—and with a blow,
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

Yet Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,
I'll crowd beneath his sheltering wing;
I'll clasp the cross, and, holding there,
Even me, oh bliss! his wrath may spare.

MELODY

INSERTED IN A COLLECTION OF SELECTED AND ORIGINAL SONGS, PUBLISHED BY THE REV. J. PLUMPTRE, OF CLARE-HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

Yes, once more that dying strain,
Anna, touch thy lute for me;
Sweet, when Pity's tones complain,
Doubly sweet is melody.

While the Virtues thus enweave
Mildly soft the thrilling song,
Winter's long and lonesome eve
Glides unfelt, unseen, along.

Thus when life hath stolen away,
And the wintry night is near,
Thus shall Virtue's friendly ray
Age's closing evening cheer.

SONG.—BY WALLER.

A Lady of Cambridge lent Waller's Poems to the author, and when he returned them to her, she discovered an additional stanza written by him at the bottom of the Song here copied.

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part in time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

[Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the Maid
That Goodness Time's rude hand defies,
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.]

H. K. WHITE.

"I AM PLEASED, AND YET I'M SAD."

WHEN twilight steals along the ground,
And all the bells are ringing round,
One, two, three, four, and five,
I at my study-window sit,
And, rapt in many a musing fit,
To bliss am all alive.

But though impressions calm and sweet
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
And I am inly glad,
The tear-drop stands in either eye,
And yet I cannot tell thee why,
I am pleased, and yet I'm sad.

The silvery rack that flies away
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,
Does that disturb my breast?
Nay, what have I, a studious man,
To do with life's unstable plan,
Or pleasure's fading vest?

Is it that here I must not stop,
But o'er yon blue hill's woody top,
Must bend my lonely way?
No, surely no! for give but me
My own fire-side, and I shall be
At home where'er I stray.

Then is it that yon steeple there,
With music sweet shall fill the air,
When thou no more canst hear?
Oh, no! oh, no! for then forgiven
I shall be with my God in Heaven,
Released from every fear.

Then whence it is I cannot tell,
But there is some mysterious spell
That holds me when I'm glad;
And so the tear-drop fills my eye,
When yet in truth I know not why,
Or wherefore, I am sad.

SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids the silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland's pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs
With hallow'd airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too;
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

IF far from me the Fates remove
Domestic peace, connubial love,
The prattling ring, the social cheer,
Affection's voice, affection's tear,
Ye sterner powers, that bind the heart,
To me your iron aid impart!
O teach me, when the nights are chill,
And my fire-side is lone and still;
When to the blaze that crackles near,
I turn a tired and pensive ear,
And Nature conquering bids me sigh
For Love's soft accents whispering nigh,
O teach me, on that heavenly road
That leads to Truth's occult abode,
To wrap my soul in dreams divine,
Till earth and care no more be mine.
Let blest Philosophy impart
Her soothing measures to my heart;
And while with Plato's ravish'd ears
I list the music of the spheres,
Or on the mystic symbols pore,
That hide the Chald's sublimer lore,
I shall not brood on summers gone,
Nor think that I am all alone.

FANNY! upon thy breast I may not lie!
Fanny, thou dost not hear me when I speak!
Where art thou, love?—Around I turn my eye,
And as I turn, the tear is on my cheek.
Was it a dream? or did my love behold
Indeed my lonely couch?—Methought the breath
Fann'd not her bloodless lip; her eye was cold
And hollow, and the livery of death
Invested her pale forehead—Sainted maid!
My thoughts oft rest with thee in thy cold grave
Through the long wintry night, when wind and wave
Rock the dark house where thy poor head is laid.

Yet hush! my fond heart, hush! there is a shore
Of better promise; and I know, at last,
When the long sabbath of the tomb is past,
We two shall meet in Christ—to part no more.

FRAGMENTS.

These Fragments are the author's latest compositions; and were, for the most part, written upon the back of his mathematical papers, during the few moments of the last year of his life, in which he suffered himself to follow the impulse of his genius.

I.

Saw'st thou that light? exclaim'd the youth, and paused:
Through yon dark firs it glanced, and on the stream
That skirts the woods it for a moment play'd.
Again, more light it gleam'd,—or does some sprite
Delude mine eyes with shapes of wood and streams,
And lamp far-beaming through the thicket's gloom,
As from some bosom'd cabin, where the voice
Of revelry, of thrifty watchfulness,
Keeps in the lights at this unwonted hour?
No sprite deludes mine eyes,—the beam now glows
With steady lustre. Can it be the moon,
Who, hidden long by the invidious veil
That blots the Heavens, now *sets* behind the woods?
No moon to-night has look'd upon the sea
Of clouds beneath her, answer'd Rudiger,
She has been sleeping with Endymion.
* * *

II.

The pious man
In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms
Hide Heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith
Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
Of ether, where the day is never veil'd
With intervening vapors; and looks down
Serene upon the troublous sea, that hides
The earth's fair breast, that sea whose nether face
To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all;
But on whose billowy back, from man conceal'd,
The glaring sunbeams play.

III.

Lo! on the eastern summit, clad in grey,
Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes,
And from his tower of mist,
Night's watchman hurries down.

IV.

There was a little bird upon that pile;
It perch'd upon a ruin'd pinnacle,
And made sweet melody.
The song was soft, yet cheerful, and most clear,
For other note none swell'd the air but his.
It seem'd as if the little chorister,
Sole tenant of the melancholy pile,
Were a lone hermit, outcast from his kind,
Yet withal cheerful.—I have heard the note
Echoing so lonely o'er the aisle forlorn,
———Much musing—

V.

O pale art thou, my lamp, and faint
Thy melancholy ray:
When the still night's unclouded saint
Is walking on her way.
Through my lattice leaf-embower'd,
Fair she sheds her shadowy beam,
And o'er my silent sacred room,
Casts a chequer'd twilight gloom;
I throw aside the learned sheet,
I cannot choose but gaze, she looks so mildly sweet.
Sad vestal, why art thou so fair,
Or why am I so frail?

Methinks thou lookest kindly on me, Moon,
And cheerest my lone hours with sweet regards!
Surely like me thou'rt sad, but dost not speak
Thy sadness to the cold unheeding crowd;
So mournfully composed, o'er yonder cloud
Thou shinest, like a cresset, beaming far,
From the rude watch-tower, o'er the Atlantic wave.

VI.

O give me music—for my soul doth faint;
I am sick of noise and care, and now mine ear
Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint,
That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.

Hark how it falls! and now it steals along,
Like distant bells upon the lake at eve,
When all is still; and now it grows more strong,
As when the choral train their dirges weave,
Mellow and many-voiced; where every close,
O'er the old minster roof, in echoing waves reflows

O! I am rapt aloft. My spirit soars
Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind.
Lo! angels lead me to the happy shores,
And floating pæans fill the buoyant wind.
Farewell! base earth, farewell! my soul is freed,
Far from its clayey cell it springs—
* * * *

VII.

Ah! who can say, however fair his view,
Through what sad scenes his path may lie!
Ah! who can give to others' woes his sigh,
Secure his own will never need it too?

Let thoughtless youth its seeming joys pursue,
Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye
The illusive past, and dark futurity:
Soon will they know—
*

VIII.

And must thou go, and must we part?
Yes, fate decrees, and I submit;
The pang that rends in twain my heart,
Oh, Fanny, dost thou share in it?
Thy sex is fickle,—when away,
Some happier youth may win thy—

IX.

SONNET.

When I sit musing on the chequer'd past,
(A term much darken'd with untimely woes),
My thoughts revert to her, for whom still flows
The tear, though half disown'd;—and binding fast
Pride's stubborn cheat to my too yielding heart,
I say to her, she robb'd me of my rest,
When that was all my wealth.—'T is true my breast
Received from her this wearying, lingering smart,
Yet, ah! I cannot bid her form depart;
Though wrong'd, I love her—yet in anger love,
For she was most unworthy.—Then I prove
Vindictive joy; and on my stern front gleams,
Throned in dark clouds, inflexible * * *
The native pride of my much-injured heart.

X.

When high romance o'er every wood and stream
Dark lustre shed, my infant mind to fire,
Spell-struck, and fill'd with many a wondering dream,
First in the groves I woke the pensive lyre.
All there was mystery then, the gust that woke
The midnight echo with a spirit's dirge,
And unseen fairies would the moon invoke,
To their light morrice by the restless surge.
Now to my sober'd thought with life's false smiles,
Too much * *
The vagrant Fancy spreads no more her wiles,
And dark forebodings now my bosom fill.

XI.

Hush'd is the lyre—the hand that swept
The low and pensive wires,
Robb'd of its cunning, from the task retires.
Yes—it is still—the lyre is still;
The spirit which its slumbers broke
Hath pass'd away,—and that weak hand that woke
Its forest melodies hath lost its skill.

Yet I would press you to my lips once more,
Ye wild, ye withering flowers of poesy;
Yet would I drink the fragrance which ye pour,
Mix'd with decaying odors: for to me
Ye have beguiled the hours of infancy,
As in the wood-paths of my native—
* * * *

XII.

Once more, and yet once more,
I give unto my harp a dark-woven lay;
I heard the waters roar,
I heard the flood of ages pass away.
O thou stern spirit! who dost dwell
In thine eternal cell!
Noting, grey chronicler! the silent years;
I saw thee rise,—I saw the scroll complete:
Thou spakest, and at thy feet
The universe gave way.

TIME.—A POEM.

This poem was begun either during the publication of Clifton Grove, or shortly afterwards. The author never laid aside the intention of completing it, and some of the detached parts were among his latest productions.

Genius of musings! who, the midnight hour,
Wasting in woods or haunted forests wild,
Dost watch Orion in his arctic tower,
Thy dark eye fix'd as in some holy trance;
Or when the volley'd lightnings cleave the air,
And Ruin gaunt bestrides the winged storm,
Sitt'st in some lonely watch-tower, where thy lamp,
Faint-blazing, strikes the fisher's eye from far,
And, 'mid the howl of elements, unmoved
Dost ponder on the awful scene, and trace
The vast *effect* to its superior source,—
Spirit, attend my lowly benison!
For now I strike to themes of import high
The solitary lyre; and, borne by thee
Above this narrow cell, I celebrate
The mysteries of Time!
Him who, august,
Was ere these worlds were fashion'd,—ere the sun
Sprang from the east, or Lucifer display'd
His glowing cresset in the arch of morn,
Or Vesper gilded the serener eye.
Yea, He *had been* for an eternity!
Had swept unvarying from eternity
The harp of desolation—ere his tones,
At God's command, assumed a milder strain,
And startled on his watch, in the vast deep,
Chaos, his sluggish sentry, and evoked
From the dark void the smiling universe.

Chain'd to the grovelling frailties of the flesh,
Mere mortal man, unpurged from earthly dross,
Cannot survey, with fix'd and steady eye,
The dim uncertain gulf, which now the Muse,
Adventurous, would explore;—but, dizzy grown,
He topples down the abyss.—If he would scan
The fearful chasm, and catch a transient glimpse
Of its unfathomable depths, that so
His mind may turn with double joy to God,
His only certainty and resting-place;
He must put off awhile this mortal vest,
And learn to follow, without giddiness.
To heights where all is vision and surprise,
And vague conjecture.—He must waste by night
The studious taper, far from all resort
Of crowds and folly, in some still retreat;
High on the beetling promontory's crest,
Or in the caves of the vast wilderness,
Where, compass'd round with Nature's wildest shapes,
He may be driven to centre all his thoughts
In the great Architect, who lives confest
In rocks, and seas, and solitary wastes.

So has divine Philosophy, with voice
Mild as the murmurs of the moonlight wave,
Tutor'd the heart of him, who now awakes,
Touching the chords of solemn minstrelsy,
His faint, neglected song—intent to snatch
Some vagrant blossom from the dangerous steep

Of poesy, a bloom of such a hue,
So sober, as may not unseemly suit
With Truth's severer brow; and one withal
So hardy as shall brave the passing wind
Of many winters,—rearing its meek head
In loveliness, when he who gather'd it
Is number'd with the generations gone.
Yet not to me hath God's good providence
Given studious leisure,[1] or unbroken thought,
Such as he owns,—a meditative man,
Who from the blush of morn to quiet eve
Ponders, or turns the page of wisdom o'er,
Far from the busy crowd's tumultuous din:
From noise and wrangling far, and undisturb'd
With Mirth's unholy shouts. For me the day
Hath duties which require the vigorous hand
Of stedfast application, but which leave
No deep improving trace upon the mind.
But be the day another's;—let it pass!
The night's my own—They cannot steal my night!
When evening lights her folding star on high,
I live and breathe, and in the sacred hours
Of quiet and repose, my spirit flies,
Free as the morning, o'er the realms of space,
And mounts the skies, and imps her wing for heaven.

Hence do I love the sober-suited maid;
Hence Night's my friend, my mistress, and my theme,
And she shall aid me *now* to magnify
The night of ages,—*now* when the pale ray
Of star-light penetrates the studious gloom,
And, at my window seated, while mankind
Are lock'd in sleep, I feel the freshening breeze
Of stillness blow, while, in her saddest stole,
Thought, like a wakeful vestal at her shrine,
Assumes her wonted sway.
Behold the world
Rests, and her tired inhabitants have paused
From trouble and turmoil. The widow now
Has ceased to weep, and her twin-orphans lie
Lock'd in each arm, partakers of her rest.
The man of sorrow has forgot his woes;
The outcast that his head is shelterless,
His griefs unshared.—The mother tends no more
Her daughter's dying slumbers, but surprised
With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,
Dreams of her bridals. Even the hectic, lull'd
On Death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapt,
Crowning with Hope's bland wreath his shuddering nurse,
Poor victim! smiles.—Silence and deep repose
Reign o'er the nations: and the warning voice
Of Nature utters audibly within
The general moral;—tells us that repose,
Deathlike as this, but of far longer span,
Is coming on us—that the weary crowds,
Who now enjoy a temporary calm,
Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapt around
With grave-clothes; and their aching restless heads
Mouldering in holes and corners unobserved
Till the last trump shall break their sullen sleep.

Who needs a teacher to admonish him
That flesh is grass, that earthly things are mist?
What are our joys but dreams? and what our hopes
But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?
There's not a wind that blows, but bears with it
Some rainbow promise:—not a moment flies,
But puts its sickle in the fields of life
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.
'T is but as yesterday, since on yon stars,
Which now I view, the Chaldee shepherd[1] gazed
In his mid-watch observant, and disposed
The twinkling hosts as fancy gave them shape.
Yet in the interim what mighty shocks
Have buffeted mankind!—whole nations razed—
Cities made desolate,—the polish'd sunk
To barbarism, and once barbaric states
Swaying the wand of science and of arts;
Illustrious deeds and memorable names
Blotted from record, and upon the tongue
Of grey Tradition voluble no more.

Where are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones
Who flourish'd in the infancy of days?
All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame
Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,
Sits grim *Forgetfulness*.—The warrior's arm
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;
Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd the blaze
Of his red eye-ball.—Yesterday his name
Was mighty on the earth—To-day—'t is what?
The meteor of the night of distant years,
That flash'd unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld,
Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam
Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly
Closed her pale lips, and lock'd the secret up
Safe in the charnel's treasures.
O how weak
Is mortal man! how trifling—how confined
His scope of vision! Puff'd with confidence,
His phrase grows big with immortality,
And he, poor insect of a summer's day!
Dreams of eternal honors to his name;
Of endless glory and perennial bays.
He idly reasons of eternity,
As of the train of ages,—when, alas!
Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
Are, in comparison, a little point
Too trivial for accompt.——O, it is strange,
'T is passing strange, to mark his fallacies!
Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
And smile, and say, My name shall live with this
Till time shall be no more; while at his feet,
Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
Of the fallen fabric of the other day
Preaches the solemn lesson. He *should* know
That time must conquer; that the loudest blast
That ever fill'd Renown's obstreperous trump
Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom
Of the gigantic pyramid? or who
Rear'd its huge walls? Oblivion laughs, and says,
The prey is mine.—They sleep, and never more
Their names shall strike upon the ear of man,

1 The author was then in an attorney's office.

1 Alluding to the first astronomical observations in the Chaldean shepherds.

Their memory burst its fetters.
Where is *Rome?*
She lives but in the tale of other times;
Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home,
And her long colonnades, her public walks,
Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet,
Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,
Through the rank moss reveal'd, her honor'd dust.
But not to Rome alone has fate confined
The doom of ruin; cities numberless,
Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon and Troy,
And rich Phœnicia—they are blotted out,
Half-razed from memory, and their very name
And *being* in dispute.—Has Athens fallen?
Is polish'd Greece become the savage seat
Of ignorance and sloth? and shall we dare

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

And empire seeks another hemisphere.
Where now is Britain?—Where her laurell'd names,
Her palaces and halls? Dash'd in the dust,
Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity.—Again,
Through her depopulated vales, the scream
Of bloody Superstition hollow rings,
And the scared native to the tempest howls
The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.—Her bards
Sing in a language that hath perish'd;
And their wild harps, suspended o'er their graves,
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.

Meanwhile the Arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime, and then, perchance
Some bold adventurer, fill'd with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever plow'd before,—espies the cliffs
Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown
He journeys joyful; and perhaps descries
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness;
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived
At silence in that solitary nook,
Far from the civil world; and sagely sighs,
And moralizes on the state of man.

Still on its march, unnoticed and unfelt,
Moves on our being. We do live and breathe,
And we are gone. The spoiler heeds us not.
We have our spring-time and our rottenness;
And as we fall, another race succeeds,
To perish likewise.—Meanwhile Nature smiles—
The seasons run their round.—The sun fulfils
His annual course—and Heaven and earth remain
Still changing, yet unchanged—still doom'd to feel
Endless mutation in perpetual rest.
Where are conceal'd the days which have elapsed?
Hid in the mighty cavern of *the past*,
They rise upon us only to appal,
By indistinct and half-glimpsed images,
Misty, gigantic, huge, obscure, remote.

Oh, it is fearful, on the midnight couch,
When the rude rushing winds forget to rave,
And the pale moon, that through the casement high
Surveys the sleepless muser, stamps the hour
Of utter silence!—it is fearful then
To steer the mind, in deadly solitude,
Up the vague stream of probability;
To wind the mighty secrets of *the past*,
And turn the key of Time!—Oh! who can strive
To comprehend the vast, the awful truth,
Of the *eternity that hath gone by*,
And not recoil from the dismaying sense
Of human impotence? The life of man
Is summ'd in birth-days and in sepulchres:
But the Eternal God had no beginning;
He hath no end. Time had been with him
For *everlasting*, ere the dædal world
Rose from the gulf in loveliness.—Like him
It knew no source, like him 't was uncreate.

What is it then? The past Eternity!
We comprehend a *future* without end;
We feel it possible that even yon sun
May roll for ever: but we shrink amazed—
We stand aghast, when we reflect that Time
Knew no commencement;—that heap age on age
And million upon million, without end,
And we shall never span the void of days
That were, and are not but in retrospect.
The Past is an unfathomable depth,
Beyond the span of thought; 't is an elapse
Which hath no mensuration, but hath been
For ever and for ever.
Change of days
To us is sensible; and each revolve
Of the recording sun conducts us on
Further in life, and nearer to our goal.
Not so with Time,—mysterious chronicler,
He knoweth not mutation;—centuries
Are to his being as a day, and days
As centuries.—Time past, and Time to come,
Are always equal; when the world began,
God had existed from eternity.

* * * * *

Now look on man
Myriads of ages hence.—Hath time elapsed?
Is he not standing in the self-same place
Where once we stood?—The same eternity
Hath gone before him, and is yet to come;
His *past* is not of longer span than ours,
Though myriads of ages intervened;
For who can add to what has neither sum,
Nor bound, nor source, nor estimate, nor end?
Oh, who can compass the Almighty mind?
Who can unlock the secrets of the High?
In speculations of an altitude
Sublime as this, our reason stands confest
Foolish, and insignificant, and mean.
Who can apply the futile argument
Of finite beings to infinity?

He might as well compress the universe
Into the hollow compass of a gourd,
Scoop'd out by human art; or bid the whale
Drink up the sea it swims in!—Can the less
Contain the greater? or the dark obscure
Infold the glories of meridian day?
What does Philosophy impart to man
But undiscover'd wonders?—Let her soar
Even to her proudest heights—to where she caught
The soul of Newton and of Socrates,
She but extends the scope of wild amaze
And admiration. All her lessons end
In wider views of God's unfathom'd depths.

Lo! the unletter'd hind, who never knew
To raise his mind excursive to the heights
Of abstract contemplation, as he sits
On the green hillock by the hedge-row side,
What time the insect swarms are murmuring,
And marks, in silent thought, the broken clouds
That fringe with loveliest hues the evening sky,
Feels in his soul the hand of Nature rouse
The thrill of gratitude, to him who form'd
The goodly prospect; he beholds the God
Throned in the west, and his reposing ear
Hears sounds angelic in the fitful breeze
That floats through neighboring copse or fairy brake,
Or lingers playful on the haunted stream.
Go with the cotter to his winter fire,
Where o'er the moors the loud blast whistles shrill,
And the hoarse ban-dog bays the icy moon;
Mark with what awe he lists the wild uproar,
Silent, and big with thought; and hear him bless
The God that rides on the tempestuous clouds
For his snug hearth, and all his little joys:
Hear him compare his happier lot with his
Who bends his way across the wintry wolds,
A poor night-traveller, while the dismal snow
Beats in his face, and, dubious of his path,
He stops, and thinks, in every lengthening blast,
He hears some village-mastiff's distant howl,
And sees, far streaming, some lone cottage light;
Then, undeceived, upturns his streaming eyes,
And clasps his shivering hands; or, overpower'd,
Sinks on the frozen ground, weigh'd down with sleep,
From which the hapless wretch shall never wake.
Thus the poor rustic warms his heart with praise
And glowing gratitude,—he turns to bless,
With honest warmth, his Maker and his God!
And shall it e'er be said, that a poor hind,
Nursed in the lap of Ignorance, and bred
In want and labor, glows with nobler zeal
To laud his Maker's attributes, while he
Whom starry science in her cradle rock'd,
And Castaly enchasten'd with its dews,
Closes his eyes upon the holy word,
And, blind to all but arrogance and pride,
Dares to declare his infidelity,
And openly contemn the Lord of Hosts?
What is philosophy, if it impart
Irreverence for the Deity, or teach
A mortal man to set his judgment up
Against his Maker's will?—The Polygar,
Who kneels to sun or moon, compared with him
Who thus perverts the talents he enjoys,
Is the most bless'd of men!—O! I would walk
A weary journey, to the furthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity!
What is the pomp of learning? the parade
Of letters and of tongues? E'en as the mists
Of the grey morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish.
Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.
'T is as the tower erected on a cloud,
Baseless and silly as the school-boy's dream.
Ages and epochs that destroy our pride,
And then record its downfall, what are they
But the poor creatures of man's teeming brain?
Hath Heaven its ages? or doth Heaven preserve
Its stated eras? Doth the Omnipotent
Hear of to-morrows or of yesterdays?
There is to God nor future nor a past;
Throned in his might, all times to him are present;
He hath no lapse, no past, no time to come;
He sees before him one eternal *now*.
Time moveth not!—our being 't is that moves:
And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream,
Dream of swift ages and revolving years,
Ordain'd to chronicle our passing days:
So the young sailor in the gallant bark,
Scudding before the wind, beholds the coast
Receding from his eyes, and thinks the while,
Struck with amaze, that he is motionless,
And that the land is sailing.
Such, alas!
Are the illusions of this Proteus life;
All, all is false: through every phasis still
'T is shadowy and deceitful. It assumes
The semblances of things and specious shapes;
But the lost traveller might as soon rely
On the evasive spirit of the marsh,
Whose lantern beams, and vanishes, and flits,
O'er bog, and rock, and pit, and hollow way,
As we on its appearances.
On earth
There is nor certainty nor stable hope.
As well the weary mariner, whose bark
Is toss'd beyond Cimmerian Bosphorus,
Where storm and darkness hold their drear domain,
And sunbeams never penetrate, might trust
To expectation of serener skies,
And linger in the very jaws of death,
Because some peevish cloud were opening,
Or the loud storm had bated in its rage;
As we look forward in this vale of tears
To permanent delight—from some slight glimpse
Of shadowy unsubstantial happiness.
The good man's hope is laid far, far beyond
The sway of tempests, or the furious sweep
Of mortal desolation.—He beholds,
Unapprehensive, the gigantic stride
Of rampant ruin, or the unstable waves
Of dark vicissitude.—Even in death,
In that dread hour, when with a giant pang,
Tearing the tender fibres of the heart,

The immortal spirit struggles to be free,
Then, even then, that hope forsakes him not,
For it exists beyond the narrow verge
Of the cold sepulchre.—The petty joys
Of fleeting life indignantly it spurn'd,
And rested on the bosom of its God.
This is man's only reasonable hope;
And 'tis a hope which, cherish'd in the breast,
Shall not be disappointed.—Even he,
The Holy One—Almighty—who elanced
The rolling world along its airy way,
Even He will deign to smile upon the good,
And welcome him to these celestial seats,
Where joy and gladness hold their changeless reign.
Thou, proud man! look upon yon starry vault,
Survey the countless gems which richly stud
The Night's imperial chariot;—telescopes
Will show thee myriads more innumerous
Than the sea-sand;—each of those little lamps
Is the great source of light, the central sun
Round which some other mighty sisterhood
Of planets travel, every planet stock'd
With living beings impotent as thee.
Now, proud man! now, where is thy greatness fled?
What art thou in the scale of universe?
Less, less than nothing!—Yet of thee the God
Who built this wondrous frame of worlds is careful,
As well as of the mendicant who begs
The leavings of thy table. And shalt thou
Lift up thy thankless spirit, and contemn
His heavenly providence? Deluded fool!
Even now the thunderbolt is wing'd with death,
Even now thou totterest on the brink of hell.
How insignificant is mortal man,
Bound to the hasty pinions of an hour;
How poor, how trivial in the vast conceit
Of infinite duration, boundless space!
God of the universe! Almighty one!
Thou who dost walk upon the winged winds,
Or with the storm, thy rugged charioteer,
Swift and impetuous as the northern blast,
Ridest from pole to pole; Thou who dost hold
The forked lightnings in thine awful grasp,
And reinest-in the earthquake, when thy wrath
Goes down towards erring man, I would address
To Thee my parting pæan: for of Thee,
Great beyond comprehension, who thyself
Art Time and Space, sublime Infinitude,
Of Thee has been my song—With awe I kneel
Trembling before the footstool of thy state,
My God! my Father!—I will sing to Thee!
A hymn of laud, a solemn canticle,
Ere on the cypress wreath, which overshades
The throne of Death, I hang my mournful lyre,
And give its wild strings to the desert gale.
Rise, Son of Salem! rise, and join the strain!
Sweep to accordant tones thy tuneful harp,
And, leaving vain laments, arouse thy soul
To exultation. Sing, hosanna sing,
And hallelujah, for the Lord is great
And full of mercy! He has thought of man;
Yea, compass'd round with countless worlds, has thought
Of we poor worms, that batten in the dews
Of morn, and perish ere the noonday sun.
Sing to the Lord, for he is merciful:
He gave the Nubian lion but to live,
To rage its hour, and perish; but on man
He lavish'd immortality, and Heaven.
The eagle falls from her aërial tower,
And mingles with irrevocable dust:
But man from death springs joyful,
Springs up to life and to eternity.
Oh that, insensate of the favouring boon,
The great exclusive privilege bestow'd
On us unworthy triflers, men should dare
To treat with slight regard the proffer'd Heaven,
And urge the lenient, but All-Just, to swear
In wrath, "They shall not enter in my rest!"
Might I address the supplicative strain,
To thy high foot-stool, I would pray that thou
Wouldst pity the deluded wanderers,
And fold them, ere they perish, in thy flock.
Yea, I would bid thee pity them, through Him
Thy well-beloved, who, upon the cross,
Bled a dead sacrifice for human sin,
And paid, with bitter agony, the debt
Of primitive transgression.
Oh! I shrink,
My very soul doth shrink, when I reflect
That the time hastens, when in vengeance clothed,
Thou shalt come down to stamp the seal of fate
On erring mortal man. Thy chariot wheels
Then shall rebound to earth's remotest caves,
And stormy ocean from his bed shall start
At the appalling summons. Oh! how dread,
On the dark eye of miserable man,
Chasing his sins in secrecy and gloom,
Will burst the effulgence of the opening Heaven;
When to the brazen trumpet's deafening roar,
Thou and thy dazzling cohorts shall descend,
Proclaiming the fulfilment of the word!
The dead shall start astonish'd from their sleep!
The sepulchres shall groan and yield their prey,
The bellowing floods shall disembogue their charge
Of human victims.—From the farthest nook
Of the wide world shall troop their risen souls,
From him whose bones are bleaching in the waste
Of polar solitudes, or him whose corpse,
Whelm'd in the loud Atlantic's vexed tides,
Is wash'd on some Caribbean prominence,
To the lone tenant of some secret cell
In the Pacific's vast * * * realm,
Where never plummet's sound was heard to part
The wilderness of water; they shall come
To greet the solemn advent of the Judge.
Thou first shalt summon the elected saints
To their apportion'd Heaven! and thy Son,
At thy right hand, shall smile with conscious joy
On all his past distresses, when for them
He bore humanity's severest pangs.
Then shalt thou seize the avenging cimeter,
And, with a roar so loud and horrible
As the stern earthquake's monitory voice,
The wicked shall be driven to their abode,
Down the immitigable gulf, to wail
And gnash their teeth in endless agony.
* * * * * * *
Rear thou aloft thy standard,—Spirit, rear
Thy flag on high!—Invincible and throned
In unparticipated might. Behold
Earth's proudest boasts, beneath thy silent sway

Sweep headlong to destruction; thou, the while,
Unmoved and heedless, thou dost hear the rush
Of mighty generations as they pass
To the broad gulf of ruin, and dost stamp
Thy signet on them, and they rise no more.
Who shall contend with Time—unvanquish'd Time,
The conquerer of conquerors, and lord
Of desolation?—Lo! the shadows fly,
The hours and days, and years and centuries,
They fly, they fly, and nations rise and fall.
The young are old, the old are in their graves.
Heard'st thou that shout! It rent the vaulted skies;
It was the voice of people,—mighty crowds—
Again! 't is hush'd—Time speaks, and all is hush'd;
In the vast multitude now reigns alone
Unruffled solitude. They all are still;
All—yea, the whole—the incalculable mass,
Still as the ground that clasps their cold remains.

Rear thou aloft thy standard—Spirit, rear
Thy flag on high! and glory in thy strength.
But dost thou know the season yet shall come,
When from its base thine adamantine throne
Shall tumble; when thine arm shall cease to strike,
Thy voice forget its petrifying power;
When saints shall shout, and *Time shall be no more!*
Yea, He doth come—the mighty champion comes,
Whose potent spear shall give thee thy death-wound,
Shall crush the conqueror of conquerors,
And desolate stern Desolation's lord.
Lo! where he cometh! the Messiah comes!
The King! the Comforter! the Christ!—He comes
To burst the bonds of death, and overturn
The power of Time.—Hark! the trumpet's blast
Rings o'er the heavens!—They rise, the myriads rise—
Even from their graves they spring, and burst the chains
Of torpor—He has ransom'd them, * * *

Forgotten generations live again,
Assume the bodily shapes they own'd of old,
Beyond the flood:—the righteous of their times
Embrace and weep, they weep the tears of joy.
The sainted mother wakes, and in her lap
Clasps her dear babe, the partner of her grave,
And heritor with her of heaven,—a flower
Wash'd by the blood of Jesus from the stain
Of native guilt, even in its early bud.
And hark! those strains, how solemnly serene
They fall, as from the skies—at distance fall—
Again more loud—the hallelujahs swell:
The newly-risen catch the joyful sound;
They glow, they burn; and now with one accord
Bursts forth sublime from every mouth the song
Of praise to God on high, and to the Lamb
Who bled for mortals.
* * * * * *

Yet there is peace for man.—Yea, there is peace
Even in this noisy, this unsettled scene;
When from the crowd, and from the city far,
Haply he may be set (in his late walk
O'ertaken with deep thought) beneath the boughs
Of honeysuckle, when the sun is gone,
And with fixt eye, and wistful, he surveys
The solemn shadows of the Heavens sail,
And thinks the season yet shall come, when Time
Will waft him to repose, to deep repose,
Far from the unquietness of life—from noise
And tumult far—beyond the flying clouds,
Beyond the stars, and all this passing scene,
Where change shall cease, and time shall be no more.
* * * * *

THE CHRISTIAD,

A DIVINE POEM.

This was the work which the author had most at heart. His riper judgment would probably have perceived that the subject was ill chosen. What is said so well in the *Censura Literaria* of all Scriptural subjects for narrative poetry, applies peculiarly to this. "Any thing taken from it, leaves the story imperfect; any thing added to it, disgusts and almost shocks us as impious. As Omar said of the Alexandrian Library, we may say of such writings; if they contain only what is in the Scriptures, they are superfluous; if what is not in them, they are false."—It may be added, that the mixture of mythology makes truth itself appear fabulous.

There is great power in the execution of this fragment.—In editing these remains, I have, with that decorum which it is to be wished all editors would observe, abstained from informing the reader what he is to admire and what he is not; but I cannot refrain from saying that the two last stanzas greatly affected me, when I discovered them written on the leaf of a different book, and apparently long after the first canto; and greatly shall I be mistaken if they do not affect the reader also.—*R. Southey.*

BOOK I.

I.

I SING the Cross!—Ye white-robed angel choirs,
Who know the chords of harmony to sweep,
Ye who o'er holy David's varying wires
Were wont of old your hovering watch to keep,
Oh, now descend! and with your harpings deep,
Pouring sublime the full symphonious stream
Of music, such as soothes the saint's last sleep,
Awake my slumbering spirit from its dream,
And teach me how to exalt the high mysterious theme.

II.

Mourn! Salem, mourn! low lies thine humbled state,
Thy glittering fanes are levell'd with the ground!
Fallen is thy pride!—Thine halls are desolate!
Where erst was heard the timbrel's sprightly sound,
And frolic pleasures tripp'd the nightly round,
There breeds the wild fox lonely,—and aghast
Stands the mute pilgrim at the void profound,
Unbroke by noise, save when the hurrying blast
Sighs, like a spirit, deep along the cheerless waste

III.

It is for this, proud Solyma! thy towers
Lie crumbling in the dust; for this forlorn
Thy genius wails along thy desert bowers,
While stern Destruction laughs, as if in scorn,
That thou didst dare insult God's eldest-born:
And with most bitter persecuting ire,
Pursued his footsteps till the last day-dawn
Rose on his fortunes—and thou saw'st the fire
That came to light the world, in one great flash expire.

IV.

Oh! for a pencil dipt in living light,
To paint the agonies that Jesus bore!
Oh! for the long-lost harp of Jesse's might,
To hymn the Savior's praise from shore to shore,
While seraph hosts the lofty pæan pour,
And Heaven enraptured lists the loud acclaim!
May a frail mortal dare the theme explore?
May he to human ears his weak song frame?
Oh! may he dare to sing Messiah's glorious name?

V.

Spirits of pity! mild crusaders, come!
Buoyant on clouds around your minstrel float,
And give him eloquence who else were dumb,
And raise to feeling and to fire his note!
And thou, Urania! who dost still devote
Thy nights and days to God's eternal shrine,
Whose mild eyes 'lumined what Isaiah wrote,
Throw o'er thy Bard that solemn stole of thine,
And clothe him for the fight with energy divine.

VI.

When from the temple's lofty summit prone,
Satan, o'ercome, fell down; and, throned there,
The son of God confest, in splendor shone;
Swift as the glancing sunbeam cuts the air,
Mad with defeat, and yelling his despair,
* * * *
Fled the stern king of Hell—and with the glare
Of gliding meteors, ominous and red,
Shot athwart the clouds that gather'd round his head.

VII.

Right o'er the Euxine, and that gulf which late
The rude Massagetæ adored, he bent
His northering course, while round, in dusky state
The assembling fiends their summon'd troops augment,
Clothed in dark mists, upon their way they went;
While, as they pass'd to regions more severe,
The Lapland sorcerer swell'd with loud lament
The solitary gale, and, fill'd with fear,
The howling dogs bespoke unholy spirits near.

VIII.

Where the North Pole, in moody solitude,
Spreads her huge tracks and frozen wastes around,
There ice-rocks piled aloft, in order rude,
Form a gigantic hall, where never sound
Startled dull Silence' ear, save when profound
The smoke-frost mutter'd: there drear Cold for aye
Thrones him,—and, fix'd on his primeval mound,
Ruin, the giant, sits; while stern Dismay
Stalks like some woe-struck man along the desert way.

IX.

In that drear spot, grim Desolation's lair,
No sweet remain of life encheers the sight;
The dancing heart's blood in an instant there
Would freeze to marble.—Mingling day and night
(Sweet interchange, which makes our labours light)
Are there unknown; while in the summer skies
The sun rolls ceaseless round his heavenly height,
Nor ever sets till from the scene he flies,
And leaves the long bleak night of half the year to rise

X.

'T was there, yet shuddering from the burning lake,
Satan had fix'd their next consistory,
When parting last he fondly hoped to shake
Messiah's constancy,—and thus to free
The powers of darkness from the dread decree
Of bondage brought by him, and circumvent
The unerring ways of Him whose eye can see
The womb of Time, and, in its embryo pent,
Discern the colors clear of every dark event

XI.

Here the stern monarch stay'd his rapid flight,
And his thick hosts, as with a jetty pall,
Hovering, obscured the north star's peaceful light,
Waiting on wing their haughty chieftain's call.
He, meanwhile, downward, with a sullen fall,
Dropt on the echoing ice. Instant the sound
Of their broad vans was hush'd, and o'er the hall
Vast and obscure, the gloomy cohorts bound,
Till, wedged in ranks, the seat of Satan they surround.

XII.

High on a solium of the solid wave,
Prankt with rude shapes by the fantastic frost,
He stood in silence;—now keen thoughts engrave
Dark figures on his front; and, tempest-tost,
He fears to say that every hope is lost.
Meanwhile the multitude as death are mute:
So, ere the tempest on Malacca's coast,
Sweet Quiet, gently touching her soft lute,
Sings to the whispering waves the prelude to dispute

XIII.

At length collected, o'er the dark Divan
The arch-fiend glanced, as by the Boreal blaze
Their downcast brows were seen, and thus began
His fierce harangue:—Spirits! our better days
Are now elapsed; Moloch and Belial's praise
Shall sound no more in groves by myriads trod.
Lo! the light breaks!—The astonish'd nations gaze!
For us is lifted high the avenging rod!
For, spirits, this is He,—this is the Son of God!

XIV.

What then!—shall Satan's spirit crouch to fear?
Shall he who shook the pillars of God's reign
Drop from his unnerved arm the hostile spear?
Madness! The very thought would make me fain
To tear the spanglets from yon gaudy plain,
And hurl them at their Maker!—Fix'd as fate,
I am his Foe!—Yea, though his pride should deign
To soothe mine ire with half his regal state,
Still would I burn with fixt, unalterable hate.

XV.

Now hear the issue of my curst emprize:
When from our last sad synod I took flight,
Buoy'd with false hopes, in some deep-laid disguise,
To tempt this vaunted Holy One to write
His own self-condemnation; in the plight
Of aged man in the lone wilderness,
Gathering a few stray sticks, I met his sight,
And, leaning on my staff, seem'd much to guess
What cause could mortal bring to that forlorn recess.

XVI.

Then thus in homely guise I featly framed
My lowly speech:—"Good sir, what leads this way
Your wandering steps? Must hapless chance be blamed
That you so far from haunt of mortals stray?
Here have I dwelt for many a lingering day,
Nor trace of man have seen; but how! methought
Thou wert the youth on whom God's holy ray
I saw descend in Jordan, when John taught
That he to fallen man the saving promise brought."

XVII.

"I am that man," said Jesus, "I am He!
But truce to questions—Canst thou point my feet
To some low hut, if haply such there be
In this wild labyrinth, where I may meet
With homely greeting, and may sit and eat;
For forty days I have tarried fasting here,
Hid in the dark glens of this lone retreat,
And now I hunger; and my fainting ear
Longs much to greet the sound of fountains gushing near."

XVIII.

Then thus I answer'd wily:—"If, indeed,
Son of our God thou be'st, what need to seek
For food from men?—Lo! on these flint stones feed,
Bid them be bread! Open thy lips and speak,
And living rills from yon parch'd rock will break."
Instant as I had spoke, his piercing eye
Fix'd on my face;—the blood forsook my cheek,
I could not bear his gaze! my mask slipp'd by;
I would have shunn'd his look, but had not power to fly.

XIX.

Then he rebuked me with the holy word—
Accursed sounds! but now my native pride
Return'd, and by no foolish qualm deterr'd,
I bore him from the mountain's woody side,
Up to the summit, where, extending wide
Kingdoms and cities, palaces and fanes,
Bright sparkling in the sunbeams, were descried;
And in gay dance, amid luxuriant plains,
Tripp'd to the jocund reed the emasculated swains.

XX.

"Behold," I cried, "these glories! scenes divine!
Thou whose sad prime in pining want decays;
And these, O rapture! these shall all be thine,
If thou wilt give to me, not God, the praise.
Hath he not given to indigence thy days?
Is not thy portion peril here and pain?
Oh! leave his temples, shun his wounding ways:
Seize the tiara! these mean weeds disdain,
Kneel, kneel, thou man of woe, and peace and splendor gain."

XXI.

"Is it not written," sternly he replied,
"Tempt not the Lord thy God!" Frowning he spake,
And instant sounds, as of the ocean tide,
Rose, and the whirlwind from its prison brake,
And caught me up aloft, till in one flake,
The sidelong volley met my swift career,
And smote me earthward.—Jove himself might quake
At such a fall: my sinews crack'd, and near
Obscure and dizzy sounds seem'd ringing in mine ear.

XXII.

Senseless and stunn'd I lay: till, casting round
My half-unconscious gaze, I saw the foe
Borne on a car of roses to the ground,
By volant angels; and as sailing slow
He sunk, the hoary battlement below,
While on the tall spire slept the slant sunbeam,
Sweet on the enamour'd zephyr was the flow
Of heavenly instruments. Such strains oft seem,
On star-light hill, to soothe the Syrian shepherd's dream.

XXIII.

I saw blaspheming. Hate renew'd my strength;
I smote the ether with my iron wing,
And left the accursed scene.—Arrived at length
In these drear halls, to ye, my peers! I bring
The tidings of defeat. Hell's haughty king
Thrice vanquish'd, baffled, smitten and dismay'd!
O shame! Is this the hero who could fling
Defiance at his Maker, while, array'd
High o'er the walls of light, rebellion's banners play'd!

XXIV.

Yet shall not Heaven's bland minions triumph long;
Hell yet shall have revenge.—O glorious sight!
Prophetic visions on my fancy throng.
I see wild Agony's lean finger write
Sad figures on his forehead!—Keenly bright
Revenge's flambeau burns! Now in his eyes
Stand the hot tears,—immantled in the night,
Lo! he retires to mourn!—I hear his cries!
He faints—he falls—and, lo!—'t is true, ye powers, he dies.

XXV.

Thus spake the chieftain,—and, as if he view'd
The scene he pictured, with his foot advanced,
And chest inflated, motionless he stood,
While under his uplifted shield he glanced
With straining eye-ball fix'd, like one entranced,
On viewless air;—thither the dark platoon
Gazed wondering, nothing seen, save when there danced
The northern flash, or fiend late fled from noon,
Darken'd the disk of the descending moon.

XXVI.

Silence crept stilly through the ranks.—The breeze
Spake most distinctly. As the sailor stands,
When all the midnight gasping from the seas
Break boding sobs, and to his sight expands
High on the shrouds the spirit that commands
The ocean-farer's life; so stiff—so sear
Stood each dark power;—while through their numerous bands
Beat not one heart, and mingling hope and fear
Now told them all was lost, now bade revenge appear

XXVII.

One there was there, whose loud defying tongue
Not hope nor fear had silenced, but the swell
Of over-boiling malice. Utterance long
His passion mock'd, and long he strove to tell
His laboring ire; still syllable none fell
From his pale quivering lip; but died away
For very fury; from each hollow cell
Half sprang his eyes, that cast a fiery ray,
And * * * * *

XXVIII.

"This comes," at length burst from the furious chief,
"This comes of distant counsels! Here behold
The fruits of wily cunning! the relief
Which coward policy would fain unfold,
To soothe the powers that warr'd with Heaven of old!
O wise! O potent! O sagacious snare!
And, lo! our prince—the mighty and the bold,
There stands he, spell-struck, gaping at the air,
While Heaven subverts his reign, and plants her standard there."

XXIX.

Here, as recover'd, Satan fix'd his eye
Full on the speaker; dark it was and stern:
He wrapt his black vest round him gloomily,
And stood like one whom weightiest thoughts concern.
Him Moloch mark'd, and strove again to turn
His soul to rage. "Behold, behold," he cried,
"The lord of Hell, who bade these legions spurn
Almighty rule—behold, he lays aside
The spear of just revenge, and shrinks, by man defied."

XXX.

Thus ended Moloch, and his (burning) tongue
Hung quivering, as if (mad) to quench its heat
In slaughter. So, his native wilds among,
The famish'd tiger pants, when, near his seat,
Press'd on the sands, he marks the traveller's feet.
Instant low murmurs rose, and many a sword
Had from its scabbard sprung; but toward the seat
Of the arch-fiend all turn'd with one accord,
As loud he thus harangued the sanguinary horde.

* * * *

Ye powers of Hell, I am no coward. I proved this of old. Who led your forces against the armies of Jehovah? Who coped with Ithuriel and the thunders of the Almighty? Who, when stunned and confused ye lay on the burning lake, who first awoke and collected your scattered powers? Lastly, who led you across the unfathomable abyss to this delightful world, and established that reign here which now totters to its base? How, therefore, dares yon treacherous fiend to cast a stain on Satan's bravery? he who preys only on the defenceless—who sucks the blood of infants, and delights only in acts of ignoble cruelty and unequal contention. Away with the boaster who never joins in action, but, like a cormorant, hovers over the field to feed upon the wounded, and overwhelm the dying. True bravery is as remote from rashness as from hesitation; let us counsel coolly, but let us execute our counselled purposes determinately. In power we have learnt, by that experiment which lost us Heaven, that we are inferior to the Thunder-bearer: In subtlety—in subtlety alone we are his equals. Open war is impossible.

Thus we shall pierce our conqueror, through the race
Which as himself he loves; thus if we fall,
We fall not with the anguish, the disgrace
Of falling unrevenged. The stirring call
Of vengeance rings within me! Warriors all,
The word is vengeance, and the spur despair.
Away the coward wiles!—Death's coal-black

Be now our standard!—Be our torch the glare
Of cities fired! our fifes, the shrieks that fill the air

Him answering rose Mecasphim, who of old
Far in the silence of Chaldea's groves,
Was worshipp'd, God of Fire, with charms untold
And mystery. His wandering spirit roves,
Now vainly searching for the flame it loves,
And sits and mourns like some white-robed sire
Where stood his temple, and where fragrant cloves
And cinnamon upheap'd the sacred pyre,
And nightly magi watch'd the everlasting fire

He waved his robe of flame, he cross'd his breast
And sighing—his papyrus scarf survey'd,
Woven with dark characters; then thus address'd
The troubled council:

I.

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme
With self-rewarding toil, thus far have sung
Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem
The lyre which I in early days have strung
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress! and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more reanimate the lay?
Oh! thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day!
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free

THE END.